

SOLDIERS LETTERS.

From James Fahey, Jr.

Extracts from letters received recently from James Fahey, Jr.

July 7.—When I started this letter I said things were real quiet but things have changed since then. I can hear the gentle voice of a "155" which is in rear of us and some "Fritzes" are coming our way. That's the thrilling part of it, but have begun to get used to it after hearing them for over a month.

Am in the office watching the phone so just decided to write this letter on the typewriter.

July 10.—Made quite a long drive this morning from 1:30 to 3:30. Wore my steel helmet and gas mask and drove under a heavy barrage from our own artillery.

You should see our pet goose. He follows us everywhere. He isn't as cute as he was a month ago as he is feathering. He was a week old when one of the fellows got him and he says he is going to take him back to the States when he goes.

We used to kill cattle, hogs and chickens when we came across them but there is a law against it now. We always milk the cows that we find on our way.

July 13.—Am still on the same old job, driving Col. Adams, the commanding officer of the Regiment.

Haven't made a drive yet today, but have washed my car, a Dodge Sedan, and have it ready in case we need it.

We had a real nice supper this evening, roast beef, beans, new potatoes, army bread and coffee. That is not so bad to have in a foreign country and being what you might say on the firing line. Two of our battalions are on the line, but as I told you before I am with Regimental Headquarters which is located about two miles behind the line. Of course I often drive very close to the line of action.

You can't imagine what it is to see thousands of people leaving the war zone. Old men and women taking with them what few belongings they can carry and little children pushing little wagons and driving stock to safety.

We've begun to think over here that there won't be much fighting after the first of the year. The Americans are sure proving themselves good fighters.

Wheat and oats are almost ripe but don't see anyone making any effort to harvest them with the exception of two old women cutting wheat with a cradle.

July 18.—I am still well and feeling fine but have gone through hell the last four days. Suppose you have heard about the big German offensive they pulled off on the night of the 14th of July. Well, we were in it for true. Our Regiment making the showing in my division. We won a wonderful reputation and the entire Regiment was decorated with the Le Guerre Cross, which of course is a very high honor.

July 20.—We're still on the same old job. We are still making a big showing.

Do you know for sure whether Bob Noyes and Dan Finnucane came over? Surely would like to meet them.

Had a piece of my wind shield knocked out the other day with a piece of shrapnel. The glass barely drew the blood out of my cheek but that doesn't amount to much.

Had a fine, warm shower bath this morning. Don't worry, everything is well.

July 22.—We sure are moving right along and things sure look good from this point.

We are in a town that is completely "blowed up." It was impassable for a time but we have it in pretty fair shape now.

July 27.—Am still one of the lucky ones and feeling fine, if I don't care what I say. Never-the-less I'm glad to be moving around as I am.

Still on the move. We have crossed the famous river you have been reading about the past week. Glad we're on the other side of it.

Have seen several Doniphan County boys. Saw Henry Segrist, Howard McClelland, Jim Ruddy and Bruns and Boeh of Wathena.

See plenty of aerial battles. Saw a good one this morning.

Write to the same address. Pvt. James Fahey, Reg. Headquarters, A. E. F. France, APO 740.

From Fred Nixon