

September 22 - 1918.

my Darling Girl:-

This Sunday morning - a rather cold bleak Sunday it is true - but nevertheless a day that always makes me think of home and mother dear. We have always had such a good time on Sundays, after I have finished all my work. The whole day is then given up to having a good time with you and the babies. Well - never mind dear - every day will be Sunday byr and byr, and it will be so, you may be sure. Safe, and this old world are going to pay us in full and with interest for the days we have missed together. Don't that treat dear?

I have just finished reading a sweet letter from you dear, and I had three yesterday afternoon so I feel that I have



done fairly well during the  
past twenty four hours. Would it  
you say so? In the letter I  
received today you enclosed a  
card from Harpolsheimer's regard-  
ing the candy sent from Harrods.  
I have already written to you and  
thanked you for it but am going  
to do so again, for it is impossible  
to tell you too often or too forcibly  
how much I appreciate it.

So Darling, I thank you again  
with all my heart and soul.  
and I love you for it too  
dear, with all my heart and  
soul.

you spoke also of what the  
Captain said to Tud about au-  
fulance duvers over here. She  
must not be influenced by such  
things because those officers  
don't know a thing about the



circumstances over here, and to my knowledge the only army that has any women chauffeurs is the British army. The American army has not yet felt the need of men to that extent. As to her coming in Y m c a or Red Cross work - that is different, but as things are going now I think it would be foolish for her to come. This scrap is on its last lap now and will not last much longer. I hope she will consider it well before acting.

Dearest - we will be apart this Christmas. It can't be helped. It is impossible to grant furloughs and is simply not being done. We must make the best of it and wait for the next Christmas



to come. We will be with each other in heart and love and that will help a lot. It will be a happy Christmas after all for we will know it is the only one that will separate us.

Tomorrow is my birthday and I am an old man. I need not worry you dearest that I am not home on that day as I have another one coming next year and expect either to be home or on the way there at that time. I am not going to celebrate in any way at all as there is no real way for a tectotata to celebrate his birthday unless he is with his family. However I will not soon forget my birthday of last year, and



what a good time we all had  
together. Do you remember the  
Hallow e'en party? wasn't it  
a dandy? Oh! those were  
happy days weren't they dear  
girl?

I go on duty at one o'clock  
this afternoon and am on till  
eight. So I will get a good  
sleep tonight, as I did last  
night. I am going to close  
now dearest. There is ab-  
solutely no news to write.  
It is so hard to write home when  
you are in continual com-  
petition with a censor who  
takes an unfair advantage  
of you and cuts out all  
news. I'm glad I haven't  
his job. It must be a bad  
one. Give my love to Ted and

my dear babies. Tell them Daddy  
loves them and thinks of them  
every minute of his life. Miss  
them all for me dear.

With all the love in my heart  
for you dear girl, and with  
millions of kisses from  
your dear

Daddy.

12<sup>th</sup> St. W. Smith W.C.