October 21st, 1918.

My Dearest Marie:

Well I have been busy. Don't permit anyone to tell you that I don't know the meaning of that word. I have never been so busy in all my life as I have for the past three days and I am obliged to confess sweet heart, that I have missed two days in writing to you. I am as sorry as I can be about it but I know that you understand how it is with me when I am busy that way. There is simply not a spare moment from one morning until the next. Things have to keep on moving and that keeps me all on the run.

However I know that the glorious news of the past few days will more than repay you for the missing of a couple of letters. Isn't it wonderful dear?
I can see my prophecies each day coming nearer and nearer to realization and it won't be long before they are fully realized. The Germans simply must crack under the terrific pressure they are standing now and soon both France and Belgium will be cleared of them. The coast of Belgium is now completely liberated and they are still on the run. It is glorious news and wonderful news — so good in fact that it seems too good to be true. What wonderful things are in store for us in the next few days and weeks, we don't know, but we can surely expect almost any thing in light of past work.

Our map is a great source of contentment during these
exciting and apocryphal days.
I have had one or two letters from you but in none of them is anything said regarding the receipt of the box I sent to you. Therefore, although I have been hard now, the doilies and all the other things I planned to send in this second box I am going to wait until I hear that you received the last one before sending them. The things are too beautiful to be lost and I will take no chances.

It has cleared off today and the sun is shining very brightly for the first time in a week. It sure does seem good too, especially since Jerry leaves us alone on moonlight
nights now. That is a comfort
the degree of which cannot be
estimated.

Roxy and I had a great but
welcome surprise last night in
the form of a visit from Mr.
Schoefel, the yew a man I
have written to you about, before.
He has been away for some
time and has had some very
exciting experiences to which we
all listened very interestingly.
He is going to leave for Paris
this P.M., but we have enjoyed
the opportunity of the visit very
much indeed.

Time still flies fast. It is
near the first of November
and it seems as if October
had only begun. We are
nearing the end of a year
of Foreign service, Tuesday
it dearest? Does it seem that long? And still in another way, it seems like a hundred years.

Oh well! The time is coming when this war is over, and when there will be no more worry and sorrow—nothing but joy and Peace in the world. I would seek that God would not permit this terrible thing to go on but (now I will show you my knowledge of the Bible)

"God moves in a mysterious way, his wonders to perform" and there is no doubt but the world will emerge from this seething effervescence of rage and carnage, purified and cleansed of much that is evil.

One would almost think I was a Y.M.C.A. Secretary to read that wouldn't they?
And still the war goes on.

I must close. Give my dearest little ones, their daddy's love and many kisses. Oh! how I long to see you all. Why does this war never cease? I love you. God bless you, so dear. I love you dear. May you and keep you dear. May He let the light of His countenance shine upon you and keep you from harm. (That saying is not original but I mean it.) With loads of love and kisses to you all, my dear beloved family.

Daddy.

1st St. Paul's Bn. 180th Inf. C.
Evac. Hq., 70th. Div. U.S.A.
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France.