

Tours, France
May 3, 1919

Dear Yonkers:

Your letter of April 21st galloped into this burg in record time, however, your opening paragraph is a dud. The reference is to my Scorn. The sun and the vigorous climate of Germany has developed quite a color to it, so that now it is a delicious coral. Your husband has one too, but, his looks like a Mandarin's, each separate hairlet having a half acre of room and kind of wandering off into space. I will not change my name for my moustache, no never, never even will I let a woman browbeat me into such a thing. "Corn", say!!!! we have as much canned corn as we have canned willie and sometimes I wish you had your wish-- that is to come over to the A.E.F. and relieve us of eating this stuff- you could then have a real Phi Pi banquet !!!!

Say Ruth, where in the world did you get those funny little gum labels that you stick on the upper sector of the envelopes. I bet you fell a victim to those street printing stands at Coney Island. But I like them, they are very nice as the sight of one of them on a letter unopened indicates that you have "written till it hurts". Atta old pep. Also I notice a nice new kind of three cent stamp. Good looking.

Well I finished my trip to Germany. Did over 4100 miles in a large White Staff Car. Had 1 puncture and killed one cat and one dog. I told my driver to avoid any further killings as that would surely augur for another puncture.

I shall have the Corona typewriter Company commence suit against you for calling their product the lowest among the low of animalculae. The Corona is a nice chatty machine, it chats and chortles like a saw mill, but ain't the writin' purty n'est pas. And besides you are just as fickle as all womankind, when I thot that you were as firm in your convictions as that rock the British Empire keeps in cold storage to make an American life insurance Company have something to talk about in the Saturday Evening Post and the Homely Ladies Journal. Once upon a time, now do not squirm Ruth, onct thee and me had a bitter rauctionous argument about the Remington and the Underdog, I mean the Underwood, in the University of Nevada sometime along in October in the late 80's and you crossed your heart and spit and solemnly affirmed that the Underwood had the Remington cheated sixty six ways from the Mecca. Now you dare sit up in the Hotel Belmont and tip off to the woild that the Remington is the Real Goods. You ought to join the Signal Corps.

So Mrs. Brown is going to Newport, will you work her up a nice report. One week more to work, so don't tear your last shirt, for Mrs. Brown-Mrs. Brown of Newport.

Ooooh Ruth. You certainly have an ear for music when it comes to describe things. You should write an essay on How to Grow Old Gracefully-- quoting your letter sid pro quo "Same ole beautiful Jessie". Now, that is no way to talk about Jesse Hylton 'n fact ennebuddy. We all try to keep as young as the drugstores will let us. When one gets as old as Mrs. Blaney and acts the way she does, then we can say things pro bono publico, but Ruth, be careful of our girlhood friends.

On the finish of my tripto Germany I reported to Is-Sur-Tille "for station and duty". I was there an hour when I received orders to proceed to Mehun-sur-Yevre for duty and evacuation to the U.S. The sound of this order was Purple and Pink and Silver. So I reported to Mehun and there I found lots of ink in the honey. Mehun for a casual officer- I am a casual officer now as my division has released me to the Personnel Division and I may linger in Mehun several weeks, I may get assigned to another Division, I may be put to work in the Mehun shops or I may get home in charge of troops-50-50. I am in Tours for a couple of days getting my baggage together. Then I will go back to Mehun and linger a little longer longer. In the meantime I tried to poke things along here in Tours in the Personnel section and I found that all my papers were up in the Promotion Board and that I am being considered for a Majority. Now, I suppose that it will just be my luck that I will be released from Mehun to a Base Port the day before my commission is offered on an engraved silver platter studded with fish eyes, and if it comes a day late everything will go to salvage as orders to a Base Port (sush a French port) mean fini chocolat. If you had ever been to Europe like we'uns you would appreciate what a turrible thing "fini chocolat" is.

I saw your husband the day before I left. He came in to referee a pie-eating contest and it was by mere luck I looked around. I did not have a chance to go out and see him again. I will do the best to get him home, but of course Priscilla Alden asked Mr Standish "What about yourself Jawn" Jawn will be mighty busy dragging the grass out between his own toes.

Well Ruth so much for now as I have to quit as go to the Prayer Meeting ? Be careless. Swim a swim for me.

Where did the previous Mrs. Norcess go ?

Comme toujours

Frank L.