

(12/10/17)

My Dearest Marie:-

Although this is Sunday I received a letter from you this morning. I guess there is a delivery here on Sunday as well as any other day. It was a wonderful letter too dear, only it contained the bad news that you were ill. I do hope that you get over this little trouble soon. It has at least shown you that you must still be careful what you eat.

Fisher and I had dinner in town last night at the Claypool and enjoyed it very much. Then we caught the 8:00 o'clock car home, and believe me I'm glad we did, for it sure did get cold before we got back. The temperature outside was 15° below zero and to show you how little these stoves heat our barracks, it was zero inside. And we had to undress and go to bed in that cold and then dress again this morning. I wore my pyjamas – sleeping boots – helmet and

heavy sweater and laid my overcoat over the bed, and I slept just as warm as toast. Some of the men hardly took any clothes off and I don't know that I blame them for it was sure easier to get dressed this morning. After breakfast Lieut. Notbohm, and I went out for a 5 mile hike through the woods and most thoroughly enjoyed it. We did a little shooting while we were out, but failed to get anything.

Fisher is suffering from a slight attack of tonsilitis – not bad – just enough to make him very uncomfortable. My cold is all well now and my cough is all gone so I am not going to see Dr. Barnhill but I will go to see a Dentist and have a cavity filled that has

just materialized. I don't want to leave here with a bad tooth. I don't know Honey, anything about Glad's plans for your Christmas. I don't believe she is planning to get you much. I don't know how much I will be able to do but I promise you that I won't get you more than you suggested to me. I think it is fine of you all to think of sending something to the men. Remember there are a lot of them.

179. It takes a lot of stuff to go around. I really believe myself that we will be here on Christmas day and I think Major Lyle is more of that opinion now than he was.

Personally I'd like to stay here all winter because we do manage to keep fairly comfortable here and what it might be, where we are

sent there is no way of knowing.  
I am fast acquiring a contented  
spirit and am willing to let well  
enough alone, and stay right here  
where I am.

There is a regular blizzard raging  
outside now. It is very cold inside  
here except right around the stove,  
and believe me we are all hovering  
close to the stove today. I am  
glad to hear that Holland St. Louis  
Sugar is going up. I am sure that  
it will go up and think you  
will do well not to sell it too  
soon. It is entirely up to your  
good judgement however and I  
know everything will be all right.  
Your judgement has always been  
good dearest, even in selecting  
husbands. (Ha! Ha!) I also take

a little credit to myself (in selecting wives). Isn't it great to think well of yourself dearest? Well I must close. I have to write to Richard Smith. Enclosed please find Jack Coryell's letter. Give my love to all. Tell Daughter dear, I am glad she is better, and to be careful. I love you Darling.

“A.B.”