admire nature in this camp you had best climb a tree, and from this vantage point, exclaim, "Ah, the charming gum-drops and sweet-smelling gardoonias!"

Scene at the front when we received packages and letters this morning. There must have been some excitement in the German camp as our mail man made his rounds.

PRAYER FOR SICK PERSONS

May 3, 1918.

Dear Mother—I have received two letters from you in the last two days, which makes me feel fine, of course. The job I have now is not so dangerous but the hours are so irregular that it keeps me dead tired all the time. I can never lie down to sleep and feel sure that I will not be awakened to go out on some detail. Last night I was called out at 11:00 o'clock and did not get in till this morning. But then, the ammunition and supplies have to go up and we cannot win the war if we quit when we feel tired. I guess the Germans lose as much sleep as we do.

I am living in a chateau perched up on a wooded hill. It is quite ancient and it is in an advanced stage of decay, but I have a fairly decent room. I found an old book, written in English and printed in 1718, dealing with the subject of religion. Just now I am reading "Prayers for Sick Persons." It is "good stuff" but I'm not sick. I think some of those prayers would kill a really sick man!

Some of the officers of this regiment are being sent home for a few months, but I would rather stay over here and see this thing through. Time passes swiftly and we do not have much chance to get homesick.

I felt that I was lucky in getting over and not having to spend those weary months training the new army.

You spoke of my laughing and having a good time in spite of the fighting. I certainly do! I try to see the comic side of every little incident and to make use of this tendency by contributing to the cheer of our Battery. Incidentally I have got the men to looking for the funny things and they are always asking me to draw cartoons of this and that. War isn't so bad if you don't pay any attention to the horrible side of it!

Well, I have got to get some sleep. I have a hard day ahead of me. Lots of love to everybody and see that there is no gloom in the Brown family. Paul isn't downhearted! And you know I'm not.

H. U. B. Jr.

PAUL ON MOTHERS' DAY

[On this day at Mesnil St. Firma near Cantigny (with the First Division) Hilton was wounded. It was near the hour in which Paul in another sector and with the Rainbow Division, refers to the possibility of his brother's danger.]

Mothers' Day, 1918.

Dear Ninie—I have just passed a wonderful day. So I will state the unbelievable facts. In the first place I
slept to a reasonable hour. During the morning I did my routine work and other little duties at the map room or administration office. About eleven o’clock I bought at the commissary some tomato soup and other articles. I took these to my room where I had invited several of my friends. We turned over our food supplies to the old French lady to be cooked and served. There was a lapse of time while this was being done and our appetites had ample time to make themselves felt. In due time we adjourned from my room to the small combination sitting and dining room, where a truly wonderful meal awaited us. First was the soup, then a lettuce salad followed by fried potatoes and steak, which having been duly put away, we ordered a dozen egg omelets. Then as a surprise and dessert the old woman brought out a cake and a can of apricots. After this glorious meal we again gathered in my room and “gassed” till stable call when I was left alone by the fire with a magazine. That it was raining and dreary outside made the room more cozy. The occasional boom, more like thunder, hardly reminded one that he was at war up front right under the German nose. Towards evening I reported to Headquarters where all had taken a day off and after the ceremonies and mess I took a muddy hike along the river to get a bit of air. I have returned and taken a bath, put on clean clothes and feel quite guilty—almost as if I had done something wicked. A person ought not to have such a good time while his very brother may be under heavy fire. But then, these kinds of days don’t come very often. P. V. B.

WOUNDED

[On May 12, 1918, Hilton received his first serious wound. A shell exploded under his horse, in the Cantigny-Montdidier campaign inflicting severe wounds on the rider, the worst being in his leg. He was in the hospital three months.]
a noble character. She has been decorated three times and
has such a motherly nature that one can feel her presence
in the room, even if one is sleeping. She speaks a little
English and says our men are splendid and are showing
wonderful spirit and courage in the hospitals.

I have a little room here with a French officer. He is
an aviator and was wounded the other day when six
Germans attacked him. He was far over the Boche lines
but he won back to safety bringing some important photo­
graphs along. He was hit in the leg by a machine gun
bullet but the Croix de Guerre he is now sporting on his
night shirt (it was brought in to him last night) seems
to make up for the injury.

