

Letter from Private Estle Senter to his Mother During World War I, December 19, 1918

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Base Hospital 76
APO 781

Dec 19, 1918

Vishny, France

Dear Mother:

I will try and wright [sic] you a few lines to let you know how I am getting along. I am still in the hospital but I am getting along all wright [sic].

It seems like a wound in the head heals awful slow. I have been in the hospital every since Oct 9th and I am still here, I have a fine place to stay through and so I don't mind it much. We are staying in big hotels, and we have enough to eat, all of the time, and a nice place to sleep.

If I only could get my mail and some pay. I would be pretty well satisfied. I haven't received my mail since I came to the hospital but I guess I will get it some day before long.

And money I haven't been payed fore [sic] six months, excepting one [illegible] play which is eleven dollars. Which doesn't to very far in a town of this size we are in a town about twice the size of Perry.

Well Mother it will not be long untill [sic] I will spend my second xmas in this country; I can wear my three service stripes now and one wound stripe.

I have been over here eighteen months now and only wounded once. I'll say I was pretty lucky. I have seen [illegible] and [illegible] time I woudent [sic] give five cents for my life.

I have had shells burst so close to me that I was nocked [sic] down three different times, and almost captured once.

I have gunmans [sic] on three sides of me but I got away the three fellows that were with me one of them was shot and killed that was Corporal Murphy and two of them were captured one an Italian and the other fellow was from Indiana, and so I figure I was mighty lucky not to be a prisoner.

Well I guess I had better close so wright [sic] soon to the address of the top of the first page.

With love to all from Estle