

August 17 – 1918.

My Dearest Marie:-

It has been two days since I have written to you and while I am ashamed of myself, as I very rightfully should be, I have a good excuse for my negligence and am going to use it. I have been laid up for three days with a most active attack of the old Fort Harrison trouble and was really very sick. I have felt like doing nothing at all, and have therefore most conscientiously done nothing at all. I am fine now – am even feeling better than I was before so the attack proved beneficial in the long run, but believe me, most uncomfortable and enervating while it lasted. I had plenty of company in my misery too. Several others were

sick at the same time and this has been anything but a happy camp for the past few days.

Other things have been happening – in fact events have been occurring with such kaleidoscopic activity and variety that our heads have been in a whirl.

I wrote you the other day that Major Morrow was C.O. and that we were all very much pleased for we like him. Well – he was relieved and a Major Collins sent to command but something was wrong with his orders so Major Morrow retained command. Then Collins got his orders straightened out and took the command and immediately started to raise H--. He had Villars and me both

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listed for transfer to Dijon and we were to leave in a very few days, where someone discovered that he was outranked by Major Morrow, and wrote to Headquarters and last night a wire came relieving Collins and reinstating Morrow. Great rejoicing in the camp. We are all tickled to death because it means that for a while more at least this outfit will remain intact. It's a great life, this Army life is. I am willing to live it for the sake of the cause but how any one could be so wild as to select it for a vocation is more than I can understand.

Moonlight nights still

continue, with, however, a growing and increasing threat of rain, so we may not be worried by a full moon after all. I have surely got some funny things to tell you when I get back. We are not very busy now. I finished all my work at 9:15 and didn't start until 8:30 so you can judge that it is rather quiet. I go on duty at 1:00 o'clock and may get some new work in this afternoon.

It has now been very nearly a month since I have received mail from you. I got a long letter from Ruth yesterday but would like to get some mail from home. It

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is hard to go so long without a letter but I think that from now on I will have no trouble. Arrangements have been made such that our mail will not be interfered with by each Divisional change here, and that will be a great help. We will get our mail regularly each day now, if the new plan works out as promised. I hope it does. I am tired of these long mail-less intervals and will be glad to have them stopped.

Some of the men got back from leave yesterday and they brought back some souvenirs to some of the officers. I got a very cute little manikin which I am going to send home

to brother when I have accumulated enough to make it worth while to send you a box. I am gradually picking up little things and am going to send you another box soon. As the number of American troops increases over here, a larger and increasing number of lace makers appear, and the streets are full of girls and women making these lace collars etc. Do you want more of them and the lace handkerchiefs? I can get them very easily if you like them. I am trying hard to get some of the linen lace edging such as you want, and believe. I have some cornered. I will

get you all I can of it and
hope you will like it.

Well my Sweetheart, I
must close now. Give my
love to my dear babies and
to my dear Sister. Kiss them
for me and tell them to love
me. I will write you more
tomorrow and from now
on nothing will interfere
with my daily letter, but I
am sure you will forgive
me for letting the two
days go by, as I really did
have a good excuse, don't you
think so? I love you dear
with all my heart soul and
might, I love you. I think of
you every minute of my life

and long, Oh! so much, for
the time when I will be with
you again. I love you darling
girl. I love you. Loads of
love and millions of kisses
from

Daddy

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