

Glenn N. Gray, World War I soldier

Section 2, Pages 31 - 57

Around 1919, the Kansas State Historical Society and the American Legion solicited biographical information from returning veterans (primarily members of the 35th and 89th infantry divisions) and the families of those who died in service, notably from the Gold Star Mothers. Each veteran or family member was asked to provide letters, photographs, a biography, and military records. This file contains original letters and their transcriptions from Glenn N. Gray, Battery F, 130th Field Artillery, 35th Division. He was from Protection, Comanche County, Kansas. WWI letters from his brother Lyle Gray are also available on Kansas Memory.

Creator: Gray, Glenn N.

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Glenn N. Gray, World War I soldier

drop you a line of some
kind. every man at least
once a week.

I hope I shall see
Lyle soon. It will be some
time tho. probably a month.

They are in France somewhere
I guess. I have never heard
from him since he left N.Y.

I must close and shove
give my regards to my friends
and love to the family and
tell sis to write too.

Address me always even if
I change location. Care - Glenn N. Gray
F Battery 130th F.A. American Expeditionary
Force, via New York

Your devoted son
Glenn

Glenn N. Gray
F Battery 130th F.A.
American Expeditionary
Force



79.
Am
getting your
letter now - just
one for you + Li
also one from
H. + M.

Saturday, Sept - 28 - 18
France

Dear Mother + Folks:

It has been almost a month
since I wrote home, but has been
no fault of mine, mother, because
I have not more of you and home
in the last month, than I ever
have before in my whole life.

At present, I am writing this
to you in a dough-ant, 400 ft
back in the ground with no light
except a candle, and that flickering
and sputtering from the concussion
of many cannon just below the
hill, where we're dug in. I have
my ears stopped with cotton and
my gas mask at alert position
and with every report of each



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and the longest time we stopped was 36 hours, so you see how much time we have had. Always marching at night and then in the day time the poor cooks have to get out meals for the men, and of course that keeps me up. I have gone 48 hrs with out any sleep, but that's nothing.

Syle has been made stable Sgt. of Hdg. Co. and is not with me now he is back at our base, safe however. I had the choice of staying there with my outfit or coming up to this front with the battalion, so I came. We are having some time with our water supply but plenty to eat. I have seen more war in the last two days than I have all the rest of my army life. Hope that this will be the last.

I can not write more I'm afraid. Will not get a chance to mail this until we get thru here. Am getting along splendidly with my new job and have things much easier, altho I shall always think that I actually won my spurs. Have a keen little private mount and she carries all my possessions.

Sergeant, Glenn N. Gray. Your devoted son
F. Bat. 130 Reg F. A.
American Ex Forces France Glenn



cannon helping with this barrage
I'm trying to teach a curse on
that damned Kaiser and his
devils, besides writing a note to
you.

You have heard by now the
extent of this drive we are now
engaged in and the returns
we expect from it. But I

must quit before I have
your note all cut to pieces by
the censor. But, Mother I
wish that I could tell you
all that has happened since
we left the last place we
stopped long enough so I could
drop you a line. We have
been marching for 28 days



France

Thursday 10-15

Dear Dad:

Just finished my supper of Red Horse, carrots, syrup, bread and coffee. We have certainly had a time with rations lately; in fact every since we started on this last drive. There are plenty of rations here in canneries but usually they are hauled thirty to forty miles up to the front in trucks by the Supply Company and fresh stuff will not stand the trip. Then of course we are on travel and field rations, when on a drive or march and they consist of dehydrated vegetables, canned meat and hard bread, and such other food.



stuffs as can easily hauled. The
boys are certainly tired of salmon,
corned beef and hash, and roast
beef, canned tomatoes; and bread,
a new variety, it is baked in
field ovens: just rolled in loaves
~~that bring the~~ whose shape re-
mind one of frontier days fire-
wood, and thrown into the
ovens. (I just returned to my letter
a bunch came in and wanted
me to sing with them, can you
imagine me singing lead in
a quartet?) I have seen trucks
whose capacity is 3 tons, run
over a loaf of this bread and
not break the crust, you can
see why it is issued on a
march, will stay good for
three months owing to the
thick crust. It is made of whole



wheat and is very porous, however
it is very wholesome. The canned
meat is the big size and so
you see what a job I have
to pacify this bunch of men.
They march for 36 hours without
any thing to eat and come up
to mess, hungry, worn out and
disgusted with the army in general
and you have nothing to hand
out but Bully Beef as it is dubbed.

