

313th Infantry,
Camp Meade, Md.

Wed. June 27th, 1918.

Dear Mama,

Have just finished talking to you over the phone. I did not like to say too much there so I am writing as I said I would.

Our orders send us over, leaving Camp Meade at 6:30 P.M. via the P.R.R. There will be about 200 officers and N.C.Os. on the party. We are scheduled to arrive in Jersey City early Sat. A.M. and report direct to Pier 3 at Hoboken to the boat. It is entirely possible that we won't get off the ship again and again we may get off. Of course we don't know the name of the ship or when she sails. Also you absolutely do not know when we sail or from what pier! This is absolute! If I do get off I shall certainly call up the Biltmore, Astor, Vanderbilt, and Knickerbocker and come over if I can.

The reason I can't get off, and its true of all the officers and men, is that it looks as if all our Regiment might leave Camp Monday at noon. We are working our necks off packing up and issuing equipment, and will be until the last moment. I believe it's certainly France, not England.

We will of course go via West Philadelphia, but whether we will go by the hop-over or through West Philadelphia Station I do not know at all.

Best Love and I will let you know anything else I hear.

Affectionately,

Harry Ingersoll.

Sunday Night,
June 30th, 1918.

Dear Mama,

We are well under way now and my only regret is that I was unable to connect up with you in New York. There was not a chance. (We arrived at Jersey City early Saturday morning and piled up to our pier and right on to our boat out of the ferry. We never put foot on shore after that except when we all went up to the Quartermaster store on the pier to make some last purchases.) We hoped to get away at once but it was 2:30 this P.M. before we were finally pushed out into the river and started down stream. Along side of us lay that prince of German cruisers the Eitel Frederick. It was most satisfactory to see her being loaded with Yankee soldiers!

New York harbor was a most inspiring sight as we came out - full of ships of many kinds and many of them. English, French, Danish, Norwegian, Spanish and American flags and everything from a scow to a battle-cruiser. Especially fine looking were the big schooners and square rigged ships some coming in and others going out and ^{well} ~~all~~ plastered with all colors and designs. (It would have thrilled the heart of a Cubist.) Somehow the Statue of Liberty meant a lot more than usual as it showed green in the sunlight! The convoy fell in line and started out and in a very short time we (had left all this behind and) were really on our way. It all seems too good to be true and yet now that we are really under way there is not half the excitement there was at leaving camp. Everyone is I think looking forward to about twelve days of plenty of sleep and nothing much else! (I know I am. The last two weeks were pretty hectic at camp. We had gotten

our orders to pack up - the regiment I mean - and we kept losing men and getting new ones daily. This combined with the outfitting the men all anew and not getting left behind on anything made a pretty strenuous 10 days. When I left Friday I think I knew the size underdrawers of every man in the company and thank goodness there were 250 of them at last! We got 48 from Yaphank, 13 from the artillery and 5 from the Depot Brigade all within the past 10 days! They have all had some training and 85 of them are real soldiers, but it is not what it might be.)

(Our order to go came the day I called you up. I had never really unpacked so I was able to work with the company up to the last. I certainly thought I would be able to see you in N.Y. I tried to get word to you at the Biltmore but don't believe it ever reached you. I sent a wire to Penllyn to tell you I could not get off. I didn't send it to the Biltmore as I thought you might find it necessary to go somewhere else. I hope the wire got through and also the note I wrote at the same time.)

The best thing in this ship is the food. It is really awfully good considering that it is far from being a high class ship. They say she is 11,000 tons, but she does not look it to me. The food is naturally a little Italian there being a good deal of salad and things, but we have cantaloupes, omlot and fried eggs, orange marmalade and above all plenty of time to eat them which is what we all have been sadly lacking at camp - The dining saloon is comfortable and things are neatly and well served. There are a good many real old steamer chairs on board and I am

sure we shall manage to make ourselves comfortable in that line. Coming up on the train from Meade I had a stateroom with Maj. Pepper. Here I have what appears to be the best room on the boat with an engineer Captain. He came up early and got it and I, being the first Captain on our list was assigned to it with him. Majors bunking together have state rooms with one porthole only whereas this has two and many officers are in four together. As to the ports they don't help much as they have to be kept shut all night but it is nice in daytime. Will close tonight and get a good sleep.

