

June 30, 1918.

Darling Mother:-

Sunday morning, bright and sunny, a beautiful day, and the last day of June. It hardly seems possible that so much time has passed since we separated, but it is over a half a year. In six days more we will have been in the A.E.F. six months and in fifteen days more I will have been in the army a year. Just think of it sweetheart – a whole year since I left our beautiful home to sleep on Gold Medal cots and eat “corned willy” and hard tack. I’d much rather have that year behind me than ahead of me

that's one thing I can say. I remember how proud we were of our garden a year ago and how glad we were we had the yard ploughed up to make one. It has been a great help since hasn't it Lover? It has a lot of money for food, both in the summer and winter. Do you remember where we spent the 4th of July last year dear and how cute Brother was? It was our first trip to that particular place wasn't it? And immediately afterward we began to plan for our trip north. I never will

forget that trip – how it poured all the way to Manistee and what wonderful time we made all the way. Do you remember the punctures and blowouts we had on the way home? The last one was within five miles from home and I certainly was mad. Those were good days weren't they dear? How happy we were and what wonderful times we had. Well – all the wonderful times we had – the pleasure and unalloyed bliss of those days was as nothing compared to what we will enjoy when the war is over and I am back home. It is impossible for either one of us to realize what it will be like. It will be the greatest time of our lives. If we live to be a thousand years old we will never see as great a day as the one that sees us reunited. And nothing to do but love each other enjoy life. Of course, I will have to work a little but you can just bet that nothing will ever interfere with our pleasure, and in

addition to that dear, there is not a thing on earth that you can't want of me that I won't grant. I mean that I am going to spend my whole life living for you dear, and loving you. And I shall do anything you want at any time for I think that if anyone ever earned consideration, you have, by being so brave and gritty ever since we have been apart. You put the other women at home, who have not made like sacrifices, utterly to shame. I am at

last beginning to despair
of ever getting mail from
home. It has been exactly
four weeks today – the longest
interval without mail since
I left the States. Yesterday
some of the men got mail but
none came for me and I can't
understand it for usually I
get a letter if anyone does.
I am, foolishly perhaps,
hoping to get mail today. It
is beginning to be more than
a disappointment, it is a
tragedy. Such a long silence
from home is hard to bear

but of course I know it is unavoidable. I have not written to Jack yet but will do some time today. I have written to you practically every day – only have missed two or three in the past month – and I hope they have reached you all right.

Well Honey dear, I am going to close now. I am going to lie down for a short nap and when I get up it will be mess time. I do so hope I hear from you today dear for it will be very hard to wait longer. Give my love to Tud and my babies. Kiss them for me and tell them Daddy is loving them with all his heart. I love you dearest. Oh! how I love you. With loads of love and kisses dear. I love you.

A.B.

1st Lt. Ansel B. Smith M.R.C.