

August 30th 1918.

My Dearest Wife:-

It has been a long time that the old type writer has been free from attacks from me, and so I decided to pick on it again this evening, and write to you on it. I have made all the excuses for using it in the past, that I am going to make. I know what you will not mind so long as I do not make a practice of it, and that I will never do. I did not get a chance to write to you in long hand today, as there was a lot to do around the wards, and this afternoon I went downtown to get the latest news from the battle front. It was the most wonderful news that we have had up to date also, and tonight we are all transported with delight here, for the Germans have at last been compelled to give up some of the most important towns that they took in March, and they are now very near the old Hindenberg line, and there is absolutely no sign of a cessation in their retreat.

It does not seem possible to me that they can help but completely evacuate France this year, and then next summer all the Allies will have to do is to drive them out of Belgium and on to Berlin. Not so bad is it? Every paper that we get is full of wonderful news and there is still a period of at least two months left for the full effect of the Allies drive to show itself. Look for wonderful things to happen yet this year Dearest, and pray that the good work may keep on.

After getting the news this morning, I played a couple of games of billiards with Captain DesJardines, a French officer who is stationed here in B, and won one game out of three. I might better say that he won two out of three, but it doesn't sound as if I were quite so good that way. I expect to leave for Dijon next Monday, if my orders come from H.Q. I will be there a week studying the latest methods of treating certain war surgical conditions, and will be able to see all the officers of Angus McLean's unit, which is stationed there. Torrey, Spitzley, Hirschman and several others are there who I know, and it will be much more pleasant for me on that account. I am told that it is a very beautiful city and that I will enjoy the trip and experience very much. I am glad of the opportunity to go inasmuch as it is to accomplish something, but I would not give a cent to go just for a pleasure trip. I am not going on a pleasure trip at least until some time in the winter when everything is

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quiet here, for I do not want to miss the chance to be here and do all I can to beat the Dutch. In the winter Rosy and I may take a short trip to Paris, Nice and Monte Carlo, because it has been made very reasonable for Americans to travel here, and the expenses on a leave are not high. Those are the only places in all France that I want to see before I come home, and then I have seen all of this Country that I ever want to see. I will never permit myself to be inveigled out of the good old U.S.A. after I once get back there. It is good enough for me. Others can spend their good money to come over here if they wish, but I have decided that it is not worth it.

I am on duty all night tonight. That is the principle reason that I am using the typewriter to write to you with, but I am going up right away and go to bed. It has been nearly a week now since I have had a letter from you, and I am again wondering if the mail will ever be straightened out. It is hard to have so much trouble. The papers come in regularly, but for some reason or other the first class mail is delayed and I don't think it is right. I presume however that I might as well resign myself to the inevitable, for I certainly cannot help it. I had a letter from Jack today and he says that he is still trying to get me with him. I very much doubt the wiseness of his efforts, for he is surely wasting time. We will have to wait until the war is over to see each other, of that I am sure.

Well Dearest I will close now. Give my love and a lot of kisses to Glad and the babies. I love you Dear. I love you with all my heart and soul. With all my dearest love and a million kisses to you, I love you, and am your lonesome and loving husband

A.B.

Amel B. Smith
1st Lieutenant M.C.U.S.A.