

Capt. Frank L. Peterson
Ord. Dept.
Amer. Exp. Card

11/17/18

Officers Mail

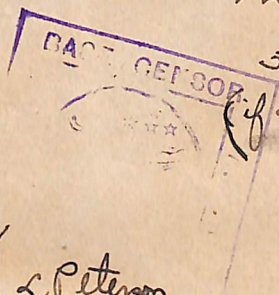


Mrs. Thor, P. Walker
506 West 113th St

(if address not correct
% Girls Friendly Society)

New York City

U. S. A-



O.K.
Censored by
Capt. Frank L. Peterson
Ord. Dept.

Paris, France
le 26th Août, 1918

Bon Ami:-

(Hav'n't snatched yet)

Well after puffing around France for a while I am plunked down in die yhe town and I strut around and say "So this is Paris" and from now on I am going to blt cheasty about it "n everything. But It is the town of towns.

The town is "wonderful" (one of our weak U.S.A. words) the parks and gardens are beyond compare, and more women know how to wear just black or black and white than one would ever dream of. This town makes 5th. Ave. look like Ch. St. Reno when it comes to women's dress.

The cheapest thing that the French people have is their time or labor - I think we have to say that they forgot more about living 100 years ago than we know in a certain sense. I can't say France is clean behind the ears always - and the once per week bath is quite in evidence in crowds - but in skilled work - town cleaning and gardening - cooking - dressing - things sure hand it on us quite a lot.

I am in Paris - Paris the town that hates a new or full moon. I agree with them. I have a room on the top of the Regina Hotel - a nice soft spot for a bomb to land. Oh. Oh. mi. They knew

that I looked as if I came from Pavia.
I am getting along fine in French - really. I
can see de Laguna occasionally stare at me but I ain't
vrou to beat x?LL. Was stumped yesterday - rope hat.
I went into a store to buy some socks. Well I didn't
know the word for socks, so after while wanted to sell
me some liniment for an apparently sprained leg due to
my peating - I finally took my peuttel off and
showed her. And I the bear cat - ate me all over
in a h - yes I talk French - sometimes.

Saw the Quilleries Garden and the Champ de Mars
(easy to see - well and hard to pronounce) and then had my
afternoon hat by sitting on our office. I am waiting
orders and looks as if I will go down to the central
part of France.

We'll want you to send me some stuff too sweet as
they say here but will have to wait till I get a
permanent address.

You hear a whole lot more about the war than we do
but holy smit the stuff we see. European newspapers
are dead from their dandruff down.

The American force do not have to take second
place to none of them. By the time you get this you
will hear more. I have talked with several from
Chateau Thierry and even half our gong hasn't
been told. I bet victory saved the whole gang
thats all, and put new morale in all the various
forces.

James O. Smith
1911, March 22

My father & mother

My address is
Capt. Frank L. Peterson
Ord. Dept.
70 Cox and Co.
16 Charing Cross
London, S.W.1
England.

(My banking connection)

Ben (C'est le genre)

I can't write paper here

I sent 5 weeks wash to the Laundry today and as a consequence my grip is so light I can carry it on my ear. Hot water for baths in Paris only on Saturdays and Sundays and taxed on top of that.

When I was at Blois I faced the east and called for you Tom but no answer - He must have been on some sidewalk drinking vin blanc till he was dead.

met Tommy McBride - the only Nevada man so far. Have met two from our factory at Placita.

One should study French before coming here. You get chopped down in dummy French and when you travel believe me you have to talk to get to where you are going and to keep from starving.

Am going to do this trip all over in 10 years - its great.

Well I must close for now

Regards to all

Frank L. Peterson

only on next page.