

June 7th 1918.

My Dearest:-

Today is my day off. I don't go on duty until eight o'clock this evening, and I am going to use what spare time I will have, to write some letters. I wrote one to Frank and also to Dave. Today after I finish writing to you, I will send a note to Parke and Hazel, Ruth, and Dad, and possibly Isabel. All this is not due to any particular ambition on my part but because I have a little more time than usual and want to get caught up. I am Officer of the Day, and had to get up three times last night to admit patients so my sleep was well broken up and I wouldn't be at all surprised if a little "bunk fatigue" would appear on my program during the day, also.

We got no mail yesterday, at all. I hope some comes today. I know that I have a lot over here somewhere and it is bound to come sometime. We all have a "hunch" that we are going to get mail today, and usually our hunch is made good by the

appearance of some. It is now just nine o'clock in the morning – a perfect day again and it would be impossible to believe we are in a warring country except for the booming of artillery. We hear that nearly all the time and pay no attention to it whatsoever, because it is such a familiar sound now.

The Michigan troops have finally gone into the line, but at a point nowhere near us so I may never see them at all. The Missouri troops are over here and I hope to run across some of the good friends I made in St. Louis sometime or other. You remember Major Berg don't you Mother dear? He was sent back to a Base Hospital day before yesterday to convalesce from a very severe attack of Grippe, with which he had a mild attack of Broncho pneumonia. He is in no danger and we hope to have him back with us soon. Yes, Major L. is much more congenial than he was. He has found out by experience that he has a pretty fair crowd of officers after all and is showing that he appreciates it. That makes it much more congenial for all of us and we take a great deal

more interest in our work.

The papers haven't come yet this morning. We are always anxious to get them no matter how little news they may contain. We get the Paris and Nancy papers and the London mail every morning and get the news about one day later than you do at home. So you see, the closer you get to this thing, the less you know, except concerning your own immediate locality. Therefore you can occasionally send me news of the war without hurting my feelings at all.

There are daily discussions over here as to when the war will end, but I am expressing no opinions nor forming none. I have come to the conclusion that it will end when it is over and no sooner, and that there are comparatively very few people in the world who know a thing about that. So "what's the use of worrying" about the matter. God will end it when He sees fit and nothing else

can influence it one way or another.

I am looking forward to receiving more camera pictures of you and the babies. If you know how I love your pictures and how I would love to get more of them, you would spend over half your time taking pictures. You never have sent the ones you promised me of yourself in Red Cross uniform and I do want them so much. You see dearest, I am mighty proud of your Red Cross work. I think it has been wonderful, and I want to see you in the uniform. I know you are beautiful in it, for you are beautiful in any clothes you wear. I never will forget how you looked on three different occasions. Shall I name them? First, at the J. Hop in Ann Arbor – remember? Second, at our wedding – Oh! what a wonderfully beautiful bride you were! And third, at the club the night you first wore that cloth of gold dress. What wouldn't I give to see you now. Oh! Darling Girl, I love you, and think you are so wonderful. Our life has been a happy one hasn't it dear? I can take more pleasure now in planning

our future life, than anything else I can do. It is going to be so wonderful, that even the past will dim in comparison. We are simply going to live forever for each other's happiness.

Well my Sweetheart, I am going to close. I want to get some other letters written so will say Goodbye, till tomorrow. I love you dearest, with all my heart and soul and might. I love you. Kiss Tud and my babies and give them my love. Remember me to Mary and Margaret. With all my dearest love to you dear heart.

“A.B.”

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