

July 1st 1918.

Darling:-

At last the long wait is over and I have received mail from you. I got six letters this morning, the latest being of date June 6th, which means that I will have a lot more coming soon because of the long interval which passed without any coming. Some of the officers got all their back mail but something happened to mine for I only received the six. However nobody will ever know how happy those made me. I read and reread them many times dear and they were so wonderfully sweet and comforting. You are such a wonderful little girl, and I thank God every day of

my life that He gave you to me
and blessed me so.

The snapshots of the babies were
beautiful and I am so glad you
sent them, but wish there had
been some of you and Tud. It
seemed good also to see a picture
of our dear home and it must
be confessed that it made me
homesick in spite of myself.

Mother darling, I have time
and time again warned you
against believing anything you
hear about conditions over here,
and especially anything you
read in the papers which is
not marked "Official." I am
referring to your remarks about

Germans bombing Hospitals and trying to get surgeons etc. Those things are absolutely untrue as far as our experience goes and ours should be representative. I have often told you that I am just as safe here as I would be in my own back yard. I don't believe that is exaggerated at all, for two reasons. One is that this place is entirely free from danger, and another is that I am so "yellow" that I am more careful of myself than I ever have been in my life. There is none of the "hens" in me and if there was I would have no opportunity to show it. My existence here is just as evenly routined and well ordered and free from excitement as if I were clerk of the [Chataqua] at [Indington] or Bay View. There is plenty of excitement near here but I am not looking for it and what's more I never will. The most exciting thing I do is play stud poker and we have cut down the limit on that untill it's no more exciting than tiddledewinks. So my dearest, don't you worry about your little husband.

I am safe and sound and free
from all harm; bored to death,
sick of French manure piles
and only anxious for something
to convince the Kaiser, what
we know already, [illegible] that
he is licked eventually and will
save a lot of people a lot of
trouble if he will only pack
up his little old army and go
home. I'm afraid however
we are going to have to prove
it to him.

I can't obtain lace of the
kind you sent. If you have
recieved the box by this time
you know the kind of lace I

mean. I sincerely hope it came through to you, more because I want my taste in selecting such things vindicated, than anything else. I expect that some of the letters still to come may tell me of the arrival of said box. As to boxes for me – don't worry about it dear. I have ceased to think about it and would feel guilty to even attempt to get things sent over, for our Government needs the ships and this is one method she is taking to release them. I will always be most grateful

for the ones I recieved. They were so wonderful and I enjoyed them so much. And it was wonderful of you to send me so many nice things. But we will have to wait till I return to do much gift giving now.

Another wierd little experience last night regarding which I can't write but will talk when I come home. Save this letter for prompting purposes. The weather is beautiful – clear and sunny as July weather should be. The hum of aeroplanes mingles with that of bumblebees and the rat-a-tat-tat of machine guns. I think I'll get one of those when I come home to amuse myself with; I like to hear them. Occasionally the boom of a “heavy” breaks the silence and that all there is going on here now. You could look down in the valley and see French soldiers troutfishing in the Muerthe, and the camions, ammunition trains and poilus passing to and fro on the roads to the front. Of course Americans predominate here, but

we see lots of French even so.
I am off duty all day today
but on all night tonight and
I don't think I will be dis-
turbed much either.

I am glad that Lavinia's
sister is waiting for my return,
for her surgery, and also that
Mrs. Richardson feels that I
could have saved her daughter
whether "I could or not, it is
nice to have people think nice
things of you, isn't it dear?
I really believe that I will get
my business back again in
good shape and from things

you say occasionally I believe so all the more. Jack tells me that Brother is finally going into the service. Good! if its true.

I don't want to discourage Tud in any work she wants to undertake, but her place is home and she can do an immensely greater amount of good there than here. Yes, I do know a great deal about canteens. There is a group of them in this sector, and they are more largely patronized by the French than Americans.

Tell Tud that it's hard work with a capital H, and no romance but that if she will come, God bless her and to try to get an assignment to the 77th Division. When she comes I want to know and I'll get some Red Cross friends of mine on the job over here to see if we can't be located somewhere near together. Well
Lover dear, I will close now.

Give my whole family my love and lots of kisses. Tell the babies their Dad is lonesome for them.

With "oceans of love and on every wave, a kiss" for you, my dearest dearest wife, I am your very –
happy because he got mail husband,

"A.B."

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