We have been back from the
front long enough now to get
garrison rations, I hope so be-
cause the men need good food
they are all run-down physically
due to irregular mess and
loss of sleep, not to mention
the nervous strain of being
under shell-fire. You can make



a soldier ~~any~~ more angry over
his mess than if you fatigue him
three months at the stables.

My work, since my little
promotion, is easier in regard
to labor and shorter hours, but
that easiness is made up
in responsibility. I have all the
mess now in hand instead
of only one shift of coopers as
before. I have to draw the
rations, plan the meals, see
that they are sent on time, if
they are properly cooked and
seasoned, that each man
is properly fed and no one
is ~~slighted~~ slighted. The location
cleanliness, and order of the
kitchen must meet with a
major's approval.



[Thur. 10-18]

when on the march I issue out
dry rations ^{to} the different sections if
we do not have time to cook a
meal. I have a horse to feed
and care for. There is the kitchen
ration cart and water cart for
me to watch when on the
march. We can pull in, get
the kitchen up and get out
a meal, pack up and be
ready to go in 2 hours. I
get all the blame if the meals
don't suit the boys and then
they call me a "belly-robber".
Some-times I think I'd rather
feed 250 babies than this
bunch of grown up men.

I can't tell you much
of our doings since we have
been giving "Jerry" hell; only that

we were on the Alsace Lorraine sector immediately after leaving our training camp at Coetquidan we went from there, after a 10 day stay at the front lines, to the Foul sector and were there 6 days in reserve. we never saw the front lines there but were ready at 20 minutes notice to go into position. From Foul we marched 20 days or rather nights to the Verdun sector, where we witnessed and partook of the hell of war. I don't care if I never see another battle field after six hours of fire solid hours we moved forward to back our dough boys. we took up position in the Boche front lines, over the no mans land of the battle the night before, buried the dead and turned loose again at Fritz. we were not affected much from their artillery fire but the ft planes bombed up very much. No bone boys were wounded or killed however. In all so far we have marched more than any other artillery of our caliber than France including French. At present we are at a rest camp back far enough from the lines to get nothing but the roar of the guns. I have told mother about our place here. we will be here 10 days recruiting and getting equipped again.

Glenn N. Gray, World War I soldier

I have seen all the war I care to
and am ready to quit just as
soon as its over but not until.
I read Wilson's note on the armistice
proposition and I think its every
American soldiers sentiment exactly.
and hope that we will soon be
home again.

I guess I owe you an
apology for not writing you more
than I have; but time is short
for a soldier in action and so I
just write Mother because I know
if I address it to her you will
remember to take it home. Its
hard to write on account of the
strict censorship and one tale
tells its all. It is very cold here now
rains and hails most every day. Its a
pinching damp cold. My fingers wont
work much more so will close. Say
hello to my home friends and you all.

Sergeant Glenn N. Gray Your devoted son
F. Bat 13e Reg FA
American Ex Force France in 14. Glenn



France
Nov-24-18

Dear Dad:

In order to comply with the "Stars and Stripes", I'm writing you a little note today in honor of Dad's day. I'm cocked up on a tomato box behind the field stove, chewing climax, just like you read about, and issuing orders to the K.P.s between lines.

The main idea of this letter is to remind you that you have a dutiful son in France, doing his bit or rather who has done his bit and ready to come home. To send his respects to the family and inform them that the war is over and that we're all full of coolies etc etc.

