

From Capt. Wm. P. E. Ainsworth '16

May 20, 1917.

"The first week of duty is finishing, and in looking back I cannot find a single thing which was not more agreeable than was expected. First, we all had to go to the doctor's and receive two vaccinations, and an injection of antitoxin in the left breast; consequently my arm has a horrible sore on it (it took), and for two days my chest and left arm were very sore.

"Tuesday our regular day started. We arise at 5.15, line up for reveille at 5.30, breakfast at 5.50, and drill from 6.50 until 12, or when we 'mess'. Then we drill from 1.50 until 4.00, ending with an hour's hike until 5.00. We take a shower in ice water (no hot water), have supper at 5.05, and study from 6.30 until 9.30. Lights are out at 9.45. In off moments we make our beds, bathe, take care of our uniform, and learn signalling and orders - all very interesting. Yesterday and to-day (Sunday) I have been walking guard duty (two hours walking, two hours relief, and two hours walking). I am writing this during relief.

"There is a wonderful crowd of men here, mostly college men and Southerners. Dave Ackerman and Harry Blue are in my company (Company 1). We sleep in double-deckers. The fellow I share mine with is a Harvard man named Cox, assistant secretary of the Guarantee Trust Company, and a fine chap. Alongside of me is a Princeton man named Biddle, also a dandy fellow. All considered, they could not have picked a finer bunch of men.

"Now about the food! A sample day runs like this. Breakfast: Oatmeal, scrambled eggs, fried potatoes, coffee, bread, milk, etc. Dinner: Roast Beef, mashed potatoes, and gravy, spinach, side vegetables, bread pudding, coffee or tea. Supper: French toast, stewed tomatoes, jam, salad, fruit or pudding, coffee.

"On Sunday we get a good roast of veal and ice cream. So, you see, the 'eats' are fine, and we get absolutely all we want of them. The cook is a regular army man, and we have half a dozen uniformed 'serving men' in each company. The days are as hot as blazes, but the nights are cool. In fact, last week I sometimes slept with two army blankets and a bathrobe over me."

2<sup>nd</sup> Training Camp. C.A.C.  
Fortress Monroe Va.

June 30, 1917.

Dear Reed:

I received your letter  
and am glad to hear that you  
and "Friend" are at the shore. It  
will do you both lots of good.

Thank "Friend" for the postal.

It is very nice that you have a  
chance to get a commission but  
hold off and stay where you are.

There are plenty to do the work.

I had to run out just then and  
take a look at an aeroplane  
passing over the barracks - a big  
flying boat affair only about  
500 feet up.

We see all kinds of interesting sights every day - new flying machine, search lights, boats and men of war.

The work continues just about the same. We play on geometry, trig., and physics; play war games, drill on the guns, attend lectures, scratch half an hours swim and wait for Sunday and rest to come.

The hard thing is not being able to see home or any of you there. There is not the excitement of Fort Myer here and that is what makes things go harder. The kind of work we have, to me however more than compensates for the grind.

If we go to France it will

be with heavy field and seige  
guns. Some of us will probably  
be there by fall. I don't tell  
anyone about that however. It  
would scare my aunt to death.  
She thinks that none of us will  
ever leave the country.

Give my best to the "gang"  
Tell Dad that I will write him  
soon but not to wait for me to  
do that little thing.

Wishing you best of luck in  
that which you decide to do.

In the end,  
Pete

2nd Training Co. C A C.  
Fortress Monroe Va  
July 6, 1917

Dear Sir:

I am enclosing a sample of paper of which I wish you could get me 100 sheets at the College supply store or at Reeds. I am using it in notebook work and cannot get any elsewhere. If you can get some please let me know how much it is and I will send you a check. Everything is going very

smoothly.

Last evening a german submarine was reported in the bay. A battleship and several destroyers went out and all shipping was sent up the river. They also had the submarine net ready to close.

Three of our small batteries were manned all night and the search light swept the bay from side around but outside of some shooting we heard from the boats nothing happened. I have not heard yet whether they captured anything. We just taste of war.

(3)

We finished our work on  
the big guns and are starting  
on the smaller ones which  
is much less exciting  
but necessary nevertheless.

