March 18th, 1917.

Dear Aunt Marie:

Well St. Patrick's Day passed and we only had two Irish drunks to deal with. One of them was our best dragoon but I guess we all feel the same about him - he has behaved fine up to date, and on St. Patrick's Day he completed his 25th year of enlistment. So after all he was entitled to a little spree.

There is very little drunkenness among our troops over here. In fact, not as much as we used to see around Fort Harrison. It is very difficult for the men to procure anything but very light wine and they don’t as a rule feel inclined to consume three or four gallons of that at
a sitting, and it requires very
near that much for them to
know they have had anything
to drink. I make no effort to
drink the stuff myself as it
is a very poor quality of wine
and raises the very devil with
one's stomach.

Welcome news to all of us
was that reveille was to be
an hour later this morning.
We had a lot of fun with
that extra hour too. After roll
call I took the company out
and gave them setting up drill
and that helped stir their appetites.
We are having eggs occasionally
for breakfast now. Maybe you
I think they don't taste good. I have had just six eggs since we left the States, but now I guess we will get them once in a while.

We are still an Engineer outfit instead of a hospital. At present we are occupied in putting up the buildings and putting in roads, water, electricity etc. for a large base hospital camp.

It is interesting work and reminds me very much of the work I used to do out west before I went to college.

I met a young fellow from Detroit the other day, who knows very nearly every one we know there. He is stationed
at this camp with a company of Engineers. It seems nice to meet men from home, whether you ever knew them there or not.

I can't understand why I receive no more word from Jack. It has been three weeks since I have had word from him and I am getting anxious to hear what he is doing. But now it is now nearly two weeks since I have heard from you. I told you in my letter yesterday that I thought you had forgotten me and in thinking it over since, I have concluded that you may not
have taken it as a joke. So darling, I want to tell you now, that I meant it as a joke. I know that that is one of the few impossible things in this world and that it could no more happen, than that I could forget you. Why love dear, every minute of my life is consumed with thoughts of you and the babies, and love for you. And I know that great as my love is for you, it can be no greater than yours for me. Ever since we have been married you have done nothing but show
me each day, how much you love me and that you are constantly thinking of me. You are dearest and I am the luckiest and most blessed man on this earth that I have you for a wife. And when the war is over—well—is it necessary to repeat? We both understand, I believe, that the little old U.S.A. is going to assume a bright vermilion hue, everywhere we go, and I think we will cover it pretty well. I think the Germans are on the run. We will have them in a rather submissive condition.
By Fall, and while I will attempt no predictions as to how long the war will last, I will say that I don’t believe Uncle Sam’s participation in it is going to lengthen it any.

Keep a stiff upper lip, little sweetheart, and a brave heart just as you have all during my absence. Take good care of yourself and some fine day I will be coming back and then life will really be worth living again for both of us. I have a ‘hunch’ that I am going to get some mail tonight.
I told you once before that when I go such a hunch, I always get mail, and so I am rather confident that I will hear from you today. Your letters do so much to make our cursed separation more bearable, that I hope I do get it.

Day after tomorrow is brother’s birthday. God bless the little chap—he will be three years old. It hardly seems possible does it dear? Kiss him for me and give him Daddy’s heartfelt congratulations and love and wish him many happy re-
turn of the day. I do wish I could see him and I hope he doesn't change too much before I see him again.

It is still beautiful weather and looks as if it would continue so for some time. It has been the most perfect March weather I have ever seen.

Well Darling I must close. I love you dearest and the babies. I will write again tomorrow. Love

A. B.

1st St. Beau Fort
Fowe Harp 2 U.S.A.
A. E. F.