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THIS SIDE OF CARD IS FOR ADDRESS

EARL REED SILVERS

ALUMNI HOUSE

NEW BRUNSWICK, N. J.

AMERICAN ADDRESS: Anton F. Ward,
185 Passaic Street,
Hackensack, N.J.

European Address:

Private Anton F. Ward,
American Expeditionary Forces,
France,
U.S. Army Base Hospital No. 8,
c/o American Embassy,
Paris,
France.



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EARL REED SILVERS

ALUMNI HOUSE

NEW BRUNSWICK, N. J.

Hqtrs. 104th Regt. Engrs.
Camp McClellan,
Anniston, Ala.

Would be glad to hear of Rutgers
news thru the proposed letters, there
are a number of Rutgers men in this Regt.

Very truly

Mr. Engr. Jos. A. Ward,
'14.

10-27-12

Pt. A. F. Ward
Base Hospital #8
U. E. F.

THIS SIDE OF CARD IS FOR ADDRESS



RUTGERS COLLEGE
NEW BRUNSWICK, NEW JERSEY.

OFFICE OF THE REGISTRAR

E. D. B. LOUGHRAN

1st LIEUT. M. O. R. C. U. S. A.

France. Nov. 17, 1912.

My dear Mr. Silvers

Your plan of keeping
us informed with news of dear old
Rutgers has the hearty approval
of the little band of Rutgers
men who came over here last
August. It is pretty nearly impossible
to tell you how much we
appreciate the bits of campus
gossip which find their way across
the pond.

Thanking you deeply for your patriotic
movement, I am, a yours in Rutgers
Base Hospital #8 A.E.F. Antoin F. Ward, '19

France,

May 31, 1918.

Dear Mr. Silvers

Not wishing to
lose any ^{of your} bulky letters, I am
sending you my new address,
something I should have
done some time ago. I have
been transferred to a new
branch of service. While hating
to leave the rest of the Rutgers
branch at Base Hospital #8, this
new work has splendid opportunities

PLEASE CHANGE IN YOUR SEAMAN
DIRECTOR THAT I AM A
IN THE NAVAL RESERVE.

Rutgers men are always
running into each other somewhere.
Last week I met George Eipper ex-17,
and Pattison '18, both 1st Lieut.
in the aviation, also Churchill
Franklin '19, a Sgt. in a
hospital closely.

With best of luck to
your good work

Yours in Rutgers,
Anton F. Ward '19.

Sgt. A. F. Ward
Intelligence Section,
A. P. O. 708,
American E. F.

Joseph A.

Ward

now

2nd Lieut.

104 Engineers

Camp

McClellan

etc.

.....

Mr. Henry P. Schneeweiss, Treasurer :

I hereby enroll as a Member of the Association of the Alumni of
Rutgers College, for the year beginning October 1, 1917.

Name..... Class.....

Address.....

I will pay my dues or enclose check for \$3.00

June 25,
1918.

Sergt. A. F. Ward,
Intelligence Section,
A. P. O. 708
A. E. F.

Dear Mr. Ward:

I am glad to have your card of
May 31st and to know your change of address.
Your brother told me that you had been trans-
ferred to the Intelligence Service when I was
in Hackensack a few weeks ago and I have been
hoping that you would write me shortly. I
know that this new work is just the kind of
thing you are fitted for and I hope that you
are enjoying it.

