September 22-1918.

My Darling Girl:

This Sunday morning—a rather cold, bleak Sunday it is true—but nevertheless a day that always makes me think of home and mother dear. We have always had such a good time on Sundays, after they have finished all my work. The whole day is then given up to having a good time with you and the folks. Well—never mind dear—every day will be Sunday by and by, and it will be so, you may be sure. Life, and this old world are going to pay us in full and with interest for the days we have missed together. Don't let that trouble you dear.

I have just finished reading a sweet letter from you this morning and I feel that I have
done fairly well during the past twenty-four hours. Would you say so? In the letter I received today you enclosed a card from Harrods regarding the candy sent from Harrods. I have already written to you and thanked you for it but am going to do so again, for it is impossible to tell you too often or too forcibly how much I appreciated it. So, Darling, I thank you again with all my heart and soul. And I love you for it too, dear, with all my heart and soul.

You spoke also of what the Captain said to you about all tolerance here. She must not be influenced by such things because those officers don't know a thing about the
Circumstances over here, and to my knowledge the only army that has any women chaplains is the British army. The American army has not yet felt the need of men to that extent. As the coming in Y W C A or Red Cross work— that is different, but as things are going now I think it would be foolish for her to come. This scrap is on its last lap now and will up last much longer. I hope she will consider it well before acting.

Dearest—we will be absent this Christmas. It can't be helped. It is impossible to grant furloughs and is simply not being done. We must make the best of it and wait for the next Christmas.
to come. We will be with each other in heart and love and that will help a lot. It will be a happy Christmas after all for we will know it is the only one that will separate us.

Tomorrow is my birthday and I am an old man. I need not worry you dearest that I am not home on that day as I have another one coming next year and expect either to be home or on the way there at that time. I am not going to celebrate in any way at all as there is no real way for a tolst o to celebrate his birthday unless he is with his family. However I will not soon forget my birthday of last year, and
What a good time we all had together. Do you remember the Hallow-eeen party? Wasn't it a dandy? Oh! those were happy days, weren't they, dear girl.

I go on duty at one o'clock this afternoon and am on the eight. So I will get a good sleep tonight, as I did last night. I am going to close now. Dearest, There is absolutely no news to write. It is so hard to write home when you are in continual competition with a censor who takes an unfair advantage of you and cuts out all of you and cuts out all of your news. I am glad I haven't news. Give my love to Ted and
my dear babies. Tell them Daddy loves them and thinks of them every minute of his life. Kiss them all for me dear.

With all the love in my heart for you dear girl, and with millions of kisses from your dear

Daddy.

[Signature]