

May 6th 1918.

My Darling Wife:-

The rain that started yesterday morning has just stopped and the sun is making a noble effort to do some shining. It is now 1:00 P.M. and I am on duty for the operating room but nothing has come in so I have some time to write. There has been no materialization of news since yesterday so my letter will as usual, be prosaic and uninteresting but "what can the poor man do." I was off duty all day yesterday and had a good rest in the afternoon. In the evening I went down to the town and had dinner with Pat Murbach, of whom I wrote you the other day. It was a wonderful dinner and I most thoroughly enjoyed not only the food, but the opportunity to visit with an old friend as well. After dinner we went over to his billet and talked over old Ann Arbor days and smoked for an hour or two and then went to the club. [ink blot](excuse) and played three games of billiards. I won all three of them. I am getting pretty good at that game now and you know dear I never

could play it at all in the States. I can at times run three or four billiards at once, and I never expected to be able to do that. It is a mighty interesting game.

A German prisoner, badly wounded, was brought in to our hospital yesterday and I had to help take care of him. He was one of the most brutal, bestial looking individuals I have ever seen, but let me say, he got as fine care as any of our own men get. I couldn't help but wonder if they treat our poor boys as well as he was treated.

Now the sun is behind a cloud and it is raining again. Actually it seems to me that we expect rain every day. Major Lyle said on the way over, that we would see rain 360 days out of 365, and his prediction bids fair to be fulfilled. I will sure be glad to see the maple trees and sunny skies of good old Michigan again. I got a package of Detroit papers this morning, containing also a copy of "Life," "Every week" and the "Post." I have read the article in the Post by Irving Cobb, describing the Tuscania disaster and it was most affecting. He has the trick of writing hasn't he dear? I have

been wondering lately how the collections are coming in from my accounts. I know that the reason many of them don't pay is because I am not there to collect the money. There are several goodsized accounts which should be paid right away. Let me know what success you are having.

There is no way here, for me to send money home to you, and no bank to put it in. I must carry it around with me. I will keep it until I get to a place where I can send it, and then will make you another donation. I would increase my allotment to you but there is so much red tape to it that I am afraid it would never go through so I feel that it is wiser to let well enough alone. Several of the men have had trouble about their allotments and I have considered myself very fortunate to get mine on a good basis as early as I did. Have you ever received any policy or notice about my \$10 000 insurance yet? Very few of the other

officer's families have so I won't be at all surprised if you haven't but if you have, or when you do, let me know, will you dear?

The news in the papers now looks especially good. I feel as if there is little doubt that the war will be over within a year. It doesn't seem conceivable to me that the Germans can go farther than that without a victory this summer and that they will never attain. Confidence in the British and French news high over here and incidentally we don't consider the fighting ability of our own troops very lightly. They are continually showing what they are made of.

I must write to Jack today. I haven't written to him for several days and feel guilty because of it. He is so lonesome and blue and we are so anxious to see each other. It seems to me the irony of Fate that we should have been so near to each other and never met. It almost broke me all up when I found it out, but it couldn't be helped. In his letter Jack said wonderful things about you and Tud and he thinks you are the very

finest women in God's world. So do I darling,
Really, when I think of all you have done
for me dear, and then in addition, all you
have done for Jack, Mike, Fish and others,
I think it is simply wonderful, and I am
so proud of you and so thankful to God
that he gave you to me as my wife. Oh!
dear little girl I love you so much. I have
been blue ever since the last letter I
had from you, which was the one in
which you called me down so hard. We are
all human dearest, and all humans make
mistakes so please forgive me for anything
you think I don't do just right, and re-
member that whatever else is in the world,
I love you. And I love you with the
purest and holiest kind of love dear; a
love that always has been and always
will be just and all for you. You know
that, It is a wonderful love and all
the more wonderful love and all
the more wonderful because I know
that you love me the same way.
I love you Honey dear. I adore you.

You are so sweet and beautiful and so good to me. Never, never for one minute doubt my love and always love me as I love you dear, with all your heart and soul. God has been good to us both. We have been wonderfully happy and had all the good things of life. We have two perfectly beautiful and darling children. This separation is a hard thing for both of us and seems interminable, but it won't last forever, and Darling, I tell you now, that all the joys we have had together in our life will be as nothing compared to those of our reunion and our life in the future because the separation has shown us how absolutely essential we are to each other and to each other's happiness. We simply can't live without each other and we know it now more conclusively than we ever have. And nothing will ever separate us again, will it dear? I feel as if every minute of our time must be spent together after we are united again. I won't want to let you out of my sight, and all the rest of our lives will be spent in loving

each other, and our children, and in getting all out of life that we can, that is pleasant and happy. You and I, when I return, are going to be constant and continual companions, chums, lovers; together all the time and just loving each other to death all the time. We are still sweethearts even if we are old married people aren't we Darling? I love you so much dearest girl. I love you. Don't our letters make you think of the ones we used to write each other before we were married? They do, me. They are not at all like married people's letters but are just love letters of two sweethearts.

Well my Dearest Girl I must close now. Kiss my little ones and tell them I love them. Give "Guy" my love and tell her to be a good girl. With all my dearest love to you dear.

"A.B."

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