

June 26<sup>th</sup> 1918.

My Dearest Marie:-

Two days have passed since my last letter to you and those two days have been the busiest of all my days in the Army you know how busy I have said we have been at several other times? Well darling, those times were like vacations compared to this last. I have been running my own operating table for some time now and have been doing a lot of surgery. It is surgery of a type entirely different than any thing I have ever done in private life, but very simple and easy for me. Quite interesting for a few cases – then it becomes a very monotonous grind. Today I have been doing dressings all day and am now

looking forward to a wonderful night's sleep more than anything else. I will surely sleep when the time comes. Dempsey has been up here for the last hour smoking and visiting and we have been talking over our favorite topic "When we will get home." It looks good to me now dear. The Austro Italian situation is making things a whole lot brighter and lots of things may happen in the next two months. Anything can happen that wants to, just so it will shorten this war. It is such a frightful things to last so long and I believe it is now

in the last stretch. I think there are very many reasons to believe that it is, too.

Dempsey and I were discussing the probable length of our service after the war and where we might be sent to be mustered out of the service. I think there is a strong possibility that we may be sent to Ft. Harrison for that purpose. If we are, we will rent Mrs. What's-her-names house again and renew our old acquaintance with that town. That wouldn't be so bad would it darling? What was that woman's name? Was it Mendenhall or Deffenbach? I can't remember and I have tried to a dozen times.

Just six months ago today dear, I put my darling family on the train at Indianapolis and said goodbye. I never will forget my feelings when that train pulled away and I knew I would not see you again possibly for years. But now dear, I feel convinced it will not be as long as we have thought and that we will be together again inside of a year at the most. In ten days more we put on our first service stripe for six months service in the

A.E.F. It has been a busy six months perhaps much more so than the next six months will be because we never get much work in these hospitals in the winter, so I am told. I don't believe I will get more than two service stripes either dear.

Think it over.

The rain has finally stopped and it is again beautiful sunny weather. It makes so much difference in the way one feels, whether the sun is shining. Another thing that is going to make me feel better is mail. In three days, it will be exactly four weeks since

I have received any mail and it is needless for me to say I am anxious to get some. Think of it dear – a whole month! I have not gone that long since I arrived here in France. I know you are sending them – they are being held up somewhere. I most sincerely hope that mine are getting through to you in better time than yours are to me. My! won't I get a lot of news when the mail does come in?

“Rosy” “Nuts” and I are having a great time in our tent these

days. We enjoy it so much more than any other quarters we have ever had Really it is beautiful up here in the woods. I wish you could see me, to see how tamed I am, although I don't suppose you will care whether I am tamed or not, when you do see me, will you Lover?

How are you Mother Dear and how are the babies and Tud. Oh! if you only knew how I pray that your health may be good and that you may gain in strength and how I thank God that you have been so well since I left. I love you Mother, and my babies. I love you, God bless you, with all my heart, soul and love. Love me dearest, as I love you. Give the babies a big kiss and my love. I will write more tomorrow.

Lovingly

Daddy.

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