My Dearest Marie:

I have seen a short time in which to write, but we'll make the best of it. I wrote you a good long letter yesterday to install wade, as I had work in the operating room nearly all day. Then last night just after we were nicely asleep we had to get up and go at it again. We worked until 2:00 in the morning and they slept the rest of the night. The cases were very unfortunate and not at all interesting because the outcome was never in doubt. I have known all the time that when I actually got at this work I would be mighty chicken-hearted, to see these fine boys coming back all shot up and I say, I don't know what God will do. All in all, that so many good young lives must be given up all at one
account of the crazy ambition of a wild man. Nothing on earth could be finer than the bravery of these boys, too, and one can't help but lose them for it. If it could be clearly demonstrated to all you home folks, you would realize how wonderfully your efforts are appreciated as well as how much they are needed. And certainly the great credit all goes to you who are doing so much to add to the comfort and lessen the suffering of these lads who are risking their lives for their country and its people.

Last night suddenly a terrific bombardment started at the front and the roar of the guns was wonderful to hear. We could easily see the flashes of the cannon and see the flares sent up over the trenches. We could also, at times, make out machine gun fire. All this is possible be-
cause we are on ground high enough to command a sweeping view of the surrounding country. Observation balloons at the front are constantly in sight.

It has finally stopped raining but is still very cloudy and foggy. It is however considerably colder than it has been and that makes it a little more cheerful. My style is all well now and my eyes are feeling ever so much better than they did for some time. I have not used them for reading of anything except your letters for a long time, and the rest has unquestionably done them much good. I have not yet met a soul around here that I know and
I think it is strange because there are a lot of Michigan troops around here. I haven't heard a word from Jack for a long time either. I can't understand why, for I have written him twice or four letters since I heard from him last. Where he is or what he is doing I haven't the slightest idea. What news do you all receive from him? I get it quicker from you than I do from him.

No mail last night. I guess the landslide I had right before last will have to do for some time and still I may get a lot tonight. Here's hoping at least. How is everything at home? You don't think it as hard to write to me as I do to write to you, because you have lots of news to write and can write it, while I
have no news that I dare put into a letter. But I can tell you how much I love you. You know how much I love you, don't you dearest? You know my love for you is greater than anything in the universe. I love and adore you every minute of my life, and sweetheart, I long to see you so. It will not be soon be May 1st and your birthday. God bless you dear, and may that day bring many happy times so we may both be happy and make up for the trials of our separation.

Will dearest I must close as there is another flock of cases just being admitted. Kiss my darling, Habib. Feel there Daddy loves them.
and long to be with them
with all the love in the world
to you forever. Dear, Jan,
your Coursonne
Daddy.
Mrs. H. M. Smith, M.A.
2H2 U.S.A.
A. E. T.