

I.

June 20 1918.

My Dearest Wife:-

I have been somewhat irregular about writing for the past few days, but “Needs most, when the Devil drives,” and he has been doing some driving for the past four days. Even so, I have written nearly everyday – sometime during the 24 hours – in spite of lost sleep and rush of business. The past four days has been our busiest rush and I had my first sleep this afternoon for four hours. I am writing now by candlelight and when I finish, am going to bed for what I intend shall be the best night’s sleep since I have

been in France. II.

It rained hard all last night and all day. Today and is still raining. This afternoon it got cool enough to turn into hail and it was one of the worst hail storms I ever saw for a few minutes. It is still cold and ordinarily a tent would be far from comfortable on such a night, but our little fire makes it as cozy and warm in here as can be. In fact I have my coat off and my slippers on and am as comfortable and warm as I would

III.

in a steam heated room.

We operated all night last night and I had several cases myself. It was a gruelling experience for us all, but we have handled the work in fine shape without getting clogged up at all. I go on duty again tomorrow morning at eight o'clock but don't anticipate that I will have so very much to do because most of it comes at night.

Yesterday afternoon, in some old trenches near here, "Nuts" caught a porcupine and we put him in a box cage but tonight we took pity on the poor little devil and let him go. From the way he acted, I judged he was right glad to go, too. The balance of our menagerie is still with us. It consists of one of the homliest little mongrel puppies you ever saw. Lord only knows where he came from, but he likes us so we named him "Rosy" and kept him. He is a cute little rascal too, and we have a lot of fun playing with him. The artillery is booming at

IV.

a great rate tonight so I guess
the team on duty will have
something to do all right.

Well dear girl, I am beginning
to believe I will never get any
more letters from you. It is
now over two weeks since
I have had one, and no prospects
of an early mail. I am sure
anxious to get some mail to
see how all had been going
with you since the last one
I got. I most certainly hope
that your deliveries are
more frequent than mine
because I know how you
will hate to go so long without

V.

word from me. Really however we have nothing to complain of, for I think that under the circumstances our mail deliveries have been exceptionally good. It has been ages since I heard from Jack. I don't understand it either for I have written two or three letters to him since I last heard from him. I trust in his good luck, that he is well and has met with no harm. I met another of my classmates day before yesterday – a man named Dick Taylor. He is also a Nu Sigma Nu and a

VI.

Fraternity brother of Ferris Smith's. Tell Ferris how I have met him if for no other reason than to let him know that the other members of his class and Fraternity are doing their duty and he ought to do his.

I have just discovered that I have "gummed up" this letter most beautifully. I had two packs of these sheets together and not noticing it, wrote page IV on the front of one, and page V. on the back of another, so you are going to have a merry time trying

VII.

to straighten out the mess. I am numbering the pages to make it easier for you, and I guess you will get along all right if you are conscientious and persevering. I will try to see dearest, that it never happens again.

I wonder how you all are at home. Nights like these are the kind that one cannot help thinking of how much he would rather be at home than over here fighting a war. I think that all the time, of course, but it is wet, cold, dismal gloomy weather, and –

VIII.

well you know how I feel. I
know you do. I want to see
you dearest – to hold you in
my arms and love you. I
want to kiss you dearest and tell
you with my lips instead of a
fountain pen, that I love you
more than all the world – more
than life itself. I want to take
my two kiddies up in my arms
and hear them call me Daddy,
and have their soft little arms around
my neck and their cheeks
next to mine. Oh! my darling
how I want these things and
how wonderful life will
be when I have them again.

IX.

But patience is a virtue we must cultivate now if we never do again, for we must wait – and wait, for that most wonderful of days to come. Time is passing, and events are shaping, and nothing is more impossible than that this war can last forever. So dear, knowing that the end of it is coming and that each day brings it nearer and nearer we must both be brave and keep cheerful and be happy in the consciousness of Duty, well performed

X.

and finally it will come. And then
Dear, the rest of the World will have
ceased to exist for us and we will
live in a world all our own, just
living to love each other and our dear
children.

Well Honey I must close. The
light is poor and my eyes will hardly
stand more writing. I hope you do
succeed in straightening out the crimps
in this letter. It is surely a much
tangled up mess, but I know you
can do it. Give my love to the dear
kiddies and Tud and kiss them for
me. With all my dear love to you,
my Beloved Wife and millions of
kisses, I am your Loving husband

“A.B.”

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