

THE CITADEL

ARCHIVES AND MUSEUM

Adgn. 1st J. A. Brizak.

Trena, Jan 6, 1918.

My dear Son,

I have neglected
writing direct to you,
but all my letters to
mother are for you also,
and I know that you
do not doubt that your
dad is thinking of you
and loving you all the
time. You must be very
busy with your lessons

and I do not expect you
to spend much of your
play moments writing
letters.

There is a great deal of
snow and ice here and
I never see it without
thinking what fun you
would have coasting
down the long, clean
hills or skating on the
lagoons in the park of
this Chateau. Sometimes,
the automobile gets stuck

on the road and then
we end to the nearest
place for a team to
pull us out. One we
worked for hours to make
a passable road and
did not reach the Chetana
till late in the night.

I have a National six,
limousine and keep very
comfortable in it. I also have
a Cobblec, temporarily being
repaired. But there is much
to do. The motorcycles are a
great help and get through

the snow quite readily, if
the men push them over
bad places.

We keep fires in the fire
places in the chateau. It
is an old feudal castle
and no one has lived in it
for 50 years. There is a lot
of lovely old furniture in
it that no other would
revel over. My bed is in an
alcove, where many a great
noble has probably slept
and a great old State Carriage
is in the big carriage house
and stable.

This is a very old corner
of the world. The Romans
fortified some of the cities
and many of the walls
and fortresses still stand.

There are lots of quail,
ducks and wild boar
in the country but no
one shoots them.

All our horses have been
dressed. I ride a very
good looking mare 16
hands high, bay color.
She is very quiet except

when she sees a train,
You would probably laugh
to see me in my steel
helmet and gas mask.
But we are quite used to
them and often wear the
helmets all day.

I constantly think of the
difference of time. It is
the middle of the after-
noon here and you are
probably getting
ready to go to church.
When I go to bed, you are

probably going to dinner
and I am far away
not long at work when
you get up. Our latitude
is so great, that the sun
makes an arc far from
the zenith and the days
are very short.

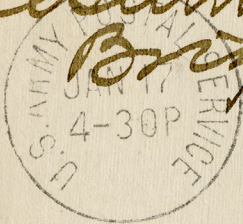
Some day, we shall come
here together, you and mother
and I and what a time
we shall have.

I send you both all my
love and kisses all around.
Your loving
Dad.

Blumrussell
Bray Gen

Soldiers Letter

116/18



Master C. P. Blumrussell Jr.
The Westmound
Washington
D.C.



Blumrussell
Bray Gen