I have had a couple of  
goat sandwiches at the Chambalai  
and believe me it is some  
food. All you said about it  
was true.

Give my best to Friend  
and tell her that I thought  
of her when they brought me  
the big eat.

Thinking you in advance  
In the trouble, I am  
on the birds

Pete

#6 Quarters  
Fort Hancock,  
Sandy Hook, N.J.

Dear Reed:

I find in making arrangements for disposing of my estate in case anything happens to me that I have a couple of rather valuable instruments and one very valuable book that I would like to leave to the College as I think they would be used and appreciated there more than anywhere else.

These are: One microscope with several rather fine English made

lenses and French slides which I think  
are of biological subjects; One  
astronomical instrument built like  
a sextant, very old and probably  
an antique but probably of some  
value; a book which was written  
in 1662 (or published at that time) about  
science in general and a reference in it  
about communication by magnetic attraction  
which is quite singular.

If you think there things are  
a would be in order just drop me a  
quiet line.

Regards to all,

I. Y. B.

Teto

February 21, 1918.

Lieut. W. P. Ainsworth,  
#6 Quarters,  
Fort Hancock, Sandy Hook, N. J.

Dear Pete:

I am sure that the College would greatly appreciate what you mention in your letter. I have spoken to the President and he wishes to thank you for your thoughtfulness and sends his best wishes.

Do not forget to come to see us.

Cordially yours,

Director

ERS/MVH

45 & 47 WALL STREET.

NEW YORK.

May 27/11

My dear Reed

I receive

the usual form of Postals  
this morning advising  
me of the safe arrival of  
the ship W<sup>m</sup> Sailes on  
and he requested me  
in his last letter to send  
you his address when I  
had received the postals.  
It is 57<sup>th</sup> Artillery C.A.C.

American Expeditionary Forces

1<sup>st</sup> Postmaster N.Y.

Write as often as you  
can and as Peter  
will be pleased I know

to hear from one he  
thinks so much of  
With Regards &c the Corp  
Very sincerely yours

Geo. C. Cluett

Let my letter be said

"I will send you any mail  
from my new address"

May 29, 1913.

✓  
Mr. G. C. Ainsworth,  
45 to 47 Wall Street,  
New York City.

My dear Mr. Ainsworth:

Thank you very much for your letter of May 27th concerning Pete. I shall most certainly write to him at least once a week and shall also send him our regular college circular which contains the college news. I was mighty sorry that he did not drop up to see me the last time he was in Rahway. This is the only time since he entered the service that he has neglected us and we did not have a chance, therefore, to say good bye to him, however, let us all hope that he may get back again soon and that the old good times will be renewed.

Very cordially yours,

ERS/H

SOLDIERS' MAIL

**SOLDIERS MAIL**  
**CAPT. E. W. HAMLEN, Q. NECESSARY.**

**AMERICAN  
RED CROSS**

THIS SIDE FOR ADDRESS ONLY.

M. E. R. Silvers  
Commerce St.  
Rahway  
N.J.



**I HAVE ARRIVED SAFELY OVERSEAS.**

*Pete*

---

This card will be held until safe  
arrival of the boat on which I sailed.

Someplace in France.  
June 7, 1918.

Dear Reed:

At last I am "over here" and everything is so peaceful in the locality where I am situated that it hardly seems I am in a country which has been at war for four years. Of course I am in a place very many miles from the firing line which accounts for the tranquility. You must understand, while I censor my own mail, that I cannot reveal many things and must deal largely in generalities in writing you.

( First of all I want to engine for (27)  
"friend-wife" and "Mike" I hope both are as  
well as ever and suppose "Mike" is growing  
every day. Think him for me.

The trip over was wonderful. The  
sea was calm and the weather beautiful  
all of the way over except for about two  
days when it blew up rather rough  
and as the seas caught us sideways  
the boat rocked to beat the band.

It sometimes rocked so that for  
hours if you were sitting on deck you  
were looking alternately at the sky  
above and at the water beneath you  
and unless you braced your steamer  
chair you would slide, chair and  
all across the deck. Many of  
the men were dreadfully seasick  
but it did not effect me in the  
least, in fact I thoroughly enjoyed  
it.

