August 13th, 1918.

My Darling Marie,

I am somewhat sleepy today because my slumbers were very much disturbed last night. I went to bed early enough but had to get up shortly afterward and was up for some time. When I finally got to sleep I slept wonder
fully, but I fear I shall have to take a nap during the day today—my duties permitting.

The weather over here, as I have told you many times before, is very changeable. Yesterday it was warm, and beautiful; today is quite cool and cloudy and looks as if it might begin to rain at any moment.

It is exactly 9:15 now and I have my work all done, except that I go on duty at one o'clock this after
noon. You can judge from that that our work is very light at present—lighter than for several weeks—but of course we can't
still when we will be in a rush up to our limit again. Things are
systematically here now so that it is a real pleasure to work. Grad-
ually rank (military rank) has receded into the background and a
man's professional ability counts for more than anything else. This
makes it a great deal more agreeable for all of us who are un-
fortunate enough (I) to be too young to hold a higher rank.
However I can't complain, as
I have mine coming to me. I
will say however, that in the
Army they certainly take their
time about matters.

I wrote to Dave two days ago
and sent him a statement of my in-
come to which he will add a sta-
dent of yours, and send in our
income tax return for 1917. All
Army officers must put them in
as well as others. While a good many are inclined to grumble
about it, I personally think it is
the proper thing and are glad
to think we are called on for
it. Every cent the Government
gets from any source, is one
more nail in Kaiser Bill's coffin,
and believe me there is some
satisfaction in driving some of
the nails yourself. Don't you
think so dear? From the trend
of events I think we are now
nailing down the lid, and in
a short time we'll have him
ready to plant. There is one
cheerful thought about Bic, 
which is most consoling, and
that is, after he is planted, he
is sure going to have one tree
of a kind in Hill. And he
will have it all coming to
him, and then some. He is guilty of causing more suffering, sorrow and heartaches than any other man in world's history and if there is a punishment for sins, after death, we can all take a lot of pleasure speculating on the pleasures of his expiation.

Now the sun is shining again. I hope it shines during the day but clouds up at night because the moon is getting bright and I have lost all my love for moonlight nights. From the standpoint of the aesthetic they are most enjoyable but from the standpoint of good solid comfort in a warm cozy bed, I can't say much for them. So let's hope it gets cloudy again.
It has now been two weeks and I guess a little longer, since I had a letter from you. Needless to say I am most anxious to get mail from home because days without it are dreary days. I am anxious to see how you feel about the Allied drive and its phenomenal success. The critics all say that it is the "greatest victory ever won by any army in any war." Think what that means. To date German casualties are put at 400,000 men and 1000 cannon, and there are bad days ahead for them. The Allies are only just beginning - that the best of it. We can't conceive of the complete significance of this success. Its results may
be conclusive this winter, but in any event it means that the Germans are whipped and will soon be in the "down and out" class. Well - let the good work go on.

I must close now dear. Give my love to Tad and the babies. Kiss them all for me and don't let Bro. forget his dad. I love you sweet heart, with all my heart and soul. I love you. Love me and pray for the continued success of our victorious armies. I love you dearest girl.

G. B.

P.S. Albert D. Smith M.D.