Tuesday - July 2.

Well I had that good sleep. I turned in at 10 o'clock. Turned out for stand to at 4:40 A.M. and back to bed again at 5:30, and slept till 11 A.M. That was yesterday morning. Last night it was hot and stuffy below so I slept on deck on two life preservers and that superfine overcoat! Slept for seven hours without opening my eyes which was pretty fair for the deck. This morning was glorious before sun-up. Low clouds in the east and the black hulls on all four sides and the water inky black. It looked most propitious for Subs. but I think we are away now from any on this side of the Atlantic. Some depth charges were dropped yesterday evening and a bit of excitement but I don't think anyone saw anything. It really seemed like crossing the Atlantic this morning when I located a most delightful bath steward who set a time and everything just as it's always done and I had a bully shave and a salt water bath at 11 o'clock. Most of us developed a pretty good schedule last

night! Sleep on deck, then after stand-to go back and sleep in your stateroom until 10 or 11 o'clock. Not until after stand-to can the ports be opened. It is certainly a lazy man's existence and I believe I will get fat and we are all getting well browned. Goodness knows if we were standing still it would be as hot as blazes!

The ship carries Ry. Engineer troops only in addition to our school detachment. They are volunteer troops and big fine looking men. They do all the guard duty and the worst I can hope for is officer of the day which isn't trying.

It is perfectly calm with hardly a breath of wind. I think this boat would probably stand on its hindlegs for fair in a storm!

Our convoy connected up with another from another port and is of considerable size. The joining up was good to watch and somehow gives one complete confidence in the U.S. Navy. From the size of the destroyers I believe Jared's height will make his ship topheavy. They certainly roll and pitch in no sea at all.

I read your book - The Kingdom of the Blind and am in Sherlock Holmes and a novel I picked up in the ship library. It is most delightful to sit back and enjoy the sea and a good book. I always did like the sea and the little excitement makes it even more interesting! We eat in two shifts and it is all done the same way with turning chairs at the tables and plenty of fruit scattered everywhere and waiters - Belgian and Italians I should say - in neat uniforms. Then we gather in the saloon and someone plays furiously on the piano with the worst violin and cornet accompaniment you ever heard.

Or we go up on deck and speculate on periscopes over the rail as it gets darker. Men and officers doze off to sleep at odd times and with everything in utter darkness it is quite weird. The only place to steer clear of is the inside of the boat which is shut up as it gets dark. The atmosphere gets pretty rotten there.

We have boat drill every day and it caught me yesterday in the middle of a haircut. I knew I could easily get a short cut as I wouldn't get home until at least it grew out and the Italian barber who knew no English had certainly done his best - but so far on one side only. The alarm sounded but he did not know what it meant, and I think he thought I was either crazy or trying to cheat him when I tore the sheet off from around my neck and left him standing there alone.

I was a picturesque sight - sort of a one shoe on and one shoe off proposition - when I reached the deck. Howbeit he finished up later and I do not believe you would recognize your son now. It gives a very debonair appearance - a short haircut and an overseas cap cocked over one eye. Fortunately I brought a pair of khaki breeches you had cleaned for me so I am most comfortable with them and an O.D. shirt and a black tie. They don't make us wear shirts now even for supper which is a blessing.

The Engineer officers aboard don't appear particularly thrilling - many of them quite oldish men, apparently out of civil life like the rest of us. A Lt. Col. of Engineers is senior army officer and consequently commands all troops on board. I shall stop now as it is about supper time.

Yesterday was my third Fourth of July in the Federal service. Last one at Niagara and the one before at Mt. Gretna. The dining saloon was all fixed up with flags and at noon the Cruiser fired the salute of 21 guns and we all stood on deck and drank healths in real champagne. The Stars and Stripes broke out from all mast heads and I believe if a submarine had stuck its nose up just at that time it would have been surprised to say the least. All ships sounded their weird sirens and they sounded as if they could be heard all over the Atlantic Ocean! It was a lovely day and the combination of the champagne and a large lunch made sleeping all afternoon a cinch! I got frightfully burned for certainly these "overseas caps" do not protect one from the sun.

