

March 18th 1917.

Dearest Marie:

well. St. Patrick's Day passed and we only had two Irish drunks to deal with. One of them was our best Sargeant 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 secure 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 reville 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 their appetites. We are having eggs occasionally for breakfast now. Maybe you

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 then,
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 lover 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 con-
stantly thinking of me. You are
so sweet 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, every where 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 got such a hunch, I always got 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 heartiest congratulations and love and wish him many happy re-

turns 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.

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