Sunday Afternoon,  
January 6th, 1919.  
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My dearest,

Isn't human nature funny?

No matter what we have we're not satisfied. A year ago this time my one and only wish was that the war were over. I used to say if it would only end, I'd be the happiest girl in the world. Well, my wish has come true, but now I am dissatisfied because my Artie cannot come right home to me. Are I not the limit as it were—dear? But I want you so, so—oh! so much, that I'll be a regular grumpy grouch till you come.

Guess who was here yesterday
afternoon! Handsake. He came about two-thirty and stayed until after four. I was mighty glad to see him. He has only been home a few days and expects to return to the University of Wisconsin tomorrow, where he is going to take a two- and a half year course in medicine. He was telling me about some of the Princeton brave.

Jankie Barrett is in France and his wife is staying with her mother at their home in Cherry Chase. Lieut. Dowie was wounded severely in action a few months ago. His wife gave birth to a little son around the same time. Chance doesn't know where Dwight is, altho
at Xmas he received a card on which was engraved "Greeting from Mr. and Mrs. Knight - James Harris."
He couldn't make out the postmark, they may be in India for all he knows.
Captain S. Galt has been wounded, squirrel how I may be mistaken, but it seems to me he said that squirrel is still in the south at some camp. Fat and thin you know about. Namesake expects to come home for a few weeks this summer, and he is strongly hoping that all the toys will be back so that we can have a big reunion. Won't it be great, dear?

Last night I went around to Margaret Carpenter's. Her hubbie
is stationed at Brest and will probably return in a short time. She is very busy getting ready for the little home they are going to have and needless to say is wonderfully happy. There was a young girl there whose husband had to get in to-day. He went over two weeks after they were married, and she hasn't seen him for ten months. Oh! Arctic, she was simply wild. Surely did envy her.

It is time for me now. I want to have it early, so that I can go to church this evening.

Rye-by-bye, my own darling.

...oy.

All yours,

Vernie

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