

April 28th 1918.

My Darling Wife:-

This is Sunday and it is a dismal dreary Sunday too. The sun has forgotten how to shine I know. It is cold and raining again. In a way it's a good thing for the Army because it keeps everyone outside and working to keep warm. You see dearest, I am using ward scratch paper again to write on. I imagine that a lot of my letters from now on will be written on this paper for I simply have to write when I can find time, and all my spare moments come spasmodically and in between times while I am on duty over here. Today our operating team is on duty again but

so far we have had a rather light day. Our rush will probably come tonight, just after we are comfortably tucked away in bed.

I went to the Y.M.C.A. last night again and heard another very good program. I enjoy hearing them when I can because they certainly take the curse off the monotony of this life. The monotony consists entirely of work and work of a great sameness in character, but I always look at these things as philosophically as I can; figuring that it all is work that must be done by someone, for us

to win this war, and I might just as well be the one as anyone else. It is quite certain that war is nothing but hard work; the hardest kind of work; and that there is very little romance connected with it. So we all keep cheerful and dig in to our "jobs" with the best of spirits and enthusiasm.

I haven't seen a newspaper for two days so I don't know how the war is progressing just now, but I never worry about it for one moment anyway. I know who will win in the end and it is only a matter of time.

It is hard to imagine
or even concieve what
an uproar and turmoil
will greet the announcement
that peace has finally been
declared. Can you imagine
the joy of that news dear?
It will be wonderful won't
it?

Last night after the con-
cert, Villars, [illegible] and
I stopped at the club and got
a ham sandwich, and played
a game of billiards, and
I met one of my classmates
at college. His name is
Pat Mirbaugh and I sure
was glad to see him. He
is stationed with a hospital
near here and we will
enjoy being together very

much. He is a fine chap and was a Beta Thet and Nu Sig at Ann Arbor. Tell Ferris Smith that I met him over here. He will be very interested in hearing it as Pat was also a Frat. brother of his. He is the first man I have met up here whom I have known in the past and it is quite an exciting experience for me.

The guns were roaring last night when I went to bed and that was all that reminded me all day that I was in a country at war. It really does seem strange that

so much hell is going on
within such a comparatively
short distance from us
and it is so peaceful and
quiet here.

I have not paid much
attention to my diary for
some time. I have been
so busy that the poor
thing has suffered from
necessity – in fact it has
almost died a natural
death. I will get at it
soon and write it all
up because there are a
lot of things to put in it
that I don't want to for-
get. It is really nothing
but a memory prompter
any way.

Tell Anne McMahan I

am mighty sorry she has been sick. I had an idea she never got sick. Is the arm she had broken all O.K. now? Give my regards to the whole hospital crowd.

I am looking forward with keen pleasure and anticipation to the receipt of the pictures from Hugh Rouse but they have not reached me yet. I am anxious to show the rest of the officers here what sort of a place we have there. It is a beautiful hospital and one Grand Rapids may well be proud of. I wonder if I

will have any practice
left when I return. I
suppose not, but I know
I can get it. What a man
can do once he can do again.
Isn't that right dear?

Well I must close now.

It is near mess time and
I have to shave and clean
up a little before mess.
My fingers are like ice
from writing. I can
hardly hold the pen.
Give my very dearest love
to my dear kiddies. Kiss
the little darlings for
me and tell them how
much their Dad loves
them and that he thinks
of them every minute.

Kiss Tud for me. Tell her I am glad she is such a good girl and that I love her. Tell Mary and Margaret I often think of them and how loyal they are to you, and it makes my mind so much more at ease to know that they are with you. Also, I have visions of the lemon and custard pies and other things I am going to consume when I get back, so tell Mary she must be around.

Now my dearest girl
goodbye untill tomorrow.
I love you. Sweetheart,
with all my heart and

soul, I love you. I love you
every moment of my life
and with every breath I take,
my darling wife. God bless
you dear, and help you to
always love me as I love
you. Goodbye for today
sweetheart. I love you.

Daddy.

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