Last night it rained and today it is raw and foggy - a typical "Banks of Newfoundland day". Everyone is more or less forced to congregate in the saloon and if you once get a good comfortable chair you make a point not to get up for you'll never get it again! I picked up a collection of "Extracts of English Prose" and had a most delightful two hours. It had about ten of the pages of Stones of Venice - his description of St. Mark's which I had not read since I was in Venice. It is beautiful to read and all seemed so peaceful and nice in comparison with this life we are all leading. Then it had parts of "Wee Willie Winkie", "Life of Queen Elizabeth", "The American Commonwealth", "French Revolution" being Carlyle's description of the Fall of the Bastille. Many others equally disjointed in so far as any relation one with another. Then I jumped from that to some French War

Department pamphlets which were very different but interesting. I believe the reading I have done during the last months on war subjects and how this trench warfare game is played will be of real use to me for I am gradually getting a whole lot of the details in my head.

This letter is necessarily in the nature of a diary and I will keep it as such till we get near the end of the trip.

I seem to have left off Friday the 5th and tonight is Monday. I am just off duty as Officer of the Day and as I was up all night going my rounds through the diverse subterranean passages of this ship I am preparing now to turn in early. I am reclining on my bunk where I repose comfortably in the B.V.D.s that Uncle Sam sells.

My tour as O.D. was interesting and I should not have missed the experience for a good deal. (It wasn't altogether pleasant especially last night between 8 and 10 down in the hold and around the galley. A few shaded electric bulbs was all that kept you in a reasonably straight path and soldiers moving up and down the companion ways and little dirty dagoes jabbering and drinking red wine and eating dirty meat off a dirty long table with equally dirty hands - likewise smells of cooking meat and soup and large pails of slop piled up against the side with a certain amount of it scattered around the deck and the deck slippery and slimy with all the concentrated filth under-decks - this all added to a picture that does not make travel for the enlisted men on such a ship as this, all that is to be desired. However I will say that things were cleared up by midnight and looked reasonably

ship shape. It is only in the evening that this condition exists.) I spent an hour around 2 A.M. watching the bakers making bread. Flour comes on in sacks and we apparently make all our own bread. A large brick oven with a large revolving horizontal wheel on which the loaves and biscuits and rolls are placed really makes delicious bread.

(Then at three this morning a water pipe in a wash room broke. That added to the merriment of the night and almost caused the N.Cs. to be flooded out in the second cabin.)

On Sunday we had a real old storm - about half a gale I should have called it but a half gale in this ship is very different from what I remember as a half gale on the Imperator! It was dead ahead and blowing the white caps as they broke, with a wild fury. It was all pitch and water coming right "over the top" and spray drenching the bridge. I had my old craze to get to the bow of the boat so I put my boots on and a raincoat and with several others played the 10 year olds again and got drenched. It was the same old sensation with the violent bursting of the waves immediately under you and the driving spray driving at you and passing on back. But the greatest sight was the old destroyer which was immediately at our starboard side. Time and time again she would pitch right under and raise a solid green wave on her foreward deck, struggling up with it and it would roll over her sides like a miniature water fall. A second time she would go down under and up would come her bow struggling under its burden and apparently trying to shake itself free. Not a sign of life on board of course and she kept plunging on like this from early morning until afternoon. It was a

fortunately I have never once been touched by mal de mer and I will say we had a couple of pretty rough days. I have eaten three hearty meals a day - except once or twice I unintentionally overslept breakfast - and have heartily enjoyed myself all the time. I feel like a king and am ready to buckle right down to work. Yesterday I worked on French all day. One of these conversational books the Y.M.C.A. supply. I read the French mostly so as to get a bit familiar with it and was quite surprised at how the stuff came back to me. I expect to go over it all again today. We are due in port tonight but doubtless it will be tomorrow before we get to shore. I think it would be lovely if we could run up to Paris for the 14th but I'm sure we won't. I wonder if by any chance will I see Dr. LeConte where we land but it seems to me I remember hearing that he had been moved to Paris or H'd'qtrs. or some high inspecting job.

