

June 16, 1918

My dear friend Frances,

I will not annoy you with these letters anymore. The only thing I have to say is someone has been talking to you.

I'm indeed sorry that our two years pleasant friendship has thus ended. Can assure you that were I in Chicago I would most certainly make amends that you would demand, if any are needed.

I'm sorely puzzled by your continued silence and deeply disappointed inasmuch that I looked forward with the keenest anticipation of meeting with you again when I returned from Over There. Surely I hope I don't deserve such treatment.

I based my past life to you and was rewarded with such inspiration as only a girl like you can awaken in a man. Please do not feel that I am attempting flattery but I feel sure this feeble effort to tell you your true worth is just a humble apology for my innermost reverence toward you. In my eyes you stand as the one supreme specimen of ladyhood and I sincerely hope that you will think of me at least once while I am Over There. I pity the man (and man he must be) who gets you, if he doesn't treat you right.

You have given me credit for a little intelligence and I can say from all my travelled experience you are heads and heels above the great majority, and that means 99% out of 100. If you still have that letter you received from me from Indianapolis please read again.

Yes, the Army has made a different man out of me. Please, Frances, write and tell me why the silence.

Hoping I may ever remain your true friend.

Addy

'Just a Private'

357th Infantry Med. Det.

90th Division

Am. Ex. Forces