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My Own Precious Wife

Still another day of this terrible suffering. I am today incapacitated for work. No headache but utter lassitude and stomach all gone to the bow-wows. The exertion of writing alone is almost too much to bear. Your letter of yesterday and that of your aunt came together. I am too glad that you resolved to stay. I think that forty eight hours of this would take our little darling from us forever. The workshops are closing up today, the men being unable to stand the temperature. I never felt the like before

I am going to try to get to you my very best on Saturday but I am in great doubt whether I can accomplish it. The heat has put me back a great deal, making it physically impossible to do what I ought to do. I shall have to take a half holiday today, otherwise I fear you would find me when you got home "a damn'd, damp, moist unpleasant body" like Mr [Manticini?].

I am hourly expecting Cecilia to go. The poor woman is dead broken up and wants a change sorely but she didn't feel that she could fare the journey today and I didn't push it as I feared she might be taken ill on the road. I have tried iced tea and fans and baths but nothing is more than a temporary alleviation. God bless my sweet love and dear little mosquito bitten Tots.

Your own loving

Larry