

May 29 – 1918.

Well Mother Dear, I am writing again after a three days interval, which could not be helped. I have been through the hardest three days and nights of my life but I expect to have a lot more like them. For more than 72 hours I never saw my bed, nor even stretched out for a nap, but was working like a fiend every minute. I have just had some most refreshing sleep however, and am feeling like a top at the present time. I wish I could tell you all about it, but I can't. All I can say is, it has been worse than I ever dreamed it could be and of course this is not as bad by far as it is in

other places. But through it all is the same perfectly wonderful and indomitable spirit of our men. Pluck, gut and courage are not words that express it – they are simply all heroes and they don't know it.

To illustrate: this morning two Americans were brought in badly wounded one of them severely. While they were lying in the receiving room a wounded Boche was brought in. One of the men looked at him, and then began to grin in spite of his pain, and turning to his friend said "Bill, that's

the one you got". Bill said "The hell it is" and although he was severely wounded, sat bolt upright to get a look, and you never saw a happier grin in all your life. This whole affair is a great big lark for these men. It actually seems as if they would rather fight than eat, and my God, what fighters they are!

It has been almost two weeks since we have recieved mail from home. There is some good reason for it I know but no doubt it will all come piling in at once and then I will have a wonderful time reading letters from you dear. I am not going to be able to write very much in this one, I can see, for work is beginning to come in thick now, and I expect to be called at any moment.

It is still perfectly beautiful weather and is apparently going to continue so for some time. I was pleasantly surprised yesterday by a visit from Major Torrey and Capts. Spitzley and Hirschman, all Detroit doctors whom you know.

They are all located with the Harper unit and tell me that Jeanette's brother is a fine soldier and exceedingly well thought of in the outfit. Dr. Hirschman is the one who is in the same office with Guy Kiefer, you will remember. It seemed good to meet someone from home and they were as glad to see me as I was to see them.

As you no doubt know, an order is out now, forbidding the mailing of any packages from the States whether by O.K.'s request or not, so I will have to make up my

mind to get along without a lot of things. But Dearest don't think for one minute that we are suffering. We are having wonderful food under the circumstances, and in every way are perfectly comfortable and well cared for. So you must not worry at all dear. The only thing I do crave is candy and soon we are going to be able to buy all the American candy we want at the Commissary so we will be happy in that respect. Well dear, it has come. I have

to go to the operating room and go to work. So I will close this letter now and write you more this evening or tomorrow, and I know you understand why I had to miss three days in writing. It was absolutely unavoidable.

I want you to take each of my darlings and give them a good hug and loving kiss for me. Tell them Dad is loving them every minute of his life. Same to Tud, and tell her to stay home. Give my regards to Mary and Margaret. All the love that is left in the universe dear I send to you. I love you darling, I love you. I long to see you so, and am so lonesome for you, but we must be patient and brave, and soon this will be over. God bless you dearest Girl and keep you well and strong. Be happy and brave and don't worry for I am all right and "finer in frog's hair." I love you sweetheart.

Daddy.

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

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