As I am still a little weak, I will close for today. I do
not expect to be here very long. Should be back for duty
in a week.

H. U. B. Jr.

BOUND TO BE SOME WORRYING

MAY 16, 1918.

Dear Mother—This is only my fourth day in the hos­
pital and I already feel like an old timer at this game.
It has certainly been a fine experience and I have enjoyed
myself thoroughly except for the fact that you people
back home may see the report of my injury and worry
about me. However, I guess there is bound to be some
worrying during this old war. I am being very well
taken care of, in fact I think I am “teacher’s pet” espe­
cially with the pretty nurses, of whom there are two. You
should be glad it is I that am here and not Paul for he
sure would “cut up” with said nurses. Some American
nurses dropped in here yesterday and they were the first
American girls I had seen since I left New York. One
of them gave me a tablet, another gave me a box of ciga­
rettes and they all donated flowers and oranges. They are
“some gang,” with lots of pep and fun.

Another bright period in the history of my stay here
was when my friend the aviator, whose bunk is next to
mine, was visited by a group of his brother aviators. That
also was some gang. They shook this old French hospital
from stem to stern. I guess they violated all the known
rules of the institution. They insisted on seeing the wound­
ed man’s injury, they ate the cookies the nurse had brought
him, they fought with him and me and one another, and
generally had a swell time. They were a fine bunch of
young fellows and every one of them (there were seven)
had a decoration of some kind. Some had all of them.
Their stay was prolonged in the hope that the fair nurses
would come in, but I guess the nurses knew better.

Well, mother, do not worry about me. By the time
you get this letter I will be back with the Battery and I’ll
try not to get wounded again. Be assured of this fact:
If either Paul or I gets injured, the Red Cross will take
good care of us. I know now.

Lots of love to all the folks,

H. U. B. Jr.

HOLDING THE LINE

MAY 23, 1918.

Dear Dad—I have been transferred from Hospital
No. 1 and am now at Base Hospital 34. I spend most of
the time cursing my leg. It is not painful at all but it
will take time to heal. I guess I can count on a month
here, which is quite a disgusting admission to have to
make. The wound itself, as made by the shell fragment,
was small, but the doctor had to do a great deal of cutting to get “said” fragment and so I have to sit around now and wait for the blankety blank cut to get well.

The wounds around my ear have healed but I guess I will have a couple of scars. They are pretty small but they are scars just the same and shall be treated with all due respect by every one.

They do not allow wounds to heal up in a hurry. They keep them open making them heal up solidly from the bottom. I have plenty of time to think about you folks back home, tearing down strawberry shortcakes every day. Well, do not worry about us; we are also having a good time. Pretty soon I will be allowed to go out into the park, and later on into town—Oh Boy! After six months in the mud—look out!

I am no good as a patient. I would lots rather be back on the line. It certainly is hard lying here so horribly far from the Battery, when one knows that they are holding the line up there and that he could be of help (at least he thinks so) if he were there.

We have beautiful country around here. I am not so far from the old school where I spent my first three months in France. I did not think I would be coming back along the same line on a stretcher. Neither did I think, that day that Jack drove Arch and me out to Fort Harrison to sign up for training camp, that just a year from that date I would be taking a ride in a Ford ambulance in France. However, I am willing to take another ride if it will help win the war. I am not afraid of being wounded any more, because I know of the good treatment in the hospitals.

Well the doctor is here to dress my leg, so I must close.

Love to all.

H. U. B. JR.

DEAR JEAN—’Tis twilight, and the setting sun casts lengthening shadows across the land, shadows which are reflected in the nearby swamp. (You see I do not write very well as my leg is not entirely well and one needs a leg to stand on at this business.)

Nevertheless, it is twilight. (Somehow I don’t get an inspiration to write until the light begins to go bad) and the ward is unusually quiet. On most days at this hour a fierce combat rages, the Major of the Signal Corps and a machine gun Captain on one side, and I (or me) on the other. Our missiles (how do you spell mistels, misels or missels) are balls of tinfoil; but last night the battle waxed so hot that a slipper was thrown through a window and out on the velvety lawn. (Of course that isn’t the reason for the quiet tonight! Perhaps the strange calmness is due to the soothing effect of music—for there is music right here. Three of the officers are singing, “She’s my Freckle Faced Consumptive Mary Jane.”)

