

Conrad

Tête de pont de Mayence
Dec 24, 1918.

Dear Silvers:-

Here I am over the Rhine, which we crossed in the rain on Friday the 13th. The bad luck portended by such a date being evidently entirely for the boches, and I guess I'm probably further east than any other Rutgers man for Coblenz and Cologne and other points of the American + British zone are a little further west than here owing to the twisting of the river. Your good letter of December 3rd came last night along with letter XXX, and I was glad to get them both. Having plenty of time on my hands these days I'll answer at once, for I hope to go on permission to England shortly and don't expect I'll do much writing then.

I've had you in mind for souvenirs but I haven't had any luck in that line myself; we crossed the river in what had been a quiet sector, so that there wasn't any battle field debris lying around, and where we camped the first night there was nothing light enough to carry - only 77 and 150 mm shells. Since then we haven't seen a thing but once some helmets; and I sent one of those to a naval friend of mine only to learn a few days later that he had changed his base and hadn't received any mail in a month.

Glad the College is back on a peace basis,

and I wish I could be there to help boost for next year; but I don't look for a release for a long time yet, and shall be perfectly happy if I eat next Christmas dinner at home. Speaking of Christmas dinner, I expect to eat mine about one o'clock tomorrow morning; the French don't celebrate Christmas very much, but there is a midnight mass tonight and the officers of my group (three batteries and a supply train - 15 or 20 officers) have organized a big feed to follow the mass - "un reveillon" they call it. The resources available, especially in the matter of liquid refreshments, are decidedly limited, but I guess we'll manage to have a good time.

You wanted some impressions of France and the French; but I haven't been collecting "impressions"; instead consciously or unconsciously ever since I've been in France (16 months now), and, especially since I've been in the French Army I've been trying to become out of them; to live as they do, to get their point of view. How well I've succeeded I don't know, but I've become an out and out Francophile, ready to sing their praises at every instant, and or to defend hotly any derisive attack by an American upon their customs or institutions. Not that I approve of everything they do; there's a much larger percentage of French opposed to fresh air than Americans outside the

Second Blutch Church at M.B. (ask Mother is dead if you don't understand that illusion); and most of them never heard of steam heat or modern plumbing; but I want to tell you they are a wonderful people, and their army is absolutely matchless. Did you ever see a French infantry rifle with bayonet fixed? The doggone thing is about seven feet long (no exaggeration; five feet of rifle & the rest bayonet) and needle pointed; and every time I see a picture I feel like grabbing his gun and starting east spearing every thing in the road. And a regiment in parade with the point of those gleaming points going by rank after rank is simply indescribable it grips you so. The population in the back towns always turned out to see us pass and the artillery isn't very impressive, but when the infantry went by not a sound was to be heard but the tramp, tramp, tramp of their feet. Of course we didn't parade in every place we pass, only the larger ones.

And the spirit of the men! Even after four years of hardship you hardly ever hear a grumble at anything; and it takes so little to amuse them; they get all the joy out of life possible and make light of tasks & privations. My biggest regret is that I didn't join the French Army in October 1917 instead of spending

six months' embargo' d in the Red Cross.
My hat is off to the French.

But I can give you some impressions of
the Germans. We've been in Germany since
December 1st, and always in the front line
of the advance, so that with one or two exceptions
we were the first troops to penetrate the villages
where we spent the night. Result: I've got less
use for Germans than I ever had, and that
was mighty little ever since one time in
my freshman year, when for a sad month
Dean Beeber was absent on account of health,
and our Greek class was conducted by
the pastor of a German church in N.B., Mr. Newald.
He may have known some Greek, but he certainly
did not know English; we were reading
Lycurgus, whose legal arguments often required
elucidation and explanation by a good Greek
scholar, but all requests for enlightenment were
invariably met by "Mr. Tolensthi, give
~~the~~ das brunnal barts off dat verb"
("Tolensthi" being Tollenstee '15). Even the
few who didn't love Mr. Beeber - and they were
few - gave a mighty sigh of relief when he
returned and liberated us from the bonds of Kultur.
To return to the present; the local population
is so lowly and servile as to be absolutely
disgusting. You see that first in the way they

came out to see us pass, just as if it were their
 own troops; and when you enter a house
 where you are billeted they figuratively grovel
 in the dust before you. Of course there are a
 few exceptions; people patriotic enough & with self-
 respect enough to have nothing to do with us;
 but I can't think of more than two or three in
 the score of houses in which I've been. Our
 second night in Germany we stopped in a little
 village off the main road and landlocked by
 hills, where evidently the only troops they had
 ever seen were the retreating Germans who had
 passed through a few days before and whose chalked
 inscriptions for billeting were to be seen on a
 number of houses; when our billeting
 party entered some houses before the column
 they said the people scattered in all directions
 and appeared ready to flee for their lives. While
 the men were unhitching, I was shown
 my room and being in a hurry to get back
 and look after the billeting of the men & horses
 made, without intending it, rather a dramatic
 entrance; I looked around, said it would
 do, banged my helmet onto the table &
 threw my coat on the bed and hustled out.
 Came back a while later and started to do
 some writing; when in came the woman of
 the house with a tray on which was
 coffee, hot milk, bread, butter and jam;

and she apologized profusely because the food was black! (I don't know any German, but I got the drift of her remarks).

