

February 26<sup>th</sup>.

My Dearest Marie:-

The end of the month is nearly here. Only two more days in this month and then we start on the turbulent month of March, and I have an idea that the month of March will be turbulent in more than one sense of the word. I took the company out on a hike this morning and gave them a real one too. Took them up over some hills and made them all puff including myself. Then I took them back to camp nearly all the way at double time so that by the time we had returned we knew we had been walking. Then I had them for an hour of litter drill and then an hour of foot drill, so you can see I have had an active morning and have every right in the world to be a little weary, as I am. At noon today the box containing my sheets

arrived and I want to thank you  
Honey, a thousand times for sending  
them. It was really very encourage-  
ing to receive them for now I have  
good reason to believe that all the  
packages you sent to me will come  
through all right. I have them on  
my bed now and will sleep between  
them tonight.

I had a letter from you yes-  
terday but it was written some  
time before the last one I received  
from you. It was none the less  
welcome however, for letters  
from my dear wife are the only  
bright spots in my whole existence.  
I don't mean to intimate that  
we have no pleasure, no that  
we are entirely cheerless all the  
time. Much to the contrary dearest,  
anyone would think we hadn't  
a care in the world, and we do

2.

Enjoy ourselves a lot. But always in my mind are thoughts of my dear family and memories of the wonderful and ideal life we had together, and a great longing for the time to come when we can be together again. That is perfectly natural and is something I make no effort to fight, whatsoever.

Still I couldn't be hired to leave the service until the war is over and the Germans have been put in their niche for all time to come. And that is just what will have to happen before the war is over.

It is a beautiful, bright, sunny spring day. I have never known more beautiful weather than we have had over here. There has of course been some not so pleasant

but it is much nicer than it would have been at home. We have had no snow since we have been here, and from the news in your letters I judge you have had more there than you ever have. We have been very comfortable in that one particular.

In a few days now I am going to send some money home to you. I don't know just when, but just as soon as our February pay checks come in. I will be able to send you well over \$100.00 and that will help a lot won't it dearest?

I wish we had no censorship of our mail and that we could write anything we wish, for it is very hard to write letters and not say the same thing in

each one. I must close for  
today. Give my dearest love to  
all. Kiss and hug my babies  
for me and tell them that their  
Daddy loves them and thinks of  
them all the time. Give my love to  
Tud. With oceans of love to you  
my dear, dear girl.

A.B.