October 5th, 1918.

My darling Wife:

I passed a very busy though an uneventful day yesterday, a true and complete description of which I believe I gave 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, Reservoir, Fuir, Compre) 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 attuning my ear to the sounds and am having a lot of trouble to understand "her" as she is spite.
My teacher says that will come later.

Last evening we all met here 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 weird 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 received a letter from
you dear of date August 22. It was an old one but now 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 Barry. 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 slackers friends Henry Vandenbergh and his wife have to say. I am delighted that you have gone out with Bled 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 yourself 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 French 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 success.

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.

Dr. W.B. Smith, M.C.
Evac. Hosp. #2, U.S.A.
Amer. E. F. France.