

September 17<sup>th</sup> 1918.

My Darling Marie:-

I am on duty now and will be until one o'clock this afternoon, but am going to take advantage of a lull to write my daily letter to you.

Yesterday I went over to the lace shop and was much disappointed to find that the things were not finished. I ordered a dozen doilies of Mirecourt lace to go with the lunch cloth already have sent you and I really think it will make a beautiful luncheon set. I may be mistaken but I think you will like it.

Those, together with one or two chemise, a handkerchief or two and some lace edging will constitute the contents of my next package and then I am going to quit for awhile. I think I will send you lots more of this stuff for it is so cheap compared to what we find in the States.

I had a pleasant surprise yesterday when the mail came for I got six letters from you dear. They were wonderful letters and did make me so happy. One of them was written from the Statler in Detroit but

the others were all of a later date. It had been so long since I had heard from you that it seemed doubly nice to get these letters.

I played a game or two of billiards yesterday—Rosy and I beat [illegible] and Des Jardin, and we had in all, a very pleasant afternoon. I spent the evening very quietly and comfortably in my room and went to bed early. So I had a wonderful night's sleep and feel fine today. I had to get up early to get some patients ready for evacuation but didn't mind for now I have my work all done and it is only nine thirty.

I just have returned after an interruption. The tailor came in to sew a chevron on my coat sleeve and just as he finished doing that two cases came in so I had to leave my letter for awhile. But here I am again and all set to finish before another interruption. It has been raining a little this morning but not very heavily and it is rather warm. I think it will clear up before night. I hope so certainly because

we need good weather now to put a little more of the fear of God and the U.S.A. in the Dutch. It was funny to read the Press Comments on the Austrian peace proposal, this morning. They all have the right tone and I guess Fritz will have to wait until next Summer and have Peace rubbed into him, from indications at present. This is certainly no time to talk Peace, when we have them running all along the line from the Channel to Switzerland.

This afternoon if all goes well Rosy and I are going to walk to an Aviation Camp near here and look it over. It should be very interesting. We have seen several in the past but none of this particular type which is a type that Americans are peculiarly interested in. So we consider it worth while to take quite a walk this afternoon to see it. I won't be able to write you a description of it but I will tell you all about it and many other things when I return.

I was glad to get a picture of Margaret with the babies. It seemed good to see

her face for I always associate her with my thoughts of them – she has been so good and faithful in her care of them. I'd like a picture of Margaret and Mary taken together.

Well Darling I will close now, Dempsey is due back here and he and I are going to reconstruct the line of Allied advance on our map. We have a map which is really a dandy. Give my love and kisses to Tud and my dear kiddies. Remember me to Margaret and Mary and tell them how grateful I am to them for their faithfulness. With all my love to you Sweetheart and millions of kisses. I love you.

A.B.

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