

Petawawa, Tuesday, Oct. 14 1941 2 p.m.

Love,

I have not received any letters from you for a few days now, except for a letter from the 3rd of this month which was delivered to me this morning [censored]. I'm beginning to believe that, as the human machine ages, there is always something that goes wrong. Imagine that: I can't wear my upper dentures because my upper gum has been hurting for some time and, as it doesn't seem to heal quickly, I'm starting to worry a bit. I should have stopped wearing my dentures as soon as a doctor interned here, who knows his stuff, suggested I do so. But I thought I was too unattractive without dentures, so I continued to wear them. Tomorrow morning, I have to go before the camp medical officer, and it is possible, even probable [censored]. I don't know if [censored]. I hope so. I wanted to talk to you about this a week or two ago, but I thought I'd wait to see if it would get worse or go away. I'm far from discouraged, but I was quite happy until my heart started to race and my gums started to chafe. All I ask is that you not worry, because I will keep you in the loop. Claire told me in her last letter that she had a feeling we would see each other again soon. I don't know if she has the same intuition as her mother, but if she does, I'm sure it will come to pass, because your hunches never fail to come true. I love you as never before.

YOUR MAN