July 8th 1918.

My Dearest Marie:

It has been a week since I have heard from you and I am beginning to be scared for fear another long interval is going to occur before I get more mail. However, I got such a lot of it that it should satisfy me for some time to come, and I won't complain if I do have to wait for a week more.

This is certainly a great color for weather at this time of the year. It is beautiful weather. Warm and bright during the day, and cool and wonderfully comfortable at night. I judge
from what I see in the papers, that you are having a mighty hot and sultry summer at home. You don't forget how to care for yourself and the babies in hot weather and be very careful dear. I'd worry about you a lot if I didn't know what a sensible little woman you are about such things. I wish you might enjoy the weather there, we are having here, for it really is flawless. But, as Rosy says, "They can have their admired old weather, give us the States." It is wonderful
how acquaintance with another country makes one appreciate his own. We have the most wonderful, glorious and magnificent country on this earth and every man and woman is it should be proud to fight for it and die for it. I know one thing that you and I can do all the teaching we will ever want to do, right in the confines of the U.S.A. As one of the boys in our outfit who is war by less of a wife said the other day, "If the Statue of Liberty ever wants to see me after this war she will have to do all about face." There is my sentiments exactly.

The war is still going on and just as well to the discredit of the Allies either. Our "little" American Army of over a million troops, is already giving the British and French much support other than moral and is also establishing a reputation for being able to deliver a brand of fighting not very commonly known to any front over here. If things
keep on the way they are going now, the Germans are not going to be in doubt long that they are being licked.

It has been very quiet here for a week. I have had a great deal to do with dressings and paper work and I have operated eight or nine times this week, but while it has been very quiet, we are still having our camp meals every night and I am still the cook. But I got burned last night while opening a can of Wiener's, but had expert attention.
Yesterday I saw an air battle between a couple of planes, at a tremendous height. I used my glasses to watch it. It was very exciting and all the more so when the German all of a sudden started to take in flames. There was little more than a decent sized grease spot left of him by the time he hit earth. Another was brought down.
In the evening just a short distance from here told us a report they are not visiting us today. Wish there was some sure method of killing every German on earth. I don't care what means are used to do it - I have no sympathy with any of them.

Is there any more definite news about Ted's sailing? I will be mighty sorry to hear she has sailed but if she is coming I want to see her if possible to arrange it in any way and I think I can do it face right. Only I must know when she is coming. Yesterday I had my first service stripes sewed on my coat, denoting six months service over here. It seems to me that that six months has gone quickly and I hope the next six month interval shall to be here go as quickly. This war may be over almost before we know it dearest. Who can tell?
There are lots of people who say the Gorbachevs will never go through another winter. I have no opinion to express.

How are the babies? I am sure they must be well, they are so well taken care of. Oh, how I would love to see and love the darlings. It is so hard to be away from them when they are at the earliest age. I know little Marie is going to grow right away from my recognition before I see her.
Again, she is getting so big.
I love you mother dear.
I get terribly homesick for you. One thing only makes it easier for me to bear, and that is the fact that we both realize that it is for our home and our love and our children that you and I are suffering this separation and each doing his bit although in a different way. Believe me, it is the women at home who deserve all the credit.
And I give you every bit of it. You are the dearest, bravest little sweetheart I have ever seen. God bless you dear and keep you strong and in good health so you can keep up this fight and when we are together again we will enjoy life as only two people with a love like ours can. I love you so much darling. Every moment of my life, with every breath and every bit of my love and heart and soul, I love you dear. You are dearer to me than anything in the universe, than life itself. I love you. Love me as I love you and pray for our early reunion.

Daddy.