I have often heard what

a wonderful sight land is after days  
at sea but never realized it until I saw  
it at the end of our voyage. (3)

Of our debarking and train trip  
I may say little except that the  
scenery was wonderful but in a different  
way from America. Our beautiful  
sections as a rule are the wild ones  
but the beautiful sections of France  
are often the cultivated ones.

At present our company is  
billetted in an old French estate  
surrounded by vineyards. The officers  
live in the chateau which is  
a great white stone house with a  
tile roof (One of the originals from  
which the millionaires take their plans  
for their reside homes)

I have a nice big room with  
an adjoining second floor parlor. In  
back there is a terrace with a

palm and rose garden containing a wondrous  
pagoda. A brook with a deep swimming  
hole runs thru a nearly meadow and  
affords the men an opportunity for  
bathing. The days are very warm  
and the nights cool.

What more could one ask for?

I am very well and very happy  
and, I believe, very fortunate.

I will write in the near future  
and want you to do that little thing  
very often.

Don't forget the letters from  
College and the Quarterly.

In the box

Pete "

France.

August 3, 1918.

Dear Reed: I have received several of the College Letters but as yet no real letters from yourself telling me all of the latest gossip. What is the matter? I know that it must be several weeks since I last wrote you but time goes so fast over here that it seems but yesterday. For five weeks none of us received a letter from the U. S., when they finally arrived however they came in a bunch and we had to knock off for about two days to read them all.

Some time ago I was in a large city near here and who should I meet in the Y.M.C.A. but Cliff Ludlow all decked out in his naval uniform and looking very snappy. I made an appointment and dined with him the next day. It was awfully good to see him and get all of the home news first hand. I have not had the chance to get to Base Hospital #8 yet but will drop you a line to let

him know that I am here,

We are still located in the same place, living comfortably and working like the devil. Of my work I can say little and as I have so little time to spend in gadding around my letters are bound to be very uninteresting. The war news of the past few weeks has been very good as you of course know. I have talked with men who have been "in" the big ones and some of them stories are wonderful. I wish I could tell them all. I may have a few of my own some day. I have seen many German prisoners. Nearly all of them big shopping men and well set up but with the face of a machine unlike the Americans or French. Some have long beards a foot long.

How is Edith and Mike. Please give my best to them and also to your mother, May, Cliff, Bobbie and Mildred.

Hoping to hear from you soon.

In the back

Pete.

Winnsworth  
1st Lt 5th Art. C.A.C.

This letter also to Elmer G. Bracher '18

October 4  
1918

Lieut. William P.E. Ainsworth,  
57th Art. C.A.C.  
Am. E.F.

Dear Pete:

I have been neglecting you for the past two or three weeks, but we have all been so busy trying to make Rutgers a war college that there has been absolutely no time for anything else, except the immediate work which we are trying to do. Even now there is only the chance for this brief note.

Things have changed so much here that you would hardly recognize the place. The college is now on a distinct war footing, with mess in Winants Hall, all the men quartered in the two dormitories and the three fraternity houses, and no one being permitted to leave the campus without a pass. The Delt house is one of those which has been taken over as a barracks, and there are now 42 men at 77 Hamilton Street; only three of them Delts. Fraternity initiations have been forbidden and no fraternity meetings may be held, so it looks very much as if the chapters will have rather hard sledding. There are now 10 Delts in College, Jimmy Losee, LeCraw, L. Sherwin, Bob Farley, Newall Chase, Carleton Jones, and four freshmen you do not know. We are hoping that enough men will be left when things are adjusted, to start the chapter organization again.

Rahway is going along just about as usual. Mike was a year old yesterday and entertained the family at a dinner party, but this is the only piece of news from home that I can give you. Sometime soon I will try to write more fully.

Yours in the bonds,

France.  
Oct. 15, 1918.

Dear Reed: What was my surprise  
to receive a couple of letters from you  
the last few days. I was glad  
to see that you had a few good  
days at the seashore with the  
wife and son. Has "Friends" taught  
the kid to swim yet? I have  
been less fortunate in not having  
had a swim this year. I expect  
however in the future sometime  
to more than make up for  
the lost time.

