November 11, 1918

In France

Sweetheart:—This is the day of days for France. The day they have waited and watched for for lo—these 4 years of war. This noon we heard news of the signing of the armistice. The bells in France broke loose, and such a din you never heard in all your life. The big bells tied up in the ribbons blew incessantly, and the guns on them fired round and round. It was carried to the church steeples where the bells of the old cathedrals heralded peace; and the French, old and young came out of closed, barricaded doors to celebrate the big event.
Everybody closed up shop except our army, and the whole of France tonight is one big Carnival. Some of the boys back from Bordeaux say that the city is gone clean crazy, old women & young girls hugging & kissing the solders boys, everybody full of wine.

It ain't no safe place for me so I stayed up in my little old camp, but I can see from my window the rockets & glare of the city once more, turned into the gay white way, after 4 years of dingy street lamps & darkened signs. Every now and then a distant boom of a cannon is heard from a celebration some distance away.
The French people are clean crazy, they laugh, cry, bring their lands, and say, "Tres, cow, Americanos, La Guerre finis, and then offer wine & food."

It's a big occasion for them, for we don't realize what it means to them. Nobody will ever realize their suffering. It's sure funny to see them. And anxious, waiting for tomorrow's paper to get some of the real dope.

I can hardly realize that Germany could 'erumple so quickly, but I reckon it's true, for our boys are walking them so fast that their trucks can't keep up. Their lines are completely smashed, and many an American Division stands ready for an immediate call to the
front from behind the battle line, fully equipped, well fed and dead anxious to get in. I'm in that category now. We are disappointed that I didn't get up but we will get there very soon, as an army of occupation anyway. So much for the doings of the big day.

Yesterday we had our darkening reunion. Bill Mage, Walter Stern, Herman and myself met at the Cafe Bordeaux at 10:30 A.M. visited the parks, cathedrals & all the points of interest about Bordeaux, ate like kings in the Chapon Fin the finest restaurant in the city and came back to camp in the afternoon, with a wonderful
day behind me. And sending you a few postals to show you some of the things we saw. I can tell you more about them soon.

Everybody wonders now what Uncle Sam is going to do with his vast army. Latrine rumors are beginning to come into their own, as in days at Camp Grant. What they do you can bet I'm coming home just as soon as ever I can! That a wonderful day it will be too — when I see the gang planks once again bound for the good old U.S.A. — and my sweetheart Annabel.

Got your letter No. 40 today. Also the chocolate & gum — I'm the envy of
all the company, because I get so many letters—but I tell you it's some fine.

Herman sends his love to you and the family.

Must close now and get to bed.

My sweetheart, goodnight, and here a prayer for the sweetest girl in all the world from her hubby.

Love—hugs—kisses.

Jillzy Hanley
Captain U.S.A.,
Co. A, 311th Engineers
A.P.O. 916.
American

Mrs. J. Elzy Hayden
Captain, U.S.A.

F. M. 1918

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Elzy Hayden
Captain, U.S.A.

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