In order to appreciate this letter to the utmost I'm going



to inform you that I borrowed the stationary from one of the cooks. The pen came from one of the N.P.s. and I walked about a kilometer up a steep hill to fill it with ink. See, pen and ink, stationary with passionate colored edges, a regular letter. Now, in order to have made it more correct, I should have looked up each word in the dictionary because I have actually forgotten how to spell and should have some intelligence officer correct the punctuation. But I figure that it is sufficient to call to your mind that both of your ugly sons went thru the battles of Argonne, Verdun, and the bloody battle of Com Barf and Hand Tack without a scratch and this one at least never needed a change of underwear. I give you the credit for that because you ~~were~~ are first B.C. (battery commander) and schooled us, in discipline, and on our first drill ground. You taught us to build for ourselves, how to move when in narrow places, when to strike and how far to go. So you see that our early training has shaped us into the right material to make us both the successful soldiers that we have proven by the name of Sergeant Gray and Sgt. Ruggie Gray. Give Mother Gray my compliments and



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have her report with arms (rolling pin) when you read this and tell her that she had her hand in on this drilling and that her methods are indeed military.

Bill Gant is one T.P. today and sends his best. Jack Holland, the man who moved houses in Pro., is one of my cooks and on shift this P.M. He's marking an apple cobbler, with a gunny sack around him for an apron and a big chew in one side of his head. He says, tell you Parody and that he wishes he could drink one of your Root Beers. He is better known in camp as Cow Cowler.

We are in a French camp at present just back from our last positions on the front a couple Kilometers. It is located in a narrow valley between



[11-24-18]

two high hills. The kitchens and
stables are always together in a
French camp and are in the
valley. The billets are up on
the side of one of the hills,
which is so steep that when
they start to freeze at night
~~that~~ you just slide down
them. We expect to move
as soon as we get transportation
will probably move about
Thanksgiving and have our
kitchen on the train of trans-
portation of corn beef etc. But
I request you, that you think
of us on that day and eat
a meal for me.

I think that we will
be home by the middle of
January at the latest. I hope
before.

Glenn N. Gray, World War I soldier

I have quite a collection of souvenirs to bring home if I can get home with them.

Syle just came in with a mess but full of lappy candy he made. I loaned him the stipp and he made a pretty good job of it. We never pulled it at all it taste just as good without it.

Regilor old Camp Honipshan will constitute the medical since we came back and everything is on. I sure will be glad when its all over. I would rather be on a front than in a camp as they are now. They are getting the boys in condition to go home.

I trust that Mother has fully recovered from her sickness by now. We heard that Fred Dean told she was improving. I received your registered letter day before yesterday. We haven't heard from home since you wrote that you had broken quarantine to take care of Mother. Tell her that when I return home. She is mess-
syt. and his first coat a d get the
the m.b.

Well God it is a thing dark and cold as the devil. Remember me to all the natives

your son
Glenn

Sgt. Glenn N. Gray
Bat 4/30 Reg F.I.
American Ex Force
France via N.Y.



WINDSOR CASTLE.

Soldiers of the United States, the
people of the British Isles welcome
you on your way to take your
stand beside the armies of
many Nations now fighting in
the Old World the great battle
for human freedom.

The Allies will gain new heart
& spirit in your company.

I wish that I could shake
the hand of each one of you
& bid you God speed in your
mission.

George R. I.

April 1918.

OK
J. H. H. H. H.
1st Lieut 7-17



Glenn N. Gray, World War I soldier

Battery F. 1st K. F. A.
Camp Doniphan.
Fort Sill, Okla.

Sat night.

Dear Mother and all:

Just received your letter and as our days work is over will answer and try to tell you our regular line of duty at present.

Starting in the morning we fall and at 5 o'clock at the Bugle call, we have 15 minutes to dress and when the Bugle plays assembly we line up out in front of our tents in two ranks according to our sections. Mine is the 3rd section and my no is 4. I'm a pivot man and have to call the commands to my squad when the Battery is drilling as a whole. Well I sort a got off my line. To continue when we are lined up the sargents call roll and we privates answer here. Then the chief of sections take charge and march us off and give us calsthetic exercises which consist of leg, arm, fingers and trunk exercise. When they get thru your appetite is somewhat sharp. We are then dismissed for mess at 6 o'clock. Then we grab our mess kits and run for the bread line. The men line up in single file and wait until mess call is sounded and then wait until their turn comes. If you happen to be at the end you are out of luck and have to wait about 30 minutes.

