

February 17th 1918

My Dearest Wife:-

Here is another Sunday and I am not continuing the good work I started last week. I am not going to church today because I want to write a long letter to you and I won't be able to do it this afternoon. Our hut is the most popular meeting place in camp and it is almost sure to be overflowing with visitors this afternoon. I had no opportunity to write to you yesterday. I was very busy and when I started to write at night, a "lights out" order" (aeroplane raid) put a stop to it at once, for I have not yet had sufficient practice to write legibly in the dark. It was a beautiful bright moonlight night; every star was out, and it was an ideal night for a raid, but we went to bed as soon as the camp was darkened. These things are

not exciting to us anymore. It was cold Brrrrr!!! how cold it was last night, but I slept as warm as could be. The “Guns” at the front were sure thundering last night. They make a very impressive noise and one which we all have a very profound respect for.

I am expecting mail from you every day. It is time that more arrived but I guess I must be patient and just wait until it comes. It does seem so good to get letters from you sweet heart. Your letters are so interesting and full of news, also full of love for me, and that is best of all. We will write as often as we can dear for we enjoy each others letters so much. It isn't possible to

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write every day but we can very nearly do so. Then we get a lot of mail all at once and it is a lot of fun to sit down and read it all.

Notbohm is writing a letter, Villars is getting ready to; Rosy is shaving and Stanley is just getting up. He is a great card. It was cold and he didn't want to get up this morning, so he announced to all that he had a headache, but when it warmed up in here he soon improved enough to get up. It is now 10:30 and he has just finished dressing. Our barracks or hut, is really very comfortable now, and I am enjoying it here. We

have excellent food and all we want of it. As far as food is concerned it is no hardship to be in the army. We surely are well fed. In fact the only thing I find hard about the army is the separation from my loved ones. And that is hard. I do love you all so, that I can hardly stand it to be away from you, but – c'est le guerre. (What do you think of that? Comprenez pas? I'll be writing all my letters in French before long and then you will have to dig out your old Dictionary to decipher them. I am really getting very prolific with French. It is astonishing how simple

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it is to assimilate the stuff when it is necessary. I can get along very well now in almost any situation. I will have lots of interesting things to tell you when I get home dear, that I can't write to you now. I may begin a sort of skeleton diary soon dear, so that I can easily recall incidents that are occurring and which I might forget. I have never kept a diary and don't know how long I will keep it up after I do start it, but I will try to be faithful and keep something in it every day. I have wondered dear if on our honeymoon you wouldn't like to come over here

and visit all the places I have been in. The country is beautiful and I know you would enjoy it ever so much. That is, of course if you could overcome your aversion to crossing the ocean. At any rate, if we find we must be in this country for a long time after the war is over, I am going to have you come over and meet me, if it is permitted. Then we will have a great time going back together. Does that appeal to you at all Honey or do you think it is impractical?

How is Dave getting along with those accounts dear?

I can see no reason why a

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large number of them have not been collected by this time.

It will soon be Summer now and then you will all begin going to the Farm weekends again. How I enjoyed those trips and the gambling we used to have there. Well, I will appreciate it all just that much more when I return.

I can see visions of many wonderful times when I get back. Before I came back

I am going to have you lease offices for me somewhere.

I am going to write Jack today and try to plan with him to take our leave at the

same time. He and I will probably office together when we return, as the men at home are all tied up at present. Do I ever get any calls now? Has little Miss Howells had her operation yet? You want me to give you the name of the medicine I used to give for Hives. It is [Apis Mellifica]. You can get it from Dr. Ruffe and I believe Ferris Smith has some of it also. It is the best I know of for that trouble. I am glad Tud is having no more trouble with

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her feet. She must be careful now, and also sensible about her shoes. Is anything developing between her and [illegible]

What do you hear from Fisher? I wonder often, how the poor kid is and whether he is taking good care of himself. It is surely too bad that he is afflicted with that disease and I hope he is very careful and fights it off. Well dear, I am going to close. I will try to write another letter tomorrow. I may be O.D. tomorrow and will have plenty of time if I am. Give my love to all

and kiss my dear babies and Tud.
With all my love to you Sweet
Girl, and millions of kisses.

“A.B.”

From

1st Lt. Ansel B Smith M.R.C.

Evac Hosp #2. U.S.A.

A.E.F. France.