

September 5, 1918

Joseph Lawton, Secorderiga, writes
from France.

Somewhere in France,
Aug. 4, 1918.

Dear Mildred, Clifford and all:

You will notice from the
heading that I am now in France.
Last time I wrote to your mother
and thought I would write you
while awaiting some mail from the
U.S.

am in a small, ancient town
of about 300 inhabitants in the
south central part of France.
Weather is fine here. The day we
arrived it rained, the first they
had since March, so the crops
have suffered some, but other
parts of France I have seen are
raising wonderful crops of
vegetables and grains and every

available foot of land is used. I am sleeping in a barn with four other chaps and it is not bad at all, with a good bed of straw. There, a thin partition, about a foot from my head, are 20 sheep, 2 goats and a horse and they sometimes make strange noises in the night and wake you up, but I soon expect to be able to talk their language.

Seems funny not to be able to talk with the people and you have to dig out your dictionary, motion and everything else and still I am a miserable failure, but am getting a few new words each day.

The people who own the barn where we sleep are very old and they have lost their three boys in the war.

There are plenty of Li boys over here if I knew where they

were, will you try to get the address of Jeff Bennett, Joe Kully and Gunning and maybe sometime we might run across each other.

Let me know if my traveling bag came back O.K. I sent it the day before we left camp.

Wish you would also give Sherm my address so he can write, as I do not know his.

I shall be glad to get the Sentinel. wrap it pretty strong so it will come thru O.K.

There is a little mail coming in from the U.S. the last few days but I havnt received any. If you can also send the magazines now and then I shall be pleased to have them. There is nothing at all here in English to read.

am getting stronger each day now and my side only bothers occasionally, by swelling some

and pairing at times. It was reported aboard the transport that I was dead, some fellows even claiming they helped lower my body over the side. When I did get around the fellows looked at me as though I had returned from the other world. Very impressive to attend your own funeral.

Saw Hugh Moore! His company is quartered about 3 miles from here.

Well I guess I will close as I think of nothing more. We have to be in bed at 9:30 here (4 p.m. over home) and get up at 6 in the morning. We can get milk for 10 cents a quart and eggs are 80 cents a dozen. myself and another chap buy a quart a day and have an egg milk shake every night. We are allowed to drink wine over here but I don't like it at all.

You can get my address from
the envelope and be sure and
get everything on. Also put in the
corner "A. P. O. no. 773" and this
will get a quicker delivery. Write
soon and often and I shall try
and do the same.

Love to all,
Joe.

Lawton Letter

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