

Marine, Hospital, New Ore

March 17<sup>th</sup> / 63

Dear Sister,

I take my pen again this evening to write a few lines to let you know that I am well - and among the living yet I was Enchoped to get another letter from home before I finished this - but as there hadent any come to day I will finish this and have it a travelin so as to have it get up over them big drifts before they get impassable, Only think here it is Spring time here; the forests are again loaded with their green foliage and Every thing here bespeaks of the return of Spring, and coming Summer; and not a flake of snow have I seen for over one year; quite diferent from common with me,