

September 3d, 1918.

My Darling Wife:-

I have had very good luck with the mail again today, for the Postman brought me four letters from you and they were of late date. That is, they were written on the 6th and 7th of August and that is fairly good time-less than a month. I got two more pictures in one of them, and it is impossible for me to tell you how much I appreciate getting them, for nothing can give me a better idea of how well you all are at home, than to see pictures of you from time to time. So I hope that you will continue to send them to me and I am sure that you will after learning how much I enjoy them.

I am on night duty tonight, and that is the reason that I am using the typewriter to write my letter. I always stay down at the building until about ten o'clock to see if anything comes in, and as I have nothing to do, I use the time to write. The news from the Front continues to be good. I don't believe that it has been as good at any time during the entire drive as it has for the past two days, and it will certainly keep up for some time yet. It seems that the paper every day has wonderful news in it, and it makes life a lot more worth living over here than it was before. I feel ashamed at times for the feelings I have that I wish I were in the States when I hear some of the Boys talk, who come in here as patients. I never saw such wonderful spirit, and such indomitable grit and courage as these boys have. They are simply irrepressible and if confidence has anything to do with winning a fight, the Kaiser's troops are all buried by this time.

Every day something makes me more and more thankful that I was born in the United States and that I am an American. I tell you Dearest, it is something to be proud of. So therefore, however much we may want to be together we must be glad that we are doing our bit, and that in the big accounting, we will have contributed our little share. Isn't that the right way to look at it Dear? I wrote a long letter to Leon the other day thanking him for the candy that he had sent to me from London. It was mighty nice of him and I wish that you would thank him also, so that if my letter fails to reach him, he will be sure to know that I received it.

Where did you get on to the stunt of sending the orders to London? I think it is a good idea, and I wish to offer

a great deal of encouragement to it. Let the good work go on. We really have a great deal of trouble getting candy over here, and it is almost impossible to get chocolates of any sort. Occasionally they have some at the Commissary, but the enlisted men are always on hand in large numbers, and I personally think that they are more entitled to it than the officers are. I would give up mine to one any time, for believe me they are the men in this army that deserve all the credit for work.

So you can have all the candy sent from London that you wish and I will not be sore at all. The others enjoy it fully as much as I do. I am glad that at last you have made some sort of a settlement with Mel, and will be more than glad when the matter is all settled. I am glad that you wrote to that Union Central Insurance Co and told them where to get off. You did exactly right, and they will not trouble you again.

I am going to close now Dearest. Rosy wants to put in a word here, and though I know that you don't like to be bothered by having to read his aimless remarks, I have given him permission to interpolate a little.

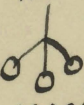
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Sweetheart of Mine:- There is nothing that wins a girl's heart more than to have some jealous nut do a little knocking so I am not a bit sore over your poor boob husband's attempt to belittle me. War makes strange bed mates so I try to forget his failings and make the most of the misfortune in having him around me. If we were not in such a safe place I might live in hopes of having something happen to him but there is no chance so can see nothing left but for us to wait until this war is over and then beat it away all by ourselves. You have my sympathy in being so unhappily mated but feel that our future will make amends.

With all my love and kisses, as ever

Rosey

*Rosey*

HIS  
  
MARK

After seeing the addendum that my traitorous bunkie has seen fit to send to his bunkie's wife, I feel that it is hardly worth while to express my usual feelings, in closing this letter. He insists that the other letter is his. So this is the ending of mine. I regret Dear, that the affair has gone to such an extent, without my knowledge, but inasmuch as it has, I can only say, Good bye and god bless you. (Rosy suggests that he and I toss coins for the kiddies). He just now suggests, as a modification, that I keep the babies, and he keeps the money. (Yiddish blood will show).

Give my love and kissesto Tud and the dear little ones. With love to you Swaetheart, I am your Husband,

*A.B.*

*Ansel B. Smith*  
1st Lieut M.C.

I:- Forwarded: approved: (P.S. - Don't forget the kitchen story)  
*Rosy.*