Vive la France
Nov. 6, 1918.

Essie dear:

Am still at the same camp, from which I wrote mother, last week, and "oh! what a life". Had given up all thoughts of ever writing again, because there is such a vast amount of nothingness to write about. This certainly is one quiet place. On the level, I'm afraid that if I stay here much longer, the government will have to buy a new bed. I'll have this one all worn out. Am making up for all the sleep I lost at Camp-ton.

The weather, during our first week, or ten days in this country, was fine, But now, Pain, Gosh! how it has rained today. Was out on duty this morning, and never wished harder for anything in my life, than I did then, for an "old campaign hat." Oh! Essie, we certainly lost one good friend when, ~~when~~ the old "broad brims" were called in.

By this time, I suppose the old "outfit," is "up there". Just in time to get in on finish, as I have always hoped. And look at me. Sitting here, waiting for something to happen. Last night I had tenderloin steak for my supper. In the morning, I had more griddle cakes than I could eat. Of course I was on

K.P. at the headquarters mess, but even so, it pays. Then the night before, we had candy and tobacco issued us, so what more could we ask for.

(From local papers and current reports) I'll bet you a couple of seats to the best show in town that the war is over before this letter reaches you. How does that sound. When are we coming home? Lord only knows. Bet I have a good deal of travelling to do, though, before I get settled anywhere. And as for mail? Gee! We're out of luck, I guess. If you write me c/o of the "outfit", well look what happens. the letter goes up to where they are, back to headquarters, down to this camp, and the chances are I'll be out of here before long, so the best thing you can do is wait. When I'm settled, I cable the new address. All right?

Wishing you all the best of everything to help make your Thanksgiving a real one, and thanking my stars that I am better located than I was a year ago, that day, I remain,

With all the love in the world,

Rich.

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O.K. D. Frenton
~~Lieut.~~ Lieut. U. S. Army.