According to your letter

(22)

the changes at College must  
be very radical. I am sorry  
on account of the fraternity  
but otherwise the new routine  
must be very interesting

Since the last writing I  
have been doing the usual  
moving around from place to  
place trying to keep up with  
a very active war. Yesterday  
I went thru what had been  
no man's land a few days before  
but is now ours. I had lunch  
in an old brick concrete pillbox  
which was heated by a "brick"  
"Feld Ofen". If you could only  
see the villages and towns in  
this territory. In some cases

all there is to indicate that there  
ever was a town there is a new  
sign by the side of the road. In  
others a few walls or a portion of  
the church indicate where the  
village used to be. Shell holes  
filled with green water, rusty barbed  
wire, shells, trenches all tell  
of the long struggle. In places  
entire forests have been shot  
from the hills leaving ~~not~~ a single  
visible tree.

I am living in an old French  
shed. It is quite dark and  
full of rats but we have made  
it fairly comfortable. The orderly  
stole a stone somewhere and  
we are gradually drying the place out.

I have not seen the sun for days  
but we are quite used to that at  
present.

I suppose you have heard of  
my promotion to captain. Strange  
things do happen.

Please give my best to  
the Chases, congratulate Lyle, tell  
Mill I am one as hell at being  
thrown over, advise "friends" to chop  
for the biggest steak when I get back  
and give Mike a kiss.

With com

In the boat

"Pete"

W. M. W. W.  
Capt 57th Cut C.H.

France.  
Nov. 18. 1918.

Dear Reed: I have not heard from you in a long time but presume that things are going smoothly as usual. How was the news of peace, the abdication of the Kaiser etc. received in the States. I'd bet there was some demagogic particularly by those about to be drafted. Please

save the headlines of the  
N. Y. Evening Journal. They  
must have been 14 inches  
high.

We are just sitting tight  
at present awaiting orders.  
We may be sent to Germany  
or occupation work or  
home. I am hoping for the  
latter.

Let me say it was a  
great relief to the news when  
peace was announced. We  
had been under shell  
fire for weeks and it seemed

(37)

strange to be able to walk  
about without a tin hat or gas  
mask, & to dodge shells at  
the cross roads or to drive  
at night without lights off.

I am up on the last front  
living in the priests' home in  
a village which the Germans did  
not have time to destroy.

It seems strange not to live  
in a dug-out or in a ruined  
village, to have light without  
shades but it is very agreeable  
needless to say.

Jones <sup>the</sup> Payla, lucky dog,  
received news of peace, received a  
captaincy and was ordered home

the same day. Some luck  
I say. I have to go on gathering  
a company of 250 men but  
I like it just the same.

Hanks Edith and Mike.  
Give them both my best  
and expect to see me soon.

In the back  
"Be

O. Givans  
Sept. 57 at off.

Beaufort, France.

Nov. 22, 1918.

Dear Father:

I am writing my Christmas letter with the hopes that I may be home by that time myself to tell you about things myself. Probably the best thing I can do is simply to give you a brief outline of our stay in France. The censorship rules have been so altered that this is not only possible but invited.

First, let me start with our trip across. We went over with one of the biggest convoys leaving the States. Fourteen transports in all. Our ship was the converted Dutch ship "Ryndam" and we made the first run she made as a transport. I may also state that it was the first ship taken by our Government to make a trip over without a single break-down. As you may well imagine, I spent some time in the engine-room.

We arrived in "Brest" on May 23 and marched to the famous barracks (Pentamasian Barracks) used by Napoleon where we stayed for one day leaving the next for "Libourne" which is close to Bordeaux and in the heart of the wine country. We stayed at Libourne for two months where we received our training and equipment. The guns we received were the French 155 G. P. F. which is equivalent to our six inch gun. It is a very mobile, powerful rifle and probably the most famous gun of the war. These with American Holt tractors, trucks, touring car~~s~~ and motorcycles constituted our equipment. It was quite a sight to see our outfit on the road - miles of trucks and guns.

