

A Letter from Private Maurice

Wickham to His Parents

Somewhere in France

Dear Folks:

Well, I am finally stationed, so will give you a little of my wonderful trip. Suppose you received the card I dropped from England. When I arrived stayed there a few days and cleaned up. Then off again and then old France at last. Certainly was quaint, queer and all stone, even their heads for after thousands of troops have passed through they don't speak a word of English.

Then, O Joy, our first ride on a French war Pullman, cattle car. The only trouble our berths were rather close, forty men to a Pullman, and they only eighteen or twenty feet long, and three wheels always flat. Two days of forward embracing, mostly compulsory, for the French have no air brakes and about four feet of slack between cars.

Then another camp. We ran into some "American" Doughnuts for breakfast and then at camp they split us into four winds. Lost old Barchart and then here where we can hear Fritz's peace notes whine every once in a while.

They don't look like our villages. Saw air plane scrap and got him too. Can hear them banging away now just like thunder. Am writing on bottom of mess kit by candle light after working all day in receiving office unloading ambulances. Am feeling fine, never better. Good eats better than we have had for a month.

Write and let me know how things are going.

Your son, MAURICE