

May 30, 1918.

My Darling:-

As I predicted in my letter yesterday, I had a veritable landslide of mail yesterday afternoon. Fourteen wonderful letters dear and 2 from Dad and one from Oliver Wallace. I also got the pictures of the babies and Honey they are beautiful. I can't tell you how pleased I am to have recieved them, for I had entirely given up hope of getting them. I have showed them to everyone here and believe me our babies have recieved some compliments.

Your letters were full of good news. I never have has a more satisfactory mail, and I had a

most wonderful time reading them.
The whole deck of cards is here
now I can't thank you enough
for sending them and I think
you had a mighty clever idea
in sending them. In one of
your letters there was a clipping
with an underlined word. No,
dear, your guess was wrong.
Try it again.

I enjoyed reading Fisher's
letter although I am sorry to
hear he is having trouble
again. Yes dear, I have done
some operating myself but only
during big rushes. The Majors

are the operating surgeons and always will be until there is a big rush when we are called upon. It is only a question of rank. I give [anaesthetics] and do a great deal of assisting, but it is interesting and instructive and I don't mind it at all. About promotions – they are ever so much more rapid in the States than here. Men who have been here for a year still have no promotion. I don't think of it at all because I don't care a whit about it. I didn't join the Army for personal aggrandizement but to do my duty and do it any way I am told. I am sure you know that both Jack and I joined the army with an entirely unselfish motive and a much different one than Dr. [Urquhart] seems to manifest. So let's not worry about that little thing. It amounts to so little, and I assure you dear, there are plenty of Majors and Captains in the service who have no right to their rank if ability is a criterion. But such things can't be helped in

such a big army and I
never want it said that I
suffered from an attack of
“sour grapes.” I hope I am
bigger than that.

I have had no news from
Jack yesterday but know that
his outfit is very busy right
now in a certain sector, so he
probably has his hands more
than full and can't write to
me. I have only one desire,
which is to see the Germans
whipped and then come back
to you. Nothing else in all
this world matters dear, but

you. And as you say, our lives forever and ever will be entirely devoted to love for each other, and to each others happiness. We sure do know how to make each other happy too, don't we dear?

I am sorry about my glasses, but if Senator Smith can't get them over to me I will have to do without them that's all, for there is a regulation against sending any packages now. I do need them however, and will be glad to get them if

it is possible. My surprise packages are at an end however. I never will see any more of them, but for the ones I have recieved, my darling, I am most sincerely thankful and I have enjoyed them more than I can ever tell you. I think you are the most wonderful and dearest girl on earth dear, and I love you with all my heart and soul and might. All my life I will love you dear, and will live for your pleasure and happiness alone. Give my love to my dear babies and Tud. Kiss them for me and tell them how much I love them. With all my dearest love to you dear, oceans of it, and millions of kisses, God bless you, I am your loving husband.

“A.B.”