

May 22 – 1918.

Marie Darling:-

I wrote you a long letter yesterday afternoon, and was most delightfully rewarded by receiving one from you last night. It was a wonderful letter too dear, as all your letters are. I spent a very quiet evening. After a good meal, I smoked a cigar, had a corking bath and went to bed at 8:30. I am, in fact, retiring at about that time every night now and as a result I feel very much rested during the day. If all the habits I have acquired in the army adhere to me in civil life when I return to it, I am going to be a regular

hermit. My “bunkie” went on a trip today to a town about 100 miles from here, after a couple of trucks, so I am all alone in my little tent. He will be back tomorrow however and my quiet will be at an end. He is one of the noisiest fellows in the entire outfit.

I have made my rounds, finished all my dressings and censored twenty letters this morning. It is now 11:45 so you can judge that my whole morning has been fairly well occupied. I have nothing to do now, the remainder of the

day except loaf, until eight this evening, when I go on duty in the operating room until eight tomorrow morning.

I see that an order has just come out that packages may again be sent across to us, without written and O.K.'s requests, and I am very much pleased that it is true. Have you seen the order in the States yet?

It is another perfectly beautiful day. Not a sound to indicate that a war is going on. It is as peaceful and quiet here as at home, and a delightful sunny day with just enough breeze to make the heat bearable. It is indeed hard to realize that we are so near the centre of the greatest war in world's history, but the day will not pass without some sort of a reminder. Of that I am certain. Things are still quiet over here. There is no reason to believe that it will continue so long, but as it is we might just as well be on a camping trip somewhere except for the fact that our work is real work and not pastime. I am not at all homesick now. I think of home

all the time and long to be  
there with you dear, and my  
family Oh! so much, but I  
just won't permit myself  
to be downhearted. There are  
certain things to be attended  
to over here, before we can  
come back, and we might  
as well be cheerful and  
make the best of it, as to be  
downhearted and make ourselves  
and everyone around us  
miserable. If we get down-  
hearted we never will win  
the war, and for one, I  
want to win it and get  
back. So let's both be cheerful

and happy as we can dearest,  
with things as they are, and  
see how much quicker the  
time passes and how much  
better we feel.

I think your Red Cross work  
and Liberty Loan work have  
been wonderful for you. It  
has been a mental diversion  
of untold value to you, and  
has also been wonderfully  
valuable service to your country.  
It is remarkable how your  
health has improved and  
how you have gained in weight.  
You must not worry about

the trouble you had with your side last month dear. That often occurs as a result of unaccustomed physical exhaustion – a cold or some other such reason. As long as your weight is increasing and your stomach trouble is quiet, you have no need to worry. For any trouble of that sort I prefer to have you go to Dr. Fitzpatrick in Chicago, to anyone else. Second choice is Dr. [Kinyon] of Ann Arbor or Yeomans at St. Joseph Mich. But I don't anticipate the necessity of your seeing anyone and will be most glad if you do not have to. Keep me informed as to your condition

(the Censor, I mean)

dear. If he<sup>^</sup> isn't married he will wish he is before he finishes reading all the letters he has to before this war is over.

Among the first things you must send me when you start sending me packages again, are pictures of yourself, the babies and Tud. And I want you to tell Tud that I admire her gut and pluck for wanting to

come over here but that I advise against it. There are plenty of girls – too many in fact – who want the same work – and who haven't the responsibilities at home that Tud has. One of my greatest sources of comfort is the knowledge that you have Tud with you, and she can do just as much to help win the war, over there as over here. Also her ideas of the romanticism of the thing would receive a severe jolt if she should

come over. I say – if she will come, God bless her and may she have the best of luck, but I hope she doesn't come. I love her too much to want her to come until it becomes much more a necessity than it is now.

If she does come work in the vicinity of E.H. #2. There are some girls here now and they are doing good work, but would be glad to be home.

Do you know the one thing to eat, I'd like more than anything else right



now? I'd like to be with you, sitting in front of one of the biggest chocolate sundaes I ever saw. Tell Parke that he'll have to go some to keep his reputation when I get back.

Well dear I will close untill tomorrow. It is nearly time for the mail now, and I want this letter to go this morning. I love you dearest with all my heart. I love you. I do long to see you so much, but don't forget – we are going to be happy and cheerful and not permit ourselves to become downhearted. God bless you my dear wife and keep you strong in heart and body. Give my babies and Tud their love and kisses. Tell Tud not to be hasty. I know what I'm talking about. With all my love to you dear heart, I am your lonesome husband.

A.B.

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

E.H. #2 U.S.A.

A.E.F.