The food was pretty poor - that is their chief complaint as to food - and the coffee was some "ersatz" - substitute - but not bad. They aren't nearly as badly off, especially in the country, as they'd like to have the world think, although there are many things that they lack. We stayed there three days, and it was fairly cold, and next morning, they went to work and moved the kitchen stove into my room to warm me - entirely without any request on my part! The stove wasn't in use - I don't know where they did their cooking. The men were in velvet; all with beds and people to wait on them; I think the battery rolling kitchen suffered a drop in popularity those days. My orderly looked after two of us then, and he had his coffee and toast every morning at the house where the other officer slept; and light refreshments during the day at mine.

But we are too good-natured to order them around much or keep up any show of sternness, so as soon as we've been in a place a couple of days the people cease to be afraid and come around and try to be chummy with us — and wonder why we don't accept

them with open arms. All the country west of the Rhine has belonged to France at one time or another in its history, so now many people, thinking to propitiate the French, announce that all they want is to be joined to France; and they too wonder why their proposal isn't enthusiastically accepted. I really think they are through with the Kaiser, however; and some independent states may be formed - Bavaria or the Rhenish provinces; but it's hard to tell just how all that will work out.

Their fear and humility works out very nicely for our comfort, however; the horses have all the hay & straw they can eat (and they can eat a lot); all the men beds and the best of rooms for the officers and their messes.

Poultry can be had at ridiculously low prices - a goose for five to ten marks (I believe the regular price is around fifty) and the duck is below half its normal value; we pay 0^m 60 per mark instead of 1^m 25, or in American money 12¢ instead of 25¢. Oh, we can't complain.

I might give you other examples of boche knavery, commerciality, and meanness - how they'd steal if they got a chance - but I guess you'll have had enough. Hope, however, all this will have interested you, and that you can use at least some of it for

publication - I'm not much of a literary light
so you are welcome to use the paste pot and
the shears on my efforts.
So here's all kinds of good wishes to
the College for the New Year, and best
luck to yourself.

Sincerely

Edward D. Ingham
1916

% Morgan Hayes & Co.
Paris

1^{er} Corps d'Armée
1^{re} Division
1^{re} Brigade

15^e Régiment d'Artillerie
de Campagne
2^{ème} Batterie

Citation à l'Ordre du Régiment N° 982

Le Chef d'Escadron Lefevre commandant le
15^e Rég d'Art. de Camp. cité à l'ordre du Régiment
nom et prénoms Ingham
grade Aspirant

Motif de la Citation

Aspirant Américain. En qualité de conducteur
de T.M. a montré beaucoup de courage et de dévouement
au cours des ravitaillements effectués sous de
violents bombardements. Comme aspirant au 15^e
R.A.C. a rendu les meilleurs services, faisant
preuve d'une bravoure calme et réfléchie dans
la façon dont il a assuré, sous le feu de
l'ennemi, le service d'un observatoire fréquem-
ment bombardé.

Extrait certifié conforme:-

En campagne le 22 Janvier 1919

Le Chef d'Es^c Lefevre Commandant par
le 15^e R.A.C.

(Signé) P. Lefevre

Hampton
Westport, New York, N. Y.

June 27, 1919

Dear Silvers:-

I found your letter of the 21st here last night on returning from a little trip; you have the envelope addressed all right to Union St., New Brunswick, but inside you put a Hartford address. I wish you would get that off the records entirely, as I doubt if I go back to Hartford, & any mail sent there would be lost; have just been up there visiting friends, but no prospects of a good job up that way.

As for the citation here goes: I'll put it inside to try & follow the form.
Please excuse me for not visiting at

greater length, but I am pretty busy
just now, so with best wishes I'll
close—

Sincerely yours
Edward Heyman

1st Army Corps
1st Division
1st Brigade

15th Regiment of Field Artillery
2nd Battery

CITATION, REGIMENTAL ORDERS No. 982

Chef d'Escadron LEFEVRE, in command of the 15th Regiment of
Field Artillery, cites in the Regimental Orders

Name and given name

INGHAM

Grade

Cadet

REASON FOR CITATION

American Cadet, in the capacity of driver in the
Military Transport Service displayed great courage and de-
votion in bringing up supplies under heavy fire. As cadet
in the 15th Regiment of Field Artillery, he rendered most
distinguished service and displayed cool and intelligent
bravery in the way in which he supported, ^{under the fire of the enemy,} an observation
post which was bombarded frequently.

