

tion of this particular unit (in the June 8th issue of the Chicago Record Herald or the Chicago Examiner, the part we played in a certain battle of importance, how we happened to get into field service so soon, etc. I wish you would endeavor to get these copies and retain them, if successful. If what I am informed is true they will be very interesting to me when I return.

#### Says Huns Fell Like Weeds.

In a letter to relatives, Sergeant H. G. Smith of Battery F, the crack artillery unit of the University of Illinois, originally organized for service on the Mexican border, says:

"I am writing this letter in a base hospital. It is a different story from the one I told you in my last letter. You will remember that I said it would soon be a hot game. Well, it was. But I want to say that I was very, very lucky. I suppose you have already read in the newspapers about the great battle that has been taking place on the front in France.

"I can not explain just what took place on the battlefields, but you can picture in your mind what it was like when I say it was a slaughter on both sides, with the Germans the heavier losers. The Huns fell like weeds, cut by a scythe, and the dead were piled up in heaps. It was the bloodiest battle I have ever been in or have ever witnessed.

"The Americans stood like a stone wall. Some fell in their trenches, but the majority came out alive, and it was only thru the help of God that they did.

"I owe my life to the fact that I was gassed early in the fight. I do not remember what happened from 12:30 o'clock Sunday, July 14, until about noon the following day.

"It tore my heart to see my comrades fall in front of me. Some of them had been my pals ever since I have been in the army and were like

sive shells. But don't think for a minute that we did not get them. We sent five to the front and made more direct hits.

Fritz thinks he has anyt American artillery or the boys he's all wrong. We number, and don't you fo

"The Germans came over the river in droves, but before they got across the river was littered with blood. Those who got up their hands and begged for mercy. You can guess what they did. They died from heart failure. They had the help of machinegun fire. I found that the Germans were only 14 years old in the front and many who were not 17. We also found many who were 38 to 45 years old, while many as old as 50.

"The German prisoners were unable to get food. They had been able to get any to eat for a long time. They use the kind of a tree as a substitute for tobacco. I cannot recall the name of the tree. I tried to smoke it, and it made me sick.

"Well, I'll quit talking. I'll be quiet for a while and just think of something else. I must tell you that the Americans drove over the river much faster than we did. And they are still

"The little Red Cross gave me something to take the place of castor oil, but we can't say that the Red Cross are heroines, every one of them. They work day and night for the real mothers to us, and for the folks and everybody who possibly can for the Red Cross. You can't do too much. It is the greatest sacrifice and without it we could not win the war.

"I cannot tell just now when we will be able to get back to the

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### \* LETTERS FROM OUR BOYS \* \* IN FRANCE. \*

#### Sees Plenty of Excitement.

In a letter to his parents, Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Kienzle, of St. Joseph, Paul C. Kienzle, in France, says: We have seen plenty of the thing called war and for that matter we are seeing it each and every day, we have had our experience with enemy submarines; much to the displeasure of one of them; we have witnessed aerial battles galore; have been in shell fire and have been in gas, as a matter of fact, I guess we have experienced our share of most everything connected with war. In a way it is becoming a common place, but now and then an artillery action starts up that knocks the meaning out of the word common-place. When you can lie on a box of say French 75's for a bunk and listen to the creaking of shells cutting the air over head and occasionally hear or see one burst a few yards to the right of you and possibly at the same moment hear the rattle of machine gun fire from two or more aeroplanes up in the air you come to the abrupt realization that you are in the theatre of war. That very thing is happening right at this time. I know



It will be hard for you to understand how, with all such things as the above happening around us, a fellow can be sitting at a typewriter knocking out a letter but such I assure you is the case. In the states it is hard for one to understand how such a condition can be but once over here and in it, it presents an entirely different aspect; you would also, just as the rest of us, consider that you were in very little danger. I have been hesitant in writing the above for fear it will cause you unnecessary worry, at the same time I am sure you wish to know what part we are playing over here and I am writing the above in the hope that you will understand it in the right light and not come to the conclusion that we have slim chance of pulling thru this affair O. K., because such is not the condition. Before leaving home I gave you the assurance that you would see me returning after the war and I wish to reassure you in that regard.

Yesterday I witnessed a scrap in which more pure, unadulterated nerve was displayed than I ever expect to see again. It took place in the air almost directly over our heads low enough that we could almost distinguish the participants, it was of short duration, but exciting to a high degree.

I am informed that there is men-

had held one sector for several days was completely demolished, and of the 40 men only 27, so far as we have been able to learn, escaped.

"I left my battery at 10:30 o'clock Sunday morning. Of course, you understand that I was handling the telephone wires, including those running to the lookout posts.

"When I left my battery it was firing a heavy barrage and also shelling the German front line trenches. Something struck the telephone wires and snapped them in two. I took a detail of eight men and, with five reels of heavy paired wire, started out to string a new line so that we might have some means of communication. The brave boys who went with me were Corporal Budgen, line man; Corporal Mike Noone, wire man; Private Stecklenberg, testing man; Privates Thomas, Olson and Staples, testing men.

"Only one of the eight fell. That was Private Thomas. We were laying a line across a road used by the trucks and other wagons when it seemed to me the whole world blew up. It was then that we lost our comrade, Thomas. For more than eighteen hours we worked under a steady stream of shell fire. The Huns were using both gas and high explo-

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gas, and it may take some time to get it out of my system. But as I am half way well again you are well and happy and good luck."

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