October 24, 1918.

My Darling,

It is bright and early in the morning but I have been up for a long time so it seems as if the day was about half gone. I went to bed last night, dead tired, and slept five hours this morning. When I was called this morning because the water supply of the camp had given out. Well, I had a merry time, but after having some handed by barracks and after parley-doing 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 to me 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 continuously 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 these. I don't mind the responsibility but if 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 received no word regarding the box. I am very much in hopes that I
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 right before last night that makes the think I am right. One thing is certain, that the Allies are going to give them no rest but are going to keep on pounding away just as long as weather permits.

It is foggy today—out of the real old London fog as you read about so thick you can cut it with a knife.
a knife. It is not necessarily bad fighting weather but the bright, wholesome, healing sun 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. This will give you some idea of the way I have been working. For I have missed my brilliant games very much indeed. If all is favorable I will go down to-morrow and have a game with Roxy 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 cannon, 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 Dutchman 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 mean 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/3.

1st Lt. Aurel B. Smith, M.E.
Evac. Hoop. #2 USA
Amer. E.T. France.