Our breakfast consists of Oatmeal, sausages and army bread and usually some kind of canned fruit. The oat meal is not seasoned and no sugar to put on it. The cream they use is canned milk and you are usually so hungry you don't notice it at all. The coffee is either black or with canned milk used for cream.

At 6:45 sick call is sounded and we are lined up, that is the sick and guys with bad arms, and marched up to the Medical Corps mess hall and tended to.

My arm is doing nicely at present, and I feel 150% better than when I was in Wichita. I can eat and sleep most of the night. My arm has a hole in it about 1/2 inch deep and the old raw muscle shows when I contract my arm you can see the muscle move under the skin. The hole is about the size of a dollar and haven't had to do any duty except drill. We took another shot in the arm yesterday. It didn't effect the boys very much. You know they wouldn't let me take the last one in Wichita. So consequently since my time had run over I have to start in all over again. That makes it nice.

Just got back from the mess hall. They issued us our uniform this morning. We got a hat, hat cord, two pair of gaiters, two suits of underwear, one pair trousers, leggings, and one wool shirt. This certainly is a clean looking bunch and a good looking one also. They all feel pretty keen. Well to continue our line of duty. We fall in for drill at 8 o'clock and drill until 11:30. This drill consists of squad drill, 8 men, section drill of 4 squads each, and finally Battery drill as a whole.

At 12 o'clock we leave mess again and then start to drill again at 1 o'clock and drill until 3 o'clock. At 5:30 we are lined up again and start at parade rest awhile the Bugler plays retreat and the colors are hauled down. We are then dismissed and can go to town or any where else if we have a pass. We have to be in at 10:30 and all lights are out. Mess

Glenn N. Gray, World War I soldier

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again at 6 o'clock and that completes one days work.

Then there is a detail selected every day for kitchen police who help get the lunch ready and another for guard duty to guard our camp during the night.

Our mess hall is at the end of our street of tents and is just a wooden structure with a kitchen in the rear and a long table on each side and planks to sit on.

Our mess kits consist of a cup which hold about a pint and a half and a knife, fork & spoon and a plate which can be opened and used the lid for another plate. These all fold up together and are inspected once a week. Our tents hold 9 privates and a corporal. We sleep on folding canvas cots with a canvas tick filled with hay. We have two wool blankets and roll up your clothes for a pillow.

The bunch I am in with are all nice fellows but strangers to me. We have to keep our stuff and tents in a sanitary condition and everything are inspected each week. We have a canteen now and you can get pop, ice cream cones candy tobacco, cigaretts, and everything one would want. The profits are turned into the mess fund and used for the good of the bunch.

Lyle and another fellow are running the canteen. He is well and his arm is almost healed.

I was made a 1st class private. There are only 35 in the Battery. We get \$3 more a month and have no guard on kitchen duty.

Jack is well and all the rest of the boys from Protection. They seem to enjoy this life and I want to state I'm crazy about it. If my arm gets well I'll be perfectly contented.

Our camp is in the valley of the Wichita Mts. They are not very large but make you awful tired to walk to the top. There are rockie as the duce too. There are camps like ours about ever 10 rods and the hills and hollows are just full of them. There are about 15000 soldiers here now and more coming every day. The reservation is about 5 mi from Lawton and bus lines and street cars run in from the entrances which is about 3 mi from here.

We have not been issued our horses or guns yet.

Just got back from dinner. We had roast pork corn & peas butter & bread roast spuds and ice cream & Ice tea.---Hot so bad is it? They always give us more on Sundays tho.

