

Father

Near Ganga.

October 16th 1917.

My dearest Daddy,

How I wish I could have seen you again after my 18 months out here. I feel I am far more worthy of the position that you always gave me, that of a pal more than a son. And how much better I could have filled it.

I am sending these letters to Cousin Robert to give to you if I do go under, but I am looking forward to the time when I can ask for them back and give them to you, because I think I shall do so. It is easier to express some things in writing than in words.

Out here I often think of the fishing & shooting we used to do together, and I always feel I did not then realize how good you were to me. I do now, and God bless you for it.

your loving son, J. D. Freidlay