

June 12 – 1918.

My Dearest Wife:-

Last night I was on duty from eight to eight this morning. It was perfectly quiet all evening, and thinking it would continue so all night, I went to bed at nine thirty. No sooner had I got nicely fixed and comfortable in my bunk, when an orderly came and called me and I had to get up. Do you remember how I used to swear under like circumstances at home? I was only up until one o'clock however, so got a good night's sleep after all, as I wasn't disturbed again before [revielle] this morning.

It is a perfectly beautiful day. I have the sides of the tent rolled up and although it is very hot in the sun, it is wonderfully cool here. The tent is in a beautiful cluster of pine trees and is nicely shaded. It is so pleasant in fact, that all the other officers in the camp are spending most of their spare time here. We will soon have to begin charging admission to the place or we will have no privacy at all. I wish you enjoyed camping dear because we surely could have some very

wonderful times if you did. I can make a tent so comfortable.

I was able yesterday, to buy a good supply of Fatima cigarettes at a very reasonable price, so you tell the Wallace's I am managing very well. It is a question of "first come, first served" at the Commissary, when they get any supplies in. The crowd these at those times is a fright and one has to stand in line for an hour or two, often only to find, when he does reach the counter, that the supplies are all gone.

The news in the papers today looks better than ever and we are all feeling very cheerful over it. I read an article in the Saturday Evening Post by Carl Ackerman, yesterday, which also made me cheerful. The Post was of date May 4<sup>th</sup>. See if you can get one and read it. It will be worth your while. He is an recognized authority on the subject and should speak with a very clear knowledge of facts but of course it will take time to prove whether he is right or wrong. I personally think he is pretty close to the actual facts and if so this war can't last two or three years more. However, I am keeping my

hopes down to earth, where they belong, and am just going plugging along on the same old lines as usual.

I have just been out watching the “Archies” trying to hit a fast German plane, but he got away from them. He was sure traveling fast too, and was considerably lower than they usually are when they come over. We received no mail yesterday but are confidently expecting some today. We consider ourselves lucky now if we receive mail once a week. I hope my letters are reaching you oftener than that for I know how hard it is to wait. Receiving your letters is the one interesting thing in my whole existence over here and it is mighty disappointing when none comes. I will say, however, that if anyone gets mail, I do, so I really can't complain after all.

I wonder when I am going to get the pictures of you in your Red Cross uniform, and of Tud. Also some more camera pictures of

you all with the babies. I do love to get things like that and wish you would send me some. I have been unable to have any taken as yet, because they have procured no supplies at the photographer's in town. I go in there frequently to see.

Well my Darling Girl, I am going to close for today. I will write again tomorrow. Give my dear love and lots of kisses to little Marie and Brother and Tud, God bless them. Tell them I love them every minute. With worlds of love to you Dear Heart, and 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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