

March 9th 1918.

My Beloved Wife:-

This is a beautiful day. I am at leisure again today and have already improved my time by taking a five mile walk with Tony. It is too beautiful outside not to take advantage of it to a certain extent, although I am greatly opposed to taking too much exercise at any time. I sent you a cable gram yesterday. I know it will cheer you up a lot to get recent news from me and so when one of the men went to town I had him send the little short message which I know you wanted to receive.

I can't send them very often. I have explained why, in previous letters, but I will send them as often as I can. It has been two days now since I have received mail from you, and I have become so accustomed to receiving some nearly every day, that it has made me lonesome. Yesterday the Major appointed the operating teams

for our organization and I am well pleased with my assignment. I am assigned with Major Morrow, and Captain McCloskey, both of them very good men. We are to leave here soon and visit hospitals which are in action, in order to get ideas for our own operation. It will surely be a treat to get into real medical, or rather surgical work, again, and feel that the purpose for which I joined the army has at last been realized.

I wish you would read all of George Patullo's letters in the Post. They are interesting and cleverly written and give a very accurate idea of conditions over here, while the illustrations are camera snapshots which have passed the censor and will be of great interest to you especially inasmuch

as they are taken in the immediate locality in which I am now. In fact, Patullo is a patient in a hospital near here at present. Not wounded, but just a little sick. So look up some of his letters dear, and see if they are not interesting to you.

How the time is flying. First thing we know it will be the first of April – in fact – I guess it will be by the time this letter reaches you. Then almost before we realize it, summer will have come and gone and next winter will be here. And each day, dearest, makes just one day less that we must wait for each other.

There are a lot of aeroplanes

buzzing around today, as there always are during fine weather. It is a beautiful sight and one of which I never tire, to see them soaring above us like great birds. It certainly is a wonderful invention, and these aviators over here, sure know how to fly.

I met a Lt. Barker from Detroit yesterday, who is in the Engineer corps, and was at Ft. Benjamin Harrison for his training. He is acquainted with a lot of our friends in Detroit being a very good friend of Russ Stoddard's. It always seems good to meet people that way, and we had a nice long talk mostly about the D.A.C. I had

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almost forgotten that there was such a club, and it brought back old times most pleasantly to talk about it. He introduced himself to me after hearing me play “Victor’s” on the piano in a small café near here.

He is also a Michigan Graduate in the class of 1912.

Are there any signs as yet of Ferris or any of the others at home, getting into the service? I should think that by this time they would be able to appreciate the necessity of it, and I also should think they nearly had run out of excuses for not getting in. I can’t understand them, and I

never will be able to either.
I can't help but feel that the
time is coming soon when they
will seriously regret the fact
that they have not volunteered
their services, and I wish you
would tell them so. Well dear,
I will close for today. Give my
love to all. With all my love
and millions of kisses to my
darling kiddies, Tud, and you, my
Sweet Girl.

Daddy.