

Tuesday Morning,
October 15th, 1918,
175.

Dearest,

It is almost a month sine your last letter came. Lieutenant Stobo's mother, Mrs. Pearce, Mrs. Robison, Ruth Ten Eyck – in fact everyone I know who has a dear one in France has received mail recently. As your name hasn't appeared on any of the casualty list, I have the strongest kind of a feeling that you are coming home. In case I am mistaken, this is to let you know that we are all well. I shall send one of these brief messages every few days until I hear from you. If you are still over there. I'll go back to my old schedule and if you are here – --Oh, boy! guess what!!!

Hoping something wonderful will happen (???)

Ever your own,
Lessie

XXXXXX