

March 16 -1918.

My Dearest Wife:-

March is over half gone already.

It has been a beautiful month so far – perfectly wonderful weather.

I am sitting in the hut, with the door and windows wide open, and it is just like summer. We all have

just finished noon mess. We had a very good meal this noon, and

I ate a big one, because being out in the air all the morning put

a keen edge on my appetite. I

have only a short time in which

I can write you. I have to go

out for drill this afternoon and

will be busy all the afternoon

but as I have not written to you

since day before yesterday, I de-

termined to write now while

I have an opportunity. Tony

is also writing and he and I are

alone here now.

I have no news for you. Our life is almost routine here now. It is nothing but drill and hard work all the time. Army life is not a picnic by any means but is mighty good to keep a fellow in good physical condition all the time. I sleep fine and eat like a horse. I hesitate to think what will happen to your grocery bills when I return home. I'm afraid your economy will suffer a rude shock. I can conjure up a mental picture of the first steak I am going to have when I return. You know the kind I like don't you dearest?

We are wonderfully well fed

2.

in the Army dear, and I don't want you to think I am complaining.

What I am thinking of is one of our wonderful meals, with silver + linen and Mary with her cute little cap and apron, serving me a piece of custard pie. [Unh!] I guess that will be poor! But like all other good things, the longer I have to wait for it the better it will be when I get it.

I had a wonderful dream about you and the babies last night. I love to dream about you dearest because my dreams are always so realistic. You are such a dear sweet wonderful little wife. I love you dearest more

than all the world. More than
I ever shall be able to tell
you, I love you. I don't think
it will be so terribly long
now before we are together
again. We will be together
before I get home because if
possible you are coming over
to meet me. Oh! Sweetheart
won't it be wonderful to be
together again? Just think
of the wonderful times we
will have. I must admit
I am very impatient about
it but it does no good and
we must just wait untill
the good time comes. But you
must be very careful with
your health dearest. I can't

3.

bear the thought that you are
not well. Well I must close.
It is time for drill. Kiss my
darlings and Tud for me. With
all my dearest love for you
Sweetheart, and God only
knows how great it is, I love
you and love you.

A.B.

P.S. I am wearing the medal.