USA PO 708, France

March 18, 1918

My dear folks-

Well well here’s another letter from son Melvin who’s over in the war! And what a lot of things he has to say \_\_\_\_

Paragraph-

So begins what son Brorby of the male species loves at last to get into the war paper! He has made application for admission to the beld artillery school officers. (This is a going to way complicated so I’m changing tense.) I made application, and my commanding officer has on a heck of an \_\_\_\_\_ I \_\_\_ tell you the nice things he said \_\_\_ and the application came back disapproved, saying that any field clents are now eligible for Army service schools-about as logical as to say that no men with brown eyes shall be admitted but the infantry. (I hesitate to think what they would do if they but knew I am bow-legged!) My commanding office, who by the way, is an infantile, conservations, bear of a real soldier-sent it back personally to the general telling him it was from a sever of duty that he again brought the higher authorities some guys “altering wrath.” Gosh arrived nice of them, says I! This went to 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 then you can expect the air to be blue as far west as Chicago. Even if this doesn’t come back favorable, something will come out of it; and I hope before long to be playing a name \_\_\_ 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 through, lets give three cheers!

Im 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 C.O. introduced me to the general second in in the 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 nother time before. The other day general Pershing and rearetary of war baker, with their fanty, 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 though 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 fiel artillery, seciy baker called me “Captain” when he said his final farewell. Oh! I was quite an important \_\_\_ that day, to be sure. I also congratulated one of our first boys to get the crox de querre, and are 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 subline 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 in being carried on now as all camps and whenever forcible, to supply the boys with fresh vegetable. And speaking of vegetables, since chocolates, candy and bon bons are non-\_\_\_\_ now, some of the more Jewish of the French have opened Fried Potatoes stares. Imagine seeing your son Leroy blithely stepping forth towards some sorority house on a Sunday eve… with a \_\_\_\_\_\_ box of delicious home-grown, crisply fried potatoes! They don’t have sorority house here, but the potatoes are very much in evidence, have another \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_?

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 excitement here yesterday. A young French cavalier of the lower\_\_\_ insisting on fly8ing his trade of thievery, and upone pursuit by the qendoaviners ran into one of the foorer houses along the cancal. We arrived on the scene to fine the house surrounded by qundarmines (some closrer than half a block) with plenty of people with the cops. The qledarmes had no revolvers, so whenever they would move up a little the crowd would swarm after, slightly knowing that whenever it was safe for one of them solice, so must it be safe for them. Of of the American military slice got two guns and went into the house with a \_\_\_\_. Within two minutes of shot was heard, and after several more minutes out was dragged the culprit, and bullet shot right through both cheek. The funny thing was, that when he was then hand-cuffed and bleeding the cops and some of the populace insisted on beating him. One big soldier came up behing him and beaned him exacly 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 shy but she done sank down. If I write anymore I know you won’t read it. Give my love ot Leah and the baby and Page-and the rest of the mailing list. Tell on that their letter has got to do for all. When Leah moves youll have to send it up to her. Ill bet you will miss her and Babe! Tell them not to move until I come home.

Anyway-

Lots of love and affection,

Son Melvin