(I surely owe an apology for this awful handwriting. Major Pepper says the censor will have a dreadful time reading his letters but he is sure he will have a worse time reading mine. I imagine he is right but I can't help contributing some of it to the fact that the whole letter has been written in my lap on a steamer chair - using your writing pad - and that is not entirely conducive to good penmanship! As to letters I want you to be sure that nothing I write ever gets out of your hand and of course is never offered to any newspaper. The latter I know isn't likely. Likewise if you have them typewritten - and Heaven help whoever has to decipher the scrawl - I don't want them ever to get out of your hands or be lent around promiscuously. I don't see

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any reason for having them typewritten anyhow. If I stop this letter rather suddenly it will be because I have got a chance to get it censored and mailed.)

We have pulled into port tonight so I will stop and mail this. The coming in of all the ships into the harbor was perfectly glorious with dozens of signal lights from the ships and shore. Everything is a bit in confusion tonight as we get off tomorrow at dawn. Best love to you all.

Affectionately,

Harry.

O.K.
Harry Ingersoll,
Capt. 313 Inf.

Sunday, July 14, 1918.

Dear Mama,

We pulled into this harbor Friday night. Saturday, yesterday, morning we came ashore with all our goods and chattels and also the troops from the other ships of the convoy. Then we marched out to this camp where we now are and which is called a "rest camp". By rest each soldier takes a three mile hike out to camp and then goes without any lunch which was out experience and not a very happy one because we were all pretty tired and needed food and rest more than anything else.

(I wrote you a long letter from the ship and left it with the Engineer officer detachment on the boat. They were going to mail them all and I hope there was no slip up but I am a bit concerned about it as I can mail them here at the Military P.O. so much simpler. Even if it was mailed this will probably go on the same ship.)

Yesterday morning we came ashore on a lighter. We landed and marched out to camp which is about 2 1/2 miles out from the landing place. We had a good climb up from the harbor flanked by high walls on both sides up the narrow macadam road. Through the great gateway of the town which seemed to be the entrance to the upper part of town from the water front. The first thing to impress us was the permanence of everything - roads, houses and walls. I had never been in this part of France, and perhaps it was that the close association with wooden barracks has especially impressed this on us. Women, children and old men stopped in the streets to look us over. The little children were very cute. We

Monday, July 22, 1918.

Dear Mama,

(I sent a postal to you on the way here and numbered it 5 which I shall discontinue for I shall number letters only)

Well I surely had some trip across France! We left the seaport on Thursday and today arrived here. Four nights in a first class carriage is fair but only fair I can assure you for there were five of us and we were all about six feet tall. We carried "canned goods" with us entirely though I will say now and again had the opportunity to light into ham and eggs at various buffets along the route. As for sleeping, necessity is the Mother of invention, and we finally manipulated the seats cross-wise supported by bags underneath and I confess frankly to having averaged 7 hours per night. Rather it was daytime, first on the right and then on the left oh! how hard that seat did get! However a four day trip from the farthest point west to well into the east is an experience in seeing country that does not come every day and from a sight-seeing point of view I certainly made the best of it and enjoyed it thoroughly. The first day we came up through that part of the country where everything is little - little villages, little houses, little farms, little fields, lovely white roads lined with villages, along little rivers, - all seemed to meander lazily along, canals, and such lines of poplars along roads and then little bunches strung along the horizon - it was all very lovely. Then into the larger country - first quite forests where we found U.S. Engineers cutting up lumber - then into large beautiful valleys, long stretches of wheat, and cattle grazing in herds. This large country was a revelation to me for it was more the little

country that I had expected to see and this other was rather hopeful and made me realize that surely France had the ability to pretty well support herself. Dear France - somehow you cannot help loving her! It grows on you. The people individually look dirty and unclean but the country is so neat and tidy and everything is so green and there is that feeling that everything ought to be gay. But then you see the old women working in the fields.

