Aug. 6th, 1918

My Darling:

I am now indulging in my favorite pastime, which consists in sitting in the sun in front of my tent, writing to you. No—that's not quite true. My very favorite pastime is reading letters from you, but as none came today, I have to forego the pleasure. However, this pleasure is second only to that, and for the next few moments I am going to enjoy myself thoroughly, visiting with my sweetheart.

I have just finished noon mess, and a meal it was. It was about as unappetizing and inedible a meal as I ever have had to face, and needless to say, I partook very reluctantly thereof. I can't imagine what went wrong with the cuisine today. Generally our mess is very good but today—well I simply can't use the adjectives I wish to, so I will stop talking about it. I worked very hard all this...
morning on rounds, dressings and history records, and now have all of them right up to the minute.

This afternoon I am off duty until eight tonight and then go on for the night. I don't mind telling you that I am going to take a good nap this afternoon, too.

It has cleared up most beautifully today after an all night rain, and as is usually the case, the planes are buzzing around again. That is an inevitable concomitant of good clear weather. I hope it is as pleasant tomorrow as it has been today for I am off all day and would like to go down and play a game of billiards. I feel as if tomorrow is my day to win.

What do you think of the news from this side nearest Robert isn't it? It is just as good today as it has been and there is no sign of a change. Fritz is running...
and it surely looks as if the Yanks wanted to keep him running. I predict great news before winter comes. There is really no limit to the possibilities. It is wonderful, isn't it dear, and how happy we all are over it?

Well - Major Lyle has left us. He will not be with us again, neither, and we were all sorry to see him leave although personally I didn't like him at all. He was a good C.O. and a most efficient man, and he recommended me for promotion so I should like him. But he had a personality that was repellant rather than otherwise and not one of us has become a close friend of his during all the time we have been together. Major Morrow is the
new C.O. and is decidedly more popular and better liked than was Major Style.

Captain Armon has just returned from his leave and reports that he had a very good time. A large number of the officers have gone now, but I am not going until Winter at the earliest and I may not go then. Rosy and I may go to Paris, Nice, and Monte Carlo, sometime in November, but I am not decided as yet whether I will or not. I don't need vacation at all, and would only be going out of curiosity, and such curiosity over here is very expensive. I will wait to do my sight-seeing until you come with me. They will be different. However I may go for a week. I don't know.
I must write to Jack this P.M. I owe him two letters now and really feel a little ashamed of myself. Still I have been a bit too busy to write and guess he will over look my negligence after I explain it to him. Have you heard from him lately? I want you to write to him once in awhile anyway. It will keep him cheered up, and that counts for a whole lot over here.

Well my darling girl I am going to close now. I will write more tomorrow dearest. I am tired and want to take a nap while the taking's good. Give Glad and my darling kiddies my dear love and a lot of hugs and kisses. Tell them how I long to see them and how much I love them. With all the
love I have, to you dear heart, and millions of kisses, I am your lonesome, loving Daddy.

[Signature]

P.S. March 1st, 1940.