We are now allowed to tell where we are, that is, when we are back along lines of communication. I am now at Base Hospital 34, which is situated at Nantes. Look me up on the map. I am on the beautiful river Loire, in what is known as the Garden of France. So far I have seen only that little which my view from the window commands. That little is chiefly the swamp mentioned on page 1, line 3, this letter.

Well, I’ve got to quit for a minute as the cocoa is here. We get it every evening. It is now getting so dark it is quite hard to see and there is such a bitter argument going on it is hard to think.
NEXT DAY, 4 P. M.

We got a new batch of wounded in last night, so I had to suspend writing. We now have sixteen officers in the ward.

Well I've got to quit. I am being heavily bombarded with tinfoil. My regards to everybody. As ever,

H. U. B. Jr.

WOUNDED BUT NOT WORRYING

MAY 29, 1918.

DEAR DAD—Still in bed but doing nicely. My wound is healing up from the inside, is clean and absolutely painless and so I do not worry but lie and look out the window or have a good time with the other patients. We have twelve in here now but all of them are able to get up except the machine gun Captain and me. He has a leg wound, too, and has been in the hospital since the 2nd.

This is a great place to fight the war over. We have rehearsed every day and every battle and have carefully fixed up the future so that it will have a happy ending.

If I could get some mail the time would pass a little faster but it is not bad at any rate. I will get mail in a few days, I hope, for I have written the Captain to forward here.

Well, lots of love to everyone.

Affectionately,

H. U. B. Jr.

THE DOCTOR

BASE HOSPITAL 34,

JUNE 1, 1918.

I will start June off in the proper way by writing you a few lines. March 1st I said I was going to start that
This pleases him to a great degree and he goes about his labors with much zest. When he wrings a groan from one of us the rest start up the funeral diry again.

It is a great life down here, but hardly one to furnish much material for letters, so excuse my bold-faced attempts to manufacture "copy."

H. U. B. Jr.

TO A SON IN FRANCE

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.,
June 7, 1918.

We have just had your letter telling of your wounds. We had had no advices at all of them. I do not know why the government did not inform us. However, it was good to get the news from you in such pleasant doses. "Ninie" has just come into the office with one of your letters, and Louise had another by the same mail. From these we gather the facts; and particularly we can see that your pluck and good cheer are with you. We know from this that you will be well and "up and at 'em" again before a great while.

Of course one cannot have such news without some emotion; but I want to assure you that my wife has the courage of a soldier's mother. Your letters would make any family happy.

The very day that you were wounded, as we figure it, Paul was writing a letter to us, explaining that he was having a half day off and a glorious time, including a beefsteak dinner. He was so comfortable that he afterwards felt guilty—because possibly at that very hour the "Boches were shooting at his brother." And just so it proved to be. But, thank heaven, their aim was not as good as it might have been. We are proud of both of you. No book on philosophy has given you the spirit that you show. It is the very essence of life.

Do you remember the critical moments in the football game? Well, we are living those moments, and on tip-toe are "rooting" as people ought to root when they have such a "team" as you two fellows belong to.

Great days are these! If ever a moment of depression comes to you—and I do not believe it will—remember that the blood of the civilized world is coursing through your veins. And by it we shall live and conquer.

H U. B. Sr.

PAUL AT SAUMUR

JUNE 4, 1918.

I am at Saumur school of instruction. The course is very hard and I will have to work as I never did before to get through and must have luck at that. I have been at the front and am sorry I'm not there now when the struggle is at its height. It is pretty bad just now, as you all know.

JUNE 9, 1918.

The food here is excellent. It is even served to us by French women (most of them of a good ripe old age). Likewise our beds and barracks are made and cleaned up. Everything is fine here but one has to keep moving and study.

By this time you know that Tuck has been wounded. Fritz Wagoner received a letter from Tow Bonham in which he stated that Tuck's horse was shot out from under him while he was taking ammunition up to his Battery. Doggone it, why can't I be up there getting a Hun or two! I never did like school anyway. If Tuck
went through this school with good grades he must know something of artillery.