After receiving our equipment we went to Camp de Souge which is south of Bordeaux where we held target practice for two weeks. It was here that I made a balloon ascension and here also

that the car I was riding in was hit by shrapnel out on the range. Some boob made a mistake of 90 degrees in deflection and nearly landed the shell in our tonneau.

One day we received hurry up orders to leave for the front. It took five teams to get our regiment up. We got off, after a three day ride and received orders to go into action immediately at the tip of the St. Mehile salient. You never saw such hurry in your life. It so happened that one of our battalions (the first to arrive) after working like dogs got into position only to learn that the infantry had gone clear beyond their range. They never fired a shot in that battle. Before leaving Libourne we had lost one battalion to railway artillery and had been given another that was already at the front. The latter was in the St. Mehile battle and did very good work.

After that job was done we proceeded to the historic field before Verdun. Here we started our party. We had, in the Argonne Offensive, as you have probably read, the hardest job any army ever had. I was in it from beginning to end. The "bosche" divisions were in front of us so thick that it was nearly impossible to write all of their numbers on the map. The country was hilly and wooded and most difficult and costly to fight over. It was during this fight that I took over the Headquarters Company. In the middle of this fight while we were at Eppinonville (West of Montfaucon) that we received a new Colonel who certainly was a fire-eater.

One of his first actions was to move us nearly into the front line trenches at Romogne. One afternoon I started with my company in ten big trucks for our new location. Our road led us across a field in full view of the "bosche" who were about a mile distant. Right in the middle of the field the first truck dropped

into a shell hole. It took three quarters of an hour to get it out and have never been able to figure out why fire was not opened up on us. As it was they did not start until we were off of the road.

In our new location we lived in a little cabin about  $1 \frac{1}{2}$  kilometers (1 mile) from the "bosche" for six days. We were shell-ed all of the time and gassed part of the time especially at night. Officers and men were killed. My company lost quite heavily. I had trucks and cars hit. Often at night shell fragments and dirt hit our cabin and we slept with our masks handy.

There was one place in full view of our house where the "bosche" liked to shell and in the evenings we used to sit on the porch, hear the shells come over the hill, whistle over our heads and see them crash down the valley. It was very entertaining.

But when the drive of November 1st started things changed considerably. I shall never forget the barrage our guns let loose that night. I sat in a dug-out we had constructed under the floor of our cabin with a phone glued to my ear keeping in touch with the battalions and our brigade and otherwise trying to run the operations of the regiment.

The sky was just one glare of lights. We had a gun under every bush and when they let loose you would think that all Hell had popped. Fritz suddenly started to leave the territory and he never stopped. I don't blame him a bit for the business end of our fire must have been hell itself.

That was the last big party. We followed Fritz to the place I am at present, near Stenay on the Meuse. When we got here the armistice was signed and we are just sitting tight awaiting developments.

We may be sent to Germany or go home. We are ready and willing for either.

I have not attempted to give you any detail of experiences. Doubtless you get some from my previous letters. This is just a general outline to let you have some idea of where I have been and what I have been doing. The rest will be told when I see you.

I am in excellent health and getting on O. K.

If I do not see you before, I wish you a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

Write soon,

Love

William.

W. Ainsworth,  
Capt. 57th Artillery, C. A. C:

From Capt. William P.F. Ainsworth '16

France, Nov.

Nov. 22,

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*Answered*

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From Lt. Capt. William P.E. Ainsworth '16

France, Jan. 4, 1919

6 G+  
Dear Reed:

I have written no one for the last month. The reason is that I expected to be home before a letter could up to two weeks ago and since then I have been on the train most of the time. To make up for lost time, let me begin about a month back.

