September 29th, 1918.

My dearest Maric:—

Well Honey—today is the day I pass the 34th mile stone (or better, millstone) of my career. It is a fine dark gloomy rainy day—just the sort I usually expect to have as the anniversary of my advent into this world. Oh well! It was not ever thus! I remember our bright sunny birthday I had and many have been very happy too. This is the least pleasant of any I have had and still I am glad it is here, for it is like all other days—just one day nearer to the end of the war. That, after all... is the only thing we are all living for now—a safe, honorable, Allied Peace, and it is coming fast. And when it comes just...
think of all the joy and wonderful happiness that will descend on this old world—every nook and corner of it.

As I predicted, I had a very wonderful sleep last night. It rained all night long, so we were not troubled by Jerry's horse, and the air was his chariot, and the air was simply fine for sleeping. It was cool and fresh all night, and early this morning the orderly came in and built a fire so that the room was nice and warm when we got up. We are going to be very comfortable here this winter—at least as far as physical comfort is concerned. I have never been in better health. My weight is down to 168 lbs. and seems to stay at that point, and I will be very
well satisfied if it never gets above that. It is a good weight for me. I am afraid though that I will get heavier again after the war is over. I will leave it to you to see that I get exercise enough to remain in fairly good condition dear. We will take good long walks together. That is something we have never done. The car has always been too convenient and too much of a temptation to us. Well I have been accustomed for some time, to doing without for a while and I won't find it a hardship when I get home, if I have to do a lot of walking. One thing the war has done is to completely make over a lot of American physical wrecks and I am one that
has profited thereby.

Rosy just came over and placed my head with perfumed hair

tonic. you know how much I
take. For those things. I don't

care whether I will be able

know whether I will be able
to stand myself or not but

to stand myself or not but

I can't help myself. Rosy has
to use it. I guess, because

he has a lot of dandruff

but fortunately I am not

troubled that way.

News from the front is at

present, more or less quiet.

We know something is going

on but as yet we don't

know what it is going to de-

velop into. However we are

all fully expecting some

most interesting news in the

next few days and it is

expectations that keep us

all in a cheerful frame of
mind. It is wonderful how cheerful we all keep too. The knowledge of the inevitability of a German defeat and that most influentially contributed to by our troops, is no doubt the chief reason for it. We know what is coming and that it can't help but come. Therefore we are cheerful. Anyway, why be other than cheerful? Life is too short to spend it all in worry. I am so proud of you dearest, that you do not worry about things, but I attribute it in your case, more to the wonderful faith and confidence you have in your religious faith in anything else. That is the reason I am so glad to wear the
metals you have sent me. I know that as long as I wear these you will feel that I am protected and safe that I would be without these. Is that not so?

Another thing that helps me cheerful and happy dear, is my knowledge of your wonderful love for me. It has always been a wonderful love dear, that we have for each other, as is evidenced by the great happiness we have enjoyed in life. I thank God every day of my life that you are my wife and that He has blessed me with your love. It means everything in the world to me. And you know dearest, that
great as your love is for me, it is no greater than mine for you, for nothing in this life could be greater than our mutual love. And how our love has been rewarded! Think what wonderful children we have, and how much life has in store for us with our dear family! Is it strange, therefore, that I should be happy even in such our surroundings as I find myself at present? I don't think so. I know that I love you so. I love the dear babies more than man ever has loved before—more than all the world—more than life itself, or I would not be here.

But we must cultivate the
With all my dearest love to you dear girl, I am your loving and today, your lovensome husband, G.B.

P.S. W.Smith M.C.