



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

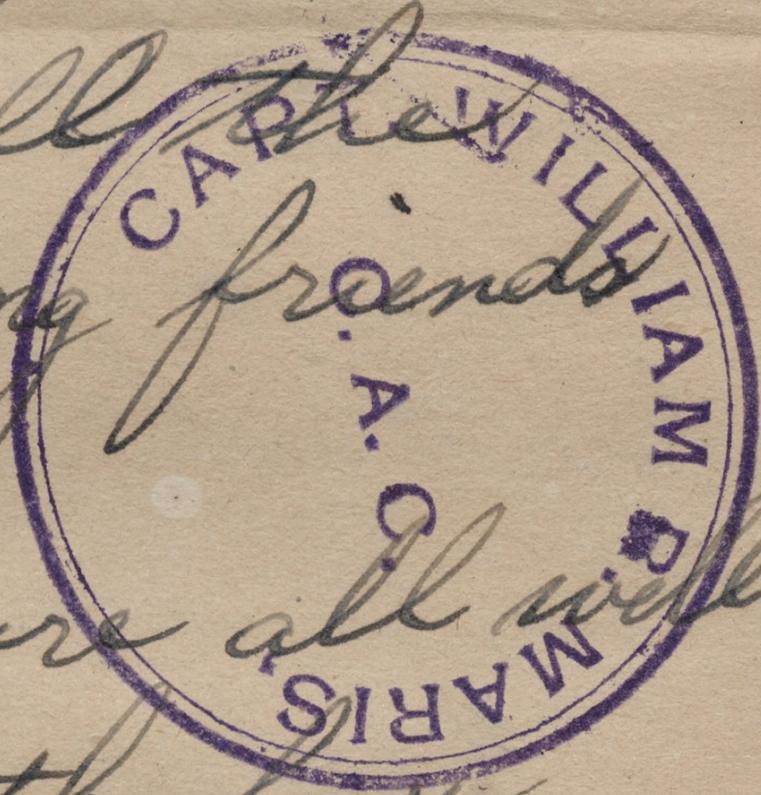
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as I can, and to as many
as I have time for. Re-
member me to Cousin
Vic, Cousin Kattie, Uncle
Al, Cousin Claire, Cousin
Harry, and George and
Eleanor and all
rest of inquiring friends
and relatives.

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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