

May 19th 1918.

My Darling Wife:-

Yesterday was the first day in months, that I have missed writing to you. You see dear, I am honest about it. As a matter of fact, I was too busy yesterday to think. I was Officer of the Day and had an unusual amount of work to attend to in connection with that job, and at the same time I was on the operating room schedule. Well, we had a lot of work yesterday – it was three this morning before I got to bed, and I was certainly tired out. Yesterday afternoon I had a caller. Gene Smith dropped in and gave me a surprise and it was a real surprise to see how cordial and friendly he was after some of the letters I have written to him. He seemed as glad to see me as a long lost brother would be, only he didn't stay so very long.

One circumstance has contributed very much in the past few days, to the joy we take in life. The weather has been perfectly beautiful. Today is like June and the ship and valley are beautiful to see. This sort of weather does a great deal to dispel the blues and help one to take a more optimistic view of every thing

and it makes everybody very much more good natured. It also acts as a great stimulus to aerial activity and we are constantly observing aerial battles and the shelling of German planes, going on over us. It is going to be very warm here this summer in spite of reports we recieved in the States to the effect that France was always cold and wet.

Today is Sunday and my day off. What do you think I am going to do dear? This afternoon I am going swimming in one of the famous rivers of France. I am mighty glad there is a good swimming hole—trust these Americans to find a swimming hole—and springboard. You know how I enjoy swimming so you can imagine what a lark I will have this P.M. I am in absolutely perfect health and feeling better mentally than I have for weeks, because I know you are all well and loving me; and because I think we are going to be together sooner than

we thought, and because of the weather.

Those are all good substantial reasons for being contented aren't they Darling?

Gene Smith told me yesterday that the 35th Division was over here. I will run a pretty good chance of seeing George Stewart "Rolly", and Schnell. It will seem mighty good to see all those fellows too and I hope the opportunity does arise soon. They were all mighty fine fellows and I feel that I am very much indebted to them for the good time they showed us in St. Louis. I surely hope to be able to entertain them sometime after the war.

My eye has begun to trouble me again and I am compelled to stop reading. I don't read a thing now but your letters and just at present they are not keeping me very busy. The mails are not so very prolific for me lately. At this time of the year. We always have had a glorious time at home haven't

we dearest? A trip to the farm every Sunday – and what wonderful weekends they were. Well, some time, I can't be sure when – but some time we'll be doing it again. It seems too wonderful to ever come true. I want to be remembered with love, to the MacMullens and Warners. Give my love to Tud and my babies and kiss them for me. I must close now. I love you my dearest girl, with all my love and heart and soul. I love you. I love you I love you. I will write again tomorrow and every day to come. I love you.

Love me dearest, and pray that the war may soon be at an end and we may be reunited. I love you dear.

A.B.

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A.E.F.