There is a bugler in our tent and he & his noise so run us ragged. Reed Sparks who was with Auto Supply & Tire Co at Wichita, Firestone's largest dealer, was married just before he came down here and his wife writes him every day and he has received several boxes of fried chicken & cake & fruit since we came. He always shares with the bunch. Say I'm about out of too tooth paste & shaving soap and I never have had any talcum. Cap. and I always went in together before on that kind of junk.

I expect I will be sending some junk home most any day because I think they will order all civilian clothes sent home. Say tell Dad to wear those suits I sent out and the shirts to. Will send him that blue serge when I get orders to ship my stuff.

Well Mother I have told you all I can think of this time. I am feeling fine and am happy.

You ask me if I wanted anything anything in the eat line would be appreciated but the duce of it is I must divide with 9 fellows.

Will write you every week must close and get this mailed.

With love

Glenn.



Glenn N. Gray, World War I soldier

Friday Morning.
March 29, 18.

Dear Mother:

Have a few spare moments so will drop you a line. Received your letter the same day I mailed one to you so I

really don't owe you one but your last one was such a nice letter with "posies" and everything so I will just have to do it.

Now I don't think very much of those pictures, and I don't think you should be very proud of a son who resembles, so much a Jew. I shall have some more taken some day which I hope will be more of a success.

We surely miss the boys who have gone over. They are at Camp Perry N. J. now so I hear altho I've never received a word from any of them, and don't suppose I shall.

We've had another shake up in the kitchen and our old mess sarg has come back up and the newly made one is back in ranks. Bob don't want to continue with it, and yesterday ask me if I wanted the job. I told him "yes" and he said he would speak to the Lieut. about it. The only reason I would like to have the job because it is a promotion but one get some awful ragging from the inspectors but I can stand them. Then I can say I started in as a buck-private then was promoted in this manner 1st class private, asst. cook, second cook, first cook, then mess sarg. That would show quite a little burst of ambition wouldn't it? I would have it on any of the other guys from Bro. too. But I haven't the job yet but can almost see the three stripes on my arm. Wouldn't you be proud to say you have two sons in the army and both of them are non-commissioned officers, one a corporal and the younger, a military genius a sergeant. I'm sure building air castles, am I not? But I've got the "Punch" and can not help but dream of my ambitions.

Yesterday I worked my shift all by my self, got breakfast & dinner for 200 men, The mess sarg. complimented me and ask me if I ever had had any experience cooking before I joined the army. I said "yes I used to on "weny roasts" most every week. But mother, laying all jokes aside I've learned oddles since I've been in the army that I would never have know, had I stayed in civil life and its worth money to me. You never imagined your wayward son being able to get out a meal for 200 hungry men did you? Were going to have mince pie, boiled eggs and veal for Easter Sunday.

Warm weather bring the usual stinch to the water down here and the accompanying amount of sickness in the form of kidney trouble, fever, etc. Its a fright every body is comencing to feel punk. Will you tell Dad to send me some fever med. also of the kidney dope he makes. I dont want to be caught with my pants down if I get it next. Say is that little role still out in that old grip in the engine house that I once made a medicine kit out of if it is I wish you would have Dad fix me up with some little viles of stuff like I'd be liable to use down here. He know what would be wanted. Tell him too please, and ship it down, C. O. D. because you can't relie on these veterinarines down here at all. But I can't use no great big bundle of stuff because it would take up too much room, just a package about the size of a razor roll or knife Ass't roll. Must close and go to work.

Your Devoted Son

Glenn.



Glenn N. Gray, World War I soldier

Come Where in England.

June 2, 1918.

Dear Mother:

I missed out on the cards at the Port of Embarcation which are left there and mailed when we reach our destination, and this is my first chance to drop you a line since we landed.

It has always been my desire to take a trip on the ocean and my trip has surely surpassed all my expectations and ideas of what a large body of water it is. Its beauty both in motion and colors, is beautiful and emotional not only to the sight but the digestive organs as well. But I never was sick a minute. I regret now that I did not enlist in the Navy while I had the chance.

