

The Dr. is Doctor Guy H. Nelson.

My Dearest :-

Thurs. am - early.

Another morning with the warm sunshine, the quiet houses. The mocking birds and the feeling that the war is in quite another world - in spite of the thousands of soldiers that tramp the streets, that go to the band-concerts and the church suppers. It is a town of church-goers - and elderly, serene, happy faces - but oh I don't it is not for me. I would prefer any Berdina Fitch solitude to the "shuffle-board decline". But it is right for mummy, bless her heart. Once more I take my hat off to her as a soldier of high rank. She is wonderful. Yesterday I had a good long talk with Dr. Nelson and I am convinced we could not do better if we went a long ways. He is the head of the eye department of the government hospital here and has everything so solid on his side from every inquiry I make and from the man himself and his work - plus mother's invincible faith in him that I am not going to call in any other doctor or even suggest that we might do better if we whopped around. In the first place - she simply would not do it - he is her Doctor.

I can only be thankful that he inspires me with the same confidence.

This morning we go to see a man on whom he performed an identical operation 3 weeks ago. We will talk with him to gain any information we can

(2.) I talked with him by Telephone last night and he is certainly a Rootie for Dr. Nelson. It did my heart good.

So much to do and so many people dropping in constantly to offer their service and to "meet Dale" - all sweet, gentle and some quite delightful ones. An "Aunt Carrie" who 87 years old and the best of the whole lot with a dry wit and a fine mind and a joy to know in any place or time. She belongs to the great ones. Mummy's friend Bill is in and set to see and offer aid - he is sweet in the same way as Clark Mellen - I don't think there is any danger of a marriage but it is a nice friendship and couldn't be more reassuring - he is gentle and kind and dear.

We go to "Dunedin" on Friday night - (That is where the hospital is) and he operates on Saturday morning. I will stay right there with her until I bring her home - but will have to wait to see how things go before planning more. I am thankful to be here - but it is a hard job to face. Everything in me shrinks - even while I know it is the only answer. She can't go on - the condition can't go but one way - and it is far better to do it while she is in good shape and while I am here. He assures me he & the eye will give her no trouble - once this is out.

And now dearest, I have told you in such a few little words what is such a big slip to take and I feel so small and weak yet dare not seem so. I put on a brave face - and only to you can I show how scared I feel. Even to you my darling I hate to show how frightened is my heart - for you too need to see the brave side of me if I have one. So I will draw the curtain and before this hardly reaches you - or in a few days at least - it will be over and I will be thankful that I could keep my fear to myself. I want to bring joy and strength to all my dear ones - but more than my beloved husband. I love my John Drink water. The Dedication of it is to you I am sure - for no other could fit it so well. and "move with gallant ease among all eager companies of men - They speak with youth and never speak amiss: Of such are you: and what is youth but this?"

Thank you dearest for the happy new phase to our great adventure - it is reassuring and hopeful and blessed. I think on it with my whole heart warm and grateful for such gifts.

The war news continues to give hope that it will not last forever - and that some day men may say again Peace be with you. Bless you my dear one - keep yourself warm and my place near you warm for my returning. I love it best of all in the world.
Ever. D.