

France; Sept 14, 1918

Dear Grandmother,

I wonder if you are still home in Bakerville you said in your letter you were going to stay there this summer, I suppose summer will be gone when you receive this. We think it has left us here for the nights are chilly and damp.

Still it is fine weather for my job of "oddling" which keeps me outside all the time.

We have been able to see what war does to a country. The characteristic rectangular patches of woods are

well cut up by the shell fire  
the fields that suffered barrage  
fire are spotted with shell holes  
every five yards and closer and  
strewn with unexploded shells.

These are marked with red  
flags on a stick till they can  
be gathered up and exploded.

Most of the villages on the  
former Norman's Land are ruined  
tho not obliterated in this sector  
and this all done in only two  
months occupation by the German  
and one fighting over.

Yet the inhabitants come back  
as soon as the authorities will  
allow to set up housekeeping in  
the ruins. They tack up a blan-  
ket over the broken windows of  
some lucky house that still

possesses a second floor to serve  
as a roof, and move in. You can  
see them out hacking down  
the overripe wheat and dried  
up hay with their old-fashion-

ed scythe. There are many Ame-  
rican reaping machines but  
no horses to pull them, sometimes

they use big white bulls or  
even the family cow, in a pinch.

Some of the big farms have ten  
or a dozen German prisoners  
to help with the harvesting.

They are well treated as far as  
I can see and do not work

any harder than the French  
with them. There are numerous

small graves of course, along  
the roadside, up the back lanes

or by the side of the streams,

in a convenient shell-hole or  
on the top of a bald hill -  
wherever they happened to fall.  
Many are marked

"Soldat Francais Inconnu"  
(unknown French soldier) or  
"Soldat Allemand Inconnu",  
usually the soldier's helmet  
is lying on the mound and  
his bayonet is stuck up in  
front of the black cross.

When the names are known,  
the French letter the cross  
and, in addition stick up  
a bottle by the neck with  
this duplicate information  
inside on a piece of paper.

All this seems prosy and  
common place for a letter but  
it is necessary to write of  
something and as yet, I