We had a fine voyage, no bad storms at all. It was full of excitement for me, at least I staid on deck most of the time and never got tired of looking at the waves. I do not know of a more beautiful sight than a sun set on the ocean. It beats the Kansas sunset all to pieces.

Although a little warm at the start we had beautiful weather all the way. I never saw such long days. The sun comes up about 4 o'clock and does not set until 9:30. English farmers could sure make hay while the sun shines.

Although America has England beat in advancement and improvements in the way of buildings and machinery they certainly have it on us in beauty. A little English hamlet set away in a little valley with its houses set all along in rows, each in every one the same with no space between, on either side of a crooked street, has a Kansas town sprawled out on the bare prairie a mile. All the roads are narrow and as smooth as pavements. They do not go by direction because the roads run like network, little signs at the forks and crosses tell the directions to different towns. All the buildings are made of brick and just as even and alike as a bunch of bee hives. They all have peculiar chimneys and many of them to each cottage.

All the streets of the town are paved with stones and all the horses (and by the way they have fine large horses, the breed with the shaggy fetlocks are the more common) are shod and hitched to a high wheeled cart with all the weight on the horses back. If they use two horses they are hitched in a string and the driver usually walks.

The English people are very peculiar although interesting. I love to hear them talk their accent is interesting. I have not talked to very many Tommies except the sailors and children.

The children are very small for their age and rosy cheeked and healthy little fellows. The flock of them at the docks were a dirty lot and seemed to thrive in it though.

I have began to get familiar with the English money. It is confusing at first. But very simple after one gets on to it. The way in which the shop keepers say three pence etc, is very confusing because they say it so fast. Every kind of a store is called a shop.



Glenn N. Gray, World War I soldier

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I have seen so much since I left the U. S. A. that I can't think of it in order to write to you and there is so much more that I can't write you that it makes it discouraging. In fact the censorship is so strict that one can hardly get by with anything except, ~~and~~ here well and safe, and I must add, satisfied.

I don't know how often I will be allowed to write or how often I will ~~have~~ a chance, because we have certainly been busy.

I shall try to drop you a line of some kind every week at least once a week.

I hope I shall see Lyle soon. It will be sometime though, probably a month. They are in France somewhere I guess.

I have never heard from him since he left N. Y.

I must close and shave. Give my regards to friends and love to the family and tell Sis to write too.

Address me always even if I change location

Cook Glenn N. Gray.

F. Battery 130 F. A.

American Expeditionary Forces,
Via New York.

Your devoted son,
Glenn.



Glenn N. Gray, World War I soldier

Saturday, Sept. 28, 18.
France.

Dear Mother & Folks:

It has been almost a month since I wrote home, but has been no fault of mine, Mother, because I have thought more of you and home in the last month, than I ever have before in my short life.

At present I am writing this to you in a dough-out, 400 feet back in the ground with no light except the candle and that flickering and sputtering from the concussion of many cannon just below the hill, where we're dug in. I have my ears stuffed with cotton and my gas mask at alert position and with every report with each cannon helping with this barrage I am trying to breath a Damned Kaiser and his devils, besides writing a note to you.

You have heard by now the extent of this drive, we are now engaged in and the returns we expect from it. But I must quit before I have your note all cut to pieces by the censor. But Mother I wish I could tell you all that has happened since we left the last place we stopped long enough so I could drop you a line. We have been marching for 28 days and the longest time we stopped was 36 hours. So you see how much time we have had. Always marching at night and then in the day time though poor cooks have to get out meals for the men and of course that kept me up I've gone 48 hrs. without any sleep, but thats nothing.

Lyle has been made stable serg. of Hdg. Co. and is not with me now. He is back at our base safe however. I have the choice of staying there with my outfit or coming up to this front with the battalion, so I came. We are having some time with our water supply but plenty to eat. I have seen more war in the last two days than I have all the rest of my army life. Hope that this will be the last.

I can not write more I am afraid will not get a chance to mail this until we get through here. Am getting along splendidly with my new job and have things much easier, although I shall always think I actually won my spurs have a keen little private mount and she carries all my pack.

