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## "My Dearest Muz"

Paul S. Johnson

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ON ACTIVE SERVICE  
WITH THE  
AMERICAN EXPEDITIONARY FORCE

*Ellen's birthday.*  
July 5 1918

My dearest Mary:—

I am beginning to slip up on my writing schedule again but am grabbing on time by the fetlock and holding him up for a brief delay while I get a word to you again.

The upper lip excrescence has passed ere this. It was not a health measure but just grew out my curiosity to know whether or not I could grow such an appendage in a decent length of time.

As to up to date daughters to keep you informed as to the latest popular song titles such as "Come away with me, Lucile"; it is to laugh. That is as old as my suits of winter underwear.

Marian and I have sung that at purely reunions for years. I thought surely all would recall its classic lines



Yes, May the papers and magazines arrive much to my joy. They are not all here yet according to your description of articles sent but they come more slowly than letters and probably will arrive. A high enough percentage arrive to make sending them worth while.

Yes, you hit the word Marian does not like. It is "victuals". It is not spelled like that but is pronounced the same. At that you may not be able to find it.

The word about Marian's first triumph has come and I am tickled until I feel almost like a laughing jack ass. And hama is some hum-dinger isn't she. They sure are hitting the bull's eye with splendid regularity. This is a great life.

The brown books arrived O.K. Shall make mighty good use of them. If I only had Fran here now I could get hooked up for life.



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Yes, I have seemed discouraged at the start of the season but she got over it splendidly. She has knocked about a bit but does not take partings easily. I make believe I am over in the next state & will be home most any week at two o'clock. To her I am ever further away that I am. She has just been taking things too hard. Her letters to me have been wonderful. She is such a trustful, loyal, heart whole little youngster that every day finds me more eager for the day when I shall go back to her.

I have had a fine, busy, rushed, abnormal time since I got my last letter off to you.

The last week in June saw me rounding up my work at the warehouse. A big Baptist Minister with a more splendid disposition and less presumption than



I, has succeeded me. He will work out fine in time though he goes slowly.

Sunday morning I preached at one place out several miles and in the evening was just a few miles further on. Instead of coming back I drove up quite a hill and stayed there and rested a part of a day. In the afternoon I visited a nearby aviation camp and heard about their bombing trips of the previous week. After the evening service I went out and saw them start off. Twenty four machines were in the air at once. Two days later I picked up the papers to read all about their trips and the results of the same.

The play is going great. We have given it <sup>two</sup> four times in the last weeks and it has been great fun.

My new job is great no matter from what direction you look at it. I sure have been a busy boy. I



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have my schedules pretty well made out now. Our present head of the area does not drive so he is going to make his trips with me. I have a nice ford in good condition and we will go together, so I am really the boss & right hand man. I have a motor cycle also which I have been using for hurry up trips to be made alone. You should see me crawling up the road forty miles an hour. It is great fun.

Buoy is no name for it. I must drive about fifty miles, today besides a lot of other things.

I think of you often and love you hard

Your Son.