Copy duly certified:

In the Field, February 22, 1919

Chef d'Esc. LEFEVRE, in command
of the 15th Reg. Field Artillery.

(Signed) P. LEFEVRE.

far from handsome and no one knows it better than he does. One day two little French girls ran out on the road as we passed and kissed him. Cobb at once recommended them for the Croix de Guerre. At one village, our landlady, one morning after Mr. Cobb had left the table, said to me - "Ah! M. Cobb sa figure est bonne camoufleuree!" And it is, really!

What I have thanked my Maker for, over here, more than anything else, is a sense of humor. It has certainly been "saving" - any number of times.

I had the pleasure of dining to-day with a recently decorated colonel of artillery - a very remarkable man. He was decorated for having saved the day during a recent battle. I will tell you the story. It seemed that it was almost imperative for our men to retreat. All the other officers counselled such a course, except this particular colonel. "Gentlemen," he said, "how long have we before our position must be given up?" "Three minutes," they answered him. "Then," said he, "in those three minutes I will show you how I can shave and wash my face in a teaspoonful of cold water." And he did, and by his apparent sang froid caused them to forget all about their idea of retreating.

It is growing dark and I must close.

ADDRESS of

Edward S. Ingham
Section Group T.M. 397,
Peleton 4,
Convois Autos
par B.C.M.

Paris, France.

T.M. stands for Transport militaire

B.C.M. stands for Bureau Central Militaire, that is the
Army Post Office in Paris.

I think it is sufficient if it reads

Edward S. Ingham,
T.M. 397, Peleton 4,
Convois Autos, par B.C.M.

Paris, France.

From Aspirant Edward S. Ingham '16

July 1917

We have this day off; and, believe me, it helps. I'm stiff and sore all over from the unaccustomed work, but things are going to be fine.

We are allowed one letter a day postage free, but I believe the mail leaves France only on Saturdays, so I can finish this to-morrow. Wednesday night had a good feed, fairly cheap, in Paris, and then was all set for starting. We got away right Thursday a. m., but our lunch didn't show up, and when we tried to buy we found it was a sweetless day - no chocolate, cake or crackers to be sold. Outside of that - mealless and sweetless days - there is no sign of hardship in the city.

After some four hours in the train and a short motor-truck ride, we reached here (camp) a little after two. It is an old farm, fifteen or twenty miles from the front, and we are quartered in a cow-barn; to one side of us oxen are still kept, and the other, more A. F. S. (American Field Service) men. There are twenty-four in our bunch. We hear the guns, especially at night, and see airplanes constantly, for there is a base only a short way from here.

The day begins at 6.00, with setting up drill about 6.10. Breakfast at 6.30 and roll-call at 8.00, by which time the barracks must be ready for inspection. We have cots, which are quite comfortable - almost anything feels good. Then there is camp fatigue - mostly peeling potatoes, lecture, and drill - French style with French commands. That takes till about 11.00; lunch at 11.15 or 11.30, according to the way the cooks feel. Then about 1.00 we start out on the trucks for the afternoon. I was in charge of one yesterday; there were six of us taking turns driving (an officer went along and gave orders for everything). It's all right on the seat, but pretty hard riding behind. Yesterday we had to turn around on a narrow road and several times cars were ditched, but my car didn't have to be pulled out. We had four good men and two poor ones; one of the latter ditched us, but we got out under our own power.

Dinner is at 6.00, and then we're off till 9.00 oclock; road call, and lights out at 9.30. We are close to a funny little old French village with a ruined church, a big chateau, and a handful of houses.

It's cold here at night and warm in the daytime. They say it rains most every day, but so far we have been lucky. It only rained the day we came, But when it does you should see the mud! I am hoping to get some hobnails for my shoes. I think they will be good.

Food is very good, considering. We get bread, which is all right, but stale; jam, butter or cheese; meat (they say it's horse). At noon, meat and vegetables, and crackers for dessert, with sometimes sardines; at night, soup, meat and vegetables, no dessert. Eggs once in a while. The jelly is pretty good. Hot tea on tap noon and night.

Paris

Feb 27, 1918

Mr. E. R. Silvers, Director
Rutgers College War Service Bureau
New Brunswick, N.J.

Dear Silvers:—

The January issue of the
Quarterly together with the football
number of the Targum have
just come to hand, and I was
surely glad to get them. It
helps a lot to find out where
so many of the men are — for
example, I wrote at once to
Sherm Conklin '16 in S.S.U. 17

the last I heard of him being that
he was working at Auburn NY ⁽²⁾
in a carpet factory.

Bary Seales' statement that
four of our eighty-odd graduates
are dead ~~is~~ rather startles me; un-
less he includes Tooley & Kleopff
who received degrees post obitum.
I knew of only one death - Fritz
Ulrich; and if you or he ever
have the time I wish you'd
enlighten me.

