Dear Father:

If love is shown by letters, then you love me about four times as much as anyone else in the world. But for your letters I do not know how I would exist. Today is another "mail day" and everybody is happy over it, but most of all I am happy because I got the mail, and also because I got some myself. Four splendid letters from you, with clippings and poems. How I love you for them all. If I had the time I would try to repay in kind, but writing for me is almost an impossibility.

Take my program for the last few days. Moved to this position after the last letter I wrote home (written with pencil and telling of a battle). We moved in the night, as all movement of artillery is done near the front, and it rained every single moment while we moved. We made camp at 3:30 A.M. in an entirely strange place and everybody as wet as rats. The next day I was the first officer and one of the first men about, and after attending to various things here I got a brigade Dodge truck and went "way off yonder" along the front about 100 kilometers or more and attended to everybodies' business, got a truck full of mail for the Brigade, bought what little chocolate and cigarettes and begged what writing paper I could for the men. Spent one night in a town so full of officers and men you could not get anything to eat.
in a hotel or restaurant, and only by finest luck managed
to get a Y.M.C.A. lady to engage me a room in a private
home. I say a room, a cot with five other officers in a
room. Oh! but it was good to touch some sheets again.

Yesterday I went all over the country with that loaded
truck. Had a time trying to get in. Roads blocked with
truck teams everywhere. Had two punctures, and when we fin-
ally got to Brigade Hdqs it had moved, and no one knew where
it was. I got back here however at 1:00 A.M. This morning
found Hdqs and came back to get these good letters. Now I
am getting ready to go to the gun positions just as soon as
I can get this letter off to you on the next mail.

Am not at all surprised at what Dr. Anderson said. I
have always thought the same thing, and have known it for
some years. So often men have told me "If you ever are as
good a man as your father you will be all right." I have al-
ways wanted to be. I don't know about "mother-love" and
"father-love" but I know I am always loving Father and Mother
more and more each day, and it seems to me there can be no
distinction in our case for you both gave me all I have and
you are both "one person" in a very peculiar sense. How I
have loved you all lately. And I love Tom as I never dreamed
I could love anyone except you and mother and Emma.

One reason I want this war to leave me alive is so I can
go back and tell you all of the love I bear you and make you
believe what I say. This war has deepened the love of many a
man on both side the Atlantic, and love that lasts through the
war is going to abide forever.
While on my trip I tried to see some of our wounded, but could not find out where they are. It is almost impossible to find friends in this country, for anywhere near the front one is forbidden to tell where he is and there is no way to find our unless you run right over the man's regiment or himself. Take Lenoir Chambers, Noel Van Wagonen, Frank Thompson, I know where none of them are, and I only know where Gordon Smith, Walter Clark and Don Scott are by heresay. Will be glad when I get where I see the latter more regularly.

But we are learning every day and every night that we are not over here for our own comfort, and Americans are going to hate war so much when peace comes that we shall never be willing to engage in any except one like this one to put down wrong. And I have an idea that German war philosophy is going to be smashed before many more months and the German people are going try to gain the world by peaceful means if they would own it.

Again aviators have dropped Peace Propaganda documents. This time in English, but I did not see it this time. I hope we can do the work next year, and am beginning to think we can, but it will be a hard pull. Austria, Bulgaria & Turkey will be hard put to this winter and there may be a break before spring. At that time I figure we are going to deal a terrific blow.

Must close - Love to each and every one at home.

Your affectionate boy,

Ben.

O.K.
B.R. Lacy Jr.,
Chaplain 113 F.A.
Addressed:
Mr. B. R. Lacy,
Raleigh, N.C.,
U.S.A.

Censored
B.R. Lacy Jr.,
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