

May 3d 1918

My Darling Wife:-

It is now 10:45 P.M. and absolutely the first time today I have had a chance to draw breath. I was not supposed to go on duty in the operating room until 1:00 this afternoon, but the occasion arose and we all had to go to work at 8:00 this morning. I just got through and believe me I am tired. I am ashamed to say I haven't even had time to shave today and I am pretty frowzy tonight.

I got three letters from you today – two of them as sweet as they could be.

In the other one you gave me a most systematic calling down and it made me feel badly. It was about having someone else send my cablegram for me. The only reason dearest why I asked someone else to do what I would so much rather have done myself, was because the only place from which a cable could be sent was in a town to which none of us ever got permission to go unless we were ordered, and the only time I got there, was after an order had come out positively forbidding any more sending of cables to the states. So I had to have someone else do it for me. I sent and paid

for three different cables – two to you and one to Brother on his birthday. There must have been some good reason why you didn't get them. We have no control over those things but I know they were sent because I have receipts for the money. Now I can't send one and must be content with writing letters. As to my being busy. Honey Dear, I never have been so busy. I'm in the Army and working under orders and believe me I'm working. I have put in 48 hours at a stretch of continuous hard work more

than once. It is terribly hard work and it has to be done. There is no branch of the service that has harder work to do than we have, but believe me we all work in Pershing's army.

So Lover dear, I am in hopes your criticisms of me may be tempered when you read this and that your dear love for me will not be diluted with any of the sentiments you expressed in this letter, for I love you so much that it almost breaks my heart to have the least unkind word come from you.

About packages, Honey there is nothing that I need really. All the boxes

I have recieved from you have been wonderful treats and I certainly hate to look forward to recieving no more of them. But if the Gov't has ruled as you say, there is a good reason for it, and if we can help in that way too, let's have no more boxes. Don't you think that is best Dear? It must be because of the tremendous demands on transportation and that is surely one of our country's great needs at present.

It was most interesting to read the newspaper clippings about the 3<sup>d</sup> Liberty

Loan drive in G.R. I think well of my old home town because of its unquenchable patriotism and also because of its wonderful women.

I recieved a letter from good old Bert MaCauley today, enclosing a complimentary card of membership in his club for the coming year. It was a fine letter and I am surely going to answer it but I want you to call him up too and tell him how glad I was to hear from him and how I appreciated his kindness and regard for me. It was mighty nice of the good old scout, wasn't it dearest?

Just my luck. Yesterday and today have been perfectly

beautiful days and I have been in the operating room every minute so I couldn't enjoy the sunshine at all.

I have had three or four letters from Jack. He is well, but blue as usual.

I am so sorry for him I don't know what to do, but there seems to be no help for his situation at present.

All we can do is to keep on trying and I will surely do that.

The guns are banging away at a great rate tonight, but nothing like last night. Pandemonium was loose last night. I never

heard so much noise in  
all my life and I enjoyed  
listening to it too, except  
for the fact that I knew  
some poor lads were “going  
west” as a result of it  
all. That is what makes this  
war business so hard for  
me. I hate to see the boys  
hurt.

But “C’est Le Guerre,”  
By the way dear that is  
nearly all the French I  
know now. Nobody talks  
French around here. It is  
all good old U.S.A. and  
believe me that’s good enough  
for me. I’m not at all  
strong for the French  
language. There aren’t  
any polite cuss words  
in it. Well I guess I  
will go to bed because

I can hardly keep my eyes  
open I am so tired. I will  
write again to morrow dear  
and I am going to write to Burt  
tomorrow too. Give my  
regards to all. Kiss my dear  
kiddies and give them my  
love. God bless them and  
you dear. I love you. I love  
you. With all my love to  
you dear ones,

Daddy.

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