

November 23d 18.

My Dearest Marie:-

I got ahold of some new ink this morning which is supposed to be good ink. I have fountain pen load of it and am going to use it to write to you because I hate to use the typewriter all the time. This ink however seems about as poor as the rest we have and I may have to give up in despair. It seems practically impossible to get good ink now and I can't understand it. You can now understand why I have been writing on the typewriter every day – It's no use dear. I can't make this work so will finish on the typewriter.

France, November 23 d, 1918.

My Dearest Girl:-

You will see from the enclosed beginning of a letter which I attempted to write to you with ink, that I am perfectly justified in using the means I do use to write to you. It is an apparent impossibility to find good fountain pen ink over here, and I have just about given up trying. I have a confession to make now. I went down to the lace shop yesterday, to see if the woman had anything new, and she had three more chemises of the same type as the last I sent to you. I thought that was so beautiful and was so sure that you would be pleased with it, that I bought these also. One of them is an envelope, and I thought that Glad would like that as I think I remember that you do not wear them. They are certainly beautiful embroidery, and I could not think of any thing that you might enjoy more. I made an effort to get the small doilies for the glasses, but they will have to be made, and I will not be here to get them. The buffet cover that I ordered will have to be sent to me as soon as I know where I will be.

I have the woman's address, and am going to write to her as soon as I know where we are going to be located, as I want to take no chances on not getting the buffet spread. It will be a very pretty one, of the same material as the lace center piece that I sent to you. I will watch my opportunities to get things for you in other places for there will never be a better chance for us to get things of this sort. These things I am getting now are things that I will not send to you, but will carry with me and give to you when I return. Then I will have something to surprise you with when I get back.

This afternoon we will be all packed up and ready to go. The men have done wonders, and I certainly am proud of them. Rosy and I are going downtown for perhaps the last time, and have a game of billiards and I am going over to the lace shop again. I may take the Company out

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for a hike tomorrow, and if we do not leave here for a day or two more I am going to get a little drilling and hiking in every day, It will be fun to get them out for hikes around this place there are so many points of interest to be seen.

The weather still remains good. The sun is out and although there is a heavy frost every morning, it warms up about this time and is more like Spring than Fall, November is now nearly over, and Winter about to begin. It hardly seems possible that it is almost a year since we sailed from the good old USA , but it is, and as we look back on the year, it seems to have passed very quickly. If the time between now and when we return will only pass as quickly it will not be hard to bear, for we now are sure that each day is bringing us nearer home . The war is over, and that much is settled at least.

I must close now Dearest. it is time for me to be out and make my inspections , I will write again tomorrow and will try again to get some good ink. Give my love and kisses to Glad and the Babies. I love you Dear with all my heart and love . I love you. Lots of love and millions of kisses to you from,

Ansel B. Smith, Captain M.C. USA

Evac Hosp "2 USA

Amer E.F. France.