August 28, 1918.

Darling Edie:

Wednesday - another week nearly gone - and another month upon us. It seems really, that time passes very quickly. Just one year ago tonight I left Camp Clark, Nevada Missouri, for Fort Hamilton to begin my training.

I am getting to be an old veteran in the service. I have been in France eight months - think of it. It does not seem that long does it dearest?

Yesterday was a beautiful bright sunny day, all day, but at about nine o'clock last night, true to your greatest desires, it clouded up beautifully and I had a wonderful night's sleep, nice hours of it. I had to do my dressings early this morning in preparation for an evacuation of patients, so am all set for the day. I am on duty until one o'clock this afternoon after which Roy and I are going
downtown to do some Christmas shopping and to stay for dinner. Next month I have a birthday and am going to celebrate by giving a birthday party for Bill, Assy, Dempsey and the Y.M.C.A. man. It will of necessity be a very modest affair but we will all have some fun.

Today is still cloudy and is much cooler than it has been. I have on my big heavy sweaters and am just comfortable in it. The cold damp weather of the French rainy season will be on us soon and thank the Lord I am prepared for it. Thanks also and primarily, to the love and thoughtfulness of my dear little wife. Cold weather has no terrors for me.
The Germans still run, and still leave large numbers of prisoners and vast quantities of material in the hands of the Allies. This is much speculation as to how far they can be expected to retreat this year. I hope it is beyond the Rhine although that is perhaps too good to expect. I went downtown with Ernest yesterday to get the communiqué, and it cheered me up so much that I beat him a game of billiards immediately after reading it. Were I not so honest I could neglect to inform you that he beat me two games after the first, and then you might think I am getting better at the game than I really am.

I am going to tell you
about the piano now dear. They can't touch the piano according to law, until six months after I return and no more money need be paid on it. Under no circumstances give it up and do not pay them a cent on it. If they try to bluff you, refer them to your attorney after quoting the law. That will quiet them. If it is given to them now I will lose all that has been paid them, and otherwise that amount will stay to my credit, according to the terms of the contract, and will apply on the purchase price of a Steinway or any other piano we may wish to purchase. Do therefore pay no attention to them except to
tell them to go to the devil with their threats. They have no legal right to take it back nor to collect money. I meant to write to you about it a long time ago, but it slipped my mind.

In your letter yesterday you told me that you wished when I am too busy to write I would have someone else write for me. I would dearest girl, bid for one thing. When I am too busy to write to you, which is not very often, everyone else is just as busy as I am. There you are - what? Isn't that a good reason? Circumstances make it impossible to write some days and then you see I can do is to send you my love by mental telepathy and I know you get it that
way because I am sending it
every minute of my life.
Well darling I will close
this now, and write more to-
morrow. The morning papers
just came and I must get the
news. Kiss the babies and Ted
for me and give them my love.
With my dearest love all for you,
dear, and more kisses than
you can count. I love you
dearly and truly, with all my
heart, soul and might. I love
you. I love you.

P.B.

[Signature]

Dr. Arthur B. Fried M. D.