

November 10th 1918

My Dearest Wife:-

I wrote a long letter to you on the typewriter yesterday and will bet you were mad when you got it. Or don't you care dear if I occasionally amuse myself that way? It is the nearest to playing a piano that I can get. I have not touched a piano for over six months now. I will surely be glad to get back and have one to use again. It is one of the things that I miss very much but I will also enjoy it all the more when I return.

When we first moved into the quarters we are now occupying, I spoke to one of the men about a shelf to put your pictures on, wanting one for that purpose alone. I have heard nothing from it since until yesterday when in he came with a beautiful shelf, that he had been working on in his spare time – after working hours and on his half days off, for over six weeks. It has some very fine scroll work on it that

he cut out with a little key hole saw, entirely by hand. I have never appreciated anything more than the spirit which prompted him to do it and the great pleasure he took in seeing how pleased I was. It meant a whole lot to me I assure you. Your pictures and the babies and the only one I have of Glad, now occupy a very prominent place in my room. This boy said when he gave it to me, "There could be nothing too good for what you want to put on it" – meaning that his six weeks of painstaking work were not half the honor he would like to show my wife and family. Whom he remembers very well from Fort Harrison. I certainly appreciate the regard he manifested for me and intend to bring the shelf home and always keep it.

I didn't get mail from you yesterday. It was a rather barren

week for me as far as mail is concerned but no doubt there is some good reason why mail has not been coming and I imagine it is due to the unprecedented demands on the railroads to supply the great offensives our armies are conducting.

The war news continues to be most wonderful. The general prevailing belief is that Germany will sign the armistice and if she does it means the definite end of hostilities and the definite approach of Peace. The papers have not yet arrived this morning but will be here soon and I know from the late communiques yesterday that the news will again be excellent. How they can possibly hold out longer is beyond my power of comprehension.

Yesterday was a cloudy dark day and nothing about it was pleasant. Rosy and I went up on the hill to see the guns and

get the communique. We want more for the walk and for the communique than anything else. I went to bed very early last night for I had a slight sore throat and felt "grippy". But some [illegible] and [salol] and a good night's sleep knocked it all out of me and I feel fine today. Today is a beautiful day – bright and sunny – and very much milder than the average November weather we have at home. I will have to admit that all this Fall so far, the weather has been milder than Michigan weather, but not nearly so stimulating as it is there. It is so much more humid and the dampness always accentuates the cold so much.

My mind is full of dreams of home now. It is because of the wonderful news and the certainty that the war is near an end. I can hardly wait until I have returned and am with my dear family again. It will be the

greatest experience I ever hope
to have and it is not at all
strange that I look forward to
it with so much anticipation.
I wonder how the development
of events will bring it about?
If things go some ways (after
Peace) we will be home in a
hurry – then again it maybe
some time before we sail.
Whatever is the decision of
the “Powers that be” regarding
this visit, we must abide by
it of course. We’re in the army.

Well Honey dear I must close.
I will write more tomorrow. Give
my dear love and kisses to my
kiddies and Glad. With dearest love
to you sweetheart. I am your loving
lonesome

Daddy,

Ansel B Smith Capt. M.C.

Amer E.F. France.