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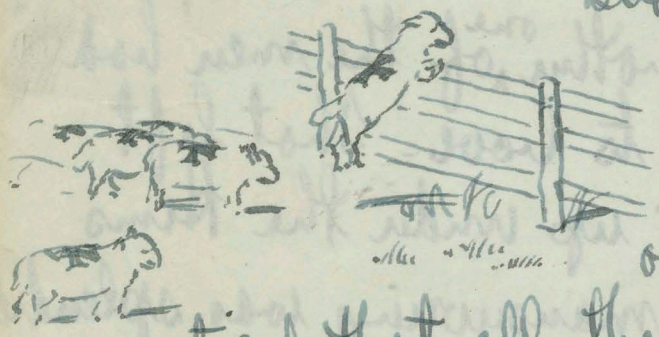
27th Aero Squadron,
1st Pursuit Group.
Sept. 15, 1918.

Darling Becky,

I'm not in a very epistolaric (probably spelled wrong) mood tonight - a little tired and I seem to have black crosses dancing before my eyes wherever I look. Which reminds me of trying to sleep last night. I tried auto suggestion but it wouldn't work and finally tried counting sheep jumping over a fence. Finally I noticed that all the sheep had large black crosses on their backs. I began to wonder why and wondered into dreamland.



This morning the first patrol was at 5-45 am, day-break. It was wonderful after I finally got thoroughly awake. The air is wonderful for flying at that time of day. There was another

at about noon - which I didn't go on. and one this afternoon which Jack lead which I did go on and which I shall not forget soon. We were sent up on a mission to protect one of our boys while he went down and got a Hun balloon. It was understood with the boob that he was not to leave the formation unless he was given the signal. The signal was'nt given for there sitting up in the sky a thousand meters above us were nine hungry Huns and there were only six of us. The boob left without the signal at about this time ~~the~~ another one of the men had motor trouble and had to leave. That left four of us sitting right up under the Huns and easy meat. Jacks manouvering was splendid and although we had to stick around to see that the boob wasn't picked off while he bagged his balloon Jacks manowred so as to make as difficult a target as possible and the Huns didn't come down. Why the Lord only knows for they had us way back in Hunland and a

big disadvantage - Well I aged considerably during that hour and a half patrol - Jack says that it was the most precarious predicament in which he has ever been placed. And what he told the boob when he came down - well -

Jack received your letter tonight enclosing a letter from Dan. I believe it was. He asks me to tell you that he will write as soon as possible but to-night he is <u>all in</u>, and has already snuggled in his bedding roll.

He has received several letters from you since I arrived and I haven't received a single word from anyone - because of the change of my address. Once in a while he will show me a stingy little paragraph or so but on the whole he is pretty blamed reticent about the news. But really Becky on side of that Jack is <u>all right</u>, and I am for him strong.

Love - Becky darling - just worlds of it.

Those snaps you sent Jack are Rose.
coking especially this one . A kiss for Mummy