

Tuesday —
April 16th.

My Darling Wife —

This evening I'm full —. Just a little while ago we had supper and I really had an appetite —, not that it was an 'exceptional' meal —, but I was hungry. Yesterday, with my wobbly sea-legs, I skipped supper — (didn't want to take chances on losing it) so I had to make up for it today. This morning we had scrambled eggs, bacon and potatoes —, but I was still a little wobbly, so I settled for an apple. At dinner I started —. We had real chops, asparagus, cake (good bakers on board) — so I filled up there. Tonight we only had hot dogs — but they're "filling". With them we had a dish I must tell you about. I like string-beans, but the way we had them today is tops. Did you ever make string beans with tomatoes? It looked as though the canned beans were just mixed with canned tomatoes — but half as many tomatoes as beans — it really tasted good. We'll try them out — all right?

Now a confession —: yesterday's letter — Monday's — was really written this morning —. Yesterday I spent the day on deck — swallowing — and hoping. (Nothing happened, though —). So this morning I wrote with yesterday's "feeling", and I closed it as I would have closed it last evening. Right after supper, last night, I went to

bed - (about 5:30), and stayed there 'till this morning - .
When feeling wobbly, it's the only place to be! It's still
rocking pretty badly outside - but now I've got it
mastered - (?)

Every time the sea gets a little rough, I think of
my brother-in-law. You told me he was looking forward
to his trip to get a little rest. Did he take his trip? Did
you get to see him? But now I'm repeating myself - and
I'm asking questions that will be answered long before you
receive this letter. Darling - now, mail is the most
important thing in our day - ; we're waiting impatiently
for the day when it will catch up to us, - nothing will
be able to tear us away from it when it arrives. And
the day I see another envelope addressed by my
Mrs. - from Mrs. J. D. Van Brakle to her husband, I'm
going to dance with joy - and read the letter over a
thousand times. But if Uncle Sam is a little slow - and
we must wait, Morphew is always the grandest fellow -
he never makes me wait - all I do is close my eyes,
go to sleep - and there you are - there we are - and the
war is forgotten. I'll be with you in just a little
while - Goodnight, Darling
All My Love - Just For My Budgee
Hubby Jerry