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## LETTERS FROM THE FRONT

From Hugh R. Workman,  
London, England.

Dear Mama:

It has been several days since I wrote you, so I guess I had better write a few lines. I am still getting along fine. My wound is almost well, but nothing has been done to my leg yet. See it has to be well before the dentist can do his work. I think it will be about 14 about six weeks. Will be about a year both for me to get my teeth fixed later. You get these letters in from from all and to hear how they are getting on. The friends and how they are getting on. I hope it will all be as well as you are. I am getting a good idea that you are here. London is a big city, haven't been down but you've got, but am going again soon. We have only have from one o'clock until five, which is rather fine and naturally that is a very important time with me anyway. I think I will go out to the park and take a little boat ride this afternoon. It sure was bad about Alva Powers. I was right by him, had just left from where he was. I would have written you before but had to wait until the news had already gotten over there.

Will close for this time. Write me often.

Your loving son,  
Hugh.

Sergt. Hugh B. Workman,  
Ward 18, American Base Hos. 29  
Tottenham N. 15, London.

From Clarence E. Johnson.

Mrs. Daisy Malone of Laurens, has received the following letter from her brother, Private Clarence E. Johnson, who is with the American Expeditionary Force in France.

Somewhere in France,  
Oct. 3, 1918.

My Dearest Little Mother:

Listen, I have already written you about your boy and did not explain how I found out about it but as I doubt you getting the letter, will tell you now. I heard it through Clifford Walker and thanks little mother for your letter which reached me at the base on my return from an excursion up the line just 31 miles west of H—, Yes, we have been up to the front. Came through fire without so much as a cooter bite in the way of a wound. Since we landed on this side we have been doing comedy work and the pleasure of driving all over the north and central part of France is our work. It is hard but you can see where it is very interesting and the interest increase as you near the big show. I spent one night in a dugout. I saw two air raids and heard the Allies' guns open up and give the Fritz his moving stop. It was a great experience, but still I welcome the base where we get good hot meals each day and the mail from home. And before I close I congratulate you on the honor of a new soldier and feel sure you will do your bit to rear him a real grity soldier and to be plain with you, I feel a little stuck up over being called uncle by a little thoroughbred Johnson Malone. Ha! Ha!! You need not worry a bit about me. I'm feeling fine and wouldn't be more safe under the bed at home. I have written you all letters about my experience and hope you have gotten them. Tell dear old Mama not to worry in the least for I am faring fine and am sleeping just as warm as a tiny baby at its mother's breast every night, so why should you all worry and write such letters for? Goodness sake that's what men were born for—to fight—and I am beginning to like it better every day. It's all a game of chance and always interesting to take chances, you know. I remember years ago when I and lots of friends used to go to the lily pond woods and play wild west with wooden pistols and the good of it is here you have a real gun and not hard to find the enemy, but they are getting scarcer every day and I think very soon we can go all over Germany with wooden pistols so that will bring childhood memories back again.

Well, write Sis as soon as you get this letter. Tell her I received her letter that was sent with yours and also Viola's and will write them soon. I am expecting to leave here soon. May be traveling for weeks so never worry about old Buber, for I am coming back. I have to swim that pond that it takes so long to cross. Tell Charlie not to worry, we will be through by Christmas. He won't have to come. I will count two if I get a chance at some of that bunch for it is enjoyable work that no one can imagine until they get here. I wish I had come sooner. When a man sees the sights that I have and the real things that those dirty Huns have done and don't want to fight, he hasn't no nerve at all. I could explain it in a better way, but it might make you all think I was a little rough, so I will close. Love to you all and lots of

kindness for the baby.

Your brother,  
Buber.

Pvt. Clarence E. Johnson,  
Co. A, 300th Anna Train,  
American Ex. Force.

From Pvt. Howard King.

Somewhere in France,  
Sept. 21, 1918.

Dear Sister:

Will answer your pleasure to answer the letter of a few days ago. Was glad to hear from you all. The leaves are falling, O. H. Have just been writing to my mother. Tell her she can write to me through the army's front lines and I will bring it and I will bring it back for you. I am in a little better with a double to write but I am quite happy to see a candle, but low of things are different over here to the things I enjoyed at home. I would like to be home; that is all I think was over, but I love my country and my dear old father too well to want to be a slacker and too, I feel it my duty as I am the only one in the family that is old enough to be here. So I am proud I am doing my bit for Uncle Sam. Well, Sister, this is a pretty country, but give me the old U. S. A. every time.

