

June 8th 1918.

My Sweetheart:-

Although I went on duty last evening at eight, until this morning at eight, I wasn't called at all during the night, and had a wonderful night's sleep. Apparently the Boche, in spite of the fact that he dumped a lot of iron over all last night, failed to get anyone, and E.H. #2 went all through the night without a "customer." Not so bad for me, especially inasmuch as today is my day off. I don't go on duty again until tomorrow morning at eight.

The papers this morning certainly are encouraging, especially as they show that American troops have been a big factor in stopping the third attempt of the Germans to prosecute a successful drive. Just wait till they get here – they are the greatest fighting men on earth and are going to make the German Army look like second raters before they are through with this thing. Our papers are full now, of reports concerning the Submarine raids on the Atlantic coast.

We don't feel that there is anything at all alarming about that, but rather that is the most needed stimulus to the American war spirit and that it will do more – infinitely more than anything ever has done, to “hurry up” our war preparations.

Right now they are after a Boche plane, which is headed directly for us. I must get my “tin hat” on. When they begin to put shrapnel and high explosive up over us, we all put on our “roofs” so that a crack on the head will dent the “hardware” instead of us. He is right over us now, at a height of about 500 yards and they are cracking all around him. It is fun to see them get one, but it takes a lot of shells. American gamers have had a lot more luck in their anti-aircraft work up here, than the French have. They seem to be more accurate.

Today is another beautiful day. It is very hot in the sun, but here in my tent, with the walls rolled up, it is wonderfully cool and pleasant – in fact the breeze is almost too cool at times. I wrote to Hazel and Parke yesterday and today am going to write

to a few more of my friends, to whom I owe letters. It is so hard to write to anyone but you dear, but I do love to write to you. It seems almost like a visit with you – anyway it is the nearest I can come to it and I wouldn't miss writing your daily letter for anything in the world. I know how much I love to receive your letters dearest, and I know that you must feel the same about mine. I think that we have done mighty well under the circumstances too. We have received a lot of letters from each other, since we have been separated and we will keep it up, won't we Lover dear?

Just about a year ago now we were planning on our trip north – do you remember? It was a little bit later in the month than this, but not much. Wasn't it a wonderful trip? Remember how it rained all the way to Manistee where we let Miss McMahan out? But after that we had marvelous weather for all the rest of the trip and it certainly was

great. I don't believe anyone ever enjoyed a trip more, because we hadn't a care in the world; we had beautiful weather; fine roads; wonderful country, and you were feeling well. I never will forget that bunch of sand we got into, north of Muskegon. That was a fright, wasn't it? But the old Caddillac just ploughed right through it as if it wasn't there at all.

Wasn't that a wonderful car? I often think of it now, and the great pleasure we used to take in it, and believe me I am looking forward to the time when we can own another although I never will buy it of Walter Plumb. I will never have another thing to do with him in a business way, as long as I live because he is an ordinary crook. I guess a little old Dodge will be our car when I get back. There are lots of them in use over here and they are giving wonderful service. They are inexpensive and not costly to keep up either, and we can have a wonderful time with it. Remember how much we enjoyed our Ford dear?

Well it is about time for me to close this letter. I want you to give my dear babies and Tud, each a big hug and kiss for me, and tell them I love them. I wonder how much they will have changed before I see them again. I imagine the greatest change will be in Brother. Goodbye sweetheart, untill tomorrow. I love you my Darling girl, with all my heart and soul. I love you. With loads of love and kisses to you dear, I am your lonesome, loving

Daddy.

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