

France, November 24th, 1918.

My Dearest Girl:-

It is Sunday morning, and we are still here in Baccarrat, waiting for our orders to move. Our packing is all done, as I told you yesterday, so that we have nothing to do except wait. Therefore I am going to take the Company for hikes and do some drilling with them during the days that we are waiting. They will enjoy the experience of hiking up to the trenches, which are in easy walking distance. You see Dear, we have not been quite as far from the Front as I may have led you to believe at different times. This morning I am going to give the entire Company an inspection of quarters and equipment, and it will take a long time to get it done. There is a lot to do in such an inspection so it will start at nine thirty, and then I can hope to be all through with it at about tenthirty. Some of the men may want to go to church.

It is now nearly eight forty and I am anxious to get this letter finished before it is time to inspect. The weather is beautiful and I am now much better pleased with France as a Country than I have been before. It is really about as fine Fall weather as I have ever seen anywhere. I went downtown with Capt Chaney yesterday, and we went to the lace shop, where I added to the purchases I have made for you, by acquiring a very beautiful embroidered handkerchief. It is about the most wonderful embroidery that I have ever seen. I can not see how women can do such work for it is wonderful in its detail. It is far more detailed than any that I remember having seen in your trousseau, and it is absolutely impossible to see a stitch. I am sure that you will like it, and that maybe you will not think I have been foolish to buy it. I got it more for the beauty it has as a work of art than anything else. The woman says that it is done by one of the most skilled broderie artists in France, so you may look forward to seeing something when I bring it home.

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I am not going to send any of these things to you for I wish to have some things to carry home to you when I leave this Country. So you will have to wait to see these wonderful things until I return.

I may go downtown again today, but if I do I am determined not to spend any more money. I am going to send you at least a hundred dollars this month. I expected some mail this morning, but it did not come, and I will have to wait for a day or two more I guess. The mail has been surprisingly good to me during the past few days, so I really have no cause for complaint. It is being brought to us from a long way off too. It comes from Nancy here, and that is nearly sixty miles.

My old is very much better now, in fact it is very nearly a thing of the past. I am feeling fine and am afraid I am getting a little bit fat, but some good stiff hikes will take that all off me. I really don't want to get fat again, for it is not as pleasant a physical condition as the one I am in now. I can eat a big meal now without bursting all the buttons off my clothes. So I am looking forward to a good hike or two as a hygienic measure.

This is not a very long letter Dearest, but I will have to close now as the Major is waiting to go on the inspection, and it hardly is the fitting thing for a Captain to keep a Major waiting too long. So I will say goodbye until tomorrow. Give my dear love to my babies. Also a lot of kisses, and the same to Glad. I love you Dear. I love you with all my heart and soul. I love you. With millions of kisses, I am your loving and homesick husband,

Censored by:-

*Ansel B. Smith*  
Ansel B. Smith, Captain M.C.USA

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Amer E.F. France.