How is father's crop this year? Do hope he has a good one. Are you all having any rain? It has been raining a great deal here and believe me we have plenty of mud. What are the boys of Camp Sevier doing? Having a fine time, I am sure, but their day is coming, when they will be walking around in France with about one hundred pounds on their backs. I would like to see how everything looks back home, but as I can't will try and be satisfied with my lot. Would love to have some of your good things to eat, but don't think I go hungry for we have plenty. Well, as I can't tell anything of interest will close with love to all.

Your Bud,  
Howard King.

From Eston B. Hembree,  
Somewhere in France,  
Oct. 25, 1918.

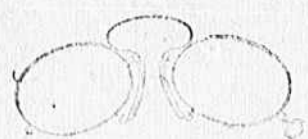
Dearest Sister:

Will answer your kind and appreciated letter (not one, but several). Was glad to hear from you all. I am well, in good health, fat and enjoying life over here. I trust this will find you all the same. I am just wondering what you all are doing this lovely day. I guess you all are very busy, are you not? I am busy but my job is steady. Odessa, wish I could relate some few thrilling experiences that have come my way, but will some day when it's all over, over here. Say, don't times look good! Gee! how we have given it to the Huns! When have you been home? I had a letter from father dated Sept. 23, am expecting mail any time. Everybody that has known me, I think, have written me. My mail comes loaded down. Oh! how good it is to receive mail from dear old home state, have received many beautiful pictures. Will send you one of mine now soon. Bet you won't know me. This is a grand country to fatten poor fellows. By the way, has Luke been drafted? I hope not, at least as you would miss him so much. Say, when have you seen Nathan? Is he still at Camp Jackson, or over here. I hear he comes home quite often. Isn't that grand? Well, I am coming some sweet old day, when it's all finished and not until then. God has wonderfully blessed me since I have been over here. I have trusted Him and He is ever with me. Keep up your prayers for me. I need them. I am glad to know so many are praying for me somewhere in France. Give my kindest regards to all of my friends. Tell them to write to me. I can't answer all, but I appreciate mail from dear ones.

With much love,  
Eston B. Hembree.

Pvt. Eston B. Hembree,  
Co. D, 2nd Pioneer Inf.,  
A. P. O. 705  
American Ex. Force.

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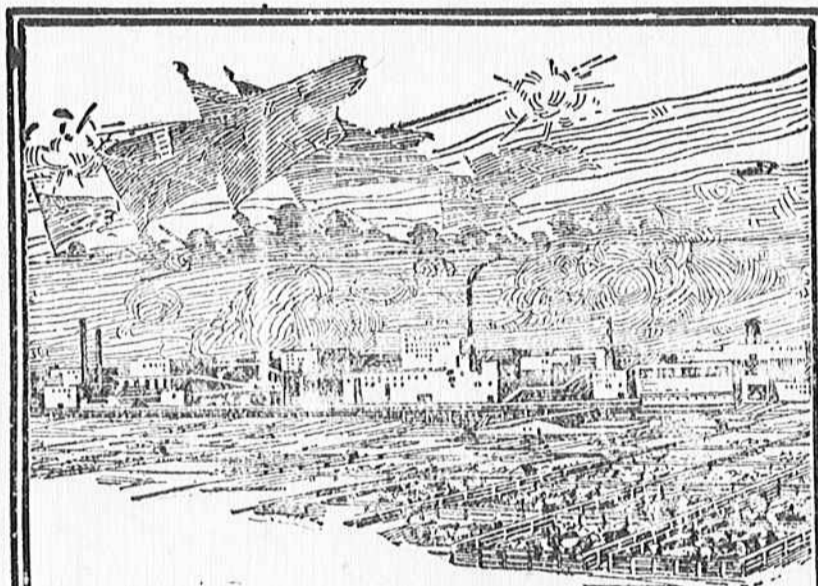
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And yet the owners of the business have been content with reasonable returns on their capital, and have been able, year after year, to put part of the profits back into the business to provide for its expansion.

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