

June 18<sup>th</sup> 1918.

My Darling Wife:-

Today is Tuesday, and a beautiful Sunny June day. Yesterday it rained hard all day, and I was Officer of the Day and had my hands full of work all day. In the evening it was cold and damp, so I went to bed early to keep warm, and in spite of the weather had a wonderful night's sleep. Three or four days ago we got in some burn cases that were very bad, and it takes me a half a day to do the dressings on the two of them that were assigned to me. They are getting along fine now and are all going to get well without a doubt.

It has now been ten days since we have recieved any mail

here and we are all beginning to wonder what has happened to our mail. I presume it will come almost any day now, and I know I am going to get a lot when it does come. I am in perfectly wonderful health dear. This outdoor living is agreeing with me splendidly and I am in better condition than I have been for years.

I am not afraid to ask how you are, in spite of the fact that it is ages since I have heard from you, because I know dear girl, that you are taking good care of your health and that of the babies.

I hope you don't lose a bit of weight before I get back, because I want to see you when you are good and fat – and healthy. Won't we have wonderful times darling, when we can go any where and anytime without worrying about your health? I can hardly wait for the time to come, in fact I think some times I can't stand it longer but then a realization of the character of my duty jars me awake again. But – Oh! what a glorious time we will have when I do come!

I know that on this earth dear there are not two people that love each other as we do. It seems inconcievable to me that such a wonderful love as ours can exist – all I know is that it does, and that each day that passes adds to its greatness. The thoughts we have of each other and the mutual knowledge we have of our love, is our one greatest source of consolation darling, and to me it is indeed a great one. I long so to see you and daughter and Brother, God bless them. I am homesick and lonesome, and I love you all, Oh! so much. Well – all things come to him who waits, so I am perfectly confident that this war can't last forever, for

we are both waiting for it to end. I wonder dear if by this time you have been able to find out where we are, over here. I'd love to tell you but it can't be done. I'd feel a lot better if you knew where we are for we are liable to be here for sometime – in fact we may stay here till we have for “over there.”

“Rosy” and I are sitting in the sun out in front of our tent writing these letters. We have a beautiful little place and do enjoy it ever so much. With me it has even superseded my occasional visits to the club, because it is so comfortable

up here that I'd rather be here. We have everything you can imagine to make us as comfortable as we can be in a tent.

I recieved a copy of the Berkey and Gay paper the other day and it had pictures of Ed and Will and Bernie. It sure did seem good to see their faces even if it was only a half tone photo of them. I guess I am out of luck regarding my pictures. They still have no material downtown and I will have to depend on some other means of securing them. But Honey Dear, don't you fail

to send me yours as you must know how anxious I am to get them. It is nearly time for me to hear from the box I sent to you. I do so hope it didn't go astray for I want to see what you think of my judgement as to whether you would like certain things or not. I am anxious to get your letter regarding the receipt of that box.

Well my Dearest Girl, I am going to close now. I am on duty in the operating room from one till eight tonight and I think I just heard an ambulance come in. I will write again tomorrow dearest. Give my love and kisses to my darling babies and Tud. With all my dearest love to you sweetheart, I am you loving

Husband

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

Evac. Hosp. #2 U.S.A.

American E.F.

Hello Sweet heart Gee! I forgot who I was writing to. A.B. and I have loads of fun – I try to occupy my mind on noble thoughts to protect him from leading a life of crime. Seriously, he looks fine. Can we count on you to be at the big party in New York?

[S.H. Rosenthal Capt. M.R.C.]