

August 19, 1918.

My Sweetheart:-

I have been unable to write to you for a day or two because of the fact that very much work and very little sleep have caused me to seek my cot for rest on every opportunity but one. That one was yesterday afternoon, when I went out with Rosy to get some laces and embroidery. I never have seen such beautiful things as we saw, and to me it will always be a wonder that human endurance and patience can stand the strain of working on such things. I bought quite a bit and have ordered more. I am going to send it as my Christmas present to you all – the only thing I regret being that I can't find a thing suitable for gifts for the babies. The section we are in is so close to the front that toys and other things for small children are not

given the attention that a fond father may consider necessary, so you will have to get some things for them and give them to the babies for me. Not for the world would I have the darlings think that I would forget them, but unless there is something among the things I send that you can use for them, you will have to act in my place this year.

I succeeded in getting some lace by the yard. I think it is beautiful and it is surely wonderful to see it made. It is the famous Mirecourt lace, and several old timers in France say it is considered the best made in France. I also got a table luncheon piece of Suneville point lace which is a beautiful thing. Also an em-

broidered linen collar with cuffs to match, which I like but, am not so sure of your judgement concerning. Also another chemise which in my opinion is very pretty – having some beautiful needle work on it. Also – a luncheon cloth of embroidered linen with a margin of Mirecourt lace which is nearly two feet wide. It is a perfectly beautiful piece I think. Also a bed spread of embroidered linen and two wide bands of filet lace running through it. The bed spread is the prettiest I have ever seen and I know you will like it. Also I have ordered yards of the Mirecourt lace edging of different widths and will wait till that comes before I send any of

the things. It seems funny to tell you all your Christmas presents before you get them but it will be so long before you get them and there are so many chances that they may go astray, that I want you to know at least that I am remembering you. Also it is early, but you can keep the box until Christmas, but I am sending it now as I can't permit these things to accumulate and I want to get them while I can. I may be far away from here before Christmas. There will also be various handkerchiefs etc for Mary and Margaret, and some lace caps and other things for Tud. I will send a full and complete list when

I send the box dear. The only thing I worry about is the babies but I know you will take care of that for me, for it is absolutely impossible to secure a thing here for them. You can open the box before Christmas if you wish. I will leave that to you.

I am also going to begin in this letter, sending my dearest love and kisses, and, congratulations to my darling daughter whose birthday is due the 24th of October. I don't know how many of my letters get lost so I am going to keep it up until I know you have given the dear little sweetheart my congratulations because

I want you all to know I am remembering all the intimate things of our lives, as well as your own dear selves.

I recieved six letters from you yesterday – how welcome they were I won't even attempt to tell you dear, but you can judge when I tell you that they were the first in one month. From many things you said in your letters – especially your lack of knowledge of the fact that I have received my glasses I know now that many of my letters to you have never reached you. That however, is no more than is to be expected and we must not complain. When there are long intervals with but mail dear, don't worry-

I am perfectly safe – and it is only due to the transportation problem, which is a big one.

The war is still going on and believe me it is going on satisfactorily. The Germans are now being whipped and from this time on they will continue to be “being whipped.” It is only a matter of time and requires only the exercise of one of the virtues – patience. A year from now it will be all over, I am willing to bet on that.

I am of course sorry that dear little Marie has been sick but I don't worry because I am so confident of the wonderful care which you give her and also my friends in the profession at home. I simply can't let

myself worry about thing. If
I did I would go crazy.

Well my sweetheart I will
close now. Kiss my babies and
Tud and tell them how much I
love them. I love you dear heart,
with all my love. I love you
every minute of my life, with
all my heart and soul. I love
you. I will write more tomorrow.
I love you dear.

Daddy.

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