July 17, 1918.

Sweetheart:

Yesterday I was a very very busy man. I had nothing but my dressings to do in the morning but in the afternoon a continual string of cases came in and I was operating all the afternoon. I got to bed early last night and had a most glorious sleep, for it was cool and pleasant beyond description. Today we are off duty until 8:00 P.M. so I will have a quiet day but may be up all night.

I didn't receive mail from you yesterday - therefore I suppose...
some today. The deliveries are very regular now and liking it much better to get one or two letters at a time and get them frequently, than to get so very at once after a long silent interval. But believe me—I am glad to get them in any manner at any time.

Yesterday and today have been frightfully hot days. I am cutting in my tent now—the walls rolled up, and I have no shirt and blouse on so that I am fairly comfortable.
I am not suffering with the heat but I am fully conscious of it. I have at last put on B.V.D.'s of which I have one suit, but I have some lighter underwear I secured from the Merchant marines which will do just as well. My brassieres were altogether too heavy for this weather and I just had to take them off. Yesterday fortunately I was able to get hold of six lbs. of very good American candy and we were enjoying it. It is an extremely scarce article over here and is considered a great treat wherever we can get it. About once every two months the Commissary gets in a limited supply and there is a grand rush for it. Several of the men always think of me so I am generally well provided for.

I was delighted to read that Fred is getting along better. I think he
will undoubtedly improve a lot this season. He should be advised by all his friends never to leave the West for I think his one chance for permanent recovery is to stay out there. We wish all go out to see him some time.

I presume by this time you know what a failure the Germans have made of their fifth offensive this year and what a glorious and conspicuous part the
Americans played in the affair. The French people have learned to love the Americans and nothing is too good for them. They are fighters of the best type. They don’t know what defeat means and they are bound and determined that no Dutchmen are ever going to get the best of them. I think their fighting qualities top both the French and British and they can always
make an equal number of German look like a lot of sheep. America will come in for her share of glory in the victory. The Allies are sure to win—best assured.

How are the babies dear? Are they standing the heat of summer now? And how are you now? I hope the rash has entirely disappeared and that "Minnie" is herself again. I am sure you will be all right dear and want you to continue to be as careful as you have in the past.

Well, Darling, I will close till tomorrow. Give the babies and Ted my love and kisses. With loads of love and a world full of kisses to you sweet heart from your loving husband,

P.S.

P.S. To Aunt B. and Mr. B. and Mrs. B.

P.S.