



On Active Service
WITH THE AMERICAN EXPEDITIONARY FORCE

Jan. 20, 1918

Dear Little Girlie;

I just recieved three letters, two of which was full of good & heer, and the other two came from my little Pal. One was dated Dec. 11 and the other was dated Dec. 14th.

The thrid was from Mother and contained a little bad news.

Milton has had a nervous breakdown and mother has hurt her hand and ankle, and dad has a touch of Bronchitis. Well I hope everyone comes along alright. I sort of looked for Milton to break down, he worries so much about his work.

Well Dear, I can't wait until I get home, and then we can give old Man Moon a try out as our new censor. Ch! Girlie?

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Just Wait until I get back home
I'll have to put William on
K. P. for a week, for trying to
"steal the Sweatheart of a Soldier."
See, I'll bet the new little Turk
is some buster, I can't wait until
I see him and get a hold of
him. Can he say "Ugly nuckle bol."
yet? ha! Ha!

Dear little lonesome girl, I know
just how you feel and I guess
you will be glad to get my letter
but when you read it and find
that I am still in France you
will not be so glad. I wish
this was the last letter that
I would have a chance to write.
I wish we were leaving to night
I could hike fifty miles with
my 78 lb. pack, instead of the
eighteen that we have to hike
to Bordeaux, where we will
embark for God's country.



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I am ready to go to-night
in spite of the rainy night
that it is, if we would only
get the word to "Pack up."
I believe I'll go "Plum Dippy"
when our orders come. I am
not much of a singer but I
sure can yell and I am going
to sing or yell "Homeward
bound" all the way home
on that old Battle Ship that
takes us back. Dearie, I have
an engagement with a big
tall Girl in New York, she
is so tall that, I guess I
will have to get a step ladder
to kiss her. You know her
dear, she is a friend of yours
too. The mere sight of her
will make my heart throb.
She stands out in the harbor
and show a gleaming ray of



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light out accross the sea,
welcoming the boys, back to
the land of the brave and free,
How well I remember, when
we waived our last good-
bye to her and sang, "Good-
bye Broadway, Hello France."
She is still waiting for us
to return. The Goddess of Liberty.

Well Sweetheart, cheer up
and drive away those awful
blues, for Sammy will come
marching home someday, it
will not be long now dear.
The shipments of troops, back
to the states are increasing
every day now, and Wilson is
doing his utmost to get the
boys back home to their Wives
and Families and Sweethearts
I wish I could have walked
in to you, just before Christ-
mas, when you were feeling



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so lonesome and blue.

I was very sorry to hear that Ollie will be held at Camp Taylor, so long. It sure gives a fellow the Willies to know that the War is over and that he can't get home. Perhaps he can get a pass now and then and come home for Sunday.

Dearie I sure am going to try for a better Position and a better — ? when I get home Wouldn't it be great to have Ollie's signature on my honorable discharge?

I am not worrying about your last letter, dear, for I know just how you felt, when you didn't get any mail.



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Dear, you will have to eat a lot of Beans and "Slumgullion" and "Corn Willie" and regular old Army Chow, if you want to catch up to me now. Gee I feel like I weigh two hundred pounds! I haven't weighed myself since we left the States, but I think I could bust one of these "frog" scales. Ha, Ha, Ha; The sailors tell us, that the sea is very rough, this time of year, but I am willing to go back in a canoe, if they will let me. I am willing to give up all I have, (to the fish) if they would only turn me loose Ha, Ha, Ha,



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Here I am laughing all to
myself, like a funny
house victim.

Well my little Pal, the old
buglar will soon be sounding
off with his mournful "Taps".
So I will close until later.
"God be with you 'til we meet
again".

With ship loads of love
and kisses.

Your Lonesome little
Pal. Albert.

P.S. + night-night.



Priv. A. C. Hanson

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O. P. Hanson
1st Lt. Ill