

March 29 - 1918.

My Darling Wife:

I got two packages from you last night, both of them containing papers - one with two copies of the "National Geographic" which I was very glad to get. I am always glad to get these papers dear because they always have some mighty interesting news. There was a good picture of Jeanette in one paper and a picture of Marion Bartlett with her baby. This was news to me as I had no idea she had an addition to her family. No more letters from you dear. The mails are coming through and going out very slowly now, I presume, on account of the terrific demands on transportation for troops, made necessary by the exigencies of the big German drive.

I just finished a bath. There is  
more or less strife for the tub  
when it appears, so when I  
had a chance to use it I didn't  
overlook it. To return to the  
"Drive": the morning news is  
encouraging. Apparently the  
Germans have made incalculable  
material gains which are having  
no great strategic importance,  
but are sacrificing enormous  
numbers of troops in the  
effort. It seems to be a  
forgone conclusion that the  
drive is going to be successfully  
checked, and very naturally  
that is a cause for great  
rejoicing hereabouts.

It began to rain last night  
and it sure did rain. It is

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still raining and our old friend  
"Mud" is with us again. It  
is probably a good thing for  
it may assist in checking  
the Paises in this trip to Paris.

It is very warm and  
exactly like May or June  
weather. The air smells  
sweet and the ground is  
covered with spring flowers.

It seems terrible that such  
a beautiful world should  
be so full of sorrow but  
it is so. It is very nearly  
a year since I left home  
dear. Do you remember  
the day when I started  
on the first lap of my trip

to France? It was funny  
wasn't it, after all, to have  
such a serious leavetaking  
when I went to Lansing?  
It seems like a century ago.  
I feel as if time is passing  
quickly but when I look  
back on the past it seems  
an interminable time since  
that day and also since the  
day we parted on the train  
at Indianapolis. That, I  
never will forget, for I know  
it was the last time we  
would be together for a  
long time.

Now we are looking for-  
ward to our reunion and  
Howey dear, it may not

be so long after all. We all  
have no way of knowing, so  
I say, let's be hopeful, and  
optimistic and build all the  
air castles we can. It will  
help the time to pass more  
quickly, and will keep us  
all more goodnatured. And  
then when we remember  
in what a worthy cause  
our separation found its  
origin there is really no  
cause for regret.

I love you, my dearest,  
I love you with all my  
heart and soul. I spend every  
minute of my life thinking  
of you and the babies with

all the love of which I am  
capable. I love you.

Be brave dearest, and love  
me. Take good care of yourself  
so you will be well when  
I return. Kiss my babies.  
Worlds of love and kisses  
to you Love dear, from  
Daddy.

1st Lt. A. B. Smith U.S.A.,  
Evacuation Hospital #2 U.S.A.,  
A.E.F.