Cordially yours,

ERS/W

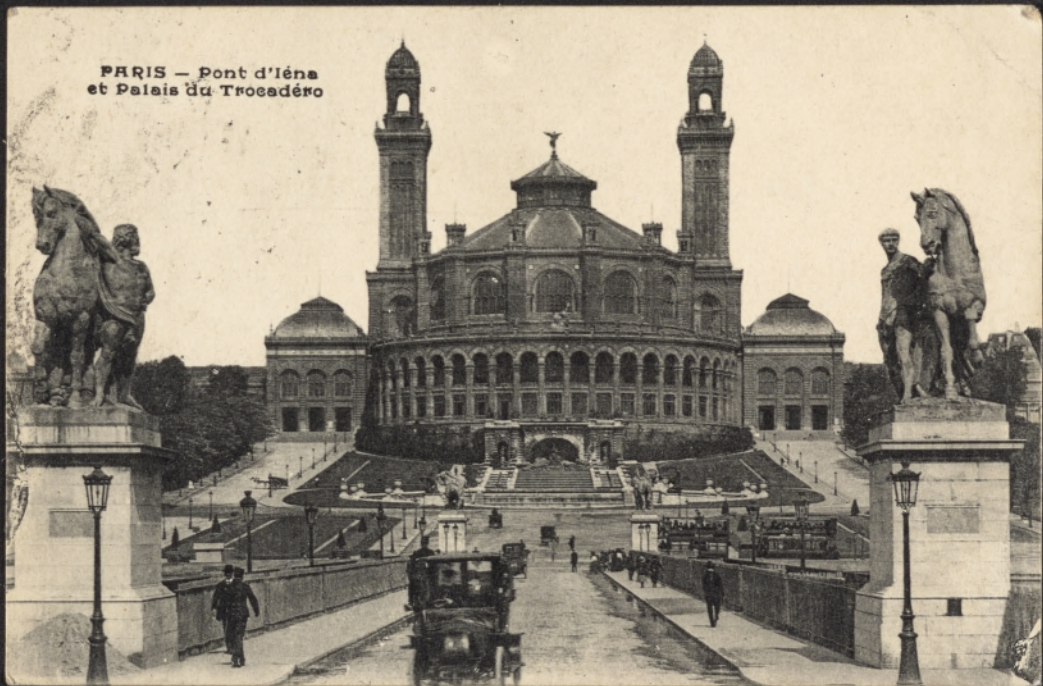
we were
rth while.
the way.
e was not
hear the
but could

"Now, however, we are very peacefully situated and have not heard a gun since I've been in France."

Address:
SOLDIERS' LE
THE EVENI
NEW YO

This is crust in which are
 brown & several other Anty. are

PARIS — Pont d'Iéna
et Palais du Trocadéro



Carte Postale

Paris
Le 10 nov. 1918.
Correspondance

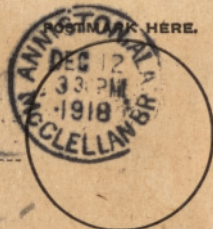


Adresse

Dear Mr. Silvers,
I am in Paris
for a few days
to help celebrate
our victory. And
Paris is really
Paris again. They
have been waiting
over four years for
this moment and they
surely are making
up for lost time.
Best wishes
Anton Kravtsov

Mrs. Carl R. Silvers,
Rutgers College,
New Brunswick,
N.J.
U.S.A.
Etats-Unis

114
Post Office Department



PENALTY FOR PRIVATE USE, \$300.

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(NAME OF PUBLICATION)

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FORM 3578

5. Refused.

(Act of May 12, 1910,
Sec. 640, P. L. and R.)

3. No such number.

6. Unclaimed.

POSTMASTER

(POST OFFICE)

(STATE)

65-6713



December 26, 1918

My dear Mr. Silvers
Ever since the Armistice
has been signed, I have been
waiting eagerly news for an early
repatriement. The outlook did not
look very hopeful, and I hardly
hoped to see the shores of good
old U. S. A. before next summer.
However your letter of Nov. 24th
received this morning offered a
little light to a situation which
looked rather gloomy. Having been
nearly eighteen months in France,
and feeling that my usefulness
over here has become ancient history,
like most of the undergraduates
who enlisted in the early days
of the war, my desire to complete
my college career is more than
keen ~~but~~ but I am fully aware
of the fact that my desire will
remain an unaccomplished one
if my sojourn in France, not
saying anything about Germany, is
prolonged another year. During

the short period of military regime
at Rutgers, you have probably
learned that armies and wars are
not built upon sentiment or
individual desires. If you can
enlighten me as to the means
of a speedy boatride home, you
will have earned gratitude of
at least of one member of
the A. E. F., who loves France, but
who also loves just a bit more, a
certain land lying beyond the
western waters, which the
Yankee call God's country.

I have received a good
many letters from the states
telling about the celebration Armistice
Day, but I doubt if their joy
rang any truer than that of
the French with whom I had
the privilege of celebrating that
day of all days. France had
been giving her all these past
four years, hanging on doggedly,
for she knew there was a
day coming when the eternal
reward of dead would be fulfilled.
And when that day came, her
joy was more than delicious.

But there was nothing grand ^{stand} about the way Paris celebrated that ~~big~~ day. Paris has seen thru the war and passed four long years of torment courageously. Any body who has been in Paris during an air raid or during the 'long days' that big "Bertha" dropped her shells into the heart of the city, can tell you of the ^{they are in} calm manner in which the boches ~~not~~ sought to terrorize them. Dancing has been forbidden since the mobilization in 1914, but Paris cast all conventionalities aside November 11th and danced in the streets. The "Tannoy", a "Yank" and "Pierrot Poilu" were the most ^{popular} boys with the "midnettes", the little Parisian ~~girls~~ mademoiselles who work in the shops on rue de la Paix and other streets when the feminine styles are turned out. My only regret Nov. 11th was that I had to leave Paris in the midst of her joy.

