

18 (Chicago U.S.A.) Genl Hospital
B. E. F.
A. P. O. 518, France
Nov 5 1917

My dear Mrs Maitland

Two letters came from you this week but on that day I had to go to town on business. On the train I read those letters, profiting very much thereby. You must excuse my worse than usual writing. My hands are so cold. What you said about leaving the unit is quite true. I have no desire to run away in the face of invitations and only my mother's interest and father's small estate left her would call me back. I have now arranged with the bank so that my return is not imperative for about a year - and have quite decided to stick and be a ^{stom} ~~stom~~ in the crowd here indefinitely. Circumstances may arise however which would make me have to leave at any time. Mother is most anxious for me to come back but I cannot for that reason alone, although it would be a terrible punishment if anything happened to her. Almost an endless wuddle would result to the property she has and I could never forgive myself. It seems that each day brings so many new problems which I thought I had solved or escaped by being in France.

The nice note from Mother was much appreciated. I'll try to write soon. What bully good times you all must have - and yet I am sure you realize there

is a war on. The present Italian situation makes it appear as if we would never leave France. So much work lately that I have had no time to read anything. It gets dark very early and my tent of course is like an ice box - no bed reading. If you knew how I blessed that sleeping bag every night when I crawl into it you would know what a comfort it is. Am looking forward to the heavier sweater you mentioned -

the one you sent Dean Lewis - bid cee to him. Did you know that I greatly admire him and that we have been close friends for many years. That nurse addams, the nurse who goes in charge of his nurses and whom you met was my head surgical nurse here in France last year before she left - such a small world.

Thanks for the regards to my "gal". She's some gal and I told her about it. You will like her. She slipped me over on me and has had a dandy article published in some Weekly at home - she can write. Last week she looked me over carefully counted those 3 hairs on the top of my head and finally decided I was hers - so for Thanks giving she's a going to wear a new ring I ordered for her. D o g g o n e it I knew bring Touchstone was here

would lead to trouble - is it war enough?

Seriously Margaret Rudd is a fine woman - about
my size and strong and well built. She knows heaps
more than I do and should be of tremendous help to
me under any circumstances. So many English
fellows hereabouts are in love with her I doubt if
I can really successfully carry her off. She
promised to go when I do.

Must go to dinner - Think of us in France
and a thro and thanks to you all.

Sincerely
H.S.