June 6th 1918.

My Darling Wife:

This makes about the fourth time I have started to write to you since yesterday morning, but with no success, for believe me these are busy days with E. H. #2 and we are all on the jump every minute. It has been impossible to find time for anything except eating meals and even these have been much neglected, contrary to my usual custom. You know me well enough to know that when I overlook a meal there is a real reason for it.

Well - we have had lots of excitement and activity. I can't tell you about it - thanks to friends here, but you know this is a military hospital and with that much knowledge you can let your imagination run riot. It is hard work indeed, but I certainly feel that it is small work compared to what the men in the trenches are doing - God bless them! They know what hardship is - we only think we do. And it is so hard to see the poor fellows when they come in here. They are gritty and never com-
plane but still, that makes it all the harder
to see them suffer. One thing is certain—
they are certainly receiving wonderful care,
thanks to the Army Medical Corps and the
American Red Cross. You women at home, in-
gaged in that work, will never fully realize
what a wonderful work it is, and how much
our ultimate victory in this war depends
on it. It is simply impossible to estimate
the actual usefulness of our Army to
the Red Cross and the wonderful women like
you who are working so hard for the boys over
here.

While sitting here in the door of my tent
I have seen a very exciting and interesting
airfield combat in which two German planes
were brought down by our Yankee gunners.
Even now they are shooting at a big balloon
which we can't make out even with our glasses
to be anything but a zeppelin. If it is, it is the
first we have seen on this front and I hope
they nail it. When these aeroplanes come
down, all in flames, pitching and swirling
and falling like a plummet, it sure does
bring your heart right up in your mouth
and yours. I give you a good bit of admiration for the bravery of the men who go up in them, be they German or Allies. Of course we are glad to see them brought down and hope that the good work goes on.

I am feeling very good now. My trip is a thing of the past and I am glad for you to know dear, when I have that little bug, I have it bad. It has left me with a slight cough—otherwise as good as new. Yesterday morning I got two wonderful letters from you—the first in ten days. I certainly feel good to get them and I want more today. They were written on May 13th which makes pretty good time I think. Oh, my darling, I am so homesick—just for you dear and the babies. How I would love to be with you and won't we have a wonderful time when I see you? You ask when this war will be over. I know as much about it as anyone else I guess. We have got to win it. American soldiers are the only solution and the
sooner they get here the sooner it will be over. They are here now by the hundreds of thousands but they are needed by the millions and then Kaiser Bill will have to call a halt. Nobody wants peace till the Germans are whipped. No matter how much we want to come back to our loved ones and God's Country, we don't want to leave this job undone, and it simply means patience, braving, and fortitude on the part of every man over here and of every woman back there. Thee when we do come home, we will be coming to a land freed forever of the menace of the fate that has befallen Belgium, France and Serbia. To dearest, there is nothing to do but hope and pray, and be brave, and I know that of all brave women on the face of this earth, my wife is the bravest and dearest.

I am awfully glad you went to this dance dear and it would please me more if you would go out often, for you certainly should have all the recreation possible. Everything to divert your mind, is a good thing for you dear. My mind is continuing
diverted by my work, which comes in an unending and ceaseless stream. I was awak
at 1:30 this morning by a terrific cannon-
ading - a barrage at the front - which
lasted all night long, and is still going
on sporadically.

It is a perfectly beautiful sunny day.
There is not a cloud in the sky, and I'd
help but think on days like this of the
wonderful trips we used to have in the
Cadillac. Those were good days weren't
they sweetheart? Well - cheer up - they
will be here again sometime. The spring
flowers over here are beautiful. There are
innumerable fields of beautiful wild poppies,
and daisies, forget-me-nots and blue violets.
I have never seen such a profusion of
flowers except in the western part of our
country. But I never am going to be here
to tour France. I will have seen all
of France that I want to see, when I
get away from here.

I wonder if you have received the
last box I sent you dear? It may be too early for me to have heard from it, but it seems to me I should hear about this time. It hardly seems possible that we have been in this place two months now. I wish I could tell you where I am but that is not possible. Have you written to Mrs. Boyd T. Finch, Adrian, Mich., yet? Let me know when you do.

I am sorry to hear that the Warner's are not as materially friendly as they were going to be. I hope matters change for the better. I have always thought a great deal of both of them. I hope if they don't treat my dear little wife the way she wants them to they can go to H---. So there. Your friends are my friends and I have no others. There is nothing in all this world I am living for dear, but you. And all my life I am going to devote to you in an endeavor to make up to you some of the suffering you have been through and to show you that I think my dear wife is the best, dearest, sweetest, bravest, most wonderful and most beautiful thing
woman on God's earth. I love you mother dear, Oh! so much! I love every bit of you with all my heart and soul. I love you and adore you. God bless you dear, and the dear babies, and keep you all safe, strong and well till I return. Kiss Ted and the dear kiddies for me. Goodbye till tomorrow dearest. I will write more then. Remember for me to all my friends. Tell them I don't write quickly because I have absolutely no time. Goodbye lover dear. I love you.

"A.B."

P.S. Mrs. Russell Murphey M.D.
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