(Letter interrupted here by a Y.M.C.A. speaker - a bit inconvenient just now but pretty good at others)

You go through the towns and you see houses shut up and stores closed and almost all the women in black on the streets and on the trains - and they don't smile much, just look sad and as if they were bearing it and would and could continue to bear it indefinitely. And the troop trains of French and the trains of wounded. It is all a bit sad. The children of course show none of it and are very cute and playful. We practiced out french on the population all along and it improves with practice. As we got up into these parts the Y.M.C.A. showed itself again and then we reached here Monday afternoon (Monday night has slipped away since I started this letter) Our contingent trudged up hill from the station - it is always up hill from every station -. We are quartered in long barracks, very comfortable and with a lovely lookout over the surrounding country and apparently a delightful climate, that is, lovely fresh clear air. I met John Wagner, an old trooper, who is here as an instructor. He said that Francis Boyer was at the School as an instructor up to about a month ago. He doesn't know where Boyer is now as the artillery

school is now moved from here. I am very sorry to have missed him.

The work here I suppose you would say comes under the head of "intensive training". Lectures and practical work for four hours in the morning. Then three hours in the afternoon and two hours of study at night. It is not nearly as strenuous as Niagara was but perhaps it is that I have gotten accustomed to so-to-speak military intensive training. The instructors are mostly U.S. officers all of whom have their specialties and have been up to the front. Then there are some foreign officers also. The service is very good, orderlies to care for your barracks, shoes etc. very good food with apparently an abundance of green vegetables and eggs. (Nice white coated orderlies waiting on the table and altogether I believe it will be a month that will in no way drag.)

We can get off Sat. aft. and Sunday and I shall probably get over to see Jean d'Arc's home and perhaps get over to Nancy on one of the week-ends. The village itself is small and I shouldn't think a bit interesting looking although I have that still to find out. Here we have a very comfortable officers' Y.M.C.A. Nice writing facilities and comfortable arm chairs and a few "eats" and "smokes" in one end. We of course live under the feeling that we are not very many miles from the front and that lends a bit to the charm of the place and then we hear about fighting and the various units in a way that you can only get from those that have been up and in it.

I am writing to Morgan, Harjes to send my mail here

and I am very glad I made such arrangement after hearing the stories of the length of time it takes to get mail here delivered.

Another officer here, Don Kelly, came in yesterday. He was a friend of mine at Princeton at the Ivy Club and came over from Plattsburgh at the same time that Boyer did. It's very nice to have him here and he has been up at the front a long time. He has been aide up there but got sick of it and is now transferred to the line. He is a captain and will be here just about the same length of time I shall.

(Give) much love to the family and a great lot for yourself.

Affectionately,

Harry Ingersoll.

10.

American
Y.M.C.A.

On Active Service
with the
American Expeditionary Force
Sunday, August 25, 1918.

Dear Mama,

Well I came in last night and almost sat down right then and there and wrote you a letter for I was "tres content" as they say. The week was over and it had been a good one, the Colonel has showed himself all week to be in good spirits, the men were gay coming in from drill, they had been paid the night before, I felt the new ones were really beginning to shape up, and last and most important I found nine letters waiting for me! Anna's of July 4th, one from Aunt Phe, one from Papa and three from you, nos. 1, 2 and 3! You see what probably happened was that these first letters probably came in a fast boat and reached Morgan, Harjes before they had my address. Thus they sent them to A.P.O, 771, which is the post office of my Division. After much delay here they were forwarded me to School which I had just left so back they came here. The last I have from you here is no. 7 which is dated July 24th and that I received about Aug. 17. I had a bully letter from Susy, two from Anna and several from Aunt Phe. You are all very good about writing. You can imagine that I was glad to get these letters you wrote first for I never knew what had happened in N.Y. So to go back a little. (As I wrote I could not get off - neither could anyone else. I had a friend who promised to wire Papa's office Saturday afternoon but apparently he was a poor friend. I likewise wrote a line from the ship and a man promised to mail it that night. This "friend" also said he would call up the Biltmore but even if he did you were of

course not there.) To think that you should have been paddling back and forth across the river and I right there on the Duke d'Abruzzi! But I have written about my trip so I won't go into that. (I have numbered this letter 10. I am always a bit skeptical about the numbering because I invariably forget the number of the last letter I wrote. Of course you will all say "note them down". Well that would not be a bad idea. So I'll do it. I'm sure Susy's methodical mind would be the first to think of that ! Anyhow the last I wrote was just a line when I got here - about my trip down and then before that I sent some photos I had taken.)

