

AMERICAN



ON ACTIVE SERVICE

WITH THE

AMERICAN EXPEDITIONARY FORCE

July 7th 1918.

My dear Dad, This is Sunday, which is the only day now that I have any time to write. Up till a day or two ago I had not been doing much since I had gotten here, but the Brigade Orienting School started and it keeps me from 7 A.M. till 5:30 P.M., and consequently after I get my supper I am only fit for my cot. I haven't been bothered with the "cooties" lately. They must have gotten tired of me.

a couple of weeks; so I
am still here waiting
and hoping that it
will come off shortly.

Some of the bags
have just come in
with a bunch of mail,
the first I've gotten
in a week or so, but
none for me. The
mail is mighty irreg-
ular. Some times I get
a letter written 2
weeks after the last
one I received.

I saw in last night's
paper where Duddy
Robbins had been killed
in an airplane accident.
I believe he's the first
of the Raleigh boys. Don't
he? If I have to be killed
I hope I'll be killed
by a boche and not

by an accident.

I have never heard
from Lenox or Iddie.

Please write
Love

John.

My regards to Jeanie.

I think we are allowed to say that we are in that part of France which is known as Brittany. It is about the poorest part of France and by no means as pretty as the part I have been in.

I thought I was going to have another trip a few days ago. There were two officers and two enlisted men from the 113th to go to the front at once for instruction. I figured around + got on the detail, but the next day we were informed that the trip had been postponed for