Your devoted son,
Glenn.

Sgt. Glenn N. Gray.
F. Bat. 130 Reg. F. A.
American Ex. Forces.
France.

France,
Thursday 10, 18.

Dear Dad:

Just finished my supper of Red Horse, carrots, syrup, bread and coffee. We have certainly had a time with rations lately, in fact ever since we started on this last drive. There are plenty of rations here in comeceries, but usually they are hauled 30 to 40 miles up to the front in trucks by the supply company and fresh stuff will not stand the trip. Then of course we are on travel and field rations, when on a drive or march and they consist of dehydrated vegetables, canned meat and



Glenn N. Gray, World War I soldier

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hard bread, and such other food stuffs as can easily hauled. The boys are certainly tired of samon, corned beef and hash, and roast beef, canned tomatoes, and bread, a new wrinkle, it is baked in field ovens. Just rolled in loaves whose shape remind one of frontier days firewood, and throwed into the oven. (Just returned to my letter a bunch came in and wanted me to sing with them, can you imagine me singing lead in a quartett?) I have seen trucks whose capacity is three tons run over a loaf of this bread and not break the crust, you can see why it is issued on a march, will stay good for three months owing to the thick crust. This made of whole wheat and is very porous however, it is very wholesome. The canned meat is the big Kick and so you see what a job I have to pacify this bunch of men. They march for 36 hours without anything to eat and come up to mess, hungry worn out, and disgusted with the army in general and you have nothing to hand out but bully beef as it is dubbed. We have been back from the front long enough now to get Garrison rations, I hope so because the men need good food, they are all run down physically due to irregular mess and loss of sleep, not to mention the nervous strain of being under shell fire. You can make a soldier more angry over his mess than if you fatigued him three months at the stables.

My work since my little promotion, is easier in regard to labor and shorter hours, but that easiness is made up in responsibility. I have all the mess now in hand instead of one shift of cooks as before. I have to draw the rations, plan the meals, see that they are out on time, and if they are properly cooked and seasoned, that each man is properly feed and no one is slighted. The location and order of the kitchen must meet with a Major Drs. approval.

When on the march I issue out dry rations to the difficult sections if we do not have time to cook a meal. I have the horse to feed and care for, Theres the kitchen ration cart and water cart for me to watch when on the march. We can pull in, get the kitchen up, and get out a meal, pack up and be ready to go in a few hours. I get all the blame if the meals don't suit the boys and then they call me "belly robber". Sometimes I think I would rather feed 250 babies than a bunch of grown up men.

I can't tell you much of our doings since we have been giving Jerry hell, only that we were on the Alsas Lorone sector immediately after leaving our training camp at Coetquidan we went from there, after a 10 day stay at the front lines, to the Toul sector and were there six days in reserve, we never saw the front lines there but were ready at twenty minutes notice to go into position. From Toul we marched 20 days or rather nights to the Verdun sector where we witnesses and partook of the hell of war. I don't care if I never see another battle field after our barrage of fice solid hours we move forward to back our dough boys we took up position in the Bosck front lines, over the No mans land of the battle the night before, carried the dead and turned loose again at Fritz we were not effected much by their artillery fire but the plane bombed up very much. No home boys we were wounded or killed however. In all so far we have marched more than any other artillery of our caliber in France including French.

At present we are at a rest camp back far enough from the lines to get nothing but the roar of the guns. I have told Mother about our place here. We will be hear 10 days recruiting



Glenn N. Gray, World War I soldier

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and getting equipped again. I have seen all the war I care to and am ready to quit just as soon as its over but not until I read Wilson's note on the Armistice proposition and I think its every American soldiers sentiments exactly and hope that we will soon be home again.

I guess I owe you an apology for not writing you more than I have, but time is short for a soldier in action and so I just write Mother because I know if I address it to her you will remember to take it home. Its hard to write on account of the strict censorship and one tale tells it all. It is very cold here now rains and hails most every day tis a piercing damp cold. My fingers won't work much more so will close. Regards to my home friends and you all.