Our regiment made a long run of about 125 miles from the front to the little town of Doulevant about a week after the signing of the armistice. It does not sound far but for a train of trucks, many in poor shape after months of service at the front, and tractors which were equally used up and dragging 155's, it was a long grind. I lived in the Chateau of the Duke at Doulevant for about two weeks, while we refitted the men and made preparations to return to the U. S. Dec. 15th we entrained near Doulevant and left for Brest, arriving there Dec. 18th at night in a cold rainstorm such as one only finds in Brittany. On the 21st all regular officers, except the Colonel, were notified that they would remain in France and to proceed to a town south of Bordeaux, Le Coumean by name. This put about twelve of us out of the regiment. Four of us went immediately to Paris where we spent Christmas, staying for four days afterwards as well. I enjoyed Paris more than any other city I was ever in. I visited Notre Dame, Napoleon's Tomb and the more popular shows and cafes. It was certainly necessary to ~~watch your step in this town. The women all talk English and do everything but kidnap one. They not only stop one on the street and invite one to spend the night with them but are inclined to argue if you talk to them at all on the subject. It is nothing to be approached half a dozen times on a block.~~ From Paris we went to Bordeaux and, the next day, to Le Coumean.

II

Le Coumeau is an enemy's camp of casual officers and men and there was nothing to do at all. Fortunately, we were only there a day when we were ordered to Gondrecourt, near Neufchateau and within 25 kilometers from where we detrained when we first arrived on the front. Here we proceeded, via Paris and here we are at present. It is a fine camp with good accomodations a good Y. M. C. A., barbers, etc.

Tuesday I leave for Nice on a leave of about 14 days. I am going by way of Lyon, Marseille and up along the Mediterranean. If possible I am going to Italy and will possibly cover the Pyrenees. When I get back I may be sent to Germany or Russia. I don't know which at present.

Have you heard from \_\_\_\_\_ lately? I have not received any letters at all lately and cannot expect any very well with all of the changes in address. At present it is \_\_\_\_\_

C. O. R. C.-A. P. O. #703

C. O. R. D. --- Combat Officers Replacement Depot.

How did you enjoy Christmas? I didn't enjoy it at all being at Paris and living in a hotel which is the last place to be on Christmas. How did Mike make out?

I certainly wished that I could have been with you all, and expected to for a while, but am hoping now for next Christmas.

I don't know whether I told you or not, but I was in the St. Mihiel drive and in the Argonne drive from Verdun until Nov. 11, the day of the armistice which found us before Stenay. At one time I lived for nine days  $1\frac{1}{2}$  kilometers or about  $\frac{1}{4}$  mile from the Bosch and, believe me, it was hot. I lost quite a few men from my company and got some experience with gas and aeroplanes. We were at that time in the third line trenches and practically living with the infantry.

That seems years ago now. Write when you can and give my best and delayed



COPY

ON ACTIVE SERVICE  
WITH THE  
AMERICAN EXPEDITIONARY FORCE

Jan 4 1919

Dear Reed: I have written  
none for the last month.  
The reason is that I expected  
to be home before a letter  
could get to two weeks  
ago and since then I  
have been on the train  
most of the time ~~and~~.  
To make up for lost time  
let me begin about a  
month back.

Our regiment made a  
long run of about 125  
miles from the front to  
the little town of Boulogne  
about a week after the  
signing of the armistice.  
It does not sound far but  
for a train of trucks, many

in poor shape after months  
of service at the front, and  
Doctors which were equally  
used up and dying on 155's  
it was a long grind. I lived  
in the Chateau of the Duke  
at Poulevant for about two  
weeks while we repacked the  
men and made preparations  
to return to the U.S. Dec 15th  
we embarked near Poulevant  
and left for Brest arriving  
there Dec 18 at night in  
a cold rain storm such as  
one only finds in Brittany.  
On the 21st all regular officers,  
except the Colonel, were notified  
that they would remain in  
France and to proceed to  
a town south of Bordeaux,  
Le Courneau by name. This  
put about 1/2 of us out of  
the regiment. Four of us went  
immediately to Paris where

We spent Christmas, staying  
for four days afterward as  
well. Enjoyed Paris more  
than any other city I ever  
was in. Visited Notre Dame,  
Napoleon's Tomb and the more  
popular shows and Cafes. It  
was certainly necessary to  
watch your step in this town.  
The women all talk English  
and do everything but perhaps  
one. They not only stop one  
on the street and invite one  
to spend the night with them  
but are inclined to argue if  
you talk to them at all otherwise.  
It is nothing to be approached  
half a dozen times on a block.  
From Paris we went to Bordeaux  
and the next day, to Le Courneau.  
Le Courneau is an enormous  
camp of casual officers and  
men and there was nothing  
to do at all. Fortunately

[4)  
We were only there a day when  
we were ordered to Gondrecourt,  
near Neufchâtel-en-Bray and within 25  
kilometers from where we detained  
when we first arrived on the front.  
Here we proceeded, via Paris,  
and here we are at present.  
It is a fine camp with good  
accommodations, a good Y.M.C.A.,  
barbers etc.

