August 29, 1916

My Darling Marie:

It is now ten o'clock and I have my work all finished until one o'clock when I go on duty. I thought I was to have a very quiet day yesterday but just before I was to go off duty—indeed not over five minutes before—we to go off duty—and just as I was thinking that we would have a very quiet evening after all writing, so I didn't go downtown with Fanny after all writing, so I decided to go downtown with Fanny after all writing, so we will have to wait until tomorrow now before we are able to go. It clouded up most beautifully last night, and rained hard all night, so again we had no sleep. It is something of a novelty to sleep through a whole night undisturbed and for that reason we appreciate such an opportunity.

The papers have us from this morning as yet. I don't doubt that the raid will continue although 8:00 o'clock, and it is wonderful news. Rouen captured with several other towns, and thousands more prisoners taken. It is inconceivable that the Germans can receive a blow such as is being administered to them now, and less be for the remnant of the summer, without
approaching very closely to the verge of collapse. It is a tremendous defeat, and from apparent indications it is not half as great now as it will be later. Their positions at present are absolutely untenable, and their failure to go ahead or even to check the Allies means only one thing—they must go back. There is still a lot of room between their army and Germany, but it is an assured fact now that they will have to cover it. How does that sound dear? Isn't it wonderful to think that the time is at last at hand when the Allied countries will be able to say to Germany, "Such and such you shall do, unless arguments for negotiation can alter it." Germany's autocratic, militaristic government is doomed, and nothing can save them now. And it is right that it should be so, because right has always triumphed.

I must leave now for a few minutes dear. I have a lot to attend to. See you later. I love you.

Well here I am again, and although I have just been well, I am still feeling well. I have just finished reading the papers, and I have some interesting news for you. Since I received the papers, there have been several important developments. The number of German soldiers captured has increased significantly, and yesterday is almost too good to believe. Let us all hope and pray that the good work keeps up.
It will soon be winter and winter is here.

It has commenced to rain again very hard and fast. I have just finished pulling down the wireless of the tent and have moved inside to finish my letter. However, as long as I am in France nobody will ever hear me complain about rainy weather. I like it.

It is now nearly time for the ironing to come. I am quite sure that I will get a letter from you today and if I do I hope it will be by Friday date because I haven't received one written since May 20. That is not very good service as it is now nearly September 20. Trust have an awfully big bunch of mail over here somewhere, unless it was stuck on the way over. Your letters are wonderful dearest, you are so brave and keep your spirits up so well. I think it is more than remarkable that you have gotten along so well since I left and I think you are a wonderful little woman. Not a day goes by that I don't thank God that you are my wife. I am the most fortunate man on this earth, and I am so proud of you dear, that I can't even attempt to describe my pride. Words absolutely fail...
me when I think of it. So dearest, I won't attempt it but will merely say I love you, and you can imagine all the rest.

Daddy,

Dr. W. Russell Smith, M.B., B.S.