

August 12<sup>th</sup> 1918.

My Darling Marie:-

I, at last, have been blest with the good fortune to get some mail. I received eight wonderful letters from you this morning, one from Hugh Rouse and one from Margaret and Mary. Your letters were so sweet and cheerful, and full of good news that I feel like a different man since reading them. It is the only pleasure I have - receiving your letters and hearing such wonderfully good news from you all. I told you not to worry about the rash on your face and true enough it cleared up just as I said it would. I am glad darling, that it is all well and hope it never bothers you again. I was very glad to hear from Hugh Rouse. His letter was cheering and full of good things about you, which only added to the unwear-able pride I take in the efforts of the two wonderful women God gave me, in helping kick the Kaiser. I tell you dear I am proud of you and Glad and you deserve untold credit for all you have given up and all you are doing. I shall write to Hugh again sometime when I have more time than I have now. These are busy days for us. I have just finished another tour of forty eight



consecutive hours of duty - during all of which time I never left the operating room, were having my meals (a sandwich and coffee) brought in to me. I am in for a few good hours of rest now, but first I am going to finish this letter.

It was nice of Margaret and Mary to write to me. I will not write them but you tell them for me how glad I was to hear from them and how pleased I am to hear you say such good things of them and how much help they are to you. The little gifts I sent them were evidences of the great appreciation I feel for their faithfulness and be sure to tell them both that it is one of my greatest sources of comfort to know they are with you. They are good girls and I am surely glad you are fortunate enough to have their help.

I love to have you tell me all the cute things the babies say and do. Brother must be a star, and it breaks my heart to think I am missing all the best of his babyhood. But I love him



and only want him not to forget me because it will break my heart more than ever if he does. Little Lister is a sweet heart and I know she is more beautiful than ever. Love dear, I can't tell you how my heart longs for those two kiddies and how I miss the wonderful times we have enjoyed with them. But, Thank God, the time is coming nearer and nearer, when we will be together, and the perfect life we were enjoying will be renewed and be more perfect than ever. Won't it be a glorious time Sweet heart, when we are together again for the first time after this war?

I have been away for three hours. I expected to get a little rest but some cases came in and I have been operating ever since. I would tell you all about our method of handling cases but I believe it is information that should not be risked in the mails from this point. I will wait until I get home to tell you all the news that my conscience will not permit me to tell now, for I don't believe



in bothering the censor with extra work. You  
dearest, some of your letters have been censored.  
I don't know but that all of them are, but  
some I know have been. That answers another  
question you have been asking for some time.  
You see dear, I get so many letters at one time  
that I can't remember all of the questions you  
ask, consequently some of them go unanswered  
until your oft repeated requests for the infor-  
mation get through my head. I am sorry I am  
such a poor correspondent, but really dear  
all I write for is to tell you of my love and  
that is the reason I let other matters go.

It is a beautiful, bright day, and I am  
enjoying it. I will close now and lie down.  
Loads of love to you all - I love you.  
Daddy.

1st St. Ansel Street U.S.A.