

Major F. M. Applegate

106 General Hosp.

England

1620 - 27 Dec 1944

Dearest Margie,

I always feel like a man who has been short changed a bit when I get one v-mail at a time. They are so short - so I am sending you a second. The weather here has been below freezing since before Christmas and fog almost all the time. The air is so laden with moisture it drips a little, and how the cold does penetrate! You said in today's letter you would like love to kiss me goodnight! Well, I expect so, knowing how I feel about it myself. But it would not be a kiss goodnight. It would be kisses - all night! - if I had the chance. Today is Sue's birthday! I remember it well - she is eight! Isn't she?! That was the one where Ruth and I used a full pound of ether on you! How I hunger for news about everything about you all. I hope your air mails tell me the answers to some of my questions. When you answer a question, redline the question to keep you straight. I am beginning to get a helpless feeling about it but I am your good husband.

All my love, always, Ted.

