



THANKSGIVING "OVER THERE"

World War One Voices from the Front

A letter from France, written by Louis Sadow of Plymouth (I Company, 23d U.S. Engineers) October 27, 1918 as published in Plymouth's *Old Colony Memorial* newspaper

"It makes me homesick to think that I am far away from home and friends. The weather here is very different from our October days, and I have only seen the sun two days during this whole month.

There is plenty of mud, but we are getting used to the same now. Well to change the subject, I will say that on Sept. 1 I ran across the 'boys from home' in the 101st infantry. They sure were a happy lot, and, believe me, they had seen some rough times ...

I have been inside of the city where the French lost 500,000 and the Boche 300,000. The city itself is nothing but ruins and what a shame. I overlooked the river which in 1914 ran red with blood.

By the time you receive this letter it will be Thanksgiving. Last year on Nov. 30 I was playing our last game of football. Gee! 'them was the happy days.'

All that I hope is that this war will be over and everyone home and happy a year from today."

A letter from Paris, written by Private Harry McArdle, December 8, 1918 as published in Plymouth's *Old Colony Memorial* newspaper

"Before I wrote of Paris I just want to tell you of the Thanksgiving I had. The dinner wasn't the big thing of the day for me as I had the pleasure of attending a very impressive military mass that was said at St. Martin's Cathedral by the Arch Bishop of Tours and under the auspices of the Knights of Columbus. Of course the presence of the Arch Bishop called for the ditto of all sort of Bishops, plenipotentiaries, etc., that added to the scene and in addition to having a wonderful organist and the usual drums and bugle that that particular church has at the elevation and start of Mass, a band from the barracks of about 60 pieces played the Thanksgiving Hymn and of course the National anthem as well as others appropriate to the occasion. The church was well decorated with American flags, an American Chaplain gave a very eloquent sermon. The congregation was almost wholly military."

A letter from Warren D. Smith, Co. F, 433 Supply Train, Motor Transport Corps, Fort Sheridan, Illinois to his mother, Alida Smith of Meadville, Pennsylvania, on November 30, 1918

"Dear Mamma,

I am writing you another letter to let you know that I am still well. I was most awful disappointed when they told us we could not have only 24 hour passes for thanksgiving. They told us at first we could have 5 days and then the day I got the money they told us we could only have 24 for hours passes

as we would be out in 4 or 5 days and now they say we will be sent to the coast to transport troops coming home from France. We are getting a lot of boys here from France that have been wounded or shell shock and Mamma we see some awful sights, some with arms gone and legs off and some that part of their face gone and some just simple from shell shock and then they are only a few of what is coming home.

I want to thank you for the money though I did not get home. I think if I don't get home for good they will let me come for a few days later on. You see some of the boys got passes a week or more ago and are not back yet so that spoils it for the rest of us. Well I am writing this while I am waiting for the mail and it has just come so I will have to close for this time with love and kisses.
Warren D. Smith.