Parisians tell me that

the reception given President
Wilson far surpassed any thing
given in the big town. All the
Yankees were mighty glad
that the French had the opportunity
of seeing Mrs. Wilson, and of
~~learning~~ learning what an- honest to-
God - good looking American
woman looked like! Up until
that moment their composite
picture of the American girl was
a cross between an army nurse
of rather doubtful age, and a
Y. M. C. A. canteen maker
who has passed better days
school teaching in Hicksville. We
have always staunchly defended
our American sisters, but have
never been able to produce any
evidence of her good looks.

A couple of weeks ago, a
plan was formulated where U. S.
army ^{men} would be able to take up
courses in the leading French
and English Universities. I have put
in an application for the University
of Paris, better known as the Sorbonne,
but as I get haven't received any word.

With earnest hopes of seeing
you at the reunion in June,

Sincerely yours,
Anton Ward.

Sergt. A. F. Ward, Intelligence Section
A. P. O. 708, A. E. F.

1st Lt. A. F. Ward
1st Lt. A. F. Ward

From Sergt. Anton Ward '19

France, Dec. 26, 1918

Ever since the Armistice has been signed, I have been waiting eagerly news for an early ^{repartement} ~~REP~~. The outlook did not look very hopeful, and I hardly hoped to see the shores of good old U.S.A. before next summer. However your letter of Nov. 29th, received this morning offered a little light to a situation which looked rather gloomy. Having been nearly eighteen months in France, and feeling that my usefulness over here has become ancient history, like most of the undergraduates who enlisted in the early days of the war, my desire to complete my college career is more than keen; but I am fully aware of the fact that my desire will remain an unaccomplished one, if my sojourn in France, not saying anything about Germany, is prolonged another another year. During the short period of military regime at Rutgers, you have probably learned that armies and wars are not built upon sentiment or individual

desires. If you can enlighten me as to the means of a speedy boat ride home, you will have earned gratitude of at least one member of the A.E.F., who loves France, but who also loves just a bit more, a certain land lying beyond the western waters, which the Yanks call God's country.

I have received a good many letters from the states telling about the celebration Armistice Day, but I doubt if their joy rang and truer than that of the French with whom I had the privilege of celebrating that day of all days. France had been giving her all these past four years, hanging on diggedly, for she knew there was a day coming when the eternal reward of dead would be fulfilled and when that day came her joy was more than delirious.

But there was nothin' grand stand about the way Paris celebrated that day. Paris has been thru the war, and passed four long years of torment courageously. Anybody who has been in Paris during an air raid, or during the long days that big "Bertha" dropped her shells into the heart of the city, can tell you of

the calm manner in which they acted when the boches sought to terrorize them.

Dancing has been forbidden since the mobilization in 1914, but Paris cast all conventionalities aside Nov. 11th, and danced in the streets. "Tommy" "Yanks" and "Pieru Poilu" were the most popular boys with the "Midmettes" the little Parisian Mademoiselles who work in the shops on me-de-la-Paix and other streets when the feminine styles are turned out. My only regret Nov. 11th was that Inhad to leave Paris in the midst of her joy.

Parisians tell me that the reception given President Wilson far surpassed anything given in the big town. All the "Yanks" were mighty glad that the French had the opportunity of seeing Mrs. Wilson, and of learning what an honest-to-God- good looking American woman looked like. Up until that moment their composite picture of the American girl was a cross between and army nurse of rather doubtful age, and a Y.M?C.A. canteen worker who has passed better days

school teaching in Hickville. We have always staunchly defended our American sisters, but have never been able to produce any evidence of her good looks.

A couple of weeks ago, a plan was formulated where U.S. Army would be able to take up courses in the leading French and English Universities? I have put in an application for the University of Paris, better known as the Sorbome, but as yet haven't received any word.

With earnest hopes of seeing you at the reunion in June,

Sincerely yours,

February
10th
1919

Sergeant Anton F. Ward,
Intelligence Section,
A. P. O. 708,
American Expeditionary Forces,
France.

