July 28th, 1918

My dearest wife:

Today is Sunday and it has been one of the "dark brown" type that distinguishes gloom, brounness, rest and desolation. Many times rain, cold, drenching, windy and muddy - this Sunday has not compared to make life a bit more worldly living than it was last week, but right has come and I'm still here.

There is not a bit of news to give you. Today yesterday and since then nothing has happened around here. Had a wonderful sleep; an excellent breakfast; a good shave; made rounds; did my dressings, and then went down to the Hotel de la Garde with Ray and Hunt to eat dinner. We had a very good meal and went to the club for a game of billiards afterward, in which game I beat nuts badly, but was just as badly beaten by Ray. Then we all came home, took a nap till supper. We all came home, took a nap till supper. I reported as new officer in the office, ate supper. I reported as new officer in the office, ate supper. I reported as new officer in the office, ate supper. I reported as new officer in the office, ate supper.

It is cheering to get the news from the great battle however, for today we hear that the Germans are still in precipitous retreat and that now they are driven back to the point from which they started their offensive in the Champagne region. We see Soissons and other their whole
summer's work and sacrifice of men will have been in vain and they will have suffered the most costly defeat of the entire war. In my letters of March and April you will see that I predicted they would suffer this reverse before the summer was over.

I now predict, they are on the defensive for the remainder of the war and the turning point has come. The war will end next summer. How does that sound nearest? This summer is nearly gone. It will be gone before we know it, and the winter always passes very quickly. We surely all have great cause to rejoice that the strength of the Allies has manifested itself so plainly—so long before it has reached the maximum it will reach. If we can do so much now, what can't we do in the next summer?

Did I tell you that Major Style has been ordered away from us? He has, and we are all sorry as he was unquestionably an efficient C.O. and a very able executive. I never have liked him personally but have always respected him and had a hearty admiration for his ability. Where he is going I don't know and I don't believe he does either at present. Major Know
is in temporary command but none of us anticipate that he will remain there for any length of time.

I had a long letter from Jack today. He is in Bordeaux—wires and miles away from everything and must be leading a very uninteresting life there. He is making every effort to land me there too and it will be nice if he can. We can have good times together although good times are not in my thoughts at all at present. I am going to wait until I get home, for my good times, and have them all with you dear. And we will have some good times won't we? I wish you would tell me all of your plans for our honeymoon because I am leaving it all to you. I will be happy enough to be back home with you so happy that I will be in no mental condition to plan anything, and you will have to do it all. So write me all about it.

I have had no mail from you now for a week. It is hard not to get letters but I know the reason and it can't be helped. On the whole I think neither of us can complain regarding mail service as our letters have unquestionably gone through on very good time. You
get more in faster time than I get now, but that is natural as many things beside delivery over here that the mail service in the States does not have to contend with.

Well lover dear I guess I will close now. This is a long letter — longer than usual because the sheets are much larger. I am going to take a shower bath tonight and must get at it before the rush begins. There is only one shower for the whole lot of us and you can imagine that it is a rather busy place.

Give my love to Ed and my darling children. Tell them how dearly I love them and that I think of them all the time. With dearest love to you sweetheart, and oh! so much of it — and all the kisses in the world — Goodnight and pleasant dreams. I love you.

Daddy.

[Signature: Mabel B. Smith, M.A.]