August 9th, 1916.

My darling:

I am sitting in my tent, with a favourable breeze going on outside, dry and warm and comfortable, with a lot to tell you and I don't know how to begin. It is just ten o'clock and I have had my work all done for an hour, but go on duty at 1:00 this afternoon and may have more to do then. I had a wonderful night's sleep and feel fine today, especially after reading the papers and the morning communiqué which both bear out my prediction that the Germans are not through running yet in rear. I hope they never stop, but if sure is wonderful that they are going so far and so fast this summer, when we are all getting ready to give them their real thrashing next summer.

I am not writing this letter near
Roxy because confound him he is going to ruin my reputation with his postscripts. I admit all he says about three squares "adajus and eight hours sleep" at night, but most euphemistically protect that what he says about French Demoiselles and plenty to drink are purely products of his vivid imagination. And furthermore I am sure you know that therefore Tuesday no more about it. I reviewed his postscript before I let it go, and the fact that I let it all go untouched shows my confidence in your opinion of the.

I must tell you about a party we had last night. Roxy and Meito and I have a friend here a Rochester, N.Y., Y.M.C.A. man, who is a regular fellow. He is 56 years old, but full of pep and a mighty fine man. He told
the other day ago about a place in town where we could get a good meal and we took him to order one for us at 6:30 Thursday night.

Now let me tell you: We sat in a little room, with a snowy white table, silverware and dishes on it, and through the open window looked directly into Germany (some distance away) and ate the following meal:

- Lobster
- Fresh tomatoes with dressing
- Fresh string beans (wonderful)
- Omelet (French style & delicious)
- Broiled chicken (the first I have tasted since I left Indianapolis and too delicious to attempt to describe)
- Canteloupe (MARVELOUS!!!)
- Malaga grapes
- Cake
- Cafe au lait
Cigars - Cigarettes - nuts etc. a royal fit for a king. I tell you
I enjoyed it and Pate while I
could hardly sit up for Thurt
tasted many of those things for
eight months. Now you know
something of the rigors of war,
and how we are suffering
over here, so close to the
lines. Arent we to be pitied?
I tell you it was wonderful,
and you bet we are going to
Encore, le meme chose, tout
de suite! And - strange to say -
the old woman who cooked it for
us is an American woman who
used to live in Chicago and who
married a Frenchman and has
lived over here for twenty years.
It is so now, that the Americans
over here can have anything
they want. The French almost worship them — call them "Saviors of France" and all that, and I am not so sure that they are not right. Well so much for the dinner.

I have received no mail from you now for nearly a week, it is hard to go without mail so long because I am so anxious to hear what you think of the way the war is going now. But I guess that in a few days it will begin coming through again, so I am not going to let myself become impatient.

I haven't heard from Jack for a long time, but it may be because I haven't written him until yesterday for sometime. I have been too busy to write any letters except yours, and that I want
miss. I just had to stop and fill my pen.

Well my Darling I am going to close now. I am going to take a wee bit of a nap before noon so I may have to work hard all the afternoon and it would permit my delicate constitution to suffer from the strain. Give my love and many kisses to Ted and my dear babies. With all my dearest love to you sweetheart, I love you, I adore you. God bless you my Darling, and keep you and my dear ones safe from harm. I love you. "A.B."

1st St. Louis, 18th March 18...