

USA PO 708 France
March 18, 1918.

My dear Folks -

Well well here's another letter
from son Nelson who's over in the
war! And what a lot of things
he has to say here.

Paragraph -

To begin with son Bobby & the
male species hopes at last to get into
the war proper! He has made
application for admission to the
Field Artillery School for officers.
(This is going to way complicated so
I'm changing tense.) I made application,
and my commanding officer put on
a peach of an indorsement - I
didn't tell you the nice things he
said - and the application came
back disapproved, saying that Army
Field Clerks are not eligible for

Army Service Schools — about as logical
as to say that no men with brown
eyes shall be admitted into the
Infantry. (I hesitate to think
what they would do if they but
knew I am bow-legged!) My
Commanding officer, who, by the way,
is an impartial, conscientious, bear
of a real soldier — sent it
back personally to the General
telling him it was from a sense of
duty that he again brought to
higher authorities some guy's sterling
worth: " God damn'd nice of him, says
I! This went up past the General,
apparently approved by him,
to the Commander-in-Chief, from
whom I am now expecting a favorable
reply. The next school begins on the
first of next month, so I should

hear soon, if it doesn't go thru'
you can expect the air to be blue
as far west as Chicago.

Even if this doesn't come back
favorably, something will come out of it;
and I hope before long to be
playing a man's part in the war,
up at the front. That's what you
want your representative over here
to be doing, I know — and he
has been trying ever since coming
over. Now at last the light seems
to be breaking thru. Lets give
three cheers!

I'm quite satisfied with myself
so far — I have the best job
I could have here as an Army Field
Clerk, as aide and secretary to the
Commanding Officer. But I'm NOT
AT THE FRONT.

About two weeks ago the Co. introduced me to the general second in line to Pershing - which is a good sign of what he thinks of me; it was rather unusual, tho' he had introduced me to another general a short time before. The other day General Pershing and Secretary of War Baker, with their party, made an inspection here, and I was not only introduced to them, but I was one of the three people riding in the same auto with them throughout the entire inspection, all afternoon. Both the general and the secretary spoke to me of their own free will and volition - didn't even have to be threatened to do it - and I had a chance to tell general

Pershing that I was trying to get
into field artillery. Secy Baker
called me "Captain" when he said
his fond farewell. Oh! I was
quite an important gent that day,
to be sure, I also congratulated
one of our first boys to get the
Croix de guerre, and one of the first
three to be recommended for the
distinguished Service Cross (our own).
Some brave lad!

Now I am forced to descend from
the sublime to the ridiculous. This
paragraph is doomed for facts:
We have a rather interesting paper
published for the AEF, called "stars
and stripes", which, though naturally
a light pink camouflage, is interesting
and a good piece of work.
Gardening is being carried on now
(5)

at all camps and wherever possible,
to supply the boys with fresh
vegetables. And speaking of vegetables,
since chocolates, candy & bonbons are
non-existent now, some of the more
Jewish of the French have opened
Fried Potato stores + imagine seeing
you son Leroy blithely stepping forth
towards some sorority house on a Sunday
eve with a five-pound box of
delicious home-grown, crisply fried
potatoes! They don't have ~~so~~ sorority
houses here, but the potatoes are
very much in evidence. Have another
Chip Bertie?

I got a letter from school yesterday
saying they heard I had made
arrangements to pay them out of my
salary. I'm dropping them a line

to let them know that you have
already taken care of it.

We did have just a little
statement here yesterday. A young
French cavalier of the lower orb
insisting on flying his trade of
thievery, and upon pursuit by the
gendarmes ran into one of the poorer
houses along the canal. We arrived
on the scene to find the house
surrounded by gendarmes (none
closer than half a block) with
plenty of people with the cops.
The gendarmes had no revolvers, so
whenever they would move up a little
the crowd would swarm after, rightly
knowing that wherever it was safe
for me of their police, so must it
be safe for them. One of the American
military police got two guns and
(?)

went into the house with a gasp, and
within two minutes a shot was
heard, and after several more
minutes, out was dragged the
culprit, a bullet shot right thru'
both cheeks. The ~~fun~~ funny part
was, that when he was thus laid,
cuffed and bleeding the cops and
some of the populace insisted on
beating him + one big soldier came
up behind him and seared ~~himself~~
him exactly as they do in Keystone
Comedies. It was really funny —
almost war in fact.

Now I have just about run out —
she was a good old ship but she
done sank down. If I write anymore
I know you won't read it. Give
my love to Leah and the ~~table~~ baby
and Paq — and the rest of the

mailing list + tell 'em that this letter
has got to do for all + when
Leah knows you'll have to send it
on up to her + see bet you will
miss ~~her~~ her and Babe! Tell
them not to move until I come
home +

Anyway — lots of love and affection,

Sam Nelson

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Mr. B. B. B. B.