As I told you, I spent a few days in Paris. I spent money, also, by the way. The streets are for vehicles and any man run over is arrested. The taxis and cabs make a continual stream. There are thousands of them and they are all alike, much like the old red Ford of early date. It is only natural that one forgets there is a war going on while in Paris. We had air raids and alarms but no one paid any attention to them. We were riding in one of the aforesaid cabs when “Bertha” dropped a shell about fifty yards from us. It made a nice big hole but nobody was hurt. French pedestrians merely pointed to the explosion and uttered the meaningless “La.” I suppose there are some serious-minded people in Paris but they are not in evidence.

P. V. B.

WALKING AGAIN

JUNE 11, 1918.

While I was lying in bed I made the resolution that I would write often, and interestingly, after I got on my feet again. And now that I am up, I suddenly realize that I have been visiting around for four days and have not even sent the joyful news home that I am again walking. Please forgive my negligence. Liberty is so sweet that I have not stayed in my ward any longer than necessary. I have a new uniform—new from underwear and shoes up to my cap. My old one was torn to tatters by the shell that sent me here. Clothes are expensive but I suppose you find it the same back home. I paid three hundred francs for my coat and breeches alone—about sixty dollars. My shoes cost me about eleven dollars. But nevertheless I am well dressed up again in clean clothes and feel quite respectable. I actually was able to crawl into a bathtub full of hot water, the first real bathtub since January 1st.

My wounded leg is getting along. I can walk without even a cane now and with hardly a noticeable limp. I walked about three or four miles this afternoon and do not feel any too bad now. The wounds on my head do not bother me at all and I am afraid the scars are going to fade into nothingness. I was thinking this afternoon as I strolled along that it must be a great relief, with me safe in a hospital, to have only one son to worry about during these days of increased activity. I hope Paul writes you often, but I am afraid it will be difficult for him in addition to all the work he has to do.

I met an officer here in the hospital that saw Bill Mathews up at the front and I am glad old Bill is getting into the thick of things, and know you will be, too.

Nantes is quite a city. We have street cars, taxis, cabs, cathedrals and many cafes. We have an old cathedral and a new one, both quite magnificent; and I feel almost too insignificant to exist when I stand and look up at the arched ceilings and fluted columns. The town is made up of modern houses for the most part, and through the gates in the stone walls about these houses you can get a peep at beautiful gardens, full of graveled walks bordered by flowers and shrubs. The French have a mean habit of hiding their pretty gardens behind walls and houses.

It is getting fairly late and I had better bring this rambling letter to a close. Give my regards to all my friends back home and remember that I am where you need not worry about me for at least a few more weeks.

H. U. B. Jr.
BACK TO BED AGAIN

Base Hospital 34,
June 16, 1918.

Your cablegram dated the 8th reached me the 13th and caused me no end of joy. I am so glad my letters went through with some sort of speed and that they were cheerful. I was still rather groggy from ether when I wrote the first ones and was not quite sure whether I talked sense or not. Cablegrams come through England and have to be mailed from there, hence the delay. My delay in answering is simply criminal negligence again. I have been put to bed again because the doctor saw some red around the edges of my wound and put me back on hot sodium dressings, to ward off infection.

I am most surprisingly well, however, and all the king's horses and all the king's men will not be able to keep me here much longer. I want to get back in the line. I received a letter from Lt. McCabe of my Battery and he sympathized with me for missing out on a great deal of good action.

Concerning my injuries: The leg is coming along O.K. and I am taking long walks on it, but am having trouble with the final healing. The wound is where the muscles play when I walk and therefore things are going a bit slowly, with me trotting around all the time.

I have been scouring the country for Paul. I had a post card from him saying he was on his way to an Artillery School, and I have been sending telegrams and letters trying to find out if he is near me. If he is, I can get a two days' pass to visit him and I am so anxious to find him.

I have something horrible to tell you now, and it is the real reason why I have not written sooner. The doctor says I will have to go to "B" duty when I get out of here. "B" duty is temporary work behind the lines and I hate to think of not going back to a Battery, especially the old Seventh F. A.

Well, there is no use kicking—I guess I will see plenty of fighting before the war is over, so I will not sing the blues. Write often because the letters from home are the joy of my life.

H. U. B. Jr.

"B" DUTY—SOMETHING HORRIBLE!

Nantes, June 30, 1918.

I have been gadding about feverishly this past week; hence the deep silence from me. There is so much to be done—museums and art galleries to be visited, parks to be explored—that I have been kept busy all the time.

