

# Letter from Philip

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sion was unhurt.) The other two guns were put out of action by the enemy artillery, so what was left of the platoon (we lost our platoon commander) reported back at regimental P. C. and volunteered as stretcher bearers.

After this drive (the 42nd Division was given credit by G. H. Q. for an advance of 16 kilometres) we were taken back of the lines for a rest. Here we were re-placed with new troops and then we commenced training and maneuvers for the St. Mehell drive of September 12th.

The much written about St. Mehell fight was no fighting at all. After the first hour's fighting we met with no resistance, the attack being a complete surprise. Our casualties were very light, but my hard luck seemed to follow me as I had to get in the way of a couple of machine gun bullets. They were only a couple of scratches, however, as they passed through the fleshy part of my thigh and healed rapidly. After being evacuated from the hospital I was not allowed to return to active service as my heart was weakened by the mustard gas that I had inhaled while on the Lorraine sector. I was attached to the 2nd Army Headquarters as a dispatch rider all last fall and winter and two weeks ago I was allowed to return to my old regiment. It was great to see the few men left of the platoon. And even if there were so many faces that I did not recognize it certainly felt good to be back again. They had been in the Argonne drive while I was in the hospital and by all reports it was no picnic.

Well, it is all over with now, and we are going home next month so everyone is happy. We are due to parade in Washington and New York for the Fifth Liberty Loan, and after that the regiment is going to Birmingham, Alabama, to parade. The 167th Inf. was formerly the 4th Alabama National Guard so I expect we will be demobilized at Camp Sheridan, Montgomery, Ala.

I certainly am looking forward to the time when I can be back and see all the home folks again, for the time certainly hangs on our hands up here on the Rhine.

We are sitting on the world all right, and even if we are not drilling any to speak of, everyone is impatient to get away from this country. The person who wrote the song "There is no place like home" must have been billeted in one of these German towns on the Rhine. Of course it's a beautiful country, but I didn't come over here as a tourist so can't be expected to be an admirer of the landscape.

Well, I am getting writer's cramp and that is a sign that I have written enough.

I can just see myself pulling into New York harbor and shaking hands with the Statue of Liberty. And when the conductor comes into my coach and yells, "Hannaford." "O boy! Won't it be a g-r-a-n-d and gl-or-i-ous feeling!"

As ever, your friend,

PVT. PHILIP R. THORESON