For myself I haven't much
to say, since I've been driving

around Paris mostly the last ⁽³⁾
five months. Have made trips
to the port from Dunkirk
down to Calais ^{however} which were
most interesting in many ways,
but I'm afraid any such
plain unvarnished facts as I
might be able to recount to you
would fall rather flat alongside
O. P. Armstrong's vivid flights
of imagination. At that, I
must admit that I am indebted
to him for a number of good
heartily laughs.

(45) Paris is pretty dark nights now -
a result of the air raid last month.

We had an alarm about a week
ago, but nothing came, and since
then it has been cloudy except for
two fine nights when everyone
thought the Goethas would come. New
food restrictions have just gone into
effect, which of course don't make
things any more pleasant; however,
everyone seems to get enough.

This isn't much of a letter, but
will serve to let you know how
much I appreciate the work
of the War Service ~~Bureau~~ Bureau.
Best wishes to you.

Sincerely
Edith Mayhew '10

March 22, 1918.

Mr. Edward S. Ingham,
% Morgan Hargis & Co.,
Paris, France.

Dear Ned:

I was glad to get your letter of February 27th and to have word from one of our men in France.

I am using a part of one of your letters to your father in the April issue of the Quarterly and hope that you do not mind its publication. If you happen to meet any Rutgers men in France, please remember me to them. I shall look forward to seeing you in New Brunswick when the war is over.

Very truly yours,

Director.

ERS/MVH

Fontainebleau
Seine + Marne
France
April 28, 1918

Mr. E. R. Silvers
Director, Rutgers College War Service Bureau
New Brunswick, N.J.

Dear Silvers:—

Just a line to let you know of
a change in my occupation. Having served
six months in the Red Cross, I recently enlisted
in the French Army artillery through the mediums
of the Foreign Legion, and am now at the
Artillery Officers Training School at the above
mentioned place.

The equipment here is splendid, much
better than Plattsburg; and there is a good crowd.
Perhaps 75 or 100 Americans altogether and 2000
or 2500 French. All instruction in French,
of course, and that keeps us hustling you
bet.

In convenience am keeping the same address,
c/o Morgan, Hayes & Co., Paris.

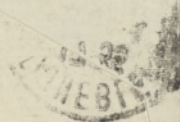
Best wishes

ES Ferguson '16

E. S. Ingham
131st Brijale



Mr. Earle Reed Silvers
Director, Rutgers College War Service Bureau
Rutgers College
New Brunswick
N. J.
Etats-Unis



May 22, 1918.

Mr. E. S. Ingham,
Fontainebleau,
Seine and Marne,
France.

Dear Ned:

I am glad that you have found time to drop me
a line in the stress of war work. I congratulate you
on getting into the thick of things and wish you all
success in this undertaking.

Very truly yours,

Director.

ERS/H

May 22, 1918.

E. S. Ingham,
Fontainebleau,
Seine et Marne,
France.

Dear Ned:

I am glad to know that you have found the

Fontainebleau
June 20, 1918

Dear Silvers:-

Just a line to thank you for your letter, which came the other day; and also to acknowledge the April Quarterly which I received within ten days. I noticed Costa's letter in it from here, and you will be interested to know that he has graduated and gone to the front; I don't know where, or whether he's in trench mortar or the 75's either.

Just before he left he told me he had discovered that the man who slept next bed last one to him for the last four months had spent a year or so ~~from~~ at Rutgers, but unfortunately I have forgotten ~~the~~ name, although I remember he said he was from Newark.

Things are moving along, but I've got about two months here yet, having been put back with an American bridge and losing three or four weeks work thereby. Haven't been to Paris since I was here, but next time I get there I intend to register at the University Union - should have done so long since.

Don't know where this will find you; but anyway I wish you a good summer. Have appreciated your winter letters a lot and hope the Bureau keeps up the good work. Heard from Sherman Coulter awhile back. He's got the same old line. Well, here's love
Sincerely Edward Humphrey

Es. Jayham, 90° Bujak, Ecole d'Artillerie, Fontainebleau, 8 - m



Mr. Carl Rud Silvers
Director, War Service Bureau
Rutgers College
New Brunswick

Etat - Unis

N.J.

Fontainebleau
July 1, 1918

Dear Mr. Martin;—

I have today just learned
of the death on June 14, 1918, in
the Forest of Villers Cottreets of
Sherman Conklin '16 - killed, I
suppose, while on his ambulance,
and I wish you would address and
forward the enclosed letter to
his mother - unfortunately I haven't
his home address here.

Every thing is going finely, and
I expect to graduate here in about
six weeks. Costa ex-19 finished
and left two weeks ago: don't
know where he is now.

Hope you are well and
enjoying life; and many
thanks for attending to this for
me. Best wishes

Most sincerely
Edward S. Ingram
1916

July 30, 1918.

Edward S. Ingham,
90 Brigade,
Ecole d'Artillerie,
Fontainebleau, S & M,
France.