There is a village up the river that can be reached by a little steamboat, and I have made the trip. The boat runs up there early in the afternoon and returns about 5:00 p.m. During the afternoon we eat at a little restaurant (the "we" includes some of the other wounded officers here) where we get wonderful food. The trip is beautiful and I hope to make it again before I am discharged.

SAVED BY MOTHERS' DAY LETTERS

Base Hospital No. 34, Nantes, France,
July 1, 1918.

When I first wrote from the hospital I thought I would get back for duty in two weeks. That was a month and
a half ago and now they tell me I shall have to do light duty for six months after I get out of the hospital. I was afraid to write that news home but a nurse said I could have a full length picture taken which would show that I had all my arms and legs so that you folks back there would be satisfied. I will have the photo taken this apres midi. [Copies of this photograph were mailed later but were probably on a ship that was submarine. At least the photograph was not received in the United States. In April, 1919, copies were found at a Nantes gallery by Lieut. James S. Dennis, and sent to the family.]

My fame as a cartoonist has spread abroad over the hospital and I am called on to exhibit my wares from all quarters. If some one falls out of bed or talks in his sleep, some one else always exclaims, "That would make a good cartoon, Brown!" I have drawn in the nurses' diaries, have illustrated letters for the officers and have made so many "bum" pictures that I would hate to look an artist or real cartoonist in the face.

I have just issued forth a victor from a bloodless battle with "Grandpa," a splendid Marine who had as narrow an escape as I had. A shell splinter hit him in the side and a rib stopped it from entering his heart. I cannot remember whether I told you or not, but I was hit on Mothers' Day and I had a big bunch of mothers' letters I was taking from the Battery back to the base to mail. I had them in my side pocket and a piece of steel went through all of those letters, through my web belt, and just barely broke the skin on my stomach. It was not a big piece but the "Doc" said it was big enough to muss up my insides, and so I say those letters saved my life. I am saving the belt as a souvenir—the only one I have besides my scars, made by other pieces of the same shell, and they are where I cannot show everybody.

H. U. B. Jr.  

JULY FOURTH

July 4, 1918.

I have finally got in touch with Paul. He is at Saumur, which is the place where I spent three months. The best part of it is, I am going to be able to visit him in the next few days, and I know you will all rejoice with us at the reunion. I will write the details afterward.

I received a letter from Johnny Jordan, my old Artillery friend who is in the aviation, and he said you were coming over here. Is this merely a rumor? I wish you could come over. Description, even if permitted, fails in trying to picture the conditions in Europe.

Today is July 4, always a momentous day in the history of our country, and surely the boys up on the line are not detracting from the glory of our record. I am not up there now, but you can believe that I will be there next year when the U. S. troops will not be merely a helpful but a dominating factor in the big show.
The doctor says I am well, but he will not put me back to active duty. Really it will take more bravery to do my duty back of the lines than it would up there at the front. However, you can trust me. I will “carry on,” Dad, even if my fighting implements are a swivel chair and a pen.  

H. U. B. Jr.

THE SHELL SHOCKS
FROM THE HOSPITAL,
JULY 13, 1918.

Today has dawned clear and bright after a week of cold, stormy weather, undoubtedly in preparation for the French holiday tomorrow. The French people are great people for festivities and they celebrated with us on the 4th of July with great spirit. All shops are closed and the populace parades forth in its best silks and satins.

The hospital is a good place to hear stories and to gather experiences. One of the oddest types of patients here is the shell-shocked men. Their cases are pathetic and many of them are souvenirs of frightful days at the front. Most of them are afflicted with a nervous twitching of some kind. Some will bob their heads up and down, others shake their heads and some simply tremble all over. These men have no confidence in themselves and it is only with the greatest persuasion that the doctors can get them out of bed and into the grounds. The chaplain here took a special interest in them for a while, and did so well with them, in fact, that he finally coaxed them into taking a walk down one of the quiet streets of the town with him. All went well and the shell shocks were actually enjoying themselves and had ceased to shake and bob and tremble, until a man came up from the rear on a bicycle and rang his bell. The effect was electrical. The shell shocks let out a weird chorus of squeaks and bolted for the sheltering walls of the hospital, the chaplain following as fast as age and dignity would permit. When he got to their ward, they were in their bunks with the blankets pulled up over their heads, all shaking in old-time form. Needless to say, the chaplain declared himself “finished” with the shell shocks and now they are under the sole care of a doctor and nurse. The only hopeful things about the malady is that it finally wears off.

