July 15-1918.

My Darling Wife:

Today is one of my tired days for I have been up all night for two nights and working all day as well. But tonight I will get a good sleep for it has again become very quiet and I am on duty until one o'clock tomorrow afternoon. I will take good advantage of it you may be sure.

I had two darling letters from you today with three pictures—one of you with the babies and two of you my dear sweet, beautiful wife. You have no idea how dear
how much I enjoy those pictures and I am beginning to get a good collection of them too. I spend a lot of time with my family and love to hear the pictures so you must keep on sending them. I am also proud to know you are doing such wonderful work in the Red Cross and am glad you sent me that letter of Phannie Johnson's. Which dearest that you are the most wonderful little girl in all the world and I love you oh! so much.
I am glad the fortune-teller is so sure I am going to get back home, and I am also wondering if this Fred Newton I heard about is the same Fred Newton I knew in Ann Arbor. He was a Zeta Psi and I knew him very well.

Lover dear — you talk about being loving! I am sure that we are both loving one for each other, dear, but we must just keep on being brave and waiting until this damnable war is over. When it will be over nobody knows. You ask me if the reports in these papers are so about starving and famine in Germany and Austria. I don't know. We have the same reports — save melon-eating a clipping from the London Daily Mail which is a sample — and all I can say is that whether they are all entirely true or not, there must be fire where there is so much smoke. Then again there
is the present long continued delay due to the German drive.

Why is it? There is some good reason for it because the

time that is passing is lessening their chances a lot, and

the Allies are getting stronger each day. To all we can
do is to live and hope that

the end is near and that the

peace is nearly finished.

For sweetheart—I want to

see my wife and babies. Oh, won't it be wonderful when

I come home? We can't
imagine such joy can we
dearest? I can't understand
why you don't get letters
from me more frequently
for with very very few
exceptions, I write to you
every day of my life. I know
how you love to get my letters
because I know you mean to me, and for
that reason I never miss a
day unless it is absolutely
unavoidable. I am so
sorry to hear that you have
a rash that is bothering
you and have no doubt that Dr. Brotherhood and Hooker will between them fix you up all right. But if they don't go back to my old standby Dr. Poff, and I know he will. If you are feeling well in every other way dearest, don't let it worry you because those things are never serious.

Well I must close now. I want to lie down and take a little nap before retreat. I am officer of the day and therefore chief performer at retreat. Give my love and a huge kiss to the babies andTed. With my very dearest love and millions of kisses to you my darling. I love you & love you.

G.B.

Mrs. Angel B. Smith, M.R.C.S.