

August 28, 1918.

Darling Girl:-

wednesday - another week nearly gone - and another month upon us. It seems really, that the time passes very quickly. Just one year ago tonight I left Camp Clark, Nevada Missouri, for Fort Benj. Harrison to begin my training. I am getting to be an old veteran in the service. I have been in France eight months - think of it. It does not seem that long does it dearest?

yesterday was a beautiful bright sunny day, all day, but at about nine o'clock last night, true to our greatest desires, it clouded up beautifully and I had a wonderful night's sleep, nine hours of it. I had to do my dressings early this morning, in preparation for an vaccination of patients, so am all set for the day. I am on duty until one o'clock this afternoon after which Rosy and I are going

downtown to do some Christmas shopping and to stay for dinner.

Next month I have a birthday and am going to celebrate by giving a birthday party for Nuts, Rossy, Dempsey and the y.m.c.a. man. It will of necessity be a very modest affair, but we will all have some fun.

Today is still cloudy and is much cooler than it has been. I have on my big heavy sweaters and am just comfortable in it. The cold damp weather of the French rainy season will be on us soon and thank the Lord I am prepared for it - thanks also and primarily, to the love and thoughtfulness of my dear little wife. Cold weather has no terrors for me.

The Germans still run and still leave large numbers of prisoners and vast quantities of material in the hands of the Allies. There is much speculation as to how far they can be compelled to retreat this year. I hope it is beyond the Rhine although that is perhaps too good to expect. I went down town with Cannon yesterday to get the communiqué, and it cheered me up so much that I beat him a game of billiards immediately after reading it.

Were I not so honest I could neglect to inform you that he beat me two games after the first, and then you might think I am getting better at the game than I really am.

I am going to tell you

about the piano now dear. They  
can't touch the piano according  
to law, untill six months after  
I return and no more money  
need be paid on it. Under no  
circumstances give it up and do  
not pay them a cent on it.  
If they try to bluff you, refer  
them to your attorney after  
quoting the law. That will  
quit them. If it is given  
to them now I will lose all  
that has been paid them, and  
otherwise that amount will  
stay to my credit, according to  
the terms of the contract, and  
will apply on the purchase  
price of a Skinnerway or any  
other piano we may wish  
to purchase. So therefore pay  
no attention to them except to

tell them to go to the devil with their threats. They have no legal right to take it back nor to collect money. I meant to write to you about it a long time ago, but it slipped my mind.

In your letter yesterday you told me that you wished when I am too busy to write I would have someone else write for me. I would dearest girl but for one thing. When I am too busy to write to you, which is not very often, everyone else is just as busy as I am. There you are - what! Isn't that a good reason? Circumstances make it impossible to write some days and then all I can do is to send you my love by mental telepathy and I know you get it that

way because I am sending it  
every minute of my life.

Well darling I will close  
this now, and write more to-  
morrow. The morning papers  
just came and I must get the  
news. Kiss the babies and Ted  
for me and give them my love.  
With my dearest love all for you,  
dear, and more kisses than  
you can count, I love you  
dearly and truly, with all my  
heart, soul and might. I love  
you. I love you.

G.B.

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