My Dearest Wife:

I have a little time now in which to write but I don’t know how much longer I will have. I am on duty and in addition to that I have been operating all day. We have left over from my last tour of duty. We have been very busy lately and from indications as present I judge that we will be so the rest of the summer.

The news from the front today was the most wonderful we have had since the drive started in July. The British have taken 10,000 prisoners and many towns among them many of great importance. The French have taken 2000 and the Americans 1000 and each have made large advances. If this keeps up we will soon be in Germany. Isn’t it wonderful dear? Such news makes our work seem light and it is really interesting to see the difference in the mental condition of the French civilians. They no longer feel that the war will be over this Christmas but I don’t believe it because the winter time between now and then for us to check the German sufficiently. But at least right now they are getting a good beating and believe me it isn’t over yet.

It is cloudy out now and has been raining since so I guess we will sleep sound tonight. I was up a good deal last night but it was mostly for operative work. I have scrubbed so much lately that my arms are very
Do you remember how late they used to get at home when I was doing a lot of work. For my money for our honeymoon.

(The B.O.O.B.)

of operating.

I simply can't understand this wild intimacy between you and Roxy. Are you keeping something from me, woman?

Roxy said tonight that he would be with us next Christmas but that is one thing I won't stand for. I am

getting enough of lies in the Army.

I don't see when he got that stuff. I never suggested "us" — our gun and I. — Roxy.

There goes his intimacy again. Well I guess it's all right after all because he is a pretty decent sort.

Honestly dear, these letters must seem rather crazy to you but they give Roxy and me a lot of fun. I mean close now

and go to work. Give my love to Gladys and the dear kiddies. With dearest love and a

million kisses to you, sweetheart. Take your devoted and loving.

I love you dearest. I love you.

A.B.

[Handwritten address: 1234 Main St., Waseca, Minn.]