

June 4<sup>th</sup> 1918.

My Darling Girl:-

I have not written for three days and I am very sorry, but you see dear, I have been a "sick" man, and couldn't do it. I bragged a little too soon about missing the grippe that all the others were having. I came down with it three nights ago and be-lieve me I had it and had it good. I never ached so hard in my life. "Nuts" had it at the same time, so did "Rosie", and our tents looked very much like miniature hospitals for a day or two. I was still feeling pretty low yesterday although I was up all day, and I went to bed at seven o'clock last night. Well I began to sweat almost as soon as I got in bed and maybe I didn't sweat!! All night long it kept up, until at 4:30 this A.M. I was so wringing wet that I just couldn't stand it at all and I got up and went over to the bath house and took a hot shower. It made me feel a lot better but I am

still awfully weak. However, as I am on duty again today you can see that I am in good shape again.

Things are quiet here again. It is still perfectly beautiful summer weather and shows no sign of clouding up. The news from the front is exciting and interesting. Don't believe all you will read in the papers at home about it. We have had no mail here, for just one week today and are all getting pretty anxious to get some. It is not fair to expect good mail deliveries however in view of all the tremendous demands on rail transportation at present. We are lucky to get food. We have a good officer's mess now. We have two french cooks and a separate mess and it is a lot more satisfactory than when we were messing with the company.

We finally have the nurses who are to be permanently attached to our unit and Ya Gods!! — how twenty women could be possibly found anywhere in America, with faces like theirs, I don't understand. They are absolutely the homeliest lot of women

I have ever seen. They are good nurses and I respect them for being here, but the men who have been looking forward to their coming are sadly disappointed.

You keep asking me sweetheart, to tell you where we are located. It is impossible for me to do that as the Censor's rules are strict on that point. Write to Mrs. Loyd F. ~~Hay~~ Finch, Adrian, Michigan. Don't that the town the navies are from? I am able to get light underclothing now dear, so won't be hard up if no more of mine comes through. It is still perfectly comfortable to wear "heavies" and I am going to continue to wear them until it is hot.

This is an awful looking letter dear, but I am so weak it is hard to make my pen tracks properly. It looks as if a hen had been scratching on the sheet doesn't it dear? How are my dear babies? I am so lonesome for the

little darlings I don't know what to do. Oh! I tell you life will be wonderful and sweet when I return home. I love you all so much. God has been wonderfully good to me, and I know will bring me home soon to my dear loved ones. I love you so much dear girl.

Goodbye Dearest, till tomorrow. I am going to do "bunk fatigue" for a while and then sit out in the sun. Kiss my babies and Ted dear for me. Tell them how much I love them. With all my love to you sweetheart, and millions of kisses, I am your lonesome  
Daddy.

Lt. Ansel B Smith M.R.C.

E. H. #2. U.S.A.

American E. F.