My dear [name],

It seems like an age since I have been able to find time to write to you, but I know that you realize the fact that it has been impossible or I would have done it. In fact, the very busiest three days of my life has just been passed, and a short breathing space has now come and my first possible opportunity for writing a letter. Our trip from where we were, to where we are (do you know where we are now?) was one of the most interesting I ever have had and was very beautiful. It took us through wonderful country, past some of the most beautiful scenery, and into the advanced zone of military activity to our permanent station. Unless the
Boches come along with a lot more zip than they have shown so far in this sector, we will probably remain here until the whole thing is over.

We are not far from the front. The guns sound as if they were in the "back yard" and at night, from a nearby hill the flashes can easily be seen. Streams of troops are in constant motion. Turkish, American, Italian, and Moroccan. Aeroplanes are in the air constantly and the air battles afford a great deal of entertainment. All of these things I have been able to observe so far in the course of my work, which has had to include getting the train unloads and the supplies transferred to our hospital. And we are to have more hospital. The buildings (six of them) are very
large two-storied building of bricks and cement with a capacity of 1000 beds. The operating rooms are excellent and so are the shower baths. It is lighted with electricity and before next winter will have a good heating system installed. I believe we are going to be very comfortable here and hope nothing will happen to cause our removal because I like the place and the town as ideal as any I have ever been in France, and as long as we have to be in France we might as well be here. I have had no mail from you for an awfully long time and am account of
our moving it will probably be a long time work before any reaches us but there is nothing to do but be patient. It is always so much easier when I hear from you dear. It is hard not to get mail but I guess under the present circumstances we can consider ourselves fortunate if we ever get mail.

I am anxious to hear from you to know how you are and also how the babies are. I am sure you are all well. I know you are careful of your own health and of theirs and so I never worry, but it is reassuring to receive word that all is well with my dearly beloved wife and babies. I have thought of you four, every minute since we left.
our former station and have bolstered myself up when dead for sleep and rest, and still work ahead all day and all night and all day again. But the thought that it was all for you dear ones. I love you so much my darling. I know you love me best. I am impatient to get a letter and have you tell me so. Will you write soon. I am the office of the day and must leave to make my rounds. Kiss me dear babies and Jud. With all my love dearest Girl, Your loving Husband,

H. A. Williams, W. P. O.
1104, N. S. A.
A. E. B.