My Beloved:

Today is the day my second service stripe is authorized, meaning I have been in active service in the A. E. F. for two periods of six months each. Just one year ago this morning I got off the troop train at Portland, Maine, in a driving snow storm and bitter cold, and marched the Company down to the pier and on to the White Star steamship "Monticola." It was an unforgettable experience. The sea in the harbor was smooth as glass and alive with seagulls, and the piers were crowded with vessels of all nations — windjammer camouflaged — awaiting their cargoes of supplies and troops for service over here. It was most interesting.
pressure— all the more so because of the quietness with which it was all done. Not a soul was on the piers save the officials and men necessary and when the great ship left the dock, there was no sound of farewell—simply she slipped away from the pier and started on the first leg of her journey to Halifax, Nova Scotia, to join the convoy. From all the two thousand soldiers on board, not a sound arose, for we were under orders to make no noise, and if ever there was a secret sailing it was ours.

Well we have been here a year now, and from our
organization have lost only four men which is not bad. We have been very fortunate, don’t you think so dear?

I trust you a m.o. for 100 yesterday dear and will each month from now on. I wish you to report to me the number of each money order you receive so that I can check against my retained receipts and thus protect myself in case one is lost. As soon as you get one simply write to me giving the number of it.

In that way we will run no risk whatever of losing any of the money I send.

I have been very fortunate.
During the past day or two regarding fleas, as they have not bothered me much, I am not too sure that I am through with them though for the little Devils can hop and it is next to impossible to keep away from them. It is all a part of the game though and I don’t mind as much as I might be expected to.

Today is a perfectly beautiful day—sun shining brightly and it is warm as Spring. The ship is free of aeroplane as it usually is on nice days and it never ceases to be interesting to watch them at their antics—especially the
chase planes. The bombers of course are too heavy to do more than float along steadily and dive on even trees but the little fellows are constantly looping the loop, nose diving, side clipping or doing something else equally thrilling and nerve-racking. I never get tired of watching them. Even now I can see dozens of them all over the valley.

I received no mail yesterday but can not complain for the mail man has been good to me of late and I have been receiving letters from home fairly regularly. However usta
day goes by that I don’t
hope for mail.

Well dear girl I trust
close now. It is nearly
noon. Give my dearest love
to all my loved ones, and lots
of kisses. I wish same to you
sweetheart.

Daddy

Rural Dist. Capt. m.o.
Base Hosp. n. U.S.A.
Amherst., F. 7. Germany.
From

American Red Cross

Capt. R. E. B. W. 2, U. S. A.

To

Officers Letter

Amr. 2. t.

U. S. Postage

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Capt. R. E. B. W. 2, U. S. A.

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1434 Byron St. F. 2.

Grand Rapids, Michigan