Dear Ned,

I don't know whether this will reach you or not, but at any rate I am writing to tell you that I appreciate your letters. The second one reached me only a day or two ago, and the enclosure was forwarded, as you requested.

We have Costa's address; 8 R.A.C., A D.C.2, Camp D'Avord, you Avor, (Cher.), France. Let's hope that ~~you~~ you can make more out of it than we can. The third Rutgers man with the French forces is, I believe, James E. G. Fravell '18.

It is hard to hear of the deaths of our Rutgers men, but we must expect it. The class of 1916 has a splendid record, with 73 in the service, two decorated, and three killed. You know who the latter are, I suppose, Reese, Conklin, and Scarr. All good boys, too.

Good luck to you and all best wishes.

Cordially yours,

Ingham

EXTRACTS FROM A LETTER WRITTEN BY

Edward S. Ingham at the Artillery School at Fontainebleau, France
August 11, 1918, just before finishing his course and receiving
his commission as "Aspirant", the lowest grade of commissioned
officer in the French Artillery.

From Edward S. Ingham to his father:

Fontainebleau, France
August 11, 1918

" I guess the most interesting news is that we're through--
the course passed and we leave on Wednesday. Believe me, it's a gay
and care-free crowd, or rather was, for now they're all in Paris ex-
cept a few of us old steadies that have n't the price of a Paris
jaunt.

As you know our "promotion" consists of two "groupements",
each containing three "groupes", and each groupe five "Brigades"
averaging twenty men, so that there are over 600 men leaving-- one
of the biggest crowds in a long time. Well, your young hopeful
obtained ~~1st~~ place in the brigade, 2nd in the groupe, 3rd in the
groupement, and 4th in the promotion; they mark on a scale of twenty
and the respective noted were 1st, 17,150; 2nd, 17,060; 3rd, 16,910;
and 4th-- yours truly-- 16,905. I guess they were pretty generous to
us, for I didn't expect anywhere near so good a place-- consequently
I'm feeling quite set up.

Had a good dinner last night which I won on a bet with
-----; I bet him he would get over 14,000 and he bet he
would n't (this was six weeks or two months ago), and as he came
through with 15,062 you see I got my dinner.

Have got the regiment I asked for, the 15th Field Ar-
tillery, (or as we say 15e R.A.C.-- Quinzieme regiment d' artillerie
de campagne) which is a very good one with the fourragere which you'll
see me sporting presently. Do you know what the fourragere is? When
a regiment particularly distinguishes itself in action, it is given
a citation, and if it gets two citations it gets the red and green
fourragere -- a sort of braided cord worn on the left shoulder. There
are other colors for further citations, but it's mostly the infantry
that get them-- very few artillery regiments have even the first.

This week just past has gone very quickly, although we
have done no real work. Had several nice rides (horseback);
Friday one fellow who is n't much of a rider in attempting to mount his
horse when we were 'way out in the country, let him throw him and get
away, so he had to walk home. Then yesterday we had instead of our
usual riding master another wild fellow, and he took us over the worst
country he could find-- up and down steep banks, across ditches, etc.--
it was most exciting and good fun. Only one man fell; my horse was
rather nervous and didn't behave well, but all that resulted was a few
bawlings out from the instructor.

Quite cool to-day. I guess the hottest weather is over.
We've had a lot of rain this month, though none the last day, or two.

Had a funny experience the other day. We were in the bar-
racks just before going to a study period, and along came a couple of
lieutenants and called me out. It seemed they had to pass an exam. in
English presently as they had asked to be sent to instruct in an American
Artillery School, and they wanted to practise a bit, so I got another
fellow and we took a walk for about an hour and then left them all
primed for the exam. I just stuck my head inside the room and found
an orderly there with a message that I was wanted at once by the com-

mandant (major); so down I went, and he sent me to another commandant where I was informed that he wanted me to do some interpreting, and told me to wait a bit. Right away my suspicions were aroused, and sure enough, when the time came, in walked these two lieutenants. Well, we all managed to keep our faces straight and to satisfy the commandant that they spoke English sufficiently (which they do); but as soon as we got outside the office there was an explosion; and ever since then one of the lieutenants says "bon jour" most cordially when I salute him.

You know, I can hardly make myself believe that I'm really an officer in the French army. It just does n't seem possible-- too good to be true. Believe me, I've got to dig in and make good-- ~~wish me luck~~. Odd that I should be graduating from here just one year and a day from the time I landed at Bordeaux; let's hope that in another year the war will be over.

Present address :

Aspirant Edward S. Ingham,
15e R. A. C.
C/O Morgan Harjes & Co.,
Paris, France.