Tuesday I leave for Nice  
on a leave of about 14 days.  
I am going by way of Lyon,  
Marseille and up along the  
Mediterranean. If possible I  
am going to Italy and will  
possibly cross the Pyrenees.  
When I get back I may be  
sent to Germany or Russia.  
I don't know which at present.

Have you heard from  
Pain lately? I have  
not received any letters  
at all lately and cannot



(5)

ON ACTIVE SERVICE  
WITH THE  
AMERICAN EXPEDITIONARY FORCE

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expect any very well with  
all of the changes in address.  
At Present it is

C.O.R.D. - A.P.O #703  
C.O.R.D. - ~~Face~~ Combat Officers Replacement  
Dept.

How did you enjoy  
Christmas? I didn't enjoy  
it at all being at Paris  
and living in a hotel which  
is the last place to be  
on Christmas. How did  
Mike make out?

I certainly wished that  
I could have been with  
yo all, and expected to  
for a while, but am  
hoping now for next  
Christmas.

I don't know whether I told you or not but I was in the St. Mehué  
drive and in the Argonne drive  
from Verdun until Nov 11 the  
day of the armistice which found  
us before Stenay. At one time  
I lived for nine days 1½ kilometers  
or about 1 mile from the border.  
and believe me it was hot.

I lost quite a few men from  
my company and got some  
experience with gas and aeroplane.  
We were at that time in the  
third line trenches and  
practically living with the  
infantry.

That seems years ago now.  
Write when you can and  
give my best and delayed  
New Years greeting to all.

With love

W. A. Mairmont Pete  
Capt C.A.C.

Regulating Station "H"  
A. P. O. #758.  
Mar. 5, 1919.

Dear Reed:

Yesterday I returned from my first leave at Nice and found awaiting me a huge bundle of mail, including some from you, which had been sent all over France to my various addresses and finally caught up. I cannot realize how big Mike must be to walk & talk. The last time I saw him he was such a little fellow. I am afraid he won't recognize me at all.

Yachting with the sea a dark blue-green  
and the snow clad alps in the  
distance made a picture I will  
never forget. I certainly will come  
back to it some day. I went to  
Monaco, Monte Carlo and over the  
Italian border as far as they would  
let me. I met some wonderful French  
and Italian girls who danced and  
played tennis wonderfully so you  
can well imagine I managed to  
have a good time. On the way  
back I went up through the  
French Alps and never expect  
to see such scenery again as  
long as I live. We went up to

Congratulations on the new home, I  
certainly hope you will enjoy it.

I have just finished the most  
wonderful two weeks I have ever  
put in. I first went to Marseille  
where I spent one day and then  
on to Nice where I spent eight days  
on the shore of the Mediterranean  
in climate such as we have  
at Florida in the winter. All  
I did was sleep, eat, automobile,  
dance and play tennis. The  
country is simply wonderful.

Huge palm trees, the almond trees  
in bloom, the orange trees covered  
with fruit, the olive trees green  
like the grass. All of this

num but it was so clear and  
dry that it did not feel cold in  
the least.

I am back now, however, to  
the land again and mud with  
a coat of tan entirely out of place  
and in wonderful condition to go  
back on the job.

Give my best to Friend Mike  
and Dad, if you see them.

With love  
Pete

Blawmont  
Capt. C.H.

Capt. W. Ainsworth C.A.C.  
American Ex. F.

POST CARD



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Rutgers College

New Brunswick, N. J.

PASSED AS CENS  
Ainsworth  
Capt C.A.C.

New Address.

Regulating Station

A.P.O. 958



Blissworth  
Capt. C.H.

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