

NATIONAL WAR WORK COUNCIL OF
YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATIONS
OF THE UNITED STATES

"WITH COLORS"

April 19th 1918

Honey Dear:-

Today our operating team is on duty again and I must be constantly on call. Fortunately there is nothing to be done right now as everything has been fairly quiet the past day or two, I am mighty glad of it too as I don't like to have to take care of the poor lads and if I had my way there would be no further need of surgery in this war. It is still very cold and last night it started raining at about 9:00 o'clock, after a perfectly beautiful sunny afternoon. I wrote you a long letter yesterday and had just finished it when I heard a band playing outside. I went to the window and there was the same band I heard the other day – out in the court playing for the patients. I tell you it

sounded good too and I was mighty glad to hear some real ragtime again. After mess last night I walked downtown and went to the Y.M.C.A. hall and saw a very good show. It was quite a diversion and I most thoroughly enjoyed it. It was raining and pitch dark when we came home and I wish to tell you that nothing ever was handier than that little search light you gave me on Christmas.

Do you remember Christmas dearest? Wasn't it a wonderful Christmas? We were all together and while we were not at home still think it was one of the most memorable Christmas we have ever passed. I never will forget how sly little Marie was in the morning, about that tree. Do you remember? I wouldn't have missed for anything

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on earth, seeing Brother enjoy his first Christmas tree. I tell you Darling I never will forget the joys of that time and the wonderful visit we had. I remember it all so vividly and I think of it thousands of times.

Well, that is all past and gone. Now I am over here, and all of you are "over there." "Over there" has a different meaning to me now than it did at that time dear. And still the war goes merrily on, each day very much like the last. It does get monotonous, but we know we must stick it out. Now this is the truth dear – I know of two young officers near here, who

fought with all their might against being sent back to the States to give instruction in a training camp. That will give you an excellent idea as to the morale of our troops and how keen they are to finish this business all up before they return. And the thing has to be done so we may as well make up our minds to it first as last. For one, I want it finished so decisively that it will never have to be done over.

I am going to have a haircut this morning. It has been three weeks since I have had one and I sure do need one now. I get a good one too, as our barber is a real one. In fact this company is mighty fortunate because there is hardly a line of trade or profession not well represented

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among the men. Dearest, I would write some more but I am so cold I can hardly write. If they succeed in warming the place up again by night I will write another letter, or rather note, for this is not much better than a note.

But it is filled with love for you dear. I love you so much that I can't begin to tell you. It is an absolutely hopeless task for my vocabulary so I just say I love you, with all my heart and soul and might, with all my love and life; truly, dearly, sincerely and eternally. God bless you dear little woman, I love you, now you can form a slight idea as to how much. And my

love is all for you dearest, and
my two beautiful children. Kiss
them for me and tell them how
much their Dad loves them and
thinks of them. With all my
love dearest, I am your loving

Husband.

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