1/7/47 THE GREAT SO AM TO PAY NO PAY BOY NO/1/47 AM BOY TOP NO/ SAT
KIA-KIA TIA KI KITE /1/47

3
4 m 600

October 21, 1918

Edward A. Ingham, Aspirant,
% Morgan Hargis & Co.,
15e R.A.C. Paris, France

Dear Ned:

I was glad to have your letter of September 15th and to know that you have taken the time to write us. I have been able to get in touch with Joe Costa through his parents in Jersey City, but I appreciate your sending me an address through which he may be reached. Thank you also for your picture which has joined our collection of photographs in the college library. I am looking forward to the long letter which you have promised us.

Sincerely yours,

Dear Silas:-

Today I received circular from
remember XXVIII of Oct. 14th, and
since you enclosed an envelope
I'll take the hint and not return
it empty, although I haven't much
to tell. By the Cochrane's signing
the armistice I just missed out
in sharing in what was to be
the biggest attack yet to break
the hinge on which the retreat
was being pivoted; we started
that morning at 2 A.M. - to
take up our position, and now
we are waiting patiently at
the point where counter-attacks
reached us, to join the march
into Germany - which
I hope this time we won't miss.

Have been interested in the taking
over of the colleges and rather concerned
for the fate of the fraternities; but
I guess new things will go on.

more the old style. But I leave the
question of universal training over
in too for consideration.

Personally, between you and me,
do you like the idea of the Alt
House & the White House with their
good interiors turned into barracks?

But as long as it is for the good of
the cause we can't say a word
finer places than that have been
used long before this. Finally, in
the interests of discipline a regular
barrack with twenty or more
men to a room is more satis-
factory, but all resources have
to be utilized. Has anyone
examined the passing of Chapel? But
it had its advantages; without it I
might not have passed Freshman English
or learned the Constitution for
Mr. Pratt. I hope that the
old life has not gone for good - I
don't believe it has. What do you say?

Your letter was received, let get it
in time out postage - I usually have
to pay double for the shortage in
letters' one month a good deal more
than that, so I never complain as
long as I get them. As I said
before I'm no thinking takes to what,
unfortunately, for my regiment has
been out of action since August.
We held a sector in Alsace for
a month & a half, but it was
pretty quiet; I only remember one
bombardment of 210's, and
one bad gas attack. Since
then we've done a prodigious amount
of marching and preparation
manoeuvres etc. - for this attack
that didn't come off. I can
say that I'm quite cured of
a slight tendency towards
hives - nothing like the saddle
& take care of that.

There ought to be some A-1

class reunion next commencement;
it's our triennial, and I hope
we'll all be back to celebrate
it - I say all, but there are
gaps which will be most painful.

I'm quite devoid of ideas
at present, so this isn't much of
a line; but it will let you
know that I'm very much alive
and send my good wishes
to you all "in the banks".

Sincerely

Edward Huguenin

1916
Expiant 15th R.A.C.

To Morgan, Hargis & Co.
Presi.

From Aspirant Edward S. Ingham '16

Near-what-used-to-be-the-front

Nov. 14, 1918

Today I received circular letter # 33 of October 14th, and since you enclosed an envelope I'll take the hint and not return it empty, although I haven't much to tell. By the Boches signing the armistice I just missed out on sharing in what was to be the biggest attack yet to treat the hinge on which the retreat was being pivoted; we started that morning at 2:00 A. M. to take up our position, and now we are waiting patiently at the point when counter- craters marched us, to join the march into Lorraine and Germany, which I hope this time we wont miss.

Have been interested in the taking over of the colleges and rather concerned for the fate of the fraternities; but I guess now things will go

back more to the old style. But of course the question of universal training comes in too for consideration.

Personally, between you and me, do you like the idea of the Delt House and the Dike House with their good interiors turned into barracks? But as long as it is for the good of the cause we can't say a word-- finer places than that have been used long before this. Finally, in the interests of discipline a regular barrack with twenty or more to a room is more satisfactory. but all resources have to be utilized! Has anyone mourned the passing of the Chapel? But it had its advantages; with out it, I might not have passed Freshman English or learned the Constitution for Dr. Scott. I hope that the old life has not yet gone for good, I don't believe it has. What do you say?

Your letter was censored, but got by on the three sent postage- I usually have to pay double for the shortage, but letters are worth a good deal more than that, so I never complain as long as I get them. As I said before, I've no thrilling tales to relate unfortunately, for my Regiment has been out of action since August. We held a section in Alsace for a month and a half, but it was pretty quiet: I only remember one bombardment of 210's, and one bad gas attack. Since then we've done a prodigious amount of marching and preparation manoeuvres, etc,- for this attack that didn't come off. I can say that I'm quite cured of a slight tendency toward knock knees, nothing like the saddle, so take care of that.

There ought to be some A -1 class reunions next commencement, its our tireninial, and I hope we'll all be back to celebrate it, I say all, but there are gaps which will be most painful.

I'm quite cleared of ideas at present, so this isn't much a line;
but it will let you know that I'm very much alone and send my good wishes
to you all "on the banks"..

December 3, 1918.