Well it's really great to get back. The entire regiment is quartered here in a medium sized French village, situated among rolling hills - picturesque beyond words. I shall not name the town for it is not so far from the front. I suppose we are about 60 km. behind - perhaps more. However you wouldn't know it it is so quiet and peaceful. The town is like any other French village - cobbled narrow streets, up hill mostly and a little stream running through one end of it with one of the National highways through the centre. The streets are all winding and narrow and all more or less run together at the village fountain. My Company is quartered in sixteen different billets. Each has anywhere from five to 18 in it and it usually means up a dark winding stairway into a low ceiling garret with one or possibly two little square windows. In these Uncle Sam has had built wooden bunks with wire springs. I should say that lack of ventilation is the only bad feature. These French people are wonders for that. Below my room here where I am writing the man who owns the store over which I am billeted, sleeps.

When I go through his room every morning for reveille at 5:10 he is sleeping in a bed built into a wall, both doors and all windows closed and he is buried beneath at least two of those big frenchcomforters. It is perfectly extraordinary. Lord, how the room stinks! But to go back to the men's billets. They are kept clean of course by the men and then we have an N.C.O. in charge of each. Our orderly room is a little room in a very nice house in the basement with a little garden in front. All are more or less centrally located and we form the Company on the street and then march to the drill grounds outside of town. Our mess hall is a U.S.A. Adrian Barracks - no floor of course, but tables and benches and in it we have our two field ranges, and just outside we have our rolling kitchen. This is all a bit away from here and up on a hill and in the "place" in front of the Hotel de Ville. We officers have a little table just outside the shack and it is all terraced up by a wall giving us a glorious view out over the country. At noon our Co. marches directly there and we don't come down town to our billets till we return in the afternoon. The men eat inside our out on the wall. We have an orderly who brings our mess out to us and it is just the same as the men's. All the officers have nice rooms around town. My room here is a big room with quantities of wardrobes and washstands and one of those big high beds and two enormous windows built through a wall about three feet thick. French bric-a-brac decorates everything and if a fight should start here it would be like a bull in a china shop. The only difficulty any of us have is washing. The American soldier has learned to like a bath when he has finish-

ed exercising. Well of course the men use the river a bit but here where we are it is mostly a basin proposition. My proprietor boiled me up a regular cauldron of hot water yesterday and I found a sort of a washtub and right in the open in his yard I went to it! I never realized that the French peasants were so dirty. They actually never bathe. The people who own little stores and live above them - especially the women - are the dirtiest looking people I ever saw. The men talk of it all the time. I heard one say the other day that if Wilson wanted to make the world a decent place to live in he certainly did the right thing when they started on France! Personally I am very comfortable and enjoy it all. The man, and his daughter who is the one who really runs the hat store below me talk like greased lightning so I have to slow them up pretty often, but she keeps my room spic and span and my orderly, - a little Italian tailor by trade - keeps my shoes and leggings polished and altogether it is very nice. Tonight I am taking supper with the owners. I was a little doubtful at first whether she was asking me to supper but apparently she was for she named the hour and asked whether I preferred red wine or white! I shall have to put a brake on their talking to get into it much for when they take a bit of care I understand pretty well, but this race horse stuff is too much for me! (Incidentally when we move from here and we probably shall this week I am leaving my trunk with them for storage. We can't take it beyond here - only bedding roll and hand baggage, and I think here is better than sending it to the place where they store all officer's trunks and where, once there, they say it is as good as

lost till the war is over! Then if I should be detailed somewhere else or the powers that be decide I better go to Paris for a month or down to the Riviera or even to the U.S.A. I could always pick it up here. I rather thought of sending it to Paris - perhaps burden Cousin Alphonse with it - but it is a 50-50 chance that it would be lost or looted getting there. The truth is no baggage is safe in France unless you travel right along with it. As you know checking and expressing is not understood as it is with us.

