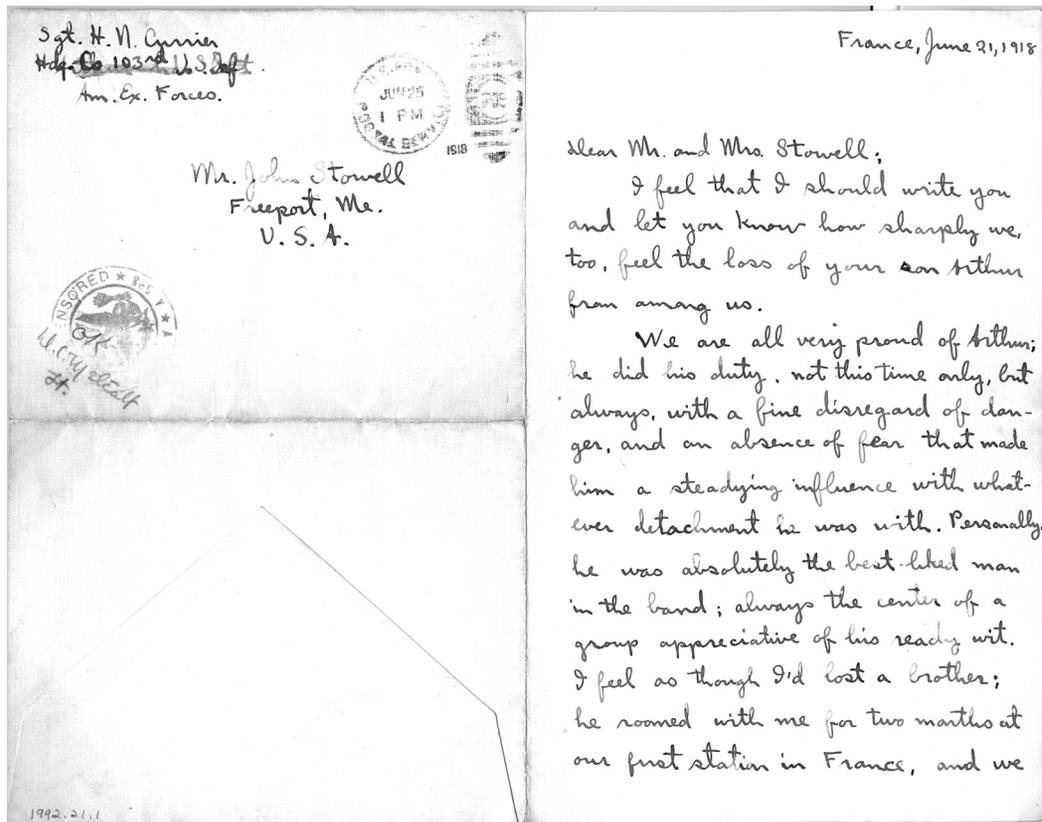


France, June 21, 1918

Dear Mr. and Mrs. Stowell:

I feel that I should write you and let you know how sharply we, too, feel the loss of your son Arthur from among us.

We are all very proud of Arthur; he did his duty, not this time only, but always, with a fine disregard of danger, and an absence of fear that made him a steadying influence with whatever detachment he was with. Personally he was absolutely the best-liked man in the band; always the center of a group appreciative of his ready wit. I feel as though I'd lost a brother; he roomed with me for two months at our first station in France, and we



Contributed to Maine Memory Network by Freeport Historical Society

Date: June 21, 1918

Description: Letter from Harold N. Currier to parents of John Arthur Stowell who was killed in battle, June 16, 1918.

thing possible was done for Artie.

He sleeps in a green field with 80 other comrades, about a mile outside a big French city. Day before yesterday I made a pilgrimage there, and placed a great wreath on the grave for the band. Not very far away is Maj. Raoul Luffbery's grave—he's the great aviator killed a few days ago. Beside Arthur is a bandman from the regiment that took over our billets when we moved up this last time to the front. They are all heroes in that little cemetery.

I wish I could find the words to convey how much sympathy we feel towards you and Raymond. I hope you feel, as we do, what a heritage of pride in his glorious death on the field of battle Arthur has left behind him. Truly yours,

battle Arthur has left
Harold N. Currier
Bandleader, 103rd Inf.

had some wonderful times with Raymond in that old room.

We have, sometimes, talked over such things as our "chances," and I can ~~read~~ remember Artie's saying "I'd rather 'pass out' in the middle of a big artillery barrage." So had all of us. So many came over here and die of disease back of the lines; others are gassed, or so badly wounded that the rest of their lives as well as their bodies are crippled—all that seems worse to me than this—the finest end that a man may have, literally giving his life for others. I hope if my time comes I may go the same way.

We all feel confident that every-

[Right hand column]

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