My Dearest Wife:

Again I face the prospect of writing a perfectly useless letter to you, and I swear I am almost ashamed to write. It is only the fact that I know you like my letters simply because they come from me and not because they may or may not contain news that makes it possible for me to write. It would be most tiresome to receive day after day letters containing the same old stuff, with nothing in them worth reading. Really, dearest, all I write for is to tell you of my love for you. I know you like to read that in my letters, because it is the part of your best.

I had a quiet day yesterday with a couple of games of billiards at the club. Remus and I broke the monotony. Rosy and I are going down for that. You see I am at least learning something in the army.
We were undisturbed all night and had a very fine sleep. I am on duty now. I have shaved—finished all my dressing—operated on one case, studied some French, but it is now just eleven o'clock so I will have to admit that I have been fairly busy this morning. I did not get up as C.O. last night as I expected, but instead will probably go on tonight. It has cleared up again and is a perfectly beautiful Fall day today. It is very comfortable with a fire inside corn this early in the year. A little later, when the weather gets more severe, I am sure that our stove will be red hot most of the time.

It is nearly time for the mail to come now. I hope I get some today. I had no letter yesterday but can't complain as it has been coming through very much better the past few days than previously. I am so anxious to find
out if you received the money and box that I sent to you.

News from the front this morning is perfectly wonderful. At every part of the line—north, south, east, and west—the Germans and their allies are being defeated and the victories in the East will have a tremendous influence on the Western situation as well. Things most certainly look very bright now and we can permit ourselves to entertain the most sanguine hopes for the future. In spite of the way the Germans started out this summer, it has proven to be the greatest sort of a disaster to them and success to the Allies. It is the beginning of an end which every day seems nearer and nearer.

Since the commissary moved away from here, we have found it absolutely impossible to get cigarettes and absolutely impossible to get candy. Yesterday
by the greatest kind of good luck I got soe cigarettes and a few boxes of chok candy so we are happy again. you have no idea how we crave for those things and how gloomy life is when we are unable to get them.

Well my darling, I will close for tody but will write again tomorrow. Give my love and kisses to Ted and to my dear little kiddies. With my dearest love and millions of kisses to you sweet girl.

I am your Cordially

Husband

[Handwritten postmark: 23rd. W iustich M. O.]