

March 17 – 1918.

My Darling Wife:-

It is St. Patrick's day, and all the real Irish in our outfit are decorated with green. It is, without exception, one of the most beautiful days I have ever seen. It is glorious. The Sun is bright and it is as warm as midsummer with not a cloud in the sky.

There are aeroplanes buzzing around everywhere and all in all it is a perfect day – perfect except for one thing, and you know what that is. This morning reveille was one hour later than usual on account of its being Sunday, and the additional hours sleep did us all good. We worked for an hour or

two, policing the camp and drilling, and then had an inspection which was a very successful one. After that we had a mighty good dinner and that brings me up to now. Now I am writing a letter to the one I love most. I wonder what you are all doing this beautiful day. Are you at home – or out riding with some of you friends? How are the babies and is your trouble in better condition than it was? You see dearest it has been exactly ten days since I have heard from you or recieved

a letter from anybody. So I feel temporarily as if I had been forgotten by every one. I didn't go to church this morning because we all had to be here for inspection. But my intentions were good because I wanted to go.

Elsie Janis was in camp yesterday and gave a matinee entertainment at the Y.M.C.A. None of us were able to go, as we had so much work to do, but when she returns here, as is expected soon, we all hope to be able to go

Rosy, Tony, Villars and Stanley all want me to send

you their very best regards.
They all appreciate the things
you have sent me almost
as much as I do because
they have all shared in them.

I have not heard from
Jack for a long time. I am
wondering if his regiment
is in the trenches now, and
that is the reason for his
silence. Won't it be wonderful
for us all to be back home
again – the same old com-
fortable life – with our dear
ones around us – and this
terrible war a thing of the
past? I can hardly wait
for a realization of that
ideal. It will seem too

good to be true.

The American troops are covering themselves with glory over here. I don't know how much you read about it in the papers over there, but the fact remains that they are living up to and way beyond all expectations. Isn't that fine? This army is surely one for our country to be proud of, and it is improving every day.

Well Lover dear I must close. My next duty is to lie down and take a nap. I will write again tomorrow. With

oceans of love and millions of
kisses.

Daddy.