November 11, 1918

My Darling:

Oh! Sweetheart — how wonderful, how glorious, wonderful! What a day in world's history this is! How great is the rejoicing all over the world — torn and suffering from years of terrible warfare! But especially France. The happiness and joy of the French is truly wonderful to observe and still there is something particular about it.

For the war is over! The armistice is signed and Germany, according to all the Allies demand, is absolutely powerless to resume the war.

It is almost impossible for me to comprehend exactly what this means and its full significance. That the cause for which millions have suffered and died, has been won, and the future
safety of the world assured seems too good to be true. It has been done so quickly, and comparatively so easily since the American Army entered on the scene. And you dear, I know how happy you will be to know it and to know that you need worry no more. We will be together now soon — so much sooner than we had any reason to believe. Can’t we be happy as possible. Can’t we be happy as possible. Thanksgiving and Christmas now dear, even if we are apart. We are all well and strong and we have done our bit in the accomplishment of the greatest thing in history. We have done our duty by our Country when She needed us, and as long as we live we will have that fact to be proud of — and believe me dear it will more than compensate for the sufferings and trials we have had to pass through in its achievement. I feel satisfied now and
feel as though I have nothing to be ashamed of in connection with our part in the war. But my feeling of pride applies to you dear far more than to myself, for you are the one who has suffered. The ones who were left behind are the ones who will feel the greatest relief that hostilities have ceased. The load of worry lifted from the shoulders of our women at home is tremendous, and they will look forward now with great Thanksgiving to the return of an army which God granted victory.

O.K. Honey dear, my heart and mind are so full that I can’t think. I can’t realize that these things are true and that my reunion with you dearheart is so much nearer. I thank God with all sincerity and with all my heart, that He has thus far spared both of us and that in His goodness He has
predicted right to triumph over the terrible weight of our losses.

The guns are silent and a spirit of unrestrained joy is present everywhere: \textit{It is Peace.}

Don't it wonderful dear? Isn't it wonderful! Can you imagine how we feel, over here among thousands of miles from home? Of course not. Nobody who's not over here, can realize what it means to us. \textit{It means Home, loved ones, friends - life again with all we loved dear and sacred. How wonderful it is! How wonderful life is!}

The papers have just come and they are confirmatory. I am going to keep these papers of today and tomorrow in commemoration of the day. I never will forget how anxiously I awaited them on the morning of November 11th, 1918.

What will be done with us now?
That is something we may not know for a long time yet. We may go into Germany with an army of occupation. (God forbid! I want to come home.) We may be sent to Bordeaux, Brest or some other port to do Base work. (same reason."

Or, meantime as we were a part of the first 100,000 troops from the W. T. in France, we may be sent home very soon. That's what I want. But whatever it is I want, complain for the war is over!

Well Darling, I have work to do and must close. Goodbye until tomorrow. Give my love with lots of kisses to my darling babies and don't. With loads of love to you my dear, dear, wife,

Daddy,

Ansel B. Smith
Capt. M.C.
Auer D. France