Joseph Lawton, Liconderiga, writer from France. Somwhere in France, aug. 4, 1918. Dear Mildred, Olifford and all!

Heading that I am now in France. Last time Dwote to your mother and thought I would write you while awaiting some mail from the of about 300 inhabitants in the weather is fine hered. The day we had since march, so the crops have suffered some, but other farts of France Phave seen are racing wonderful crops of rigitables and groine and every

available foot of land is used. Dam sleeping in a barn with four other chapsband it is not bad at all, with a good bed of strow. Then, a then partition, about a foot from my keath, are so sheep, 2 goats bad a thorse and they sometimes make strange noises in the night and waker 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 notion and everything else and still I am a miserable failure, but am getting a few new words words where we sleep are very old and they have lost their three lions in the war. over here if the stent where they

were will you try to get the address Tunning and maybe sometime we might brun across each other. tag came back o, A. I sent it the day before we left comp. Sherm my address so the can write, as I do not know his Sintiel. Shall be gled to get the Sintiel. come there o. A. There is a little mail coming is from the re. S. the last few of days but I havit received any. If you can also seed the magazines now and then Oshill be fileased at all here in English to real. now and my side only bothers occasionally, by swelling some

reported about the tronsport that Hwas dead, some fillows even daining they helfed lower my body over the side, when I did got around the fellows looked at me as though I had returned from the other world. Very impressive to attend your own funeral. is quartered about 3 miles from I think of nothing more. We have to be in tool at 9030 here (4 f. m. over home) and get up at 6 in the morning. We can get milk for 10 ants a guart are eggs are 80 cents a dogen, myself and another chap huy la quart le 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.

the benvelope and be sure and the get everything on. also fut 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,

Lawton Letter-Sept 5, 1918

Sawter Letter.

September 5, 1918
Joseph Lawton, Ticonderoga, 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

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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 Ti boys

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were. Will you try to get the address of Jeff Bennett, Joe Nulty and [?]unning 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.

Shall be glad to get the Sentinel. Wrap it pretty strong so it will come thru O.K.

There is little mail coming in from the U.S. the last few days but I haven't 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

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and paining 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.

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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.