

11 August 45

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Dear Nell -

Today I received your letter containing the letter from Dr. Whipple - Thank you for writing him - he may be able to help and I reach for any straws that I can build my hopes on. I'm so tired of this war and all of the regimentation - I'm just tired, more mentally than physically - I'm working harder than ever before - there are so many boys to make well and I try to do my best as a physician in spite of all the barriers of red tape that the army puts in my path. Of course I'm prejudiced, but I believe the medical profession has to take more than any other in this war because our work is not one that can be regimented but still the army tries. Oh! me! There I go getting on a soap-box - Forgive me!

Your letters always give me such a lift - I love the way you express things - Your description of Robby being like holding a kite on a windy hill brought such a lump in my throat, and

such a longing to take the little fellow's hand and run through the fields with him. Yes, well, I'm homesick and lonesome - I need my family - There is nothing wrong with me mentally or physically - I'm just plain Lomonik for the beauty of life that will be mine again when I can see my beautiful wife every day and watch my wonderful son grow up.

It has been such a help to Barbry to be near you again - and I hope that as the years unfold that things will all work out so that we can all be near each other. My own mother won't be there to meet me when I get home, and I'm depending on you to take her place. No matter how old a boy gets, he always needs a mother to back him up along life's way. I have always been pleased that you and Barbry are so much alike - I love her with all my heart and I love you, too.

This letter is probably a bit mixed up - I can never express on paper the things that my heart wants to say - Just read the love and understanding between the lines - Know that I truly appreciate and thank you for all you are doing to try to bring me home again - I do need Barbys much, and once she is safe at my side again then I will be looking at the world through rose-coloured glasses.

Good night, Nell, God bless you - Write me again - Your letters mean so much - Know that I love you and look forward to the day when we are all together again.

Mayo