

ON ACTIVE SERVICE

AMERICAN



WITH THE

AMERICAN EXPEDITIONARY FORCE

Mon. P.M. 10/28 1918

"On Some Front in France."

Dear Father and Sisters:- I put out my "Sunny Monday" washing of 18 pieces this morning and I have the afternoon and evening to write. I bet my set of sack ions after we come down from the Alsace Front, will purchase a French iron when I go to the city again.

Wrote Aunt Nan and Miss Jo' this week. Sorry to think I am so lazy about writing.

On this particular sector of the Verdun Front it has been exceptionally quiet up to an hour ago. At that time "Jerry" sent over some iron rations to our Battery-positions. Believe Old Mike he will regret it before the sun rises again.

Am certainly well pleased with our present Q. M. position and accommodations, but the way the Yanks are advancing on our right and left we will be obliged to move up before many moons.

Am also satisfied with my present position.



For my duties are few, boo-coo of good eats, and cozy little hut to sleep in, as well as, a big fire-place and plush settee to read and write by.

On the 25th inst. I was called into Rgt. Hdq. and presented with the first "Overseas" furlough to be given in the A.E.F. I refused to sign it at that time, thinking possibly there might be a big show staged for "judy" by the Yanks. I understand that I have again been recommended for furlough soon. Possibly I will go this time for it is a leave of 10 days with board, room, and transportation charges paid to a famous French resort where the many American Tourists spent their summers prior to 1914. No kidding, there are a bunch of Officers here that sure are loyal to me, in fact, they treat me more like a son ^{rather} than a soldier.

I came up here on the 10/17 and have not seen any of the Argonia Bunch since. Am at liberty to go back to near Tachelon where they are stationed but like it so well here I have never gone down for



any thing. Always send by the P.O.'s chauffer for any little thing I need. He also carries my mail both ways.

Well- I guess I am a big expense to Uncle Sam and some of his Officers. You should have seen my breakfast this morning. Angel-food (white bread) toast, Creamery butter, Jap Rice with "Monarch" brand preserved strawberries and pure Cream, Crisp and brown bacon, and good black coffee. In fact I'm a mean feeder at all times. We now have enough canned goods, fresh vegetables and fresh, frozen U. S. beef on hand to start a B. D. Store.

Feeling like a fighting man, I remain

your son and brother,
Mike.

Wilo H. Mainv.
Bat. 7. 130 F. A.
American E. F.
70 Regt. Hdq.

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Tues. 8:PM. 10/29 1918

As I failed to mail my letter this morning I will add a bit more to it.

Received the word at our Radio Station late last night that Austria-Hungary is crying to accept Pres. Wilson's peace terms. Also rumored this evening that "Kaiser Bill" and his gang are thinking seriously of quitting their post. U. S. now means more than United States, "unconditional surrender."

A Masonic friend with our Red Cross detachment and I walked down to our "rear echelon," which has moved up with in 7 kilometers of us. My mission was to get more new clothing, as you might know. Sure have some fine flight twweight woolen underwear, had drawn some extra heavy wear, but the weather here now is far warmer than in southern France at this time. While down below, I met Harlow and Arthur Knox, all the boys are quite well and are located in a beautiful little camp. Was

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Y.M.C.A.

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informed that my mail had been sent to Bat. 7's Hq. at the Front. It will be forwarded here in the morning most likely.

Our Regt. Commander sent his touring car to Nancy (a young Paris) this morning for eats and drinks. The car arrived a few minutes ago. It was laden with anything from wine to a fatted live goose. Also a basket of eggs, they are valued at more than a \$1.00 per dozen now. The T.R.C. stated at dinner to-nite that we were feeding too much. Think he is right for some of Bat. 7. Boys whom had not seen me for two weeks said I was getting fatter, so fat that I resembled a fattened porker, at that they envied me of my eats. My motto has never changed, Eat, drink, and be merry to-day, for to-morrow Jerry may have your number on one of his shells.

I am subscribing for the "Stars and Stripes," and "Overseas" weekly paper edited by the Yanks for the Yanks which I will have sent to you.

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Every soldier of this, the 35th division, has pledged to give at least 1 franc (about 20¢), to be distributed among the "poor" of France, as his Christmas celebration.

On ~~sight~~ ^{my} way back to the front this evening was a Yankee lying in the breach of a huge gun polishing the rifles there in. Her name is "Reinette Elizabeth" and her sister gun is named "Joan of Arch". They were firing at noon. The concussion was so great that you could see the side of our kitchen wall push in from the pressure.

Am enclosing the metal top from a Cognac bottle. It is a French liquor used very much. So strong that it will eat the varnish off of the table. Cannot say as to the effect on one's stomach, but has a powerful winding ability on one's head. Can truthfully say, I am drinking only beer and champagne.

I close to night feeling fine after my little hike this afternoon. Thinking such a walk I would do me good daily.

Yours truly, Good Night.
Mike