

November 1st 1918.

My Darling Marie:-

It is very early in the morning. I have just finished breakfast and sent in my morning reports, and am now making my morning report to you. It is a little more pleasant morning report than the last few have been. I had some time for recreation yesterday – and I went on an awful spree. Rosy Dempsey and I left camp at six last evening and went to the Hotel De la Gare for dinner which was very good. We finished dinner, then took a walk through the main street of town (it was a black night and there was not a light anywhere to be seen) and continued our walk on home where we arrived at seven forty five. I played two games of solitaire. Then went to bed. How's that for real excitement dear? It did break the monotony of

everything a great deal however and we all fully enjoyed it in spite of the tame character of the spree.

I had a wonderful night's sleep and feel more refreshed this morning than I have for many days. I find quite a lot of work to be done in the office today but guess it is always so at the first of the month because then there is a lot of paperwork that has to be done – such as pay roll and return of enlisted personell, and it means a lot of additional work for everyone in the office.

It is foggy again this morning, but I am glad, for I have learned that over here if a day starts off with fog it always ends up clear, and I am praying for clear weather. It is the one thing we need

more than anything else. I am very anxious to see the papers this morning. It is interesting to watch the development of events now, and as all events have “eventuated” expecting Germany I am looking for that to come at any time. There can be no doubt in their minds that they have lost the war, and I am of the opinion that they will never go far enough with it to permit the devastation of their country to the extent this country is devastated. They may do so of course, but I think they are entirely too yellow to let it go that far. It is very near the end of the war.

The sergeant just handed me a big bunch of names of culprits who were absent from bed checks

and reveille. Not many, but more than I have ever had before. If there are signs of an epidemic appearing, I will put a stop to it in a hurry.

It is hard to handle some men but very simple to get along with others.

Honey dear, I must close now. This is a short letter I know, but I have beaucoup de traviall -- -- I can't spell the darned word but it means "work." Give my dear love to little Marie, Brother dear, and Glad. Remember always Honey, that with all the love of which I am capable, I love you.

Daddy.

Ansel B. Smith

Capt. M.C.