One S S was getting along well and was the pride and envy of the others, but one day the doctor found him back in the old condition. When asked what caused the relapse, he said: “Oh, I was out in the g-g-garden and a l-l-little b-b-bird f-f-flew at me!”

H. U. B. Jr.

MEETS PAUL AT SAUMUR
SUMMER OF 1918.

I have just been up to see Paul at Saumur, and, needless to say, it was the happiest event since I have been over here. I found him with Fritz Wagoner and I took them both out to dinner, which was absolutely rotten, but we did not pay any attention to the food. There was too much to be said.

Paul has not changed much so far as appearances go. He is still slender and dark, the same voice, the same old characteristics. He is more the soldier than ever, and, wondrous to relate, is quite a student. He leads his division of eighty candidates in scholarship and I am sure he is doing the same thing in the practical work in the field. Everyone speaks highly of him.

We had a gay time talking over the olden days and comparing notes on letters. The Butler boys seem to
HILTON U. BROWN, JR.

be making themselves known wherever they are. Jean wrote that I had jumped into prominence by being the first Butlerite wounded. Tow is still at the front from all I can hear, and the rest of the officers of my regiment seem to have escaped injury. Quite a number of them have been cited for distinguished conduct, the Colonel being one of them.

It certainly was like going home to get back to Saumur. And, oh Dad, I saw Sebat, my old orderly, and strange to say, we could talk and understand each other. Once or twice I got stuck on some of his wild French and he would start on his much wilder English but I would shut him off and struggle through with the French. When I told him I had a brother at the school he said he would look Paul up. I told him Paul did not speak French but he replied with stunning confidence, "Oh me speak English." I want to hear from Paul when Sebat finds him.

I hope the family at home is as well as its representatives in France are. Paul will need some money when he gets his commission and it will be a good place for me, malefactor of great wealth that I am, to get rid of some of my ill-gotten gains.

H. U. B. Jr.

WOUNDED COMRADES FROM THE FRONT

JULY 25, 1918.

We have moved from our old ward and are now in a wooden barrack out in the hospital grounds. We had to move to make room for the new wounded—the aftermath of the big push up between Soissons and Rheims. Every action up there has its reaction back here and we hear echoes from the battlefield from those who are brought back. Quite a few of my old acquaintances in the Infantry came in yesterday, and you will be surprised to hear that Bill Mathews of the Marines was among them. He has not been wounded but was sent back as an exhaustion case. He was a sad sight when he first arrived but after a good long sleep, some good meals, a bath and a shave, he is looking as well as ever. His story is a quite thrilling one but you can hear it from him, as he has promised to write you.

Every one is of good cheer and anxious to get back again. We that are on the mend are dashing around at all hours, finding old friends and trying to make them as comfortable as possible. I was present when the hospital train came in—the last one—and after seeing that all my friends were taken care of, I met up with some officers who were going through to another hospital. They were not badly shot up, so we retired to the station cafe and had quite a little party. I ordered up food and drink that are unknown in the zone of advance, and while they munched omelets, lamb chops and French-fried "spuds," and washed these down with the French equivalent of "sody," I watched the engineer and gave them warning as to how long they might eat. There was a big rough-house when they found that I had paid the Madame on the sly, but they left in good spirits and admitted that that had been the first hour since the push started in which they had not talked or thought about the war.

Well, I am still in the hospital in spite of all my brave efforts to get out. I am even more anxious than ever to get back now, as they say the Artillery is galloping down roads going into action, and then going forward again.

I will let you know, of course, when and where I am going as soon as I find out.

H. U. B. Jr.
HOSPITAL EXPERIENCES

AUGUST 1, 1918.

Dear Folks—I received letters and a cable yesterday and two letters today. However they were not of a late date, but more than a month old.

Please don't forget to thank all my friends for their interest in me and tell them I am getting along now and am having the time of my life back here in the hospital. I am terribly anxious to get back to the regiment and am getting into condition again by long walks, golf, etc. One difficulty arises, though, and that is what slows up my full recovery. The injury will not heal completely when I exercise the muscles in that leg.

