

July 8th 1918.

My Dearest Marie:-

It had been a week since I have heard from you and I am beginning to be scared for fear another long interval is going to occur before I get more mail. However, I got such a lot of it that it should satisfy me for some time to come, and I won't complain if I do have to wait for a week more.

This is certainly a great country for weather at this time of the year. It is beautiful weather warm and bright during the day, and cool and wonderfully comfortable at night. I judge

from what I see in the papers, that you are having a mighty hot and sultry summer at home. If so, don't forget how to care for yourself and the babies in hot weather and be very careful dear. I'd worry about you a lot if I didn't know what a sensible little woman you are about such things. I wish you might enjoy the weather there, we are having here, for it really is flawless. But, as "Rosy" says, "They can have their damned old weather, give me the States." It is wonderful

how acquaintance with another country rushes one appreciate his own. We have the most wonderful glorious and magnificent country on this earth and every man and woman in it should be proud to fight for it and die for it. I know one thing that you and I can do all the traveling we will ever want to do, right in the confines of the U.S.A. As one of the boys in our outfit who is more or less of a wit, said the other day, "If the Statue of Liberty ever wants to see me after this war, she will have to do an 'about face'," Them's my sentiments exactly.

The war is still going on and not at all to the discredit of the Allies either. Our "little" American army of over a million troops, is already giving the British and French some support other than moral and is also establishing a reputation for being able to deliver a brand of fighting not very commonly known on any front over here. If things

keep on the way they are going now, the Germans are not going to be in doubt long that they are being licked.

It has been very quiet here for a week. I have had a great deal to do with dressings and paper work and I have operated eight or nine times this week but withal it has been very quiet. We are still having our camp meals every night and I am still the cook. I cut my hand last night while opening a can of "Wienies" but had expert attention

from six or seven skilled surgeons so guess I will live.

Yesterday I saw an air battle between a couple of planes, at a tremendous height. I used my glasses to watch it. It was very exciting and all the more so when the German all of a sudden started to fall in flames. There was little more than a decent sized grease spot left of him by the time he hit earth. Another was brought down

in the evening just a short distance from here and as a result they are not visiting us today. I wish there was some sure method of killing every German on earth. I don't care what means are used to do it – I have no sympathy with any of them.

Is there any more definite news about Tud's sailing? I will be mighty sorry to hear she has sailed but if she is coming I want to see her if possible to arrange it in any way, and I think I can do it all right. Only I must know when she is coming. Yesterday I had my first service stripes served on my coat, denoting six months service over here. It seems to me that that six months has gone quickly and I hope the next six month intervals I have to be here go as quickly. This war may be over almost before we know it dearest who can tell?

There are lots of people who say the Germans will never go through another winter.

I have no opinion to express.

How are the babies? I am sure they must be well, they are so well taken care of. Oh! how I would love to see and love the darlings.

It is so hard to be away from them when they are at the enlist age. I know little Marie is going to grow right away from my recognition before I see her

again. She is getting so big.

I love you mother dear.

I get terribly lonesome for
you. One thing only makes
it easier for me to bear
and that is the fact that
we both realize that it is
for our home and our
love and our children
that you and I are suffering
this separation and each
doing his bit although in
a different way. Believe me
it is the women at home
who deserve all the credit

And I give you every bit of it. You are the dearest, bravest little sweetheart I have ever seen. God bless you dear and keep you strong and in good health so you can keep up this fight and when we are together again we will enjoy life as only two people with a love like ours can. I love you so much darling. Every moment of my life, with every breath and every bit of my love and heart and soul, I love you dear. You are dearer to me than anything in the universe, than life itself. I love you. Love me – as I love you and pray for our early reunion.

Daddy.

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