I got back to find the Company in good shape. I think they were glad to get me back - at least I hope they were. I think that just this week I have seen them they have improved and certainly the Lts. have done well with them. Of course so many of the men were new. But they are getting snap into things and don't mind hikes of 25 kms. in the broiling sun and altogether I believe I have a good company. The discipline in the entire regiment is I consider very good. They don't like the bitter french wine much and the beer has practically no alcohol in it so nobody gets full though they may sit in the cafes from 7 to 9. Of course after pay day they hit it up a bit but they have really learned that a jag on red wine is not worth while. Censoring the mail gives you a pretty good idea of how they feel. Some are gloomy and hate it all. Others take it as it comes and some have red in their eye and want to get at it and get a Boche. Of course as we get up further where we can hear the guns this spirit will continually improve. My lieutenants work as hard and are as faithful as ever. Lt. Fraley and one of my N.C.O.s went away to School the day before I got back. Lt. Twombly came back with me and he is doing splendidly.

As to our movements we will gradually move up to the front into the quiet sector in the southern end of the lines.

How long before our Division goes in no one knows. It may be a month or it may be three. There is little or no fighting down there according to reports except a raid now and again and they say that the French soldiers raise all sorts of a rumpus if the Yanks start anything. (It is said that it interrupts the Frenchies' game of cards in the front line!) However there is nothing to worry about down there for the line is quiet and the troops train peacefully not far in the rear.

Of course peace may bob up any minute. However my guess is that it will be next summer. If we have 2 or 3 million men here by that time we will go through. As it is now they have to concentrate at special places. The drive back from the Marne was splendid and as soon as that started the French and British started east of Amiens. Today the British especially are pushing ahead. The Boche morale is unquestionably low and I believe if we can push into their country they'll run like the yellow curs they are. I don't believe that once they get in their territory the cry that the Kaiser has let out of the defense of the Fatherland will hold water.

I have just returned from luncheon. It consisted of boiled beef, a baked potato, a thick slice of bread, dessert of rice and peaches mixed and coffee.

(Tell Anna I enjoyed her letter of July 4th immensely. As for poor old Wales, his death really depressed me very much. He was certainly part of our establishment was he not?)

I remember perfectly when we got him. I can see Edward driving him up the hill now and before that I remember being shown him standing in a stall somewhere - I think probably at Aunt Phe's.)

You seem to have become a regular circus driver with motors. When I left you were just about driving the Ford with Price beside you. Now you tell me you have driven the Packard! It is fine and I realize now that you have all come to appreciate the unique value of my Hup for behold you leave it the last to take up! I hope your cool July had continued through August. When we first got over we had considerable rain but the last three weeks it has been hot - the sun really broiling down on you. Today is much cooler as it rained last night. I wonder ~~are you~~ going up to Aunt Maisie's by any chance. She wrote me she had asked you, and Susy I believe wrote me she was going up. I had one or two lovely letters from Sue. It has been a great disappointment to miss Orville as I have - especially at Neufchateau where I hunted almost two hours for him but I have talked three times with him on the phone and as I wrote Susy he seemed in fine spirits and immensely pleased with a new job he got.. I think I wrote you I got a letter from Uncle Edgar and one from Francis Boyer who enclosed one from you and one from Uncle Henry. (Please give my love to my aunts and uncles and cousins, not forgetting Father, brothers and sisters. I should like to write to them all but here I can see that there is hardly a spare minute during the day except on Sunday. Reveille is at 5:15 and we get back at 4:30 in time to wash up for parade at 5:30. So you can see that it is a good long day and there is no such

thing as Saturday or Wednesday afternoon off. Of course the hard thing to do is not to let the time drag. I try to utilize the rest periods with little talks to keep up interest and then of course moving more or less continually as the regiment has done since it landed gives diversity.)