Your devoted son, Glenn.

Sergeant Glenn N. Gray

F. Bat. 130 F. A.

American Ex. Forces.

France, via N. Y.

France

Nov. 24, 18.

Dear Dad:

In order to comply with the "Stars and Stripes", I 'm writing you a little note to-day in honor of Dads day. I'm cocked up on a tomato box behind the field stove, chewing climax, just like you read about, and issueing orders to the K. P's between lines.

The main idea of this letter is to remind you that you have a dutiful son in France, doing his bit or rather has done his bit and ready to come home. To send his respects to the family and inform them that the war is over and that we're all full of cooties etc, etc.

In order to appreciate this letter to the utmost I'm going to inform you that I borrowed the stationary from one of the cooks. The pen came from one of the K.P.s, and I walked about a kilometer up a steep hill to fill it with ink. See, pen and ink stationary with passionate colored edges, a regular letter. Now, in order to have made it more correct, I should look up each word in the dictionary because I have actually forgotten how to spell and should have some intelligence officer correct the punctuation. But I figure that it is sufficient to call to your mind that both of your ugly sons went thru the battles of Argones, Verreus, Verdune, and the bloody battle of Corn Beef and Hard Tack without a scratch and this one at least never needed a change of underware. I give you the credit for that because you were our first B. C. (battery commander) and schooled us, in discipline, and on our first drill ground, You taught us to battle for ourselves, how to move when in narrow places, when to strike and how far to go. So you see that our early training has shipped us into the right material to make us both the successful soldiers that we have proven by the rank of Sergeant Gray and Sgt Kruzzie Gray. Give Mother Gray my compliments and have her report with arms (rolling pin) when you read this and tell her that she had her hand in on this drilling and that her methods are indeed military.

Pill Gant is K. P. today and sends his best. Jack Holland the man who moved houses in Pro., is one of my cooks and on shift this P. M. He's making an apple cobbler, with a gunysack around



Glenn N. Gray, World War I soldier

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him for an apron and a big chew in one side of his head. He says tell you Howdy and that he wishes he could drink one of your Root Beers. He is better known in camp as Cow Country.

We are in a French camp at present just back from our last position on the front a couple kilometers. It is located in a narrow valley between two high hills. The kitchen and stables are always together in a French camp and all in the valley. The Billets are up on the side of one of the hills, which is so steep that when they start to freeze at night you just slide down them. We expect to move as soon as we get transportation will probably move about Thanksgiving and have our dinner on the train of traveling rations of corn beef etc. But I request sir, that you think of us on that day and eat a meal for me.

I think that we will be home by the middle of January at the latest. I hope before. I have quite a collection of souvenirs to bring home if I can get home with them.

Lyle just came in with a mess kit full of taffy candy he made. I loaned him the stuff and he made a pretty good job of it. We never pulled it at all and it tastes just as good without it.

Regular old Camp Doniphan drill constitutes the skedule since we came back and instructions after. I sure will be glad when its all over. I would rather be on a front than in a camp as they are now. They are getting the boys in condition to go home.

I trust that Mother has fully recovered from her sickness by now. We heard through Fred Stien that she was improving. I received your registered letter day before yesterday. We haven't heard from home since you wrote that you had broken quarentine to take care of Mother. Tell her that when I return home She is mess Sgt. and Sis first cook and I'll be K. P.

Well Dad it is getting dark and cold as the duce
Your son, Glenn.

Sgt. Glenn N. Gray
Bat F. 130 Reg. F. A.
American Ex. Forces.
France via N. Y.

A MESSAGE TO YOU FROM
HIS MAJESTY KING GEORGE VTH.

WINDSOR CASTLE.

Soldiers of the United States, the
people of the British Isle welcome
you on your way to take your
stand beside the Armies of
many Nations now fighting in
the Old World the great battle
for human freedom.

The Allies will gain new heart
& spirit in your company.

I wish that I could shake
the hand of each one of you
& bid you God speed on your
mission.

George R. I.