

405 E. 117 St. N. Y.,  
Feb. 5<sup>th</sup>, 1920.

Dear Mr. Gordon,

In reply to your letter of recent date, I take great pleasure in giving you all the information possible concerning myself and my brother Charles, who took part in the World War.

As for myself, I really cannot mention much for my time in Uncle Sam's service was rather short ranging three months during the signing of the Armistice.

But still, I attempted to do my share, for as soon as I was eighteen years old and had graduated from the Patchogue High School in June, 1918, from whence I know you well, when

you were our Superintendent, I immediately tried and succeeded in getting into the service thru enlistment. The enlistment resulted in getting inducted into the Students Army Training Corps at Columbia University on Sept. 21, 1918, where at present I am studying Accountancy.

These are about the only important facts that I can relate concerning myself, but regarding my brother, Charles who was killed in France, in the "Baccarat Sector" on June 14, 1918, three days before our graduation exercise, I can give fuller detail. He was a member of the 77th Division, Corporal of Co. B, 308th Infantry and trained at Camp Upton from Sept. 21, 1917 to April 5th 1918 when the entire division left America for France.

After arriving to England's shores their route was thru England and then to France, their final destination, but reaching there the first of May. About a month's hard training

was sufficient for the Boys who were at that time in urgent need for action and relief work in the trenches. In a few moments notice, Charles was placed in action with Co. B. in which he was a corporal. At first, they were ordered for action in the second line trenches and continued fighting from June the 5<sup>th</sup> until June 14<sup>th</sup>, the day on which he wrote us his last and lovely letter saying everything was going on nicely in the trenches.

They were then relieved until June the 20<sup>th</sup> when the entire company was ordered to advance to the front line trenches. There in fact for the first time, the Boys fought really hard and stubborn against "Jerry" for three days in the "Barrat Sector".

Finally, on the early morning of June the 24<sup>th</sup> at 2 a.m., a parcel received orders to get up a platoon of 40 well selected men, mostly corporals, sergeants and lieutenants who were skilled and knew accurately

how to cut "barbed wire" fencing". Among  
this unexpected call of 40 men was my  
brother Charles who also knew his duties  
well.

The platoon advanced to do their duty  
at a distance away from the first line trenches  
in "No. Mans Land". On the mentioned "Jerry"  
was constantly popping bullets here, there, above  
and below with rifle, shrapnel and machine gun.

Thus after working steadily for 4 hours  
in the dark cutting barbed wire fences,  
at 6 P.M. a sharp sudden, terrific attack  
was made on the platoon which instantly  
gassed, killed and wounded all with the  
exception of four who miraculously  
escaped instant death.

My brother was taken to the trenches  
from the place of unexpected attack, gassed  
and mortally wounded in the hip, left arm  
and side by pieces of shrapnel. But though  
still pale from the loss of blood, badly  
wounded and lying in a semi-conscious state  
in the trenches, he recognized his best  
pal, his "Buddie" who was sadly looking  
-in and said to him, "Sarge remember  
me to mother and Flo".

He lived shortly, only two hours later  
he died on his way, as he was being  
taken from the "First Aid Station" to  
the "Red Cross Hospital". Enclosed is his picture  
as corporal of a squad which he trained at Camp Upton.

Yours sincerely,  
Anthony J. Maler.