

September 12- 1918.

My Dearest Girl:-

Here I am, back again with the outfit, after one of the most, uncomfortable, unforgettable, difficult trips I have ever made and one on which I would have been entirely at sea without the smattering knowledge of French I have picked up. I left Dijon on the 1:00 o'clock train two days ago and although it was supposed to be a fast train, it was over six hours late before we reached the station where the machine was supposed to meet me. Well – the machine was not there – it was raining – I was 40 kilometres from “home” and there was not a place left in the only hotel in town. I finally found out after much parley voo-ing that I could get a train for a nearer town soon, and get one from there to camp the next morning, so I took that train. I had a great time finding a place to sleep, during the course of which I ran across some British aviators, and between us we finally managed to secure accommodations. I got up at four thirty in the morning and caught a train for camp, arriving there, in a pouring rain, at eight o'clock. It was such of a relief to get back. Traveling in France during war times has its serious disadvantages.

I slept yesterday a good part of the day and didn't write to you but I am sure you will forgive me after the foregoing recital of a portion of my experiences. This morning

I received two letters from you – one of which contained a letter from Fisher and I am delighted to see that he really is making improvement. I can't understand how it happens that you have received no mail from me lately dear, as I have hardly missed a day, writing to you. I imagine you will get them all in a bunch dear, or else something has happened to them in transit. But in times like these we must not be worried by difficulties with the mail for they must be expected.

You ask what I think of this drive. I am sure by this time you know because I have told you in every letter what I think of the wonderful progress of events and how the Germans are being whipped. It is really wonderful dearest and is going to make a tremendous difference in the length of the duration of the war. I don't believe they have retreated any where near as far yet as they will have to before winter but time will tell that. There will undoubtedly be a great deal of Peace talk in the papers this winter but I don't want to see a peace by negotiation. I want to see the Germans whipped and so completely whipped that the terms of Peace can be dictated to them instead of resulting from arguments with them.

I fully believe that is what will be seen too.

The German proposals will be rejected flatly by Allied diplomatists and it will go on until they beg for peace at any price. That's what we want. So Dearest – we must just grit our teeth and settle down with determination to the completion of the job and we won't be sorry when it is over.

I found when I returned home, that the boys had moved inside from the tents and had a very comfortable room in which Rosy, [Mets], Dempsey and I are quartered. It is a great big room, with plenty of room for all of us. A nice stove heats it beautifully and we have electric lights so we are very comfortable indeed. We have a good hot fire in it now, so you will be easily able to determine the difference between Michigan and Lorraine weather. It is certainly a lot different.

In your letter dearest you mentioned having sent my birthday box. I think you are wonderful to do that dearest – to remember my birthday is the one thing I didn't expect you to do in these times of distraction, but it is the one thing that pleases me more than anything else could. I thank you a million times dear and shall wait the arrival of the box with pleasant anticipation. I want again to send little

Marie birthday felicitations for her birthday which is due the 24th of October. I can't find a single thing to send her so she will have to be satisfied with just my love, and the knowledge that I did not forget her. I will very soon now, send the next box of Christmas things.

Well I must close. Give my love to Glad and the dear kiddies and kiss them all for me. Tell Glad not to get married. I don't want to lose her. I love you my dearest girl – with all my heart and soul. I love you. With oceans of love and millions of kisses to you, I am your loving

Daddy

1st Lt. A.B. Smith M.C.