

no 65

Oct 31 - 1918

My Dearest,

The papers are full of notes to and from Berlin and other Central States, if only it would soon be over. Everyone is so tired of this war. And you poor brave boys over there and it is cold and rainy now too. We are having nice weather again after a cold rainy week. I wish my dear man could have some of this sunshine, for I am sure he is blue and discouraged. I wonder if you are still in the hospital or in the Classification Camp? or where you are.

There was some mail in last  
night from France and perhaps  
there will be some for me soon.  
When you are getting better you  
will have lots of time to write me  
a nice long letter, won't you my  
lover? I am just about wild to  
know all about your wounds  
but suppose I must be  
patient and wait until you  
can tell me. I try hard not  
to think about it all the  
time and worry as you asked  
me not to do that. It is so hard  
for my poor dear boy so far

away, of course there are  
thousands of others who are  
suffering too. I am sorry for  
them too, but my own dear  
lover, my heart just aches for  
you. My darling when you get  
back I never can be half  
good enough to you. If only  
I could help you dear, but  
even my letters don't seem to  
reach you. I hope dear you  
have kind thoughts of me and  
think about the time when  
we are together once more.

Keep up your courage my dear  
kind husband, I wonder if  
you really know how much  
you are to me? you are all  
the world to me and all there  
is for me to live for. you are  
just one man <sup>among</sup> ~~very~~ thousands of  
others there in the hospitals or  
Camps, but not one of them  
is loved more than you are.  
not one of them more respected  
than you are.

Every day people call up,  
or stop me on the street  
and ask how you are or if  
I have had any more word from you.

My dear dear Lover what would  
I ever do without you? you are  
so good and kind to me dear and  
I know you will always be just  
as dear and sweet to me as  
you have always been. I know  
one human being couldn't be  
as good to another or want to  
do as much as I want to do for  
you. But my love is all yours  
and I will always do my best.  
I get so lonesome for my  
Sweetheart, that when you do  
come home I will just eat you  
up.  
You probably know that the  
Spanish Influenza has been

bad all over the states, The schools  
and Churches, shows etc have  
all been shut down so I am  
having vacation for a few weeks.  
It isn't so very bad around here  
but the order said "shut down"  
so we did. It is much better  
to be safe than sorry. The  
teachers get paid for their time  
out so we shouldn't worry.  
we aren't to have "any Christmas  
vacation so we hear". But I  
wouldn't go out to Healy anyway.  
Mother bought two bushels of  
apples and Albert I do wish  
you could enjoy them too.  
There was a half a bushel of

walnuts in our yard they are  
carefully stored away for you.  
I am anxious for our over seas  
Christmas labels. That little box  
won't be half big enough for  
what you should have. But we  
will do our best.

I am feeling fine dear and  
so is mother. I think I have  
gained since I have been  
teaching. I wish you were  
here so I could talk to you  
there are so many things I  
would like to have your  
opinion about, nothing so very  
important, but I just wonder

what you would think about it.  
your mother hasn't mitted this  
week so far, she was going to  
Langley for a few days. she is  
feeling well and suppose she  
has her teeth all out by now.  
She was so afraid she would  
look funny.

well darling boy don't worry  
about us we are all doing  
fine as long as you are getting  
along as well as possible.

God bless you my own dear  
man.

Helene.