August 11, 1918.

My Darling Wife:

I am so exhilarated and elated with the wonderful news we have received from the front today, that it is going to require an unusual degree of concentration for me to write my letter today. Twenty-four thousand prisoners and hundreds of cannon, miles of advance, and the Germans still running. It's enough to make one happy isn't it dear? And the best of it is, it is only the beginning. You can have no idea what rejoicing there is over here over the good news. It is entirely too good to be true and yet it is true. I can imagine how you all watch the papers and how happy it makes you, because you too must realize how it is surprising.
along the day when we will be together again. It looks as if the Germans were surely on the decline. The surrender of so many prisoners is nothing else, than an indication of weakening morale, and loss of man-power. And to balance this, think of the daily increase in the strength of the Allies by the influx of thousands of Americans. It is a comforting situation to contemplate and while the war is not yet won, it is in the winning and thus it is all that is necessary to put the lid on War for all time. Oh! it is glorious and it makes us all so happy. I can hardly wait to get your letters to hear
what you have to say about it. What do you think of a five year war now? I imagine you have changed your mind a bit, haven’t you dear?

As I suspected and as I told you, Major Monroe is relieved of his command here and we have a new C.O. — a regular army major named Kelley. I am only in hopes that he will measure up to the caliber of the two men who have preceded him, but he will have to be some man to do that. He arrives this morning and takes command at once. We all will do our duty by hill as by any other, whether we like him personally or not, for we are
in the Army and its duty and not personal desires, that count.

I had a wonderful sleep last night in spite of the fact that we were on duty. We were not called at all, and it was all right with me. I have had my work done for some time and have been reading the news. When I finish this letter I am going to read it again if I have time before dinner. It is eleven forty-five now and not very long till mess.

The weather is beautiful today. There is not a cloud in the sky, except that caused by the occasional puff of an aircraft shell for, as usual, the Boche planes are out. They...
always come over to be shot at
on days like this.
I wrote a long letter to Jack
yesterday and told him that I
guessed our efforts to get together
were going to be fruitless. It
seems so to me at least, for it
spite of all we have done, we
have had no luck and there
are no signs of any in the
future. I will just be content
to know that he is safe and
in a location that he likes
as well as doing work that he
likes. As far as work is concern,
I couldn't be better satisfied
anywhere than I am here.

Well my Darling I am going
to close. It is so hard to write
interesting letters where nothing is happening and especially when I am getting more from you, but one thing I know is always of interest to you, and that is my love for you. I can always tell you of that in my letters. I love you dear. I love you with all my heart and soul. I am so lonely for you it seems at times as though I could stand it no longer, but—"Die in the army now"! Give my love to the kiddies. God bless them, and Ted, and with loads of love and millions of kisses to your own dear sweet self, I am your loving husband.

A.B.

[Signature]

175 St. W. R.C.