Aspirant Edward S. Ingham,

15 R.A.C.

Morgan, Harjies & Co.,

Paris, France

Dear Ned,

Your letter is the first to reach men from France after the signing of the armistice. There is only time now for a brief acknowledgement, but I want you to know that we appreciate your writing. Sometime soon, if you haven't much else to do, will you write us a long letter about your impressions of the French and France! We are looking for some such thing for our January Quarterly.

Cordially yours,

January 30, 1919

Aspirant Edward S. Ingham,

% Morgan Hargis & Co.,

Paris, France

Dear Ned,

If your letter had only reached us a day sooner, we could have featured it in the January issue of the Quarterly. But we had just gone to press when the mail came in, and so will have to hold your most interesting description until the April number. If between now and then you find time heavy on your hands, I hope that you will write us further of your adventures in Germany. Sometime in the fall we are planning to publish a book containing many of the letters written the War Service Bureau, and we want to devote a whole chapter to the Army of Occupation. So your letters will be gratefully received.

With all good wishes,

Cordially yours,

POST CARD



Earl Reed Silvers

Rutgers College

New Brunswick, N. J.

État - Huris

Telo do Pont do Mayessa
Feb 7, 1919

Dear Lilvers:-

My address is still % Majan, Harjes
& Co., 31, Bd. Haussmann, Paris, & likely to
stay so for some time yet, so I'm looking
forward to getting a copy of the quarterly pretty
soon. I sent the bill for my dues to my Father
to pay, so I'm all square there.

Nothing new here; we go north to the region of
hills the end of the month, & I'll be glad to get back
into France where I can speak the language
back to you & best wishes
yours, *Ray*

~~Copy~~

Valenciennes, Nord

April 8, 1919

Dear Silvers :-

I've had your last letter so long that I'm ashamed to mention it; I kept putting off answering for various reasons, such as to be able to describe our then imminent return to France, and later in hopes of being able to announce my sub-lieutenancy, but had to relate that has not materialized as yet, although due in March 15th - so I'm still hoping; now, having just received the January quarterly I've no further excuse for not writing and telling you how glad I was to get it. By the way, I trust you got my subscription.

Well, we've been back in France about three weeks now, and it surely is a welcome change after three months in Germany. Below are the people

can't seem to be too good to us; French troops
are most welcome after four years of
German occupation and four months
of English who don't seem to be very
too-well liked. Anyway, we're the ones
who profit, so I'm not bothering my
head over causes. At present I've
practically nothing to do, as the men and
horses have nearly all been distributed
around among the farmers of the
region, and as my degree is
A.B. & not "ag" I don't qualify
at all as a tiller of the soil.

We embarked - entered, I believe,
is the English word - March 15th, and
spent all the afternoon of that day
rambling down the left bank of the
Rhine from Mayence to Cologne, and
it's a trip I wouldn't have missed

for a good deal. No use talking, the Rhine is a beautiful river, with its wooded banks, its old castles, and the white towers tucked in wherever there is a little opening. 9

failed to be impressed by the Lorelei, as I couldn't seem to see the maiden combing her hair or whatever it is supposed to be; but on the other hand a heart-warming sight that is surely not mentioned in Baedeker is the American flag floating over the fort opposite Coblenz.

From Cologne we ran across Luxembourg & Belgium, but passed the most interesting places during the two nights we were in the train. Landed finally near Dunkirk, whence we marched here. The regiment belongs at Douai, but there's no room there on account of the English, so we've been scattered

all around the region and put to
work at farming etc. as I said before.

On the way to Denai we passed through
Awas, and that is a sorry sight (though
not so bad as Verdun, for instance); they
say that in all Awas there are just
seven houses untouched by shell fire
- but I didn't happen to see any of
the men.

At Denai and here
there has been a good deal of destruction,
especially of the factories & mines, but
not by shell fire - it was deliberate
"sabotage". During the allied advance

the populations were evacuated and
the towns pillaged in their absence;
at Denai the looters gutted everything
to the paper on the wall, here they didn't
have so much time and consequently
got away with less. The thing that
loches the most is the medicines -

at Waiwai now "there ain't no sick
animal". I've got a little feather
mattress in a box spring on my bed
here, & count myself fortunate, although
there are no bed clothes; but I have
my own blankets so that's all right.

Am expecting to be on my way
home in time to be there for Commence-
ment and our first class reunion;
so you needn't bother to acknowledge
this letter. Please give my regards to
all & sending and looking forward
to seeing the old gang soon. I
remain

Most sincerely
Edward Payham

To the Editor of the HOME NEWS :--

We have had letters from France, one mailed Sept. 4, received over a fortnight ago, and one mailed Sept 9 which has come to-day, October 12-- nearly five weeks in transit. I give some extracts :--

Sunday
(September 2)

Another week gone and we're still in camp. But we really are to leave to-morrow or Tuesday-- and believe me I'm ready. To-day has been large and successful so far; I rose at the modest hour of ten (why so late I'll tell you later) and took a shower, and as it was my first bath in ten days you can imagine how good it felt even if it was cold enough to petrify you. The life of the great unwashed is all right, but I do like to be clean once in a while.

