

18 General Hospital B.C.F.
APOSIS France



April 9, 1918.

My dear Mrs Maitland:

Your last letter rather scolded me - as usual I feel contrite but cannot do much better just now. Work for long arduous hours each day has taken all pep out of me and my correspondence has dropped to nothing - its just as if I too belonged to the Red Cross and had to go to teas and such like. Then too having a brand new wife I must arrange to spend a half hour or so each day with her or she will run off with a better looking fellow. Some days I do not get much more than a

chance to say howdy but
we seem to get along (not being
young & foolish!)

Historic times these. I saw
quite a little passing from Paris
up here on the 25th - where
I could not pass now ~~if~~ unless
I wished to be interned for the
"duration" in a prison camp.

Today I saw a most interesting
souvenir which a soldier
brought in - an iron cross
with oak leaves - first class -
with 5 additional citations pinned
on it - Serbian Russian and
Western Front mentions and
1914 inscribed on it. He will
never wear it again. Tried

to buy it "off" the fellow but money could not purchase it.

With the Van? I am but do not get time for literary effort now - may later. You must keep on encouraging me.

Through friends I heard that my former sister in law Mrs. Pierce told of my elder daughter - that she was the cleverest & brightest child she ever saw. I would like to see her. If you go to Chicago (as I think you should) to get a change call her up on the phone. Her mother's name is in the telephone book.

My hand goes on slowly. Today Margaret has gone shopping. Embroidery etc goes up 25% tomorrow according to a de luxe tax and she is out spending her money - really a new occupation for her because she never thought of us cared for such things (or is that old stuff?) anyhow we are quite happy but you know that a military camp is a difficult place for honey moons. My regards to those children. What a party we will have some time R.S.