The doctor has begun a new treatment for my wound. He is using a new salve on it and it is really healing up now. He promises to have me out of here in the near future, which means about one more week here, I think. I will be allowed to go to A duty for I can run or walk in old time form now.

The last time I saw Paul, about two weeks ago, we climbed up into the old chateau at Saumur, and even the long climb up into the tower did not bother me. As we stood up there, gazing down at the smaller turrets, battlements and thick walls, Paul said: "This is a strong defense, but I bet you and Mike could not keep me out if I wanted to get in." If you can remember how Arch and I always battled against "poor little Paulie"—as mother called him—you will realize how little he has changed from the Paul of olden days.

I suppose everyone back there in the States is hungering for details and stories of what the U. S. troops are doing over here. We hear fine tales here at the hospital and of course they are first hand and authentic. One officer here in the ward has a story about his striker—or orderly.

They were running along in the advances and a Boche stepped out from behind a tree and fired at the Lieutenant. He missed, fortunately, and the striker bore down on him at full speed with his bayonet which went clear through the Hun and stuck into the tree so far the man could not get it out and had to run on, leaving gun, bayonet and Heinie pinned into that tree. Everybody says that the "Boche" surrender readily when hard pressed, and many of the severely wounded Americans were carried back to the rear by German prisoners.

I am glad everything goes on so well back home. Keep "Mose" [the new gardener] until I get back. I must look him over. Jean writes that you call him everything from Alexander the Great, and "our dark-skinned brother" down to "the little curly headed boy." Evidently you have not changed in the last year either.

I feel quite loquacious this afternoon but had better quit and inflict some of this "guff" on Jean and Louise whom I have slighted of late. Lots of love to everybody.

As ever your son,

H. U. B. Jr.

HOW IT FEELS TO BE WOUNDED

AUGUST 3RD, 1918.

Dear Weesa—I expect to be away from here any day now, and my obliging friends sneak up behind me and go Z-z-z-z Bang! Which is supposed to be the sound a shell makes when it comes your way. The one that hit me just said Korambo!! right beside me, without any introductory remarks. (You asked me in your last letter about some of the details, so you have only yourself to blame if I repeat what I have already written.) The
next I knew, after the explosion, I was lying on the road with Jerry, my "Arabian" steed, reposing on one of my legs. I was choked and blinded with the smoke of the shell, and my ears were ringing painfully from the concussion. You can judge as nearly as I was able to, as to the distance of the six-inch projectile from its target—that's me! I untangled myself from my nag—he was still alive and rolled over when I applied my free leg. My first thought was "My gosh, something awful has happened, but what was it?" My next idea was to get poor old Jerry out of his misery. I did not have my pistol with me but I had seen an M. P. (military police) down the road and I called him to me. By this time I was reeling around in the road like a "gent" who had looked too long on the vin rouge. So the M. P. scorned Mr. Plug and took me kindly by the arm and led me toward the first aid station. Shells were falling all around "pretty frequent" by this time but a tranquil peacefulness had fallen over my turbid spirit and I paid no heed to the raucous uproar around me except to observe where the shells hit (this is always of value—to know what part of the road Heinie shells), and to pick up my M. P. comrade who would fling himself on his face as each shell whistled by. Thus we went to the first aid station where I got fixed up and whence I departed in state in an ambulance. A veterinary doctor was near the first aid station and he disposed of poor old Jerry. I was quite happy to know my mount got medical attention as soon as I did—although his was of a more sad and permanent nature.

I have bored you enough with details that took place nearly three months ago. (I blush with shame when I think I have actually lain around for that long.) Don't let Dad put this into The News. The long-suffering Indianapolis public has heard enough of Brown's scratch.

We all feel like celebrating here for the boys up at the front for the good work they are doing. The Boche meant to put their big smash through there between Soissons and Rheims. The men who have come back from there say the German preparations were enormous. Huge piles of ammunition and supplies testify that Heinie had not intended to withdraw from that sector. It is a significant fact that the retreat was so speedy there was not even time to dispose of the shells and equipment.

I hope to be back with good old D Battery by the time you get this letter, but there is no telling where I will be sent.

H. U. B. Jr.