

February 4th 1918.

My Dearest Wife and Kiddies:-

I have a little time now, in which I can write. It is very hard to find time to write and very hard to write afterwards, because we are permitted to tell so little. But then I know that the mere fact you hear from me is enough to relieve your anxiety and I will write as often as I can possibly do so, even if it is no more than to say "I love you." Sweetheart, not a moment has passed since we separated that my heart has not been full of love for you and my dear ones. Oh! how I have loved you and longed to see you. And my heart has ached for you in the worry and anxiety you have been and are now experiencing.

I want to relieve your mind entirely. I am in no danger whatsoever and will be in none. I firmly believe now that this war is not going to last much longer.

There are many things which bring me to that conclusion and I am more and more inclined to believe each day, that Dave's prediction will come true. The French people are wonderful. I am much more impressed by them and their sacrifice, than by the British although my short experience in England impressed me amazingly. This country is supremely beautiful. The valley we are in is one which the war has made famous – more than that I cannot say. It perfectly beautiful and surrounded by wonderful hills. But mud!! – the mud is worse than I have ever seen. It is thick, sticky and bottomless. We slip and slide all over when we walk and believe me I have been thankful many times that I have my high laced boots and gum

rubber boots. Yesterday we got a stove for our barracks. Villars, Stanley, Va Da La, Notbohm and I are rooming in the same shack. It is warm and comfortable in here now, and we have a lot of fun together.

These are fine boys I am with and I surely consider myself most lucky that I am with them inasmuch as I must be with them at all.

Stanley and Toney are writing letters also. We have quite a bit less to do this morning and this afternoon we all are going to a near bye town to look it over a bit.

On our way to this place, we passed through a most interesting experience, which I think I mentioned in a previous letter to you. It was an air raid and

we were very close to it. All I can tell you about it is that it resulted most auspiciously to the allied fliers and that of course made us all feel fine.

We will be moving from here in 2 or 3 weeks now and when we are finally settled in our permanent location I am going to have more time to write and also will be able to write more satisfactory letters.

I have had no mail as yet. You may be sure dear, I am getting very anxious to hear from you. It is hard to have heard nothing for five weeks. I still have the telegram I recieved at Camp Merritt and it is a great source of comfort to me dear.

3.

It tells me you and the babies and Tud are well and although that information is five weeks old it is most comforting. Remember sweetheart, that all the time I am loving you. Not a moment passes that I do not think of my Loved Ones and love them. I love you, I love you. Kiss my dear babies and my dear sister. Give my love to everybody. With all my heart and soul Darling Girl, I love you, love you, love you.

Daddy.

Lt. A.B. Smith M.R.C.

Evac. Hosp. #2 U.S.A.

A.E.F. France.