August 10 - 1918.

My Sweetheart:

Oh! what wonderful news we are getting these days! First the Americans give them a kick and a shove, then the British and French at another point repeat the process. Business galore - guns and ammunition captured in tremendous quantities - but best of all sure signs of the incapacity of the inevitable decay of the German Army and its morale. Even the most conservative critics are now very optimistic and the situation for the Allies has never been so good. Isn't it cheering dear girl, to know - positively and absolutely that the superiority of the Allies is at last fully demonstrated and that now it is only a question as to just how long it will take to administer the beating they deserve? I wish you could see us read the papers, these
day, and gather in groups about the official communiques when they are posted, and fight the whole thing out (in words). Why we know just what is going to happen to the Boche and just when it is going to happen, and although of course it is only chance that it happens so, it is interesting to see how many of our predictions really come true. None of us will ever forget that period of the war beginning with July 15th, 1918 and ending -- when?

That there is to be an end, is inevitable. What the end is to be, nobody doubts. When it will be we can only surmise but that it is drawing nearer and nearer we do know and for that knowledge let us
humbly thank God.

It is now just ten o'clock—Saturday morning—the tenth of August. How the days and weeks do fly by. It seems as if a month no sooner begins than it is gone. I hope this illusion will continue until the war ends for it only adds to lonesomeness and homesickness to have time drag slowly. Of course we are busy and that always makes the days shorter. When one is unoccupied it is difficult to pass the time.

Next Monday we are going to have another dinner at the same place I mentioned in yesterday's letter only we will have real chops instead of chicken. But that doesn't sound so bad does it dear? I hope by
this time you have decided to cease sympathizing with us so much for our suffering. Of course we could have made it, but to me it is wonderful that we can be so comfortable and so very much in the greatest war of the world's history at the same time. It simply shows two things to be very much true— that the American soldier is possessed of unlimited resource to make himself at home in any surroundings, and that his dear old Uncle Samuel is deeply providing him with the wherewithal for the same. This is surely a well cared for army, thanks to our Government and to the
wonderful accomplishments of the Red Cross and Y.M.C.A.
no amount of praise can be too great for the two latter named organizations for the wonderful work they have done and are continuing to do in making the soldier's life a little more pleasant and comfortable. Their efforts will compose a great part of the history of this war, because without them it would have been plain Hell, and as it is, it is not such a bad little old war after all. We all concede that it is by far the best war we have, so we try to be satisfied with it. Had a wonderful sleep last
night but, being Officer of the Day, I had to arise very early this morning and that was 2 bit of hard luck especially as I was doing a marvellous bit of sleeping when the guard called me. But up I got and made my rounds—gave the company setting-up drill, shaved, ate breakfast—read the papers, did dressing and made rounds, and then sat down to write to my Darling. I am sitting in front of my tent with my heavy sweater on, a pack of cigarettes comfortably near and not a care in the world. My eyes are in fine condition now. My cough is entirely gone. I weigh 172 pounds—am hard as a
rock and brown as an Indian
and I never felt so well in my
life. I have told you several
times dear what I received the
little book "How to be a Soldier"
but you must have failed to
get the letter. I thoroughly en-
joyed it as did everyone else in
the outfit for I think all
of the enlisted men read it
after the officers had finished.
It sure was a clever little
book and I want to thank
you again for sending it to
me.

I did not receive any mail
from you yesterday after all,
and it was a great disappoint-
ment, but we are all expecting
to get some today and I trust
our expectations may be realized.
It has been a long time now since we had mail. I will have
another nice lot of it when it
does come and I can hardly
wait until it does.

Well Mother dear, I will close
now. Give my love and kisses to
Glad and my darling babies. I
love them dearly and love you
with all my heart, soul and love.

I will write more tomorrow dear.

God bless you. I love you.

A.B.

1st Dr. Arthur B. Smith, M.R.C.