

March 20th 1918.

My Dearest Marie:-

I did not write yesterday