

July 20, 1918.

Dear Mother and Dad;

Just a few lines to let you know I am well and happy with not a single cut on me. Our regiment just returned from the trenches, after holding one of the most dangerous positions along the entire front. The regiment has made a name for itself and will go down in history as the regiment of iron which held the Germans from breaking through the last defense. We held the Germans under terrific shell fire for four days till the French and our own men and artillery could reinforce us.

They talk about hell on earth. Nothing can be more hell than artillery fire for several hours, in fact days, without let up. I only thank God for His gracious care and protection. Many comrades cease to live among us.

Things on the front are much more encouraging. The Germans are held all along a 60 mile front and in some places beat back severely.

I am going to close now and don't worry, for I am not sick, wounded or shell shocked, but am well, happy and thankful.

Ever lovingly,

Your devoted Son,

Howard.

I am going to write more often, but not quite so long.