

June 14th 1918.

My Dearest Marie:-

I didn't have an opportunity to write to you yesterday as we had a rush which started night before last. I was on duty all night and up till noon of yesterday, and then the Major sent me to an Engineer's camp, about 40 miles from Baccarat, to get a wounded man and bring him in. I didn't get back until eight last night, and by the time I had had dinner, was so tired that I just rolled right in my little bunk and went to sleep. I had a wonderful night's sleep, too, but have been working hard all morning, and go on duty in the operating room at one o'clock this afternoon. So you can see dear, my time is pretty well taken up for the day.

The news from the Western front is continually better and more encouraging. If it keeps on, we will all have cause to rejoice in a short time. I think the Germans are nearer to being licked now than they ever have been and that, in spite of the tremendous efforts they

are making to advance.

We were all disappointed again yesterday by the non appearance of mail. It was a sore disappointment to me, too darling, for I did so hope I would get some letters from you, but no such luck. Maybe today some will come. I certainly hope so. Absolutely nothing has happened in the line of news, since I wrote you last. I have no possible chance to travel around, so am not going to see any of this country except what I have to. I don't care if I never see any more of it than I have already and yesterday I made up my mind that I never want to turn over here, because there is more dust on these roads - wonderful as they are - than I ever have seen before in all my life. The roads are level and wide, and are fine to run over, but whew! such dust!

I had a perfectly wonderful night's sleep, last night. The air was sweet and pure up here in the woods, and I left the wall of the tent rolled up, so that we got full benefit of it. This is certainly a healthy life I am living now and I am glad we can be outside. Capt. Emmons has moved up near us so we see a lot

more of him now than we used to, and he is a mighty fine fellow. You liked him very much, didn't you dearest?

Mits and I were homesick last night. We lay in bed and wonder what all the folks at home are doing. It is lots of fun to conjure up pictures of what you are doing and what we would be doing if we were there, and of how we are going to act when we see each other for the first time. It will be the happiest day either of us has ever known dear, when we see each other first - no matter where it may be. It may be some time after I return home before I can leave the service, so you may have to come to me, but no matter where it is, so long as it is in the States, you will come to me won't you Dear girl?

What has Glad decided to do about coming over here? I have wondered many times, and do so hope that she will take my advice and stay at home. I feel sure that she will in the end, because really her place is

there and not here. I would love to see her,
but I want to wait until I come home.

Well lover dear, I must close, It is
nearly time for the mail to go and I want
the man to take this down with him. I hope
he brings me some from you. Give my love
to Ted and my dear, dear babies. Tell them
I love them every minute, and kiss them
for me. Remember me to Mary and Margaret.
With my dearest love to you dear girl
and all of it; with millions of kisses for
you, I love you, I love you, I love you.
I will write again tomorrow dear girl.
A.B.

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