

## A Home Letter

Somewhere in France.

July 14, 1918.

My Dear Mother:

How I have been looking for a letter from you, but every time when mail comes in I am disappointed, for no letter has reached me since April.

I have believed that you might have have been too busy, but lately I have done some worrying; hope however, that everything is well at home.

I have put off writing lately as I did not care to write sooner in hopes I would get a letter from you. Had one from Hazel some little time ago. She expected to go to Portland Oregon about the 5th of June so perhaps she is there by this time.

How is dear old Dad anyhow? I just hope he and you all are getting along fine. No doubt Wallace is good and stays home to help you. And dear little Helen, how is she? I do hope she is well and doesn't give you too much trouble. How I would like to see the dear little girl again. Many is the time I look at her picture and wonder how you all are.

Hazel tells me that Arthur has left for Fort Logan, Colo. He said he was glad to go, but I hope he will not have to leave the U. S.

Tonight it is raining. It has rained the last three or four days and I look for still more.

Have you received my bond? It is up this month, I believe. I am going to make out another allotment, which I hope you have been receiving.

Had a letter from Louise Amundson a short time ago. Was much pleased to hear from her.

I am feeling good, as well as ever, which you want to know most. With love to you all and good wishes, I remain as ever,

Your Loving Son,

Victor.