

“Somewhere Over There.”

The following letter was received by S A Choate from his son Capt. G W Choate, somewhere in France:

Nov. 24, 1918

Dear Daddy, I must write you today as this is Fathers day in the A E F, same as last May 12 was Mothers day except the Y M CA people are not getting out the little booklets for the fathers as they did for the mothers. Our official paper, The Stars and Stripes, has designated today as Fathers day and ask all soldiers and officers to write a special letter to their fathers and I understand it is to be requested by the papers in the States, of the fathers, that write their boys in France also. Those men who have no father living are expected to write somebody else's father. I am glad that I have the privilege of writing to my own father instead of having to write somebody else's father. Well we all feel like the war is finished so far as the big fighting is concerned. We have no idea how long it will be before they let us start home. I have had quite exciting experiences since I got into the service. I have been up in the sky twice. I was up for 45 minutes once and flew over, and looked down on the 4th city in size in France. I also flew over the front lines both and allied and enemy. It was a very cold and windy day, but they wrap you up in furs and bind you up and strap you into the thing so you couldn't hardly freeze, tho it gets awfully cold when you get away up above the clouds. We went above the clouds and the sun was shining nice and bright and on the ground it was cloudy and ugly looking. I went up again day before yesterday and did enjoy it so much. We are having beautiful weather here now. We haven't had any snow yet but are expecting it. We are allowed now to tell where we are. We are on the Moselle River about 14 miles from the city of Noncy in Loraine. We are about the same distance from Metz the strongest fortified city in the world. I have not been in Metz yet it was held by the Huns till the armistice now the French occupy it. I have been to Paris 3 or 4 times and that is the finest city I ever saw. The French people like to have gone cra- when the armistice was signed and the fighting stopped, I never saw such celebrating in my life. Well I can tell you more when I get home than I can write. A Merry Xmas to you all, Write me often as you can.

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