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"My Dearest Muz"

Paul S. Johnson

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AMERICAN

YMCA

At The Warehouse ^{ON ACTIVE SERVICE}
WITH THE
AMERICAN EXPEDITIONARY FORCE

June 4

1918

My dearest Mley:-

This must needs be a hurry up letter because we are pretty busy these days with our varied scheduled but I do not want to get a line started to let you know how badly I feel and how hungry I get by meal time which with your knowledge of boy nature you will realize is a good indication.

This last week has been full and interesting. They all are though. They are never the same but when you look back you realize that every moment has been full and enjoyable.

The warehouse game has gone as briskly as ever only a little more so because the hospitals are busy. Besides our own there are a number of Tommie's with us. We are glad to serve them and hope it will help to strengthen the International Spirit. An Englishman who

had come away from the big drive in an ambulance said that everybody was doing their darndest and that one of the most frequently heard expressions ~~heard~~^{used} up on their line was, "Thank God, The Americans have come". And so we have a big job on our hands to do well. This may be the end but I doubt it. I am looking for another year about, and figure we will be fortunate if it is no more than that. Of course, I should like to see you all once in a while, but I don't want to come home until the job here is cleaned up.

Last Thursday was Decoration Day. Pretty little services were held at all our little sanctamps. It was a new Decoration Memorial Day spirit for us. In the evening a Memorial Day Meeting was held in every hut. I was assigned to make my Memorial Day Address to a group of Engineer Foresters. They run a saw mill, cut trees, etc. We had a fine time. We sang several patriotic songs, had the President's Proclamation and the Gettysburg Address, and then I gave my talk. After that they played

the Star Spangled Banner on the Victrola while the boys all stood attention. You seldom hear the Star Spangled Banner well sung so that was a pleasing innovation. And then to hear it played ^{while} the boys stood attention makes you feel lumpy around the throat. Every head erect, every chest out, not a muscle moving, the room absolutely still. Silence and rugged lines can furnish as strenuous demonstration as much noise, hurrahs, and leaping about. And then before a soul moved the bugle blew taps. We have some homely, some passable, some interesting bugle calls in our Army, but our taps takes you over the ages past, by the foot of hero's graves, and fills you with admiration and silent determination.

On Sunday I preached again at the big local hut. We had a good crowd out. Next Sunday ^{is to be} communion Sunday so my service was the preparatory service. I took for my text "What shall it profit ^{a man} ~~the world~~ if he gain the whole world and loose his own soul". Both these talks were brand new so it meant work. After the service

two men came to me and asked me to suggest their names for membership in their home church, which is the way we do that over here. A week ago there were six, so that lifting heavy cases in the warehouse isn't so bad after all.

Dr. Haylor is to have charge of the Communion service here next week. I have been assigned to assist him.

Well, I am glad you are out home again. How goes it? I sort of hope that Marrian is still there. Those jobs are so uncertain and then you need one of the girls. Fout Franc and old peach? I do get so hungry for her. Her letters are so fine and the spirit of them is so good. She has not leaved enough in the flighty frivolous, pun packed, coddling conversation of the Johnsons and some of my most clever folks are taken a bit too seriously, but she just keeps on loving me and gives me a chance to tell her just what I didn't mean so it works out all right and we love each other the more.

I'll bet you had the best time out at the Dummings', didn't you? You will know how

I felt after I spent a day out there. That simple, splendid, little homelife would make anybody fall in love with anybody and then when the girl was Franc and the fellow was six. Say, getting caught in quick sand would be like walking on a city pavement when compared with the speed with which I went under.

Four bundles of newspapers have arrived from you from Chicago. I am gradually digesting them. Sunday must have had a great time there.

Love from your busy Buddy.

Paul's last to
me. Please return.
Papa has no mittens
June 11.



ON ACTIVE SERVICE
WITH THE
AMERICAN EXPEDITIONARY FORCE

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waiting and being a most ordinary Y.M.
boy I have beaten them to about six months
very active service.

A fellow who was on our Chantanga
circuit last summer and who gave me a
very good recommendation for this work is
here in the area lecturing at present. It seems
good to see him. This is the second old face I
have seen since my arrival.

An unfortunate thing happened this week.
We had a robbery at the warehouse. American
soldiers were caught with the goods on them
and I have had to identify it and thereby put them
in line for a bunch of trouble. One's duty is
not always pleasant.

Have been swimming three times this week
and have had a very interesting visit in one
of our avocation camps.

Had some snap shots finished up this last
week. Here is one I took of No. Man's Wand.

I thought you might copy it and I
least get an idea or two of what can be done
out that way.

Love -

Paul