

February 9th 1918.

My Darling Wife:-

Today is Saturday and I am Officer of the Day. We have been in camp just one week and a day and it has been both interesting and eventful. I am at present sitting in my Hut in front of the stove coaxing the fire so that it will get warm enough in here for a bath. We have a wash tub in the kitchen and I have my orderly get it and bring it down here full of hot water. So I get a good hot bath in a warm room. He does my washing for me and I have plenty of clean clothing. I don't mind what comforts I miss if I can get a good bath. It will seem rather nice to get back to my comfortable home and have all the luxuries I once enjoyed again at my disposal. I can assure you that I will appreciate them a lot more when I return than

before I left. I went to the prize fight at the Y.M.C.A. last night. The man from our company was not in very good condition but held the other fellow to a draw. It was a good little fight. It was one of the most beautiful nights I have ever seen. It sure was a pleasure to live last night. During the night however it began to rain and all the joy was taken out of life again for this morning we found it necessary to wade through mud up to our necks, to get over to the mess hall for breakfast. We are having excellent meals here – more beef and potatoes than anything else. Sugar is fairly plentiful and we usually have good butter and when we don't, the oleo-margarine does just as well – I am

quite convinced that oleo is a good article of diet, now. At least I know it can be used for cooking whenever butter could, and never detected. It is only the appearance of it which makes it different from good butter. The paper this morning gave news of the sinking by an enemy submarine of one of our troop transports. Thank the Lord it wasn't the one we crossed on, but I am sorry it had to happen. My heart aches for the mothers wives and sweethearts of the boys she took down with her. I think it will be a good object lesson for the country. It will bring the war nearer home to everybody and may stimulate a lot of slackers to the performance of their duty. If it does have that result it will be a profitable disaster even though costly. It is

one of the fortunes of war and more must be expected. I am wondering every day if you have sold the car yet. It must be that you have by this time. I hope you got a good price for it dear. Oh! how I have longed for it and you to be over here and burn up some of the wonderful roads they have here. We don't know what good roads are in our country. It will be a fine trip some time, for us to come over and tour through this country. It will have to be some time after the war though won't it darling?

How is your health Honey dear? I am sure that you are well if you are following Dr. Brotherhood's instructions closely. You must take the best of care of yourself because I want you to be well and strong

so that we can enjoy ourselves in every way without hardship to you. Do you remember how wonderful a time we had in Indianapolis, just because you were feeling well and could enjoy yourself? So you be careful dear and so will I, and when this thing is finished and I am back home, we will put over the biggest party we have ever had.

How is dear little Sister? I know she must be well for you take such wonderful care of the kiddies. Brother is all O.K. except his ear and while that may take some time it will surely cure up all right. Really Mother dear, you are a wonderful little wife and mother. I don't feel the least particle of uneasiness for I have so much con-

confidence in you and the way you take care of things. You have no idea my Darling how much I love. It is perfectly wonderful to have a lover like you and I never shall cease thanking God that He gave you to me, to love and cherish all my life. He certainly has been good to me dearest. I have the most wonderful wife and the most wonderful babies in the whole world. It will be so wonderful to be with you all once more. It is nearly a year now since I left home, do you know that? It seems like about ten years. I could get homesick very easily if I would permit myself to, but I won't, for there is no use in being more miserable

than I have to be. I am going to write a letter to Jack Coryell today. Tell his friends there at home that there is not the least possible chance of our ever being together over here, and very little chance that we will ever see each other while here. This is a serious business here and a man's personal desires have no influence whatever. Oh! here comes the sun. Now I presume the mud will dry up and it will get a trifle warmer. I have at last succeeded in getting the fire started also. All the men here send you their love. You and Glad and the babies made a big hit

with them all when they met you.

Well Honey I must close for
today. Love all my letters. I
can use them as a diary when
I return. I have no diary and no
other record of my movements than
these letters. Kiss all the family.
Give my dear babies my love.
With all my love and millions
of kisses to you, my dear, sweet
Girl, I love you. I love you.
I love you. God bless you and
keep you.

“A.B.”

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

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

A.E.F.