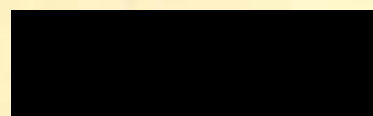


The Republic is in the East. The Austrians hold the West, and in between are wolves and bandits. Everyone goes armed because of these bandits, even I have to carry a carbin and revolver when I go out. The Leader of a large band of bandits has his gang about three miles up the valley. He wants to be president of this great and glorious new Republic. The French, who protect the Republic, can't see him, hence the feud. This city is rather decent, except that ~~xxxx~~ wolves come in at night and howl a bit. We have seen everything here and I am ready to leave. If it were not for some very amusing french soldiers it would be awful.

This life over here is so uncertain, that you feel you are tempting Providence every time you make any plans for the future. Nevertheless, I hope to get home in late May or early in June. If you are in Wilmington when you get this, remember me to all the boys.

Regards to all. Hope to see you soon.



P. S.-- We did not get away as expected. Just received word through my Lieutenant that I have been awarded the Creix de Guerre. In my wildest dreams, I did not expect this honor, and you can imagine how I feel about it. Pardon this outburst.