Aug 18

My dear Father and Mother,

I will now start you a letter, hoping to get it finished and sent soon, but can never tell. I rec'd two letters from you a couple weeks ago, dated July 4 10. This is the first chance for amusing us we had. Things are quite busy with us and we have little time at present for writing, I have at least.

I am wondering how things are at home now. I wish you could write often. I try to write as often as I can, which I know is not often. Your letters come thru all ok. Write as often and as much as you wish for all your mail is sent thru and not touched, so you don't bother the censor by writing any big number letters every once in a while, and this it takes some time to get thru. I wish it is all late news for me.

The weather is very warm at present, hasn't rained now for a few days and getting around is very good, also sleeping is much better for you don't have to be so particular where you lay as it is dry and comfortable.

Here is Arthur's tell them they might write as a line from them would be greatly appreciated. I'll admit I can't write more than I do and probably won't be able to answer them only three letters to you, yet I believe they can find more time to write than I can. I just finished a letter to Cecil today. Rec one from here a short time ago and was a mighty merry letter with the best
picture of her far scene. And it was a big long letter too. So when you write, tell all you want to and as often as you feel like. Send me some pictures if you have any; they do one a whole lot of good, I think.

I had a pretty time last evening dodging some shells. One landed close to me, so I made a run for the closest trench and the next one lobbed down almost where I was standing, tore the mournful mail of those pieces of shell going over your head. But the wind up you once in a while. Quite a few dropped close, but only 3 or 4 came close, and also this evening a big boy lobbed down a 50 or 60 yds from me. I dropped down tho in time not to catch anything. All the pieces come by me. Picked one up and it was hot as hell.

So you need not fear that we don't have any excitement over here; for we do. Everyone in a while, the above is merely the latest news. I can't tell all, so I just tell the latest.

Not long ago I fired my shell and only one across the line. I wonder what it did. It was large enough to do a hell of a lot. I pulled the string on a big nine Howitzers, took quite a bit of nerve to do it, but I had my ears full of felt as the concussion of the heavy charge would not burst my ear drums and did the job up fine. The shells weighed about 16 of a ton. Great big devils they are. That was the only shot I've fired all I care to own gun of that calibre. So much rather shoot my 45 Colt.
old business. You never think of yourself so much. You think of what you have to do and how to get it done properly. So if something comes up you can’t be blamed.

July is my last bill to send. Pay it. If the bond is sent to you, let me know. Beginning with August an allotment of $15 a month should come to you. I owe Daddy some for lodge and also for sending home the trunk, so take out of it all I owe you and the rest (if you don’t need it) you may put to my credit in the bank or it is all I’ll have when I get home. If you get no allotments let me know right away, for sometimes they neglect things and I can remedy it here at this end. I may also send some money home through the Y.M.C.A as I very often have no chance whatever to spend any and don’t like to carry too much around with me.

Tell Arthur to use my kodak or any one for that matter and get some pictures of them at least, and send them once, and of course I want you to do the same. It is the next thing to seeing you to set down once in a while and see some pictures from home. For in a way this is a lonesome old life, believe me—even tho it is exciting sometimes and a few words from home and some snap shots sure put a shot of life into you, and makes you feel like you are something more than an atom to someone at least. So hoping in the future to hear more from you and to live from Arthur two I am as ever your loving son. Hoping you feel as fine & fit as I do. I will close & try to write again soon.

P.S. P. B. Fredrickson