

Sunday Evening  
10 o'clock.

my own dearest boy-

What's the matter? Nothing I hope - but I didn't hear from you Friday or Saturday either, & I've been wondering if maybe you are working too hard, or not feeling so well, or maybe something real interesting came along to take up your time - or maybe lots of things. I'll hear tomorrow & then I'll know. Maybe you just thought you'd hold up a couple of letters so I would appreciate my Birthday letter more.

It doesn't seem at all as if tomorrow is my birthday - but I suppose it is. And I'm twenty-four years old, too. I don't look any different, tho - honest. I was twenty when you found me - Remember those times?

This morning I went to church. This afternoon I went down to see Mrs. Youngs. She seemed delighted to see me, & I was glad to see her, too. We gossiped about our husbands - but mine's

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the grandest (I think) cause she writes every day - & her's only writes twice a week, & she says days she don't get letters gets awfully lonesome - but when they come, everything is fine.

Believe me, I know how she feels, & it's cruelty to animals when a man doesn't write real often.

To continue my story, Mrs. Young went to vespers with me, & then up to the Y. W. C. A. & then to the China - she had a crab sandwich & I had a chicken one - then we went to Chinese S.S. & from there to the Congo. Church to an Easter pageant.

The day has been beautiful & we enjoyed it all. We walked from her place to the Church & enjoyed that too.

She is going to Am. Legion Sup. meeting with me tomorrow.

I wish you wouldn't get so many bills. I no sooner get one paid than another comes. Just opened what I thought was a no account letter tonight, & out falls a 2 dollar bill - I mean a bill for two dollars. It's a ministerial relief fund you signed up for -

Next Wednesday we are going to tie our quilt, it's going to be warm & wolly & light as a feather.

I wish you were here tonight - dearest. It "aint" no fun getting tired, when there's no one's arms to rest in - & no one to love you or "nuthin".

Anyway chin good at sleeping, & we'll be there right away -  
we'll wake up in the morning - 24  
Loving you more & MORE & MORE -  
yours forever  
Alma

P.S. Give sends love.

P.S. P.S. The sample is our quilt.

P.S. P.S. P.S. I have the tea towels all worked.

P.S. P.S. P.S. P.S. I love you -  
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1835 Hamlin St. N.E.  
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March 26, 1923



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