August 27th, 1918.

My Beloved:

It has been several days that I have had no mail, but today broke the spell and I got three from you. Although they were old ones—having been written early in July—they were none the less welcome and I loved every word of them dear for they were full of love for me. Two of them contained pictures of the babies and they were too sweet to attempt to describe. The other had a letter from Isabel and a picture of her baby. He is a cute little fellow isn’t he? Isabel’s letters are certainly remarkable for their brevity.

I am now very much in hopes that I will get some of the late mail very soon as I know what there is a lot over here that I have never received. I can hardly wait to hear what you think of the way the Allies are whipping the Germans and those are the very letters I haven’t received. Tell you dear, it is great, the way the Germans are being pushed back by them now, and still better is the fact that they don’t
yet show signs of stopping. The German Government and people are beginning to have, just as was predicted, and you will see them make a terrific effort to get peace this winter. But it won't come until next summer, and then it will come in the right way. We will have them decisively beaten and will be able to dictate the terms of peace to them. That is the only kind of a peace any good American ought to desire. There is absolutely no use in doing the thing half way.

We are having beautiful weather now and thank God—the moon is on the wane. It has been the most persistent moon I have ever seen and also the most uneventful. I am to leave here for Dijon next Monday for one week, to study shock and other matters incident to the treatment of wounded soldiers. It will be a valuable course no doubt, and in addition will enable me to see one of the most important cities of France as well as some of the country I have not seen hitherto. So I am glad to have the opportunity and will make the most of it.

In your letters today dear, you speak again of the "suffering?" I am undergoing. I don't
want you to think that dear for nothing could be further from the truth. I am comfortable, well fed, strong and healthy. I work hard and sleep little but I am young. I sleep on an army cot between blankets in a tent, but it is the healthiest way I have ever lived. Any comforts I have to forego and any slight hardships I have to undergo are a pleasure and an honor because it is in the greatest Cause the world has ever known and which God, a winning Cause. As for danger don’t worry about me any more than you do about Marie and Brother when they are playing in the sand pile because I am just as safe. I hope dear that you will be convinced and will cease worrying about me. I don’t deserve one particle of sympathy nor of credit for I am merely doing my duty as I see it. It is not a pleasant duty but none the less it must be done.

I give you all the credit darling, and whatever suffering there has been, it has fallen on
you. However as you say, we will eventually make life pay us back a thousandfold and make up to each other for the lost months of happiness. Be brave dear, and pray that the Allies keep on pushing and the Germans keep on running - damn them!

Well I must close. Give my two dear babies love and kisses from their Daddy. Tell them I love them more than all the world. With all my dear love to you sweet heart (bring with you) and a million kisses. Take your loving and lonesome, homesick

Daddy.

12th Dec. 44.owel BOTH WITH US & Co.