

18 General Hospital B.E.F.
A.P.O. 518. France
Feb 5 1918

My dear Mrs Waitland:

Two very nice letters from you this
last week and yesterday one contain-
ing three of your son & daughter.
They were all welcome.

Have been home 5 days and am
back on duty again as chief of the
surgical service in the hospital. So
far I cannot operate of course - that
will be some time yet but there are
other things I can do and am
doing. Major B has been gone
for some time I guess - lets hope
he remains away - we all do.
It was difficult to decide on

my return just what was -
think I could have been sent home
on account of my hand, but I prefer
to stay and do my bit in spite
of all handicaps and experiences
It will do me good - I have
so long to live!

My home now is an alghwin
hut - which I have lined with
blankets. In it is a small coal
stove - and I am allowed 125 lbs
a week to burn - some fire!
Outside I am planning to put
a layer of tanned roof paper if
I can buy it or persuade the
Royal Engineers to give it me.
Then I shall be snug. The

weather has most graciously considered
my return from the South - it has been
quite mild. Today one could go about
with us over coat - except for chilly

me. ^{Sorry I wasn't there to give advice about Mrs. Mandel's}
^{injury - that's my business}

Work is a joy. It looks like more
than ever soon - and we may be moving
about May 1st. There is some talk
of Margaret being rehired here -
will hate to see her go but may be
able to get her a better place to work
in Paris. We can have visits once
in 4 months then - for a week. What
a life!

Am very busy breaking in again
and get little time for letters or books
- will dig into them later I hope.

Had a nice chatty letter from Mrs. Paddock
- in which she mentioned you.

Major Mandel departed on leave today
- so they tell me - he neglected to say goodbye to
me - is going to Nice I hear - so look
out for tabs of the Riviera in Seelie! I
was much amused at his diary in h's where
he spoke of me as Dr. S. Now you understand
the small potatoes in the field. Must go to
bed. Kindest regards R.S.