My Dear Mrs S,

I have been somewhat irregular about writing for the past week, but I need work. When the war is over, I have been spending some driving for the past four days. Every day, I have written nearly every day—sometimes during the 24 hours—in spite of lost sleep and rush of business.

The past four days have been our busiest rush and I had my first sleep this afternoon for four hours. I am writing now by candlelight and when I finish, am going to bed for what I intend shall be the best nights sleep since there...
been in France.

It rained hard all last night and all day today and is still raining. This afternoon it got cool enough to turn into hail, and it was one of the worst hail storms I ever saw for a few minutes. It is still cold and ordinarily a tent would be far from comfortable on such a night, but our little fire makes it as cozy and warm in here, as can be. In fact I have my coat off and my slippers on and am at

comfortable and warm as I would
be in a steam heated room.

We operated all night last night, and I had several cases myself. It was a galling experience for us all, but we had handled the work in fine shape, without getting clogged up at all. I go on duty again tomorrow morning at eight o'clock, but don't anticipate that I will have so very much to do because most of it comes at night.

Yesterday afternoon it rained to deluge us here. "Muts" caught a perequine, and we put him in a box cage, but tonight we took pity on the poor little devil and let him go. From the way he acted, I judged he was right glad to go, too. The balance of our menagerie is still with us. It consists of one of the humblest little mongrel puppies you ever saw. God only knows where he came from, but he likes us so we named him "Booby," and keep him. He is a cute little rascal too, and we have a lot of fun playing with him. The artillery is coming out.
a great rate tonight so I guess he team on duty will have something to do all night.

Well, dear girl, I am beginning to believe I will never get any more letters from you. It is now over two weeks since I have had one, and no prospect of any mail. I am sure anxious to get some mail to see how all has been going with you since the last one I got. I most certainly hope that your deliveries are more frequent than mine because I know how you will hate to go so long without
From you, really know, we have nothing to complain of, for I think what under the circumstances our mail de-
deliveries have been exceptionally good. I have been ages since I heard from Jack. I don’t understand it either, for I have written two or three letters to him since I last heard from him. I trust in his good luck, that he is well and has met with no harm. I met another of my classmates today before yesterday—a man named Dick Taylor. He is also a Mr. Sigma Phi and a
fraternity brothers of Ferris Smith. Tell Ferris how I have met him if for no other reason than to let him know that the other members of his class and fraternity are doing their duty and he ought to do his.

I have just discovered that I have gummed up this letter most beautifully. I had two packs of these sheets together and not noticing it, wrote page 17 on the front of one and page 15 on the back of another, so you are going to have a merry time trying...
to straighten out the mess. I am remembering the page to make it easier for you, and I guess you will get along all right if you are conscientious and persevering. I will try to see dearest, that it never happens again.

I wonder how you are at home. Nights like these are the kind that one cannot help thinking of how much he would rather be at home than over here fighting a war. I think that all the time of course, but it is wet, cold, dismal, gloomy, wretched, and —
Well you know how I feel. I know you do. I want to see you dearest—to hold you in my arms and love you. I want to kiss you dearest, and tell you with my lips instead of a fountain pen, that I love you more than all the world—more than life itself. I want to take my two kiddies up in my arms and hear them call me Daddy, and have their soft little arms around my neck and their cheeks next to mine. Oh! my darling, how I want these things, and how wonderful life will be when I have them again.
But patience is a virtue we must cultivate now if we never do again, for we must wait and wait, for that most wonderful of days to come. Time is passing, and events are shaping and nothing is more impossible than that this war can last forever. So dear, knowing that the end of it is coming and that each day brings it nearer and nearer, we must both be brave and keep clear and be happy in the conscious ness of duty, well performed.
and finally, it will come. And then dear, the rest of the world will have ceased to exist for us and we will live in a world all our own, just living to love each other and our dear children.

Well Honey I must close. The light is poor and my eyes are shaky and more writing. I hope you do succeed in straightening out the crying in this letter. It is surely a much tangled up mess, but I know you can do it. Give my love to the dear kiddies and Ted and kiss them for me. With all my dear love to you, my Beloved Wife and millions of Kisses, I am your loving husband

1St. Andrews, March 1944

[Signature]