Dear Mr. Ward:

I am very much afraid that we cannot help you in getting your discharge from the army at present. We have had a good many similar requests and we have written to Washington to find out if the college could make formal application for the release of her students. So far, however, we have received no favorable reply, and the only thing we can do therefore is to await some definite advice. If anything turns up we shall most certainly get in touch with you.

Cordially yours,

ERS-N

AMERICAN

Y.M.C.A.



ON ACTIVE SERVICE

WITH THE

AMERICAN EXPEDITIONARY FORCE

Mar. 20 1919

Lyon,
France.

My dear Mr. Silvers

By the time I had received your kind answer in regard to my release from the army, I had become quite aware of the fact that any number of letters could not move the powers that be in the A.E.F. ~~And~~ Among other things, I made a formal applicant to my C.O. — so military that no member of the Adjutant General's office could fault with it. I told a most pathetic story, saying that I had enlisted at the age of nineteen, and was

one of the pioneer members of the A. E. F. But it seems that Uncle Sam has deemed it ^{more} fitting to send back ^{just} those who got here in time to drink champagne on armistice day. And so I am quite resigned to the fact that the first shall be last, and the last first.

From the middle of January until the first of March, I had the good fortune to be located in Paris. As I was free after three o'clock each afternoon, I had an excellent opportunity to attend the lecture courses given at the Sorbonne. Having had a taste of a little learning in a French university, I fell for the army offer to devote all my time in one of the universities over here.

AMERICAN



ON ACTIVE SERVICE

WITH THE

AMERICAN EXPEDITIONARY FORCE

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March 1st first found
me designated for the
University of Lyon, which has
an excellent reputation and
which possesses the best
law school in France.

The courses were badly
organized at first but we
soon worked out of a maze
of conflicts, and are now
enjoying the unusual privilege
of studying in a foreign
university. ~~On the~~ The
courses terminate June 30th,
and if all goes well, we
hope to sail for Esodo's
country shortly after the
1st of July.

The American student
body is made up of
365 officers and enlisted men.

50 (47) almost an equal number
of each. But no rank is
recognized for we are all
students. There are some
classes where the ~~range~~
ranks range anywhere
from a bush private to a
lieut. colonel.

We are all billeted
with French families and
are now able to enjoy once
more the exquisite pleasure
of a home life. At all
events, it enables the boys
to obtain an intimate
study of French life,
something unfortunately
most of the A. E. F. have
never encountered. So with
talking French in our
billets, and ^{with} listening ~~to~~
to lectures given only in
French and by French
prof, we can't have any
excuse to return to the
states without a sound
knowledge of the French
tongue. Already our students
body has been organized,

and ~~no~~ besides a students' ^[50]
council the university is now
the proud possessor of a
ball team and a jazz band.
Our historian tells us
that there is hardly a
college in the state, which
is not represented among
the students, who ~~are~~
members ~~come~~ from the
various divisions of the A. E. F.

Undergraduates
from Princeton and
Harvard here tell me that
their respective universities
are going to permit the
members of the class of 1919
to graduate in 1920 if they
return to college by next
fall. As I am in that
category I wish you would
write me a few lines just
what Rutgers is going to
do for those of us who
have been over here so long.
As I am now taking
studies here, I can not

but hope that I will
be permitted to graduate
in 1920. If not then
I am afraid that my
hopes of obtaining a
degree are rather slim.

You complain about
not receiving any souvenirs
from France. When you
are not near an A. P. O. it is
a rather difficult matter, but
I am sure that very Rutgers
member of the A. E. F. will
have something for you when
he turns up in Allen's
Campus. I am as a sergeant
limited to 100 lbs. of luggage,
but you can count on me
for a trophy when I start
westward ho.

Very sincerely yours,
Anton F. Ward

Address:

Sgt. A. F. Ward
11-2,

11 Avenue Montargis
Paris,
France.

April 4th, 1919.

Srgt. A. F. Ward,
G-2, 11 Avenue Montargue,
Paris, France.

Dear Mr. Ward:-

I am glad to have your letter of March 20th, and glad, too, to know that you have been given the opportunity to study at a foreign university. It is an experience which will be invaluable to you in later years, and you most certainly ought to be congratulated upon it.

Thank you for your offer to remember us when you bring back your souvenirs. It is very good of you to stand so loyally by the College, and we appreciate your continued interest.

I am very ignorant as to Interscholastic affairs here, but I am turning your letter over to Mr. Martin, and hope that he can set things straight for you. You will undoubtedly hear from him.

Cordially yours,