

May 14 – 1918.

My Dearest Marie:-

I haven't as much time to write today as I have had the past two days, but will take advantage of the little I have and write you as long a letter as I can. The letters I wrote yesterday and the day before were good long ones weren't they Lover? I'd like to make them all like that but it is impossible. I got the biggest bunch of home papers in the mail last night, that I have received; some of them dating as late as April 23,^d which is pretty late news to get from home. Also I received a letter from Jack of rather recent date, so I know he is well and there is nothing to worry about regarding his welfare. He is having the same sort of a hard time and is in the same mental condition. The possibility of his transfer to this outfit seems less every day, but I will keep on trying and it may work out after all. I sincerely hope it does for it seems so hard for Jack and I to both be over here and not be with each other. He realizes now that it is his own fault, and believe me he is sorry.

It is raining – has rained all night long.

Just when we think it is going to continue nice and warm, it begins to cloud up and rain and get cool. I guess it is just naturally French weather and we will have to make the best of it, but some good old Michigan weather would feel mighty good to me right now.

The war's progress is pleasing to us all. The Allies are more than holding their own and it looks more and more each day as if the German drive had spent its force. There is nothing much for them to show considering all the casualties they have suffered, and I don't believe the German military can ever satisfy the German people with the gains they have made so far. It doesn't look so bad after all and we must not pay too much attention to rumor. Cheer up little Girl, life isn't so bad and it's a good little war after all.

It is nearly time now for the mail to come. I have really no right to expect mail today because I have had quite a bit lately but I never can help hoping I will get some. You see dearest, mail is the one great event in our lives and we certainly look forward to it. Next to receiving mail I enjoy writing to you Honey Dear and I never miss writing

to you when I can do it.

The sun had just come out again but I presume for only a minute. My orderly has been after me ever since we have been in France, trying to get me to promise to take him home with me when we get back, and let him be our man of all work. I think we will have to get along without one for awhile don't you dear? I will act in that capacity myself and save money. I can work now I have learned that it isn't so harmful after all. I often wonder if I will slip right back into my old pre-war habits of ease and luxury. I certainly knew how to make me comfortable.

All the other officers have their new uniforms and they look very nice. I don't need one. The two suits I have, show very little signs of wear and I am in hopes the war will be over before it becomes necessary for me to buy any more. I am saving my money

and figure that you and I can use it together to good purpose, after the war is over. What do you think dear?

The German prisoner we operated on the other day, is recovering and has great tales to tell about Germany. He says the war will absolutely be over this summer and that the German people don't think the allies can ever be whipped. His case, surgically, was quite remarkable and while none of us expected him to recover, he will soon be up and on his way back to a prison camp. Our work is still very light, I think the bad weather has something to do with the quietness of things, and that when it begins to brighten up again we will get all we want to do, and then some.

My eye is giving me some trouble today. I guess it is because I read so many letters yesterday. I still have a big pile of papers to read but am going to leave them until tonight. These new candles you sent me give a wonderful light, and last much longer than the army issue candles. They are going to

last for a long time. I am just starting on
the second one now. I think it was wonderful
of you to send them. You are the dearest, dearest
girl in all the world darling, and I love you
with all my heart and soul. I love you,
I love you. I must close now dear. Kiss
the babies and Tud and tell them I love them.
With all my dearest love to you dear, I
love, love, love, love you. God bless you
all.

Daddy

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

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

A.E.F.