The week has passed without much happening. Our trips have been lengthened out right along-- we get practice keeping together and moving, having graduated from the backing and turning around class. And maybe we don't pile into the grub when we get in about seven after six hours of bumping around in one of those trucks. One day we went to a town about twenty miles from here and two fellows got left. They turned up next noon, having hoofed it all the way back, sleeping in a barn on the way.

Twice we had to grease cars in the morning, but that let us out of drill, so we should fret. My vaccination is coming along pretty well, but is n't all gone yet. It scabbed up once, but I knocked the scab off working under a car in the mud.

Bob (R.V.E. Martin, Rutgers, '17) in his letter was worrying about suffering from the heat in the trenches with a helmet on in the sun. Well you tell him that a helmet's not much worse than a derby to wear and sheds water lots better; furthermore that if he can find a place here where one suffers from the heat he can wire about it at my expense.

We've had more or less rain the last week-- enough to lay the dust but not to mire the roads badly. One morning it rained so that we could ~~not~~ n't have our exercises, but I did n't hear any one complain.

Well; yesterday we started at 1:30 for a big run. Traveled till 7:00 almost without a stop; several cars had breakdowns, but we did n't wait for them. Landed up in a good sized town where we saw some houses ruined by German shells in 1914 ; and many of the fellows went off and ate. But some of us made use of the rations furnished us; another man and I got away with most of the allowance for the five men on our truck, and it sure tasted good. I had a lot of fun feeding four little boys who turned up; you should have seen them put away war bread and jam; they looked as if they had n't had a real meal in some time, but between us all I bet we filled them up.

It had been raining on and off all afternoon, but when we started again at 8:00 it began to pour. We drove ahead for a couple of hours without lights; then we hit a town and had to light up and kept them going till we reached here at 1:30 (A.M.) The broken down cars, one of them under tow, did n't get in till 3:30 however. -More fun. We picked up a French soldier and gave him lift for a while; talking with him relieved the monotony a bit

try to chin with every Frenchman who is willing to stand my bum French, just for practice you know. French newspapers have gone up to two cents-- they have four pages twice a week, and two pages, a single sheet, the other days.

September 6

First of all , I'll give you my new address

Section Group ~~747~~ T.M. 397, Peleton 4,
Convois Autos par B.C.M. ,
Paris, France.

If you are hard up for room you can omit "Section group" & "Convois Autos", but they don't do any harm if used. You see our section in the auto transport is number 397 (T.M. means transport militaire) and our bunch of forty odd is the fourth sub-section or peleton; the Bureau Central Militaire is the army post office in Paris.

Yes, we're on the job at last; and I rather expect to be called at four to-morrow morning for my first run. Here's hoping we're not. Got~~to~~ here Tuesday night (Sept. 4); wasted a good part of yesterday waiting for red tape to unwind, and worked hard all day to-day on the car. We've got her all greased and running well, but not washed as yet-- and it's likely to be some time before that happens.

The auto camp, seventy odd Pierce trucks and perhaps some French makes, is located on level ground along a river (eau non potable-- a little cleaner than the D. & R. canal and much used for washing by us-- the alternative is carrying water in a bucket some distance) near a fair-sized town pretty well ruined and occupied by a tenth of the normal population but still of enough interest to the Boches for them to drop a shell in now and then and attack in the planes pretty regularly. We saw them chase them off four times yesterday with the anti-aircraft guns, and they expected a real raid between twelve and two last night and instructed us to dive for the dugouts; but a thunderstorm came up and saved us. We are six or seven miles from the trenches; this morning around four to five we heard the guns in a continuous roar-- probably the preparation and barrage for an early morning attack. We have to be careful of lights too.

Our truck-- I'm in with a fipe fellow-- seems pretty good, but is awfully dirty and very short on tools. We had no tail light (you never use them) and they gave us one which I guess we'll use in the barracks-- we have a candle now. Speaking of barracks, we have real ones with honest to goodness wood floors. Believe me that has it in the cow stable.

Saturday (September 8)

out

Could n't finish yesterday for we started at nine and returned at eleven P.M. Fourteen hours on the road and only two trips-- we had to wait an awful lot for men to load and unload. Our car lay down with a five ton load on rough ground up grade in a park -- the clutch gave out -- and it took two cars to pull us on

Our engine balked too, but after we were unloaded we got away under our own power. Have been working on the car all the morning-- we did n't have to go out.

Saw an airplane scrap yesterday-- two French planes got a Boche. Pretty near every time a plane turns up they let the shrapnel loose at it and the German planes always beat it.-- Yesterday we had both our noon and night meals on the road-- not much fun for a steady diet.