

June 15th 1918.

My Beloved Wife:-

June is half gone – think of ! Although the days seem long and the time interminable to look forward to, still it seems to pass quickly, doesn't it? The seventh of July – less than a month now – we all will get our first service stripe for six months service in the A.E.F. Six months is a long time and I would rather leave it back of me than ahead of me. I don't expect to have more than two or three service stripes before we return home either. The war is going just to suit me at present. If it only keeps on as I want it to we won't be here so very long after all.

I was sorely disappointed again yesterday, by the mail man. All he brought me was three copies of the Free Press and the May copy of the Military Surgeon. I had hoped to receive some letters from you but will have to be patient. I do know that when they finally come, I will get several, and that will make up per the delay, to a certain extent. It was just a week

ago today that I recieved my last mail and I will be glad indeed to get the next. How is my mail coming through to you now? I hope you are having no long intervals of waiting, as I am. I think things are going to be better from now on however, as the Army has taken over the mail service, and prompter deliveries are promised us.

I spent a perfectly wonderful evening, last night, just sitting in front of the tent, listening to the whippoorwills and meadow larks, and talking with “Nuts,” “Rosy” and Major Morrow. It was a beautiful evening and we sat up till about ten o’clock. I slept wonderfully – these nights in the tent can be described in no other way – and got up at 6:30 for breakfast. Today has been very busy for me so far. It is nearly noon now; but from now untill eight tonight I have no duties at all, but will be on duty all night long. I presume we will be up all night too, as that has been the rule for the past few days. I don’t mind it however. It’s what we are here for and we expect it.

“Rosy” is sitting here with me at present

writing a letter to his mother, to whom he is unusually devoted. He has a sweetheart, but writes about six letters to his mother to one to her. He is one of the officers in this outfit that I hope to see again after the war. I am not so anxious about the others although I like most of them very much.

There was a big fire in Baccarat last night, a portion of the glass factory burning up. However the noise and confusion did not bother me in the least as I knew nothing about it until this morning. It has been a long long time since I have heard from Jack. I can't understand it either for I have written to him several times. It must be because no mails are coming out of the sector he is in which is very much more active in every way, than this one is.

I am glad Dave settled [illegible] account as he did. I don't care how any of them are settled so long as you get all the money you can, out of them. My pen is running

dry so I will have to stop a minute.

There – I have it filled again, but in the process I succeeded in nicely blotting up the first sheet of this letter. I hope you will pardon the appearance of it. Well my Dear Girl I am going to close for today. Mess call just sounded and I must beat it. Give my dear love to all.

I love you my sweetheart, with all my soul and might. I love you all my time, with all my heart and love, and my love is growing immeasurably each day, and keep you strong and well for me – and make your love for me as great as mine for you. Goodbye till tomorrow. Be a good girl.

Daddy.

1st Lt. Ansel B. Smith M.R.C.

Evacuation Hosp. #2. U.S.A.

American E.F.