

AMERICAN



ON ACTIVE SERVICE

WITH THE

AMERICAN EXPEDITIONARY FORCE

Blay'E' 331 F. A.

France

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Dear Doctor Simonds:

Every time I ever went to a fire it was extinguished before I arrived. Every time I ever got to go on a football trip the game was called off, and -

I was sitting up on an observation tower recording data for the officer who was adjusting fire, just below a hideous yellow and green 155 mm gun was coughing and roaring. About a quarter of a mile away on the edge of the dreary flat range our own seventy fires were crackling away. Every one was doing his best to make good that we might be sent forward before it was too late.

The telephone whispered over my shoulder: "The armistice is signed" I said "Unhah" and went on scribbling.



I did not know he was connected with camp. I could not realize, we cannot realize yet - that our war had biggled out too.

It is pleasant here for work and pleasant for our free hours. There is a dingy crooked village nearby and some kilometers farther a quaint resort town with white walled red tiled villas bobbing up among the yellow pines. I have tried out my little stock of French and here found that I was almost comprehensible.

The big question now is when can I pick up the tangled ends of my education and finish spinning it out.

I don't care what the Civil War fellows did, I want to come back to Knox. I hope the old school is having a good year.
Respectfully, J. Milton

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via New York