

October 5th 1918.

My Darling Wife:-

I passed a very busy though an uneventful day yesterday, a full and complete description of which I believe I gave to you in my letter yesterday, as it was written in the afternoon to begin where I left off (for all the news I can write is a chronological statement of all my acts during the day) I left the office after finishing your letter, and went to my room with Rosy, where we had a French class. We have now covered all four regular verb conjugations (Aimer, Recevoir, Finir, Rompre) as well as two irregular verbs (etre and avoir) and have been over the adverbs, conjunctions and lots of prepositions and other vocabulary. I am able to read very well now and can talk much better but as yet have not succeeded in attaining my ear to the sounds and am having a lot of trouble to understand "her" as "she" is spoke.

My teacher says that will come later.

Last evening we all sat home and either studied, played solitaire or fought the war on the map. The latter is our favorite indoor sport, and we have developed a really excellent map of the western front which, in these days of numerous and repeated favorable changes, is a continual source of joy to all of us. What a wierd thing war is. We are over here – millions of strong, able bodied, bright, intelligent, civilized men – fighting, killing, destroying cities, lives, and patching them up again. Truly a strange occupation for men in this day and age. It is difficult to understand how the world can be benefited by such a cataclysm but there is no question that it will be.

I just recieved a letter from

you dear of date August 22. It was an old one but none the less acceptable as it contained all sorts of love and I love it. It contained a letter from the young officer you call Mac. I have never been able to decide in the pictures, which one is Mac and which one is Garvy. The next you send me must have some mark of differentiation so that I can tell one from the other. Indeed dearest, I'd pay absolutely no attention to anything our slacker friend Henry Vandenberg and his wife have to say. I am delighted that you have gone out with Glad and the boys and should be very much disappointed to feel that you think you should

not. How absurd that would
be and how it would show up
the quality of my love for you.
Anything on earth that you want
to do is all right with me and
I prefer to have you enjoy you-
self as much as you can, for I
know from my own feelings
just how little joy there is in
life for you now.

So don't listen to gossip dear.
People like that hurt nobody
but themselves and I don't
mind it in the least. Isn't
the war news wonderful now?
It seems to get better and
better each succeeding day. It
looks now as if the Germans
had started to evacuate Bel-
gium and France, and once

they are really started there
will be no stopping. These
are truly wonderful days for
the Allies and I hope that
the days to come will show
no diminution of their successes.

Well darling I must close
now. I have to inspect details
and quarters and must get
at it as it is now nearly
ten o'clock. I will write
again tomorrow. Goodbye my
sweetheart. Love to the babies
and Glad – dearest love to
you, and kisses to all.

A.B.

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

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

Amer. E.F. France.