August 23rd, 1918.

My Dearest Marie:

I have been absolutely unable to write for the past two or three days. I guess it is for we have had our busiest and most harrowing experience in our tojourn in France and I haven't been able to do a thing but work. I got a good sleep after two o'clock this morning and appreciated it very much too, as it is the first I have had for two or three days. Today though, I feel well rested and as it is a beautiful day I am going to enjoy it to the utmost.

Yesterday I got a letter from you dear. It's a very, very sweet letter, and it seemed so good to get it. Yes dear, I do approve of your getting a car or doing anything you want to if you wish.
you can afford it, and that's all up to your good judgment. I know that your judgment is good, dear, so don't worry. I got a package yesterday, from Harrods, London House, containing chocolate, candy and gum, and when I had opened it I found a card with your name on the inside. It said the package you mentioned as having sent through Herzog's. If so I think the idea is a clever one and wish to thank if my encouragement and hearty moral support. Really dear, I can't thank you enough for having it sent. I love you for it and appreciate it all the more because it is practically impossible to get candy.
of any sort, or chocolate, over here, except at long and uncertain intervals. To closest, I thank you. God bless you, for being such a darling thoughtful wife, and I love you for your love and thoughtfulness with all my heart and soul. I love you.

How do you like our little old war now? It's not so bad is it dear? Isn't it wonderful the way they keep on driving back the Germans-capturing thousands of prisoners and millions of dollars worth of supplies? Well may we be proud of our army and of our Allies, for their present
accomplishment is without any doubt, the greatest in all history.

It is nearly the first of Sept ember now. It will soon be just a year since I started
my training at Fort Harrison and that was after I had been in the service for some time.
It has been an eventful year although a hard one for both of us but we have put behind us at least half of our separ-
ation—possibly more. Georges Clemenceau, the French Premier, has made public his opinion that the war will be won this
year, and that, coming from a man of his standing, who is such a close student of the
situation, is certainly a most
significant statement. It means we will be home next year. That won't be bad at all will it dear, when some of our past anticipations are considered. It is most cheering to all of us and makes our work all the more easy and worth while, when we realize that the Germans are giving such a completely thorough drubbing. Such praise for the Americans you never have heard, as the French and British are giving us now, not even from the Americans themselves. It is not unwarranted either, for the accomplishments of the American nation so far are more prodigious than anything else in history, and it
has only begun to do things. Not a day passes by that I don’t thrill with pride that God gave me the privilege to be born an American, and that I have the opportunity to make a real sacrifice as I have — slight though it may be — for such a wonderful and glorious country. One cannot contemplate the achievements of the American nation in this war, without awe and reverence for the magnificent genius and resource which has made it possible. We will emerge from this war, enjoying a greater position among the nations of the earth.
than any country in world's history ever has. So, dear, our personal sacrifices are not in vain and are going to be the greatest imaginable sources of pride in the future. That fact can help us to be brave, can't it dearest? Keep your spirit up, little soul, and it will all be over soon and we will have it all to talk about and tell the kiddies about and be proud of, all the rest of our lives.

Well, Dear, I must close now unless it is absolutely impossible I will write again tomorrow dear. Give my love and kisses to Ted and my dear babies. God bless you all and
keep you from harm. I love
you my sweetheart. I love
you. Daddy,
1st Lt. Albert Smith U.S. R.
Eve Hoop #2, USA.
Rem. 27, France.