(You wrote of a bill from Hughes and Muller. The recent one for two uniforms was correct. One was a Bedford and bought just before I left. The other was a Spring suit and probably ordered in April. No bill had been sent me for these. The bill rendered must have been for a heavy uniform I ordered Dec. 1, 1917 (the date I see here in the pocket.) I certainly think I paid it. At least if I did not they never sent a bill after the first for I would have remembered getting it. The positive way of telling would be to look up my check book which Papa has. Also the one I used previously to that is in the legal satchel which I put in the top of my trunk I expressed up from Meade just before leaving (cancelled checks are there also). My first purchase was a suit and an overcoat and these were paid for together about 200 dollars. Then if the account rendered of 80 dollars is paid it should show sometime after Dec. I am sorry to give you this trouble. Also I enclose a check for \$52.65 for deposit. This is money I lent to a Marine Captain who was caught at the School out of funds.)

Well I shall stop now and go down to the river for a swim. Give my love to everybody and a great deal for yourself. Don't worry about me. No Boche has my number I can promise you that and after all it is the great adventure and I am having a great experience. I almost hate to say that

for it sounds selfish when you all are at home not so joyful.
However no one wants the war to end more than I do but so
long as it does last I'm going to get the most out of it
and put all I've got into it.

Affectionately,

Harry Ingersoll.

P.S.

Buck's Co. is quartered just outside of town. I
haven't seen him yet but probably will tonight. Harry
Drayton was flying around here the other day but I missed
him. Cliff Cheston is too, I am told not far from here.
Excuse my handwriting. It is caused largely by this wobbly
legged French table. Very pretty to look at but not much
on stability!

H.I.

I just got your letters
8 and 9.

Harry Ingersoll,
Capt. 313th Inf.
A.E.F.

George E. Fetterman,
Captain 313th Infantry

"H" Company, 313th Infantry,
November 19, 1918.

Mr. Charles E. Ingersoll,
1112 Liberty Building,
Broad & Chestnut Sts.,
Philadelphia, Pa. U.S.A.

Dear Mr. Ingersoll,

It is the most painful matter for me to write to you regarding the death of Captain Ingersoll. I have been desirous of doing this for some time past but this is practically the first opportunity I have.

I was senior 1st Lieutenant in the Company and served continuously under Captain Ingersoll since the organization of the regiment. His fine personal qualities and his ability as an officer had endeared him to his fellow officers in the regiment, and in the Company he was familiarly spoken of as "Captain Harry" the best and ablest captain in the regiment.

About the last words he said to me before we went over the top in the early dawn of the 26th of September was "What a glorious thing it is to be the lead-off company in this sector, in the biggest battle the world has ever known." He was in fine spirits and an inspiration to the men and officers with his confident bearing and friendly word.

Captain Ingersoll directed me to look after the right of the line as the men were having difficulty to this point in making their way forward through the wire and over the shell holes. After crossing no-man's-land we entered thick woods where we were met by rather stiff resistance - when we emerged from the woods on the far side we came under violent

machine gun fire. It was at this point about 10 A.M. when Captain Ingersoll received orders to rush machine guns.

Word was passed around and at his command we surged forward. The Captain had only advanced a short distance when he fell, mortally wounded, shot through the groin and stomach; another one of the officers fell close by him. I reached the Captain's side a few minutes after he was hit and I immediately sent back word for first-aid. From his appearance I was afraid he could not live long. As we were under heavy fire and our orders were to advance rapidly, I left one of the men to look after him and moved forward with the Company. Later I learned that the first-aid men reached the Captain shortly after I left him. Major Pepper fell about the same time at a point about 40 yards away.

On my return to Philadelphia, I want to call upon you and give you further details regarding the death of your son, our devoted Captain, and a friend and officer I will always consider it a great privilege to have served under.

Allow me, sir, to express my deep personal sympathy and that of the men of the company.

Yours sincerely,

George E. Fetterman.

O.K. George E. Fetterman,
Captain, 313th Infantry.

Letters

Captain Harry Jagers
Company 1 51st Regt

Battle of the Argonne
September 26th 1918