I January 1918.

My Dear Wife,

I have been somewhat irregular about writing for the past few days, but "Needs must, when the devil drives," and he has been doing some driving for the past four days. Since 25th I have written nearly every day—sometimes during the 24 hours—in spite of lost sleep and rush of business. The past four days has 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 I have
Irae 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 in 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 as comfortable and warm as I would
We operated all night last night and I had several cases myself. It was a grueling 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 to do very much to do because most of it comes at night.

Yesterday afternoon it was old bronchitis war here. "Muts" caught a forepaw 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 mighty 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. Lord only knows where he came from, but he likes us so we named him "Roxy" and kept him. He is a cute little rascal, too, and we have a lot of fun playing with him. The artillery is down right
a great rate tonight so I guess the team on duty will have something to do all right.

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 prospects of an early mail. I am sure anxious to get some mail to see how all has been going with you since the last I got. I must certainly hope that your deliveries are more frequent than mine, because I know how you will hate to go so long without
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 two babies 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 those things and how wonderful life will be when I have them again.
to straighten out the mess. I am mincing 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 all 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 not cold, dismal, gloomy, wetter, and —
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 gunned 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
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 close and be happy in the conscious ness of duty, well performed.
Ford from me. Really how are we have nothing to complain of, for I think that under the circumstances our mail deliveries have been exceptionally good. It has 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 day before yesterday—a man named Dick Taylor. He is also a Mr. Sigma Nu and a
and finally, it will come. And then
Dear, the rest of the world will have
leaped 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 hardly
and more writing. I hope you do
succeed in straightening out the coming
in this letter. It is surely a much
laughed up mess, but I know you
can do it. Give my love to the dear
hiddies and Ted and kisses them for
me. With all my dear love to you,
my Beloved Wife and millions of
Kisses, I am your loving husband

[Signature]