

April 9th 1918.

Sweetheart:-

I will not have a great deal of time to write today as I am very busy with preparations to move. At last we know we are going and where we are going, but of course I can niether tell you where nor when. But I am having my troubles in packing about one third more stuff in the same space. If I hadn't purchased a haversack in England I would be in a really bad fix but as it is I guess I'll just about be able to squeeze everything in.

We are all immensely elated over the prospect of moving to another location, which we have every reason to believe will be the permanent one. It means we will all be mighty

busy for a time but we are so tired of this place we will welcome a change. I'll be glad to begin some professional work if it is only doing dressings or giving anaesthetics. It will make me feel a little more like a doctor again.

My complaint (the Ft. Harrison type) is all gone and "Richard is himself again." I know you will be glad to hear that for you know how I suffer with it. It is still raining and very unpleasant weather. We all welcome such weather though because we feel that it hampers the Germans in their drive. I guess the British

and French have them stopped now, and if so, and the offensive proves to have been a costly failure, my opinion is that the end is in sight. Of course my opinion is not valued very highly at Headquarters A.E.F. but it is mine just the same, and I'm entitled to it, and furthermore I am not alone in entertaining it as one can readily ascertain by reading the current press and periodicals. However, I don't get too optimistic. It is well to always have a certain degree of mental reservation isn't it dear,

and then the possible disappointment doesn't hit so hard.

It is now nearly four months since I left the States. It seems like a year to look forward to, but not so long in retrospect, because it has been such a busy time and so replete with experiences. But at any rate darling, it is four months of the business behind us, and it doesn't have to be considered again, and thank God, it has treated us kindly.

We are all well and strong, and if we exercise proper caution we will remain so, and then our lives will be

blessed when we are reunited.

I had a long letter from poor old Jack. He is not enjoying his experience – poor chap. It must be hard for him and still no more so than for the rest of us. In fact I know he doesn't have to work as hard. He apparently fears he won't come through alive but I pay little attention to that because I know how impressionable he is and how morbid when he has the excuse. Call up Mr. [Hanchett] for me and tell him I have had some considerable encouragement in my efforts to

secure Jack's transfer to
this unit. Also give him
my very kind regards.

Well Lover dear, I must
close. Give my regards to all
my friends. Kiss my dear
babies and Tud for me. Tell
them all how dearly I love
them. With my dearest love
to you dear, and millions of
kisses.

Daddy

mail may be irregular for
awhile now, untill after we
are settled again

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

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

A.E.F.