January 28th, 1919.

My Dear [Name],

Well, the first of this outfit has left for home and now we are all wondering who will go next and when. Morrow and I never saw two happier men. It is hard not to be envious of them. I am not going to claim that I am in fact I am not going to claim that I am not, but I am glad for them that they are on the way to rejoicing in their families and furthering their interests. Their departure lends me a ray of hope, that the tide may be drawing near forever.

Of our original outfit only seven officers are left, and we are the ones who do all the work it seems. The others are scattered to the four winds but I think the two who just left here are the only ones to go home. Thank the Lord we still have our original enlisted men and I hope we keep them for there are no better men in the Army.

It is still winter. Contrary to my expectations it has not turned warmer and the ground is still covered with a thin
layer of snow. It is fairly cold and I am compelled to wear more clothing to keep warm, but don't mind it in the least. Our quarters are very comfortable as we have fire stoves and an abundance of fuel. I succeeded in obtaining the piano. I wrote you about dear, and now have it in my room. Believe me, I enjoy having it too, as do all the others judging from the amount of playing they make me do and see. It really helps in measurably to pass the time and I am mighty glad we have it.

I got two wonderful letters from you today—one of them written on the first day of January, and containing all of your good resolutions for the New year. They are surely good resolutions and I am glad to see how much and I am going to profit by them. I have made an equal or greater number of the resolutions, so it is easy to conclude that we are going to get along pretty well and enjoy life together. However, that is a foregone conclusion and is something
that neither of us need to resolve. Our love for each other, which has always been so great, has increased so greatly during our separation that neither of us is able to comprehend its extent. It is limitless and eternal—and wonderful. I love you, my darling wife, I love you.

I will close now until tomorrow. Give my love and many kisses to Bob, my dear daughter, and that. I love you, Daddy.

Aylie Blunt, Capt., M.C.
Nurse. Hosp. #2, U.S.A.
Anner, 2nd Feb. February.