

August 13th 1918.

My Darling Marie:-

I am somewhat sleepy today because my slumbers were very much disturbed last night. I went to bed early enough but had to get up shortly afterward and was up for some time. When I finally get to sleep I slept wonderfully, but I fear I shall have to take a nap during the day today – my duties permitting.

The weather over here, as I have told you many times before, is very changeable. Yesterday it was warm and beautiful; Today is quite cool and cloudy and looks as if it might begin to rain at any moment. It is exactly 9:15 now, and I have my work all done, except that I go on duty at one o'clock this afternoon. You can judge from that that our work is very light at present – lighter than for several weeks – but of course we can't

tell when we will be in a rush up to our limit again. Things are systematized here now so that it is a real pleasure to work. Gradually rank (military rank) has receded into the background, and a man's professional ability counts for more than anything else. That makes it a great deal more agreeable for all of us who are unfortunate enough (?) to be too young to hold a higher rank. However I can't complain, as I have mine coming to me. I will say however, that in the Army they certainly take their time about matters.

I wrote to Dave two days ago and sent him a statement of my income, to which he will add a statement of yours, and send in our income tax return for 1917, All Army officers must put them in

as well as others. While a good many are inclined to grumble about it, I personally think it is the proper thing and am glad to think we are called on for it. Every cent the Government gets from any source, is one more nail in Kaiser Bill's coffin, and believe me there is some satisfaction in driving some of the nails yourself. Don't you think so dear? From the trend of events I think we are now nailing down the lid, and in a short time we'll have him ready to plant. There is one cheerful thought about Bill which is most consoling, and that, after he is planted, he is sure going to have one Hell of a time in Hell. And he will have it all coming to

him and then some. He is guilty of causing more suffering, sorrow and heartaches than any other man in world's history and if there is a punishment for sins after death, we can all take a lot of pleasure speculating on the pleasures of his expiation.

Now the sun is shining again. I hope it shines during the day but clouds up at night because the moon is getting bright and I have lost all my love for moonlight nights. From the standpoint of the aesthetic, they are most enjoyable but from the standpoint of good solid comfort in a warm cozy bunk, I can't say much for them. So let's hope it gets cloudy again.

3.

It has now been two weeks and I guess a little longer, since I had a letter from you. Needless to say I am most anxious to get mail from home because days without it are dreamy days. I am anxious to see how you feel about the Allied drive and its phenomenal success. The critics all say that it is the “greatest victory ever won by any army in any war.” Think what that means. To date German casualties are put at 400,000 men and 1000 cannon, and there are bad days ahead for them. The Allies are only just beginning – that’s the best of it. We can’t conceive of the complete significance of this success. Its results may

be conclusive this winter, but in any event it means that the Germans are whipped and will soon be in the “down and out” class. Well – let the good work go on.

I must close now dear. Give my love to Tud and the babies. Kiss them all for me and don't let Brother forget his dad. I love you sweetheart, with all my heart and soul. I love you. Love me and pray for the continued success of our victorious armies. I love you dearest girl.

A.B.

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