August 4 th 1916

My Dearest Marie:

What a glorious day and what glorious news!! The Germans are again (or yet) in full retreat—running as fast as their legs can carry them from the French and Americans and there is now no telling where they will stop running. Already they have lost nearly all they have spent all summer and hundreds of thousands of men to gain, and their retreat is still in full progress. It surely is a wonderful victory for the Allies and joy reigns supreme over here now. The recapture of Soisson is a wonderful bit of news. Here I am wasting paper and ink to write you news that you have had twenty-four hours earlier than I got it. But I am so elated and so exhilarated by the news that I could contain myself...
It means months - may be years - lopped off the duration of the war and how can I help being elated over that.

I guess the French are at last beginning to respect the American army. The French officers here, who have been on the other front, say that the bravery, dash and daring of the Americans surpasses that of any troops they have ever seen! What do you think of that? I think we can all be pardoned for being vain and proud of our soldiers for being Americans. I can think of nothing that could stimulate pride more than the news we have received which shows that our troops are practically invincible. Well - let's hope for the best and see how far they can make the
Dutchmen run.

To return to the weather for I made some remarks about it in the beginning of this letter. I woke up in the middle of the night to find myself being very much raised upon, and had to get up and let down the sides of the tent. I slept beautifully the remainder of the night, however, and never felt so well in my life as I do today. Maybe the news has acted as a stimulant, at any rate I feel good. It has stopped raining and is wonderfully clear now, with a nice cool breeze and clean fresh air that make this an ideal Sunday morning.

I have my dressings and rounds all finished and am on duty only until one o'clock.
This afternoon I am going to town with Rosy to get dinner at the hotel. Yesterday I had my brilliant game with Chauncy and he won two out of three. It was my bad day for billiards although I beat him one game very badly. We have no recreations of any sort except at the club. If that was not here time would drag very heavily when we are not busy.

Hope the package you sent me comes through all right. Are you permitted to send packages now dear? I have heard nothing about it, but I do know that I am glad one is on the way for your packages have always been so wonderful. I think that a little later all restrictions will be removed and we will be able to receive
there again ad libitum. you asked me to see about dressers scarfs etc. The very next opportunity I have I will see what I can find of that sort. A French soldier just delivered to me a little "souvenir of France" I have had him make for me. These men are very clever artisans and this is a very nice bit of work. It is made out of a casing of a "seventy-five" shell and is really a very nice souvenir. I am not going to send it home but will bring it. Many things might happen to it if I should send it.

Well my Darling I am going to close now. I am entirely out of "talk" but I think it must be due to my excitement. I am going to make a strenuous effort to get the latest news.
for in these days the news
is what we live on.

Give my dear love and load
of kisses to my darling babies
and Glad. Tell them the time
is getting nearer all the time,
when God will be with them
again. With my dearest love to
you dear heart! I love you.
I love you. I love you.

G.B.

1st July, 1917, 9th Bn. 2nd A.G.