May 20, 1918.

My Dearest:-

This is another perfectly beautiful day. I am beginning to change my mind about French weather. It is remarkable isn't it dear, how much different good weather makes everyone feel? The constant cold, wet, rainy, muddy, dismal, disagreeable weather we have been blest with up to the past few days is certainly depressing, and not at all conducive to good spirits. But now it is different, and everyone is wearing a smile - especially as day succeeds day with no further news of German advances at any part of the line, and very evidence that they have again failed at a tremendous cost, in obtaining their announced objective. Yesterday afternoon at about 12:30 Rosy, St. Dempsey and I went to the hotel for dinner. We had an excellent meal and went from there to the club and played billiards for awhile. Then we returned to camp. I went to bed at nine o'clock last night and had a wonderful

nights sleep. Major Lyle, who has been in Paris for a few days, returned last night. I received no mail from you yesterday, but did get two old ones from home, that had rather interesting news in. The papers at home do print a lot of news that we hear nothing about over here, and I want to tell you now that a whole lot of the stuff printed in the papers as authentic news is just pure bunk. I have learned to take newspaper news with a large degree of skepticism, and it is a safe plan to follow.

This wonderful weather can't help but take my mind back to the good times we always have had at this time of the year. To the wonderful trips we have taken in the machine — to the weekends at the farm — the drives to Kalamazoo, Lansing Detroit etc., and also to the good times just you and I have had in being together all the time. I have never known any people who as thoroughly enjoyed

life as we did all the time. Have you dearest?

The gun near here has just started a little diversion by shooting at a passing German plane. . . . . .

I had to go out and watch the fun because I am continually in hopes of seeing a clean hit and then this fellow was directly over my head and I had no real desire to sit in the midst of a shower of falling shrapnel. They drove him back to the German lines very quickly, so the excitement didn't last long.

Well dear, to resume. Yesterday I couldn't help but think of the good times we have had at the farm so many Sundays, and wonder if you and the Warners were spending the day up there. Ask Hazel if she will invite me up once in awhile when I get back. I sure do love the place and their hospitality is so wonderful to enjoy. I won't be

there this summer but I may be next. Who can tell? The time passes rather quickly, when we are busy, and for that reason I wish we were rushed to death. It is nearly the first of June - think of it dear - nearly a year since you and I started on our motor trip north. Wasn't that a wonderful trip? I will never forget it, because it was crammed with pleasure from start to finish, and you were unusually well I remember and consequently enjoyed it so much. The good old days will soon return and while we may not have a Cadillac to run around in we will have just as much fun with whatever car we do buy, and believe me we are going to devote more time to pleasure than to anything else when I return. We will make all our friends jealous of our happiness won't we dearest?

My eye is much better again. I will never cease to be thankful that you gave me some of that black graphites ointment in my little medicine kit, for that always clears my eyes up at once, if I give them a rest at the same time.

I hope I get some letters today, and if I don't get some letters I hope I get a package. I must have some sort of mail often or I get homesick. "nuts" and I are going to move our tent today, back into some woods just a short distance from here. It will be shadey and we will be much more comfortable because the sun makes these tents quite hot on days like this.

Well my dearest girl I am going to close now. I love you dear, with all my heart and soul and love. I love

you. Every minute of my life I think of you and my darling babies, with all the love in the world in my heart. Kiss them for me and tell them how much I love them and how I long to see them. Give my love and a kiss to Ted. Remember me to faithful Margaret and Mary. With all my dearest love to you, my darling wife, I am your loving, lonesome homesick husband.

"B."

1st Lt. Cassel B. Smith M.R.C.
C.H. #2 U.S.A.
A.E.F.