

March 13, 1918.

My Dearest Girl:-

Now this month is half gone, and soon we will be traversing April. After all Dear, the time is slipping around and it won't be so long before we are together again. I took a morning off today, and thoroughly renovated myself. I bathed, shaved, shampooed my hair, polished my Sam Brown belt, cleaned out my trunk and hand bag and had a general house-cleaning. After my bath I put on the Sox you knit for me dear, and they are wonderful. They are exactly the right size and so soft and nice, and they come clear up to my knees. There is no possible improvement which can be suggested regarding them. All I can say is that they are perfect, and that I

think you are the sweetest girl in the whole world to make them for me. And I thank you Darling, a thousand times, for them and for all the love you worked into them.

I never have seen such perfectly beautiful weather as we are having now. It is just like June weather. I hope that no rainy season follows this, to make it more unpleasant than it has been. I am in exceptionally good spirits today. I presume it is the bath. I must confess that baths are not at common occurrences in my life now as they were when I was home. Then they were routine, but now they are more or less spasmodic. I get one

as often as I can but I am not as fortunate as at one time, in that respect. I am glad you are going to luncheons and parties dearest. They will do a great deal to cheer you up and the "widows" there will make good company for you. As far as Mr. Wallace is concerned dear-use your own judgement entirely. Brother's birthday is the 20<sup>th</sup> of this month and I am sending congratulations in this letter. But on the 20<sup>th</sup> I will cable also, so that you and dear little Brother will know I am thinking of you both on that date and remembering you with love. I should so much like to

see the little rascal. I never will forget how cute Sister was at his age and it seems a pity that I must miss Brother when he is passing through the same age. But he will still be cute when I return home, and Oh! won't I be glad to see him.

In this nice weather lots of aeroplanes appear. I saw scores of them yesterday and they are buzzing all around here now. I never tire of watching them. It is a beautiful sight and I wish you could be here to enjoy it.

There is no news here that will be at all interesting to you. I am getting mail from home nearly every day now

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and my life is surely made a great deal pleasanter thereby. You are so sweet Honey, to write so often and send so many packages to me. Well I must close. It is nearly one o'clock and I have to work this P.M.

Give my dearest love to every one. Kiss my babies and Tud for me. With all my love to you dear, I am your loving

Daddy.

From.

1<sup>st</sup> Lt. A.B. Smith M.R.C.

A.E.F.

Evac. Hosp 2. U.S.A.