

May 14<sup>th</sup> 1918.

My Dearest Marie:-

I have already written one long letter to you today but am starting another. I did intend to write to Jack tonight but when I sat down here, I got so lonesome for you I just had to have a visit with you, therefore Jack's letter is waiting and I am writing to you. I have been fairly busy today not in the operating room but in other ways, and still I found time this afternoon to go downtown and buy some cigarettes and cigars. They had just gotten a new lot in at the sales commissary and I got one carton of "Chesterfields." They were very cheap too. Lieut. Dempsey went down with me. We went to the club and played one game of billiards and then came back to camp, so you see our afternoon was not so very exciting after all.

We had a mighty good supper tonight and as usual, I ate a great big meal. My appetite is surprisingly good now but I don't put on a bit of weight because I am walking a great deal all the time. I tramped

about five miles today, for instance, and it didn't seem at all long. I can remember though when five miles would have put me in the hospital, so I guess Army life has done me some good after all.

My bunkie is out for a ride tonight and I think has gone up to the trenches. He will be back soon however. He and I both are very early to bed every night but I always have to wake him up in the morning. He is the best little sleeper I have ever known and I literally have to pull him out of bed to get him up.

It is still very quiet around here, for which I most sincerely thank God. When it is not quiet some of our boys will be coming back all shot up, and I can't learn to like that. I must be too chicken hearted to be a good soldier. It is amusing to hear us all talk about what we are going to do when the war is over and we are all back home. Some are going to "get drunk and stay so for a year." Others have equally wierd ideas of the proper way to celebrate, but mine are different. We all realize that

we are going to be in the army some time after we get back to the States. So I am going to have you all move down with me wherever I am and we won't care then how long it takes me to get out of the Army. I don't care where I am, there you are going to be. I don't see why they couldn't have staged this war at Palm Beach or some such place so we could be together while it is going on. It's no fun at all, the way it is, is it Dearest!

All the men are talking about the reunions we will have after the war, but not for me. I am going to leave you for no reunions, nor anything else of that sort. From this time on, where I go, you go, and vice versa. Isn't that your idea of the fitness of things dearest? We won't want to be apart at all, will we?

It is a little cool in the tent tonight and I have my "fireplace" going. Did I ever describe it to you? Well, it consists of nothing more than an old dilapidated

wash basin in which I burn a sheet of paper or two occasionally, and it is surprising what it does towards heating up the place. We are not permitted to have open camp fires here, so the Grand Rapids Press is supplying my only source of heat.

I got a copy of Review of Reviews today and enjoyed it very much. It is a pleasure to get that magazine because it always has such good articles in it and gives such a splendid resumé of current events and topics. I enjoy it first and then every other officer in the outfit reads it. We don't receive many home journals and periodicals now, and they are always welcome.

I wonder how you all are at home tonight and what you are doing. I know you are in good health and that I must not worry about you and I assure you that such is also the case with me. It is a wonderful blessing that we are all so well and that you dear ones at home are getting along so well, without me. But we miss each other don't we Lover? It is hard to be apart and will be a

truly wonderful day when we are reunited. Oh! how I would love to see you and give you a little loving tonight, and kiss the babies. Give the dear kiddies my dearest love. Tell them Daddy thinks of them all the time, and longs for the time when he can be with them again. Kiss Tud for me and give her my love. Love me dear girl, all the time and pray for our early victory so we can be together. I love you so and ant you so. God bless you Darling, and keep you well and strong and free from harm. I love you. I love you. Goodnight sweetheart, and sweet dreams.

Daddy.

1<sup>st</sup> Lt. Ansel B. Smith M.R.C.

Evacuation Hospital #2. U.S.A.

A.E.F.