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Horace Pippin's Autobiography, First World War, circa 1920s

Extracted on Mar-29-2024 09:53:48

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(2)

cold but this time it near got me, it were a bout 10.0 clock AM. when the train were ready to leve. as I said befor. it had stoped snoweing but it were groweing colder our overcoats were not mulch use to us that night. you see the Box cars were so packed that no one could lay down, at the time I did not wont to; for as it were. some of them got [[fros?]] biten and I all so. it were my right hand, but it were not so bad, after two Days and night. being on that train. we arived in saintnarzear. camp 1. at 2. o clock in the morning. it were all I could do. were to get worm, I could not lay down for I were to cold. I were so cold that I were groweing stiff. I starded to Run. in that doeing I [[made?]] out all right by that time

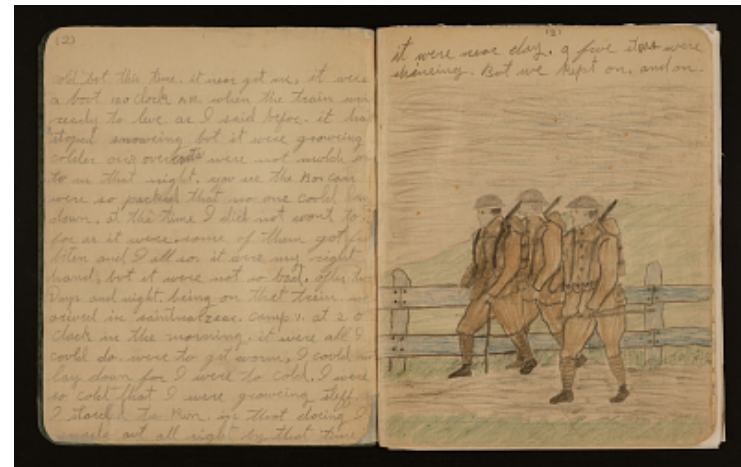
[[end page]]

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(2)

it were near day. a fwe stars were shineing. But we kept on, and on.

[[image - color pencil drawing of three men in uniform with marching down a road by a blue wooden fence. A few red dots are scattered in the sky.]]



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