

October 24, 1918.

My Darling:-

It is bright and early in the morning but I have been up for a long time as it seems as if the day was about half gone. I went to bed last night, dead tired, and slept fine until three this morning when I was called because the water supply of the camp had given out. Well, I had a merry time, but after having some hauled by trucks and after parley – vooing with the French Engineers for a long time, in my very inadequate French, I finally got things straightened out so that the camp had water by six this morning. It was a great relief too, for we have a big camp and it would have been a calamity to be without

water for even half a day. There are many things to be continually watched in a camp of this sort, not the least of which are fuel and water, and it seems to me that it is devolving on me to watch all of them. I don't mind the responsibility but it is someone else's job, and that someone else is too lazy to take care of it, so I am not as cheerful about it as I might be. However it has to be done, so after all it makes no difference who does it.

I got two letters from you yesterday, both of which were of date Sept 12th so I have as yet recieved no word regarding the box. I am very much in hopes that I

will receive some later mail today. I hope so, at least. The papers have not come as yet, this morning. I am very anxious to see them for I am looking for news of an Allied drive in an entirely new sector this morning. I may be wrong but I heard a lot of heavy artillery night before last that makes me think I am right. One thing is certain, that the Allies are going to give them no rest but are going to keep on powdering away just as long as weather will permit.

It is foggy today – one of the real old London fogs you read about – so thick you can cut it with

a knife. It is not necessarily bad fighting weather but the bright, wholesome, healing sunshine would be a lot more beneficial to some of these patients of ours.

I have not been out of camp even to go downtown for more than ten days. That will give you some idea of the way I have been working for I have missed my billiard games very much indeed. If all is favorable I will go down tomorrow and have a game with Rosy and afterward a good dinner at the hotel. It is not that we don't have good meals at our mess, but the sameness gets tiresome and

we can get a change down town.

Well the papers just came dear, and the news is wonderful. The Allies are pushing ahead at all points, taking thousands of prisoners, and canon, while they are also closing in on the Eastern front. The Germans, at last realizing the futility of attempting to secure a peace on their terms, have decided to “fight to the last man” and I hope they do. I hope there isn’t a Dutch man left after this is all over and there won’t be if they keep their last promises. All is working out as it should,

the Germans are hanging
themselves.

Well Honey dear, I must
close. I love you sweetheart,
I love you. Give my love to
the babies and Glad, and
kiss them for me. I love you
all, so much dearest. With
all my dearest love and a
million kisses, I am your
loving husband,

A.B.

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

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

Amer. E.F. France.