



# LE FOYER DU SOLDAT

Union Franco-Américaine

le Tuesday, Sept. 24, 1918

Dear Mother, Father & Olga,

It has been about a month since writing to you, but lack of paper and time has been the reason why.

We have been constantly on the move. I can't tell you where we are, but we are near the front line.

We never know  
one minute where we are  
going to be the next. Where  
we are, we can hear the guns,  
and every night we get a  
serenade.

We have been travelling  
through some very beautiful  
country, vineyards lining  
both sides of the road,  
and making a pretty picture  
as they stretched back into  
the hills. We travelled  
by truck and at times we  
would get on the wrong

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I am trying to get  
back. Everything was  
fine but the nights; they  
were fierce. As far as  
food is concerned, I  
don't want to see corned  
beef again for about a year.

The grub we are getting  
now is great. Anyone who  
kicks ought to be kicked.  
For a while we fed with the  
Frenchmen and fed fine.

Whatever you do, don't  
worry about me, for I'm  
getting along fine. I'll  
try and write as regular

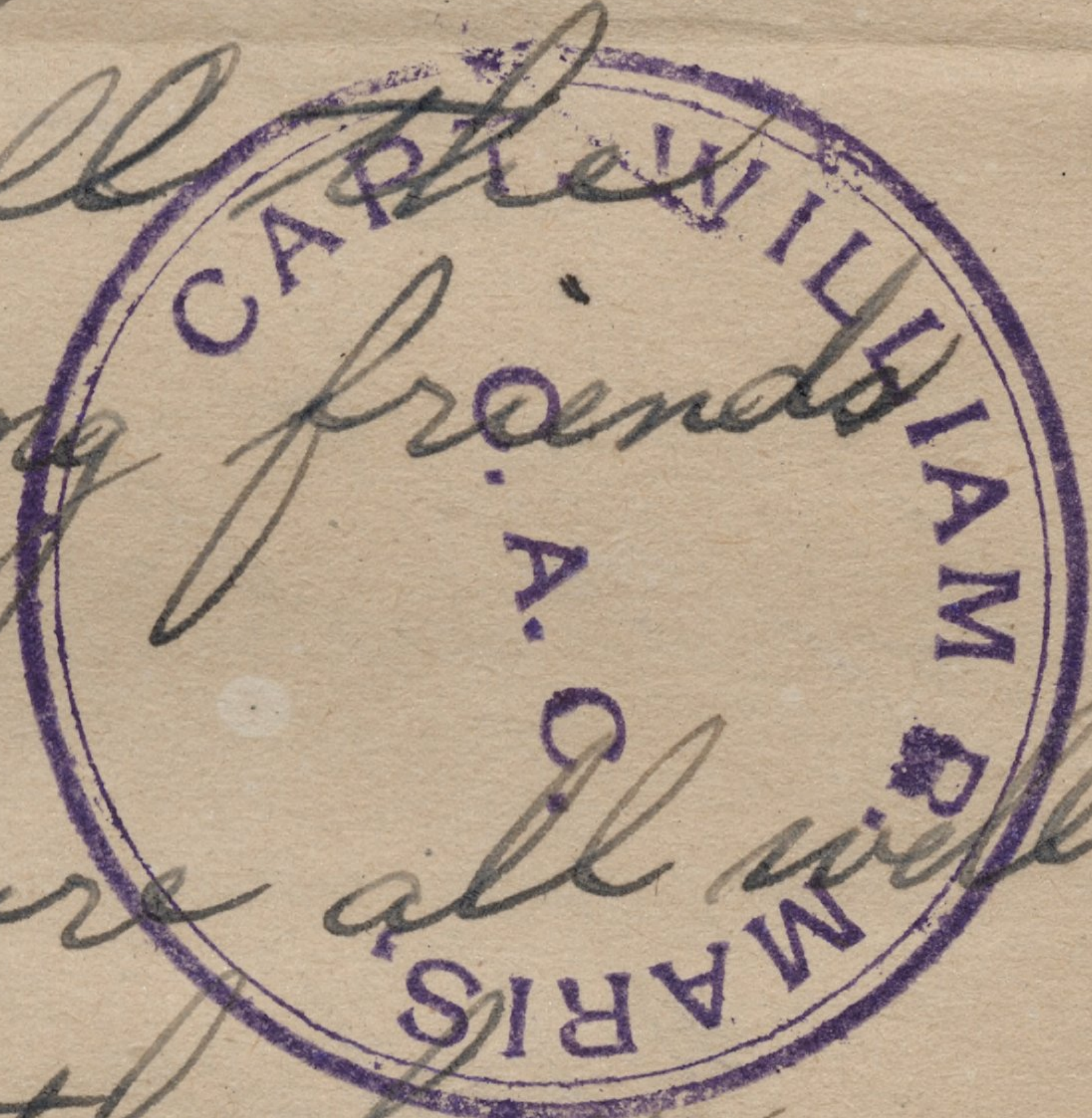
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as I can, and to as many  
as I have time for. Re-  
member me to Cousin  
Vic, Cousin Kattie, Uncle  
Al, Cousin Claire, Cousin  
Harry, and George and  
Eleanor and all  
rest of inquiring friends  
and relatives.

Hoping you are all well  
With love,

Victor

P.S. - Our address is slightly  
changed. It is now A.A.P.  
1st Army. No longer A.A.P. 52



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