

September 26 -1918.

Marie Dearest:-

Excuse the [blot]. Thats a funny way to start a letter, but this pen feeds too fast for any use. I wouldn't ordinarily send a letter with a blot like that on it but we have to be ultra economical with paper now so I am sending it with an excuse.

I had a fine sleep last night and have finished all my work today. I have just had a wonderful haircut shampoo and shave and it made me feel [illegible]. I tell you dearest this is a tough war!

Yesterday Rosy and I went downtown and for the first time I beat him a game of billiards. As he is really a very good player, you can imagine how proud I was of myself in succeeding in winning a game. We went to the lace shop and I got four metres of one kind of Mericourt, two of another kind, two of a very beautiful and delicate Maline lace

three handkerchiefs, and now am only waiting for the doilies and chemise and I can send the remainder of the Christmas box home. I hope so much dearest that you will like the things I send. It is the only way I have of spending any money over here and I know how much you enjoy those things so it gives me a lot of pleasure to buy them. There will never be as good an opportunity again to get them. Is there any one thing in particular that you would like to have me try to get for you dear? I am using my own judgement entirely dear, and am endeavoring not to select things that will not be practical to you. She has all sorts of chemise waists, dresses of net and Suneville lace, negligees, boudoir caps, Envelopes, - in fact everything you can think of in the line of lingerie, and linens and laces. So dear – come through with some suggestions.

I forgot to tell you that Rosy, Dempsey and I have a French teacher and are trying to learn the language. I can already talk a little – in fact – well enough to get along, but I want to be able to speak it Fluently and well, and also to read it. It also is a very interesting and profitable pastime and I intend to do all I can with it in my spare time. Don't you think I am ambitious dear?

News from the front has very suddenly taken a great turn for the better. The German generals statement that the retreat had stopped on the Western front was somewhat premature, in the light of present events. Things are surely moving along most satisfactorily for the Allies and it is to be hoped they will continue to do as I was again disappointed by the mail man yesterday so I am going to fool him today. I am [not] even going to expect a lettre. How-

same.

It is cool and cloudy today. The weather never remains alike two days in succession over here. A fire is very comfortable most of the time. Hasn't this letter been a sad attempt to say some thing dear? I have written a lot, but it has all been on the old stereotyped subjects. It is so hard. I wish censors had never been heard of.

I love you sweetheart. I love you with all my heart and soul. I long to see you and my babies more than you can understand. Oh! how I love you. Kiss them for me, as well as Tud, and with loads of love and kisses to you and them, I am ever your loving husband.

A.B.

1st Lt. A.B. Smith M.C.

Evac. Hosp. #2. U.S.A.

Amer. E.F. France.