

Camp Funston Co.
May 9, 1920

Dear Folks at home:-

I wish that I had Willard Bliss' wonderful gift of of description. that I might describe to you the battle last night. There are no words to describe it, that is, I don't know them. First came the spatter of the machine guns in the distance then the defensive return, then all was confusion, smoke, noise and beautiful lights. The star shells bursting over head scattering their star like parts over the crowd. The rockets constantly lighting it up

brighter than day, some green, some white and others red. All inside the battle area was filled with fires set by the flares rockets etc. A shell used, think it was the hand grenade, exploded tearing up the earth in a great cloud and scattering millions of tiny stars, some going as high as 10 or 15 ft high. These were constantly exploding and the heavy artillery, the expression "a noise like a cannon" doesn't in any measure express it. The large guns came as an interruption to the constant spatter of the machine guns and the deep decisive boom of the grenade, breaking in as tho' the very heavens were falling about us. The air seemed to quiver, stand still and then separate to allow the sound to pass. He could see the explosion a second before the sound penetrated to us, could feel the death in the air as we saw the flash. You can't understand the "death in the air" until you feel it, it's just there. As I stood watching it, in such a small measure, for the first time, understanding what it is really like, all the noise confusion, unnatural light, there in the

heavens, high, high above it all, the stars calmly shining on and on indefinitely.

The tanks reminded me of huge flags as they came up to finish the last of the little village. As the clear pure notes of the bugle rang out on the smoke begrimed air one was reminded of the last long call that will sooner or later resound for all of us, as it did for so many of our splendid boys. I am so glad that I had the 20 months at the hospital, and wish so much that I might have gone "all the way".

Well, I guess that is enough about the battle, the rest of the carnival

didn't amount to much. The
"broncho-busting" contest consisted of
three animals, 2 horses and a
mule. One horse did some pretty
bucking but the other one didn't
do anything and the mule wouldn't
even kick when they punched
him. I bought chances on dolls
and got two, the cutest things.
little surf-maids one with red hair
and one with brown, one dressed in
blue and one in red. All the
girls have dolls in their rooms,
Bertha felt so bad that she didn't
get one that I loaned her the red
head until she leaves the part of

this month, for California.

We let our cook off for the day, so the boys asked us to go down to their mess at the Salvage unit, and tonight we are going to the zone.

Mr. & Mrs. Knapp called for about 10 min. this P.M. They drove out this morning and were going back tonight. Enjoyed seeing them so much. Mrs. Knapp's mother and sister and a friend and Mr. Knapp's mother and the kiddies were with them. They're awfully sweet kiddies. Olga is quite pretty but so delicate looking. Their boy is about the age of Bob, but not nearly so sturdy looking.

The rain flag has been up all day to-day, and the sun has shone all day long.

G.M. & Medics had a ball game this P.M. won by Medics. The G.M. boys had a notion to get beaved at me because I cheered Medics. I'm still a Medic at heart, only misplaced for the time being.

It is time to start for the zone so must close. Love to all.

Kinnie.



Description of cattle

Mr. & Mrs. C. M. Niquette
Garden City, Kans.