



INTERNATIONAL DRY F.
CONGRESS AND EXPOS
EL PASO, OCTOBER 17TH



Mrs. Eugene A. Tower

Box 261

Cohasset

Massachusetts

Saturday Sept 23/16

My own darling, precious, loving wife,

I love you dearly
and it makes me awfully down hearted
to hear the bugle blow for drill
instead of breaking camp, as we
are expected by now

We have just been given a half
hour to get our rolls made up
for field inspection and are to
march out to the Mesa (desert) for
another inspection by Regular army
officers. We get over one and
start right in on another, that
is what army life is, inspection one
after another. This is an awfully
hot morning and I guess there must
be much superfluous flesh on
me when I get home, pretty
much trained down now.

I put down some yesterday afternoon
and had my hair cut pretty close
couldn't stand it even if we are
coming home, & then can't comb your
hair on the train coming home as if

when I get home again you
will have to cook for a day for
me for me darling as I am home
hungry boy, for your cooking.
I just didn't want your good
cooking and know you will
love me & take good care of
your dear one must you darling
Yes I sure have had a light
diet down here.

My dearest one I long for you
so much, and every day seems
like a year away from you
now dearest one, as I actually
count the hours when I can come
back to you.

it was like coming down in
mountain water half the time.

However I would go home in
a freight car if they only would
give us the word. I understood
then an 30 NY D.H. & A. Cars
down to the depot, but they
say the 9th Reg. goes first
however I feel sure that we
will be in Boston for that
Oct 12th parade.

I sent you another little
remembrance yesterday dearest
and wish I could do more
but may have to use what
money I have left to buy
something to eat going home
as can't live on that canned milk
all the way home.

They gave us bacon that stuck
for breakfast & no one could
eat it, so we had a plate
of corn flakes, pretty much
breakfast to meat all day on

I hope Sargent is holding
his own, tell him on the parade
an 8th Reg. I think man, Come
+ shook hands with me +
wanted to be remembered to him
said he worked in the store
with him and Foster was
paying his salary while he
was down here. I think his
name was Hunt or something
like that. He is orderly
for the Colonel so he said

Give my love to Helen
+ tell Sargent not to be
discouraged as he was the luckiest
boy I know of not to be going
through this hot driving every
day. With lots of love to
you dearest one and kisses
by the million from your
own true, loving husband
Eugene