November 13th, 18-

Marie Drararst:-

At last it begins to feel like winter. This morning when I first went out, the ground was covered with a heavy frost and the air was cold and crisp as it could be. Not a cloud was in the sky and it is a real, beautiful, November morning. It is a pretty good old world after all. My predictions have come true, and we are to have a fine tree, and we are to have a

most wonderful Thanksgiving. The Christmas trees have the people of the civilized world had worn to be cheerful for these they have now. My mind is numb and dazzled with the facts and I find it very difficult to comprehend that war is over and Peace - wonderful Peace - has descended upon the world again.

Such contrasts as we see in the modes of living the people follow after two
days of peace. Imagine dear, for over four years in this town which is less than five miles from the front, not a light has burned at night except in a perfectly light tight room. Not a night has passed but the people have spent some part of it in a submarine cellar, or abris to be safe from the attacks of enemy bombers (of which we have had a plenty). Now the town is ablaze with light and people retire without a thought of danger. It is a different world and most assuredly a better world to live in.

We had some most exciting experiences and rather closely last summer (in the last war) from the bombers. Never wrote about them while the war was going on as I did
not wish to worry you, but now it doesn't matter. I never will forget the months of the summer of 1918—especially July and August. Every night the Boche came over and bombèd us, and it soon got tiresome because of the sleep we lost. I'll tell you all about it when I get home. We never were in danger as they can't hit anything they aim at, so I didn't lie to you about that.

In a perfectly comfortable frame of mind, we are now all trying to estimate how long it will be before we are sent home. Naturally the married men are more interested than the others. Now that it is ours we are all satisfied, but I have only one desire—that is to be
waited to say good-bye at the earliest possible moment. However, we will be together much sooner than we dared expect, and I am very thankful for that. I estimate that we will be sent home sometime in the spring. I can see no reason - although there may be many - why we should be kept over here longer than that. It may be sooner, but we must not permit ourselves to become impatient, for we still have a great work to do and our Country needs us.

The German lines are moving away from us now. We are now over twenty miles from them and the distance will increase every day until the Germans are thirty kilometres on the other side of the Rhine. It has been a great victory for the
Allies and Germany is completely    
short of her power. I went    
downtown yesterday and had    
downtown privilege of seeing    
the great privilege of seeing    
a wonderful sight — a French    
Division marching home from    
the trenches after four years.    
Here. It was thrilling. The    

wonderful bands and trumpets    
and the cheering people,    
with women throwing flowers    
to the soldiers — and the waving    
swinging soldiers — veterans of    
the greatest war in history,    
give me a thrill that is never    
equaled by that I feel when    
I see our own wonderful troops    
on the march. They all look    
fine but — the gals are    
a little bit more there in    
every way, than any of    
mine. That is not boast. I
mean it. I don't believe any soldiers on earth can compare to ours.

Well Honey dear I must close. I have a lot to do and must get at it soon and kisses to Glad, my dear babies, and the dearest sweeter little woman in the world—my wife. I love you dear.

A.B.

Amel Blood Capt U.S.
Amer F. T France.