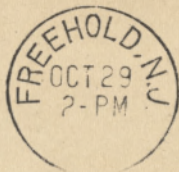


3 Lincoln Street
Fitchhold, N.J.

My dear Mr. Silvers,
I am writing
this for my brother,
William T. Hutchinson
Class of 1916, who is
now serving with the U.S.
Marines in France.

Sincerely yours,
Ada Hutchinson

September Third.



THIS SIDE OF CARD IS FOR ADDRESS

EARL REED SILVERS

ALUMNI HOUSE

NEW BRUNSWICK, N. J.

October 27, 1917

William T. Hutchinson's
address is -

Headquarters Detachment
5th Regiment

U. S. Marine Corp.

New York City

C/o New York Postmaster New York.

AMERICAN MARINES' CLUB.

AT THE FRONT. FRANCE.

FATHER BRADY U. S. N.

Dec. 4. 1917.

Dear Silvers:-

I received No #2 Circular from the College War Bureau today. It is fine and contains just the college information that I want to know. I see the scores occasionally in the Paris edition of the Herald but no interesting details concerning the games and our team such as you include in your bulletin. I know several other college men in our company but, so far as I can learn, none of them receives any information regularly from ^{his} ~~their~~ Alma Mater. The Bureau through its circulars is doing a work, whose value only those far away from home, can fully estimate.

Kindly remember me to "Lou" Martin and all whom I know in the office.

Sincerely

W. J. Hutchinson '16

W. J. Hutchinson '16

December 28, 1917.

Mr. W. T. Hutchinson,
Headquarters Detachment,
5th Regiment,
U. S. Marine Corps,
Care of New York Postmaster.

Dear Bill:

I have your letter of December 4th and thank you for the good word about the War Service Bureau. We are going to send the letters out every week or ten days and I hope that you will be able to hear about the happenings at College through this weekly circular. If at any time you can write me a letter about your experiences, I would be very glad to print it in the Quarterly.

With all good wishes of the season, I am

Cordially yours,

Assistant to the President

ERS/MVH

France

April 13th 1918.

My dear Mr Schneeweiss:-

I received request for membership dues from the Alumni Association today. I am glad to have the opportunity of remaining a member even while in the service and have just written Mother asking her to send you a check covering same. It is scarcely practicable to send money through mail from here and I have no check book with me.

I am in correspondence with Joe Costa over here and he seems to be well and happy. Have not run across any Rutgers men since I arrived in France but, through the Alumni Monthly I know that I am far from being alone on this side of the water.

Please give my best regards to
"Lu" Martin and anybody else in
the office whom I know. I will
write "Lu" as soon as we get back
from the front.

Sincerely,
William T. Hutchinson

Webster

Captain,
U. S. M. C.

Mailed by:-
Sgt. W. T. Hutchinson,

HEADQUARTERS COMPANY,
5TH REGIMENT U. S. MARINES.

LETTER FROM LIEUT. WILLIAM
HUTCHINSON.

June 29th, 1918,
On the Front.

Dear Mother: This has been a fine month. These June days have been more exciting than any I have ever experienced before. Probably you have read in the papers of the recent exploits of the Marines. It has been my good fortune to have a share in them and I will have some good stories to tell you when I get back. Things have quieted down a bit now but the air seems tense and I guess the storm will break again pretty soon.

My friend from Barnegat, Corporal R. R. Cowdrick, was quite seriously wounded about a week ago and I received a long letter yesterday written by him in the hospital.

It has been wonderful weather the past month and it has come in very handy for us since we have been in the field all the time and dry ground is naturally better to sleep on than when it is soaking wet. For 25 days I never took off my shoes, socks or trousers so you may imagine that a pail of warm water looked mighty good when I at last found one. For an equal amount of time, we never had a warm bite to eat except warm coffee and so you may be sure I'll never complain of hot army "slum" again.

Perhaps you have noticed that I am censoring my own letters now. I was enrolled yesterday as second lieutenant. It seems quite a coincidence to me since yesterday was the anniversary of the Battle of Monmouth and my commission was received on the front. The acceptance of this commission does not mean that I have decided to stay in the service for life since I am in the Marine Corps Reserve and after the war I will come home, only to be called out again in case of another national emergency.

