

February 28th

Sweetheart:-

Yesterday was a real red letter day for me.

I recieved no letter from you, but got two

packages and four newspapers. Honey

I can't begin to tell you how wonderful

I think you are and how much I

love you for sending me these boxes.

I can realize how much pleasure

you take in it dearest and I know

how much love you tie up in them

for me. And to me there is nothing

more pleasant, except recieving

your letters.

Now to discuss the contents

of the boxes. The trench cap dear,

is perfect. I like it better than

the helmets for some purposes.

It was wonderful of you to knit

both of those things for me and

then there was a wonderful

pair of white sox – by far the best pair I have. The boxes of ointment were not broken. The chewing gum was most welcome and the chocolate and candy – well you should have seen the men go to them. The candy sure did taste good. It is all gone and I am sending the combined thanks of all the officers of the organization for the candy and the sugar. They all think you are a wonderful little woman and insist that they appreciate you as much as I do, but I know about that better than they do, and don't even deign to argue the point with them. I can

hardly wait now for my other boxes to come. You have no idea darling, how glad it makes me to get them. It is almost like Christmas – almost. I said, for nothing could be quite like the Christmases we have spent together. Isn't that so dearest?

I slept like a top last night, between my new flannel sheets, and this morning was much surprised when I awoke, to find a large puddle of water on my chest. It had rained all night and there was a hole in the roof right over me. I didn't mind though as it didn't wake me up.

Speaking of rain – you should see the mud. It is surely the worst mud I have ever seen and I hope to never see worse. It has rained two days and nights. Just five minutes ago the sun came out for a minute and it has stopped raining but I guess, only temporarily. I have enjoyed reading the “Review of Reviews” and “Military Surgeon” and program of the Camp Custer minstrels, very much dear, and want to thank you for your thoughtfulness in sending them. It really seems to me that all I do is to thank you for

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something wonderful you have done for me. I know that no other man on earth has as wonderful a wife as I have and one who spends so much time trying to make life all pleasant for her husband.

I can only say dearest, that I appreciate it more than I can express in words; that I love you for it more than I have words to tell, and that when I return my whole life will be devoted to making you realize what a darling I think you are.

I have a “hunch” that I am going to get a letter from you today. Every time I have

a “hunch” I get some mail,
so I permit myself to have
them often.

Today is the last day of
the month and tomorrow should
be pay day but for some
reason I have a feeling that
it is going to be delayed again
for awhile. I am anxious for
this payday to come because
I want to send you some money.
It will do you more good now
than it will in the Summer and
so I will send it instead of
waiting longer.

Well my darling I am
going to close and do
something I haven't done
before since I have been

in the Army – lie down and
take a nap. Give my love
to all. Kiss my babies and
Tud. Never forget them
dearest for I love them all
with oceans of love to you
dear heart and many many
thanks for the wonderful
boxes you have sent me I
am your Loving

Daddy.