

May 21 1918.

My Dearest Wife:-

I recieved three wonderful and sweet letters from you today written on April 26 – 27 – 28. Some of the news contained therein was rather sad – viz – the removal of “Puss” Crowell to St. Joseph’s Sanitorium. I am so sorry to hear it and certainly sympathize with [illegible] and Adele and her mother. I hope it is nothing too serious nor permanent because that would be terrible.

I am glad you like my letters dearest. I write every day and love to do so, and my letters contain all the love in the world for you dear, but you know how hard it is to express your love in just mere words. Wait

dear, just wait untill we can show  
how much we love each other  
and that will be more to our mut-  
ual liking won't it Lover? So  
you saw [illegible] Hodgen? Well,  
that must mean that Unit [I.] has  
not sailed yet, and I am inclined  
to believe that what [illegible] says is  
almost true and that there is a  
mighty good chance that they  
never will sail. I don't know  
what to say regarding his prog-  
nostication as to the duration  
of the war but I am inclined  
to believe he is a little bit  
optimistic, just a little bit.  
But that is a thing we all  
know so little about that

discussion of it is worse than futile. We must just wait and work and fight and trust, with all the energy that is in us, and the first thing we know the war will be over and we will all be back home again. And then \_\_\_\_\_!!!!

Do you know what that means? I guess you do all right because your ideas regarding our post- bellum activities are just the same as mine. All we are going to do is to live to love each other and the children. I am glad that you succeeded in sending my glasses to me. They will be most welcome as I am very much in need of them and was most foolish not to bring them with me. I am glad to hear that Joe is at last in the service, in someway or other, although I see he selected one of the “swivel-chair” jobs that will be more or less comfortable for him and his family and bank account. Those jobs are certainly jobs that can be filled by men who are unfit for other and more active service, and that’s why I am not fully in sympathy with Joe’s idea of fulfilling his patriotic duty. It doesn’t seem right to me – does it to you dear?

This noon I wrote a long letter to Hugh Rouse thanking him for the book

of pictures. I hope he gets it all right. I have written to Ruth dear, twice, and am surprised that she hasn't recieved the letters. Write and tell her that I have written and that I am writing again, and Honey, don't forget to call Frank and Mabel up occasionally, for I haven't written to him. It litterally seems impossible for me to write to anyone but you dear. It is hard to find time always to do that, but I never miss writing to you every day except under very unusual circumstances, and I never will either. It is with me as with you, the

greatest pleasures I have, to visit with you by writing my thoughts and my love to you each day. I hope nobody is offended because I don't write more often to them, or because I don't write at all. If they are, they will just have to be so, for my first duty is to you and all my love is for you, therefore, to you I will write whether anyone else ever hears from me or not.

The weather is still perfect. This is really a beautiful valley in good weather and if only

the war was over and you were over here with the car, we could have a wonderful time touring, for the roads are marvelous, in spite of the heavy war traffic which has been going on over them for several years. Honey dear, I can't tell you where we are. Others do tell in spite of the censor's rules, taking a chance that their mail will go through uncensored as officer's mail often does, but I don't think it is right. There is nothing more important than censorship. It's sole purpose is to keep information from the enemy and therefore it should be most carefully encouraged. If the mail of officer's goes at all uncensored it is only because we are put on our honor to carefully observe the rules, and I don't believe it is right to take advantage of that fact. In a general way you know where we are. Let that suffice until I return and then I'll tell you all about it, and believe me dear, I will have some tales to tell. "Baron Munchausen will have nothing on me when I get back home.

I went down to the club yesterday afternoon for a few minutes. Tried to have my picture taken but they

have entirely run out of material at the only place in town so I'm out of luck again. I have not given up however, and will try again at the earliest possible opportunity, although what on earth you can want of a picture of me is more than I can figure out – you have so many.

A band just started to play out in front of the hospital and it certainly sounds good. The different regimental bands around here often come in to play for the patients. It is wonderful

to see the poor chaps enjoy it. Yesterday the General of the Division and General De Pau of the French army came up to inspect the hospital and we all had the pleasure of a personal meeting with them. The Frenchman presented the Croix de Guerre to several wounded men in the hospital and one poor fellow who has lost a leg and his voice (from gas) was given the "Legion of Honor" medal. It is the greatest honor the French can bestow. Well dear girl I guess I will close



now. I love you my dearest girl – you know how much. Give my love and one million kisses to my dear babies and sidetrack some of both to Tud. I am sorry you are not going to send the pictures to me but I will take good care of the proofs and make them last as long as I can possibly do so. Take lots of camera pictures you can send them in a letter without any trouble and I am certainly glad to get them.

I hope my darling, to be with you before very long. The time does pass fairly quickly and still it seems interminable doesn't it? I love you so much Lover Dear. With all my love to you, and just millions of kisses, I am your loving husband.

“A.B.”

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