November 10, 1918

My Dear Wife:

I wrote a long letter to you on the typewriter yesterday and will let you know what you got it. Or don't you care dear if I occasionally amuse myself that way? It is the nearest to playing a piano that I can get. I have not touched a piano for over six months now. I will surely be glad to get back and have one to use again. It is one of the things that I miss very much, but I will also enjoy it all the more when I return when we first moved into the quarters we are now occupying. I spoke to one of the men about a shelf to put your pictures on, wanting one for that purpose alone. I have heard nothing from it since we left yesterday, when in he came with a beautiful shelf that he had been working on in his spare time - after working hours and on his half days off, for over six weeks. It was some very fine service work as it was.
he cut out with a little key hole saw, entirely by hand. I have never appreciated anything more than the spirit which prompted him to do it and the great pleasure he took in seeing how pleased I was. It meant a whole lot to me I assure you. Your pictures and the baby and the only one I have of that now occupy a very prominent place in my room. This boy said when he gave it to me, "They could be nothing too good for what you want to put on it" meaning his six weeks of painstaking that his work were not half the honor he would like to show my wife and family, whom he remembers very well from Fort Harrison. I certainly appreciate the regard he manifested for me and intend to bring the shelf home and always keep it.

I didn't get mail from you yesterday. It was a rather barren
work for me as far as mail is concerned but no doubt there is some good reason why mail has not been coming and I imagine it is due to the unprecedented demands on the railroads to supply the guns of our armies are conducting.

The war news continues to be most wonderful. The general prevailing belief is that Germany will sign the armistice and if she does it means the definite end of hostilities and the definite approach of peace. The papers have not yet arrived this morning but will be here soon and I know from the late couriers know from the late couriers yesterday that the news was again very excellent. How they can possibly hold out longer is beyond my power of comprehension.

Yesterday was a cloudy dark day and nothing about it was pleasant. Roy and I went up on the hill to see the guns and
get the communiqué. We went more for the walk and for the
communiqué than anything else. I
went to bed very early last night
for I had a slight sore throat and
felt “grippy.” But some pie and
and salt and a good night it
knocked it all out of me and I feel

Today is a beautiful
day—bright and sunny—and very
much milder than the average com-
for weather we have at home. I
wrote here to advising that all the
face so far, the weather has been
milder than Chicago weather, but
not nearly so stimulating as it is
there. It is so much more build,
and the dampness always ac-

ventures the cold is much.

My mind is filled with dreams
of home now. It is because of the
wonderful news and the certainty
that the war is near an end. I
can hardly wait until I have
returned and am with my dear
family again. It will be the
greatest experience I ever hope
to have and it is not at all
strange that I look forward to
it with so much anticipation.
I wonder how the development
of events will bring it about!
If things go some days (after
peace) we will be home in a
 hurry - then again it may be
some time before we sail.
Whatever is the decision of
the "Powers that be" regarding
this war, we must abide by
it of course. We're in the army.

Well Honey dear I must else,
I will write more tomorrow. For
my dear love and kiss to my
hiddles and glad. With dearest love
to you sweet heart, I am your loving
darling old Daddy.

Anna Blunkh, Capt, M.G.
Anna 27, France.