Friday, February 18th

SWEETHEART,

I must apologize first of all for the scratchy and slovenly appearance of the date of this letter, but I am getting a little low on paper and therefore thought I would try to make it go by. I am sure you will overlook it dear.

It just happens this morning that I have no work assigned to execute, as yet. There is no telling how soon I will have, but I will take advantage of my opportunity and write as much as I can before I have to go to work. I am still in need of a shave too, so you can judge that it is quite early in the morning. I am feeling fine now. I still have a little of my cold, but it is very much
better and I am sleeping better nights. Beginning today our
summer schedule begins, and
we have reveille an hour ear-
lier in the morning, so that now
we are getting up nearly in the
middle of the night. I enjoy it
too. It doesn't do me any harm
that's certain, for it makes
us go to bed earlier at night.
I have had several letters from
Jack now. He is certainly very
dissatisfied, and I feel mighty
sorry for him. We have been
unable to make any arrange-
ments yet to meet each other
and I don't know whether we
will be able to or not, but we
are going to keep on trying. Jack
is very anxious to get a transfer
to the service of the rear and
I for one don't blame him at all because it must be mighty hard for a man of his exceptional training and ability to be buried up where the talents he has are of no use whatsoever. Still he has nobody but himself to blame and I guess he realizes it by this time. If he only had told his friends to leave him alone and let him work out his own destiny I had two darling letters from you yesterday dearest both of them written very elegantly the mouth of January. And only know where they have been and what round about routes they may have taken to reach me, but they finally reached me. And now I feel that all the mail
you have sent me will reach me eventually. It is a wonderful treat dear, to receive your packages, because they always contain such useful things and things good to eat. And you pack them so well that every thing so far has come through in excellent condition. The boy I have enjoyed most was the one containing Mr. Sarvis' cheese and the crackers and cake. I can't tell you how good those things tasted dearest. The crackers were just as crisp and fresh as if just bought and they sure did taste good.

I saw by the paper that Frank Shaw is a captain and that he has been in the hospital at home for an operation. If you get an opportunity give
him my very best regards and my congratulations on his promotion. Tell him I hope to be a captain sometime myself. I will be glad when the winter settles down and we all get to the work we intend the army for. If we don't have some of it soon I am going to forget that I ever was a doctor. I am afraid. But I am sure that when it does begin I will have enough to make me realize it fully again.

The camp we are in now is being wired with electricity and in about two weeks now we will have electric lights here. It will be a very welcome change from the
candle light to which we have had to become accustomed. It seems strange that we should have such luxuries while we are at war, doesn't it dear? It is only another proof of the fact that we are not suffering over here and that we don't deserve any sympathy on those grounds. A better fed and better spirited lot of men could never be found than our troops over here, are.

The work that the Y.M.C.A. is doing over here is really a wonderful thing. There is not a camp in which there is not a Y.M.C.A. hut, and the men certainly make use of them.

The greatest stage and musical
artists in the world are furnishing programs for the amusement of the 'Sammies' and some of the programs are wonderful. It is a favorite thing to do, when a poker game isn't in progress, to go to the Y.M.C.A. and hear the evening's program. In your last letters you ask if there is anything I want or need. There isn't a thing on earth I want or need. Dear, to make me comfortable and happy, except you and my two dear kiddies. I dreamt about you all, all last night. It was a wonderful dream and we all had a
five time together. And today for some reason, I feel so happy and contented, for I feel that all is well with my dear ones at home, and that I need not worry about them. I think that you are the most wonderful girl in the world to change your manner of living so abruptly, and economize in such a manner that you get along on just half, with out any trouble. It not only requires grit but it requires a lot of hard work and you are certainly using it. You are a dear sweet little girl and I love you.
with all my heart and soul.
I also, Honey, have thought
of that Sunday in Indianapolis when we saw each other after such a long separation, a great many times. Do you remember when we met at Co. 10 W.O.C. at the fort? I don't believe either of us ever had a more wonderful time than we had for the next day or two. I remember how we sat in our room at the hotel and talked over all the pleasant things in our lives—beginning with the day we met and going all
through our courtship and married life. It was fun. We have been such kids always, and have been so fortunately blessed with the good things of life. There has never been a thing we wanted which we could not have, and still we have not been discontented, and you have been such a good thoughtful, all the time - the few necessary little scraps we have had, have only served to make us still much happier in the end. I can imagine only in part, what a
wonderful reunion our next one will be, judging from the last one. This of course will be a much longer separation and much harder for us both to bear. But when it is over and we are with each other again, I just naturally figure that Heaven will have nothing on the individual little Paradise you and I will live in, and that it will be an experience and reunion which we will think of all our lives as the greatest and most pleasantly exciting we ever have had. While it
is terribly hard to be away from all you loved and of mine; the thoughts of our reunion do a great deal to make this easy, and give me a lot to look forward to. I am blessed by God, and most fortunate in having you to go back to.

Honey — this is one of the times when I wish I were Shakespeare, just for the sake of his vocabulary. I would like to have coined of enough words of the English language, to tell you how much I love you and adore you.
I have tried time and time again and always fail the mark. I know that you know, because you judge my love for you, by the extent of yours for me, just as I do; and that after all, is best because it leaves the decision to your mind and heart instead of your tongue. But I love you Darling, I adore you, and always shall, for you are my dear, sweet, thoughtful and loving wife. Kiss my babies for me and tell them their Daddy loves them and pray for them.
Every day. Kiss Ted for me.
Tell her I love her, and to keep on being a good girl.
With all my love dear heart
and millions of kisses.

are your loving

Daddy.