March 17-1918.

My darling wife—
It is St. Patrick's day, and all the real Irish in our outfit are decorated with green. It is, without exception, one of the most beautiful days I have ever seen. It is glorious. The sun is bright and it is as warm as midsummer with not a cloud in the sky. There are aeroplanes buzzing around everywhere and all of all it is a perfect day—perfect except for one thing, and you know what that is. This morning reveille was one hour later than usual on account of it being Sunday, and the addition of hours sleep did us all good. We worked for an hour or
two, policing the camp and drilling and then had an inspection which was a very successful one. After that we had a mighty good dinner and that brings me up to now. Now I am writing a letter to the one I love most. I wonder what you are all doing this beautiful day. Are you at home or out riding with some of your friends? How are the babies and is your trouble in better condition than it was? You see dearest it has been exactly ten days since I have heard from you or received
a letter from anybody. So I feel temporarily as if I had been forgotten by everyone. I didn't go to church this morning because we all had to be here for inspection. But my intentions were good because I wanted to go. Elsie Jarvis was in camp yesterday and gave a matinee entertainment at the YMCA. None of us were able to go, as we had so much work to do, but when she returns here as is expected soon, we all hope to be able to go.

Rosy, Tony, Villars and Stanley, all want me to send
you their very best regards. They all appreciate the things you have sent me almost as much as I do because they have all shared in them.

I have not heard from Jack for a long time. I am wondering if his regiment is in the trenches now, and that is the reason for his silence. Wouldn’t it be wonderful for us all to be back home again — the same old comfortable life — with our dear ones around us — and it’s terrible war all of the past? I can hardly wait for a realization of that ideal. It will seem too
It is good to be true.

The American troops are covering themselves with glory over here. I don't know how much you read about it in the newspapers over there, but the fact remains that they are living up to and way beyond all expectations. Isn't that fine?

This army is surely one for our Country to be proud of, and it is improving every day.

Well, some dear, I must close. My next duty is to lie down and take a nap. I will write again tomorrow. With
oceans of love and millions of kisses.

Daddy.
WAR

From:

Amiel B. Smith Capt. MC.
Evacuation Hospital "2"
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Censored by:

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