

September 22 -1918

My Darling Girl:-

It is Sunday morning – a rather cold bleak Sunday it is true – but nevertheless a day that always makes me think of home and mother dear. We have always had such a good time on Sundays, after I have finished all my work. The whole day is then given up to having a good time with you and the babies. Well – never mind dear – every day will be Sunday bye and bye, and it will be so, you may be sure. Life, and this old world are going to pay us in full and with interest for the days we have missed together. Isn't that true dear?

I have just finished reading a sweet letter from you dear, and I had three yesterday afternoon so I feel that I have

done fairly well during the past twenty four hours. Wouldn't you say so? In the letter I recieved today you enclosed a card from Herpolsheimer's regarding the candy sent from Harrod's. I have already written to you and thanked you for it but am going to do so again, for it but am going to do so again, for it is impossible to tell you too often or too forcibly how much I appreciate it.

So Darling, I thank you again with all my heart and soul.

And I love you for it too dear with all my heart and soul.

You spoke also of what the Captain said to Tud about ambulance drivers over here. She must not be influenced by such things because those officers don't know a thing about the

circumstances over here, and to my knowledge the only army that has any women chauffeurs is the British army. The American army has not yet felt the need of men to that extent. As to her coming in Y M C A or Red Cross work – that is different, but as things are going now I think it would be foolish for her to come. This scrap is on it's last lap now and will not last much longer. I hope she will consider it well before acting.

Yes dearest – we will be apart this Christmas. It can't be helped. It is impossible to grant furloughs and is simply not being done. We must make the best of it and wait for the next Christmas

to come. We will be with each other in heart and love and that will help a lot. It will be a happy Christmas after all for we will know it is the only one that will separate us.

Tomorrow is my birthday and I am an old man. It need not worry you dearest that I am not home on that day as I have another one coming next year and expect either to be home or on the way there at that time. I am not going to celebrate in any way at all as there is no real way for a teetotaler to celebrate his birthday unless he is with his family. However I will not soon forget my birthday of last year, and

what a good time we all had together. Do you remember the Halloween party? Wasn't it a dandy? Oh! those were happy days weren't they dear girl?

I go on duty at one o'clock this afternoon and am on till eight. So I will get a good sleep tonight, as I did last night. I am going to close now dearest. There is absolutely no news to write. It is so hard to write home when you are in continual competition with a censor who takes an unfair advantage of you and cuts out all news. I'm glad I haven't his jobs. It must be a bad one.

Give my love to Tud and

my dear babies. Tell them Daddy
loves them and thinks of them
every minute of his life. Kiss
them all for me dear.

With all the love in my heart
for you dear girl, and with
millions of kisses from
you dear

Daddy.

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