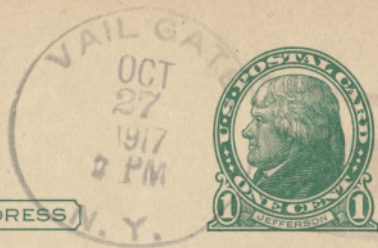


THIS SIDE OF CARD IS FOR ADDRESS



EARL REED SILVERS

ALUMNI HOUSE

NEW BRUNSWICK, N. J.

Coproral G. Foster Buckman
Co.F.10th.Inf.N.Y.G.
Newburgh, N. Y.

R.F.D.#3

COMPANY F.
10TH INFANTRY, NEW YORK GUARD
HUDSON, N. Y.

ARMORY
CORNER STATE AND FIFTH STREETS
N. Y. PHONE 68-J
COL. PHONE 366-B-2

Dec-3-1917.

From :

To :

Subject :

My dear Earl -

Hope this will help you
in your efforts. Have been
promoted to Sergeant since this
was taken. Enjoy the letters very
much - Can you give me the
address of "Sheffer" (Brick) & "Dannys"
Credited? Suppose the frat could
give them to me but thought you
would have the information -

appreciatively

G. Foster Buckman

Earl Reed Silvers
War Service Bureau
New Brunswick - N. J.

December 4, 1917.

Sergt. G. Foster Buckman,
Company F, 10th Infantry, N.Y.C.
Newburgh, N.Y.

Dear Buckman;-

Thank you lots for your picture. It is just the kind of thing we want and we appreciate your kindness in sending it.

'Brick' Sheffer has just been married and now lives at Dutch Reformed Parsonage, Bogota, N.J. You can reach Chadister by addressing him at Thompson Ridge, N.Y.

We are always mighty glad to get you letters, and hope that you will write often.

Cordially yours,

67
Russia

We were almost at the breaking point while in London when our minds were so completely made up to get into Russia army morals, for it seemed that it was to be the factor in saving Russia, and in defeating our enemies. To some people it would seem a pretty rash idea.

It wasn't the best thing to keep cooling one's heels just studying the language in London and waiting for the difficulties of entry into Russia to be overcome; transportation of supplies, equipment, visas of pass-ports, and permission of entry from the different powers supposedly in control. So some of us were allowed to set up work in different camps. It fell my good lot to go to the Royal Air Force. It took nearly twenty hours to get to Ayr, Scotland, and I was on a twenty-four-hour call.

A more enjoyable three weeks a fellow never enjoyed under war conditions. Base-ball games and foot-ball and hikes and occasional tumbles among the clouds were a few of the ways that we all used to forget our troubles in those busy days. And the American boys had a great reputation for their manliness in the districts and the respect they maintained would make any man prouder of his countrymen than he realized he could be.

On a Saturday afternoon I received two telegrams telling me to report to London for Russia on Sunday night. London and Moscow are quite ~~an~~ ways apart via Murmansk and that railroad especially when it led to the inside of the Russian Army.

When I got to Moscow I immediately became absorbed in the Red Army at their principal military field. Already things were stepping some and propaganda flew about like dust. It was a busy six weeks with that army and under it all there seemed much for our encouragement. But the sea kept well churned up.

Then came one day a rattle of guns and my whole army "beat it" into all directions. They had a great number of fronts. And so friends parted. Some friends parted. Counter-revolutionists were everywhere suspected and imprisoned. Daily in Petrovskii Park right near the camp hut was ostensible target practise with rifles and machine-guns. Some days were the one and some days, the other.

From Petrovskii Park

But the chauffeur who daily drove a closed truck-load of men from the city to the park used to tell one of my associates, a former Russian officer, the number of men he carted out and the number shot in the previous day. On this day all the French and British of the city were arrested and the Americans were all registered.

We all had one or more stunts of precaution up our sleeves nautually; the housefull of German soldiers facing our back garden to guard the German Embassy were getting restless. They even got such wind up that they let go with the anti-aircraft gun on top of the house at an observer from the flying field, one day when we were on the back porch. The Germans were all ordered out of the town. They went. But we followed close on their evacuation. That night I went out to camp on my little old 11 horsepower Harley-Davidson that I kep especially working like a watch. The next day we all left the city. And we are a long ways from it yet, three months later.

MONTCLAIR
AUG 8
12 PM
1918
N. J.
POST

MONTCLAIR
AUG 8
12 PM
1918
N. J.
CARD



Earl Reed Silvers

Rutgers College

New Brunswick, N. J.



4

G Foster Buckman
58 Walnut Crescent
Montclair N J