Kindly remember me to everyone at home.

Your loving son,
WILL.

From:

C O P Y

Letter to C. R. Woodward, '14.
Written October 14, 1918

W. T. Hutchinson,
2nd Lt. 18th Co., 5th Regt.,
U. S. M. C., A. E. F.

October 14, 1918.

Dear Carl:-

Well, Woody, they got the old squirrel in a pine woods in the Champagne sector. Funny place to get a squirrel, for I would never think of hunting them in the States in a coniferous forest, but I happened to be in there looking for German nuts and the Germans found it out and treated us to the choicest little bit of hell I have yet experienced. It was too much for my usual good luck and they bowled me over with a little piece of high explosive in the upper right leg. I thought I had been hit by a machine gun bullet, for the latter were singing around our ears like honey bees but again luck wasn't with me and instead of getting a "bon blessée" I got a couple of slits in each side of my leg that look as though a forty-two centimetre struck me and the daylight shines through. The doctor went hunting with an X-Ray and finally located Fritzie's souvenir, then he sent me to the land of dreams and burrowed it out. My wound is not serious. No bone is involved and besides being forced to write letters flat on my back for awhile the inconvenience is slight. Its going to leave me two wonderful scars. This is the first vacation I've had since coming to France and I'm going to enjoy it.

The wonderful part about it all is that I am in Paris, in the best military hospital in France. The wards are cheerful, the nurses are kind and attractive, the food is excellent and there is plenty of reading material. If you want a good laugh, read "Cabbages and Kings" by O. Henry. If you want a good think, read "Their Yesterday" by Harold Bell Wright. And then just imagine me when I can get out on crutches and go hobbling down the Boulevard des Italiens

looking like a veteran of many battles. I will surely fight a wonderful campaign here in Paris when I get so I can navigate.

The chief doctor's name is Hutchinson. He is from Philadelphia. Of course, the nurses call me the Commanding Officer and because I usually manage to get most everything I want they call me the "pet of the ward". A new title and a strange one for Squirrel to be called by the ladies, but French air is romantic. Mrs. W. K. Vanderbilt often serves refreshments and this hospital seems to be the Mecca for all philanthropists who have cake, candy, or cigarettes to give away. I actually had a piece of homemade chocolate cake the other afternoon, the first I've had for over fifteen months.

Peace is in the air over here although we seem to have become so dulled by the war that peace rumors are greeted with little enthusiasm. I hope it materializes, however, for after fifteen months, I am getting homesick for the first time.

Yours,

Squirrel

5 Ex From Lieutenant William D. (Squirrel) Hutchinson, 10

COPY

Paris,
October 14, 1918.

Dear Carl:—

Well, ~~Woody~~, they got the old squirrel in a pine woods in the Champagne sector. Funny place to get a squirrel, for I would never think of hunting them in the States in a coniferous forest, but I happened to be in there looking for German nuts and the Germans found it out and treated us to the choicest little bit of hell I have yet experienced. It was too much for my usual good luck and they bowled me over with a little piece of high explosive in the upper right leg. I thought I had been hit by a machine gun bullet, for the latter were singing around our ears like honey bees but again luck wasn't with me and instead of getting a "bon blessee" I got a couple of slits in each side of my leg that look as though a forty two centimetre struck me and the daylight shines through. The doctore went hunting with an X Ray and finally located Fritzie's souvenir, then he sent me to the land of dreams and burrowed it out. My wound is not serious. No bone is involved and besides being forced to write letters flat on my back for awhile the inconvenience is slight. Its going to leave me two wonderful scars. This is the first vacation I've had since coming to France and I'm going to enjoy it.

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~~Yours,~~
Squirrel,

June 21, 1919.

Mr. William T. Hutchinson,
3 Lincoln Street,
Freehold, N. J.

My dear Mr. Hutchinson:-

Word has come to us that you have received the Croix de Guerre. We are very anxious to have copies of your citation for our permanent Rutgers records and will be very grateful if you will send it to us before July first.

With hearty congratulations and kindest personal regards, I am,

Cordially yours,

ERS/b