

June 27<sup>th</sup> 1918.

Mother Dear:-

Well another day has gone and I have as usual been busy. I have all my dressings done and it is only ten o'clock, but I am through for the day. I am in my tent, with the brazier burning merrily, confined to quarters by command of myself appointed physician, "Rosy." I slept very poorly last night on account of a sore throat and cold and an examination this morning revealed a follicular tonsillitis, so Rosy ordered me to bed. I told him to go to the Devil, and went to work at my dressings but when I had them completed, Major Lyle and Rosy

together got me up here and here  
I am. I am really not sick at  
all – just have a sore throat. No  
fever and a wonderful appetite  
so you can see I am feeling O.K.  
except for that little things. I  
know of nothing I can do more  
profitably than to write to my  
darling wife, after which I am  
going to lie down for a few  
minutes. I think I will cook  
my own meals in the tent as  
things taste so much better  
then. I am regaining all my  
past skill as a cook. We always  
eat our evening meals over

here instead of going to the mess. We get delicious fresh eggs at 55 + a doz and eat about four each at each meal and last night we had some good smoked ham to go with them. It sure tasted good as it is the first ham and eggs we have had in France.

All my hopes regarding mail were dashed to earth yesterday. None came. I have given up looking for it now. I will just wait and be glad when it comes for it really is hard to go so long without hearing from you dear. There is a rumor that we will get mail today but I am not permitting myself to believe it as I don't want to have a disappointment again. It will surely be wonderful when it does come for there are so many things I want to hear from you about that should be in the next letters I receive.

It is very quiet now and has been for 36 hours but there is no way of knowing how soon it will start up again. The papers this morning have made us all rejoice. They contain

the first official “squeal” from Germany and make those of us who look for a termination of the war in the early months of 1919, feel pretty good. I would tell you all the news in them but I know that you have read it long before this yourself in the home papers.

This noon the officers and nurse of the staff here, all have their pictures taken. I won't be in the picture if you should ever happen to

see it because I don't feel well enough to go down to the Camp for the purpose. Anyway I don't want the publicity – so “Rosy”, “Nuts” and I are going to forego the pleasure.

There has been a lot of aerial activity around here lately, and the air way up high has been full of bursting shells. Some of the scraps have been very spectacular and I have

enjoyed seeing them. They are  
popping way at one outside  
right now.

Well my Darling I am going  
to close and lie down for a  
while. I will write more to  
you tomorrow. I love you. I  
think of you and the babies and  
Tud, every minute of the day and  
am so lonesome for you. I love you  
all so much. Love me dear  
girl as I love you and pray that  
the war may soon be over and  
we together again. Kiss my babies  
and Tud. With loads of love and  
kisses to you Dear heart.

Daddy

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