

February 27th.

My Darling Wife:-

This is the next to the last day of the month and it will soon be pay day.

In fact day after tomorrow is supposed to be but whether it will be or not remains to be seen because sometimes pay day doesn't come promptly on time, I have observed in the past.

It is raining today, but rain in no way interferes with our daily routine here. We work and drill, drill and work, rain or no rain. And it is good for us too. It keeps us from becoming discontented and gets the men so tired that they are more willing to go to bed at night than to a wine shop.

I had a fine bath this morning, and feel great. The hut is nice and warm and cozy – seems all the more so because of the patter of rain on the roof. I have nearly an hour before

mess, so chose this time to write to you for I am going to be very busy this afternoon, and I want to write something to you every day – no matter how little it is.

We had a small poker game last night and again the box of chips Everill gave me proved a friend in need. I “picked off” a few francs very easily. It seems funny to be playing the game with francs and centimes. I tell you dear it will seem good to get back to a land where they use real money again instead of a lot of stuff that bears more resemblance to cheap wall paper.

I got two sweet letters from you dearest – both written on

2.

Sunday the 3d of February. There was no bad news in them and that was most encouraging. I am sure every thing is going to be all right for you dear if your health only remains good. You must not worry about at all. I am in absolutely no danger. The circumstances and surroundings I am in are just as safe as if I were at home. And I am in perfect health. I know darling, that worry about anything always makes your trouble worse so I want you to stop worrying.

You have so much faith in your religion dearest. Just go to see the Priest often and talk with him. I know it will give

you a lot of comfort. We have a Catholic Priest – chaplain – eating at our mess with us. He is a mighty fine fellow too. He is the one I heard preach at mass two weeks ago – and is a young fellow from New York.

I have heard nothing from Jack Coryell yet. He is still with the 26th Inf. I guess and I have written to him twice but get no reply. I don't know what the reason is.

About the typewriter dearest. I will have nothing done about it dear girl because I don't know when it would get here nor where I will be. And then there is always the chance that

it might go astray in the mails. So I guess I won't have you bother about it and will keep the one I have.

We are all spending some time – not too much – Studying French, and are getting along fairly well. At least when I return I will be able to talk to you in French. I think it is the “nuttiest” language I have ever had any experience with, if you will pardon the expression. Well my darling I will close now. It is mess time and I must leave. I love you dearest girl. You asked me in your letter yesterday, if I love you as much as you love me. Honey dear, you know I do. You know how much I love you. I am always at a loss to tell

you how great my love is for
I can't find words to express
it. But we do know that our
love for each other is greater than
all things – greater than the
universe – and that it never
never will die. I love you dear
girl. I love you. Kiss my babies
and give them my dear love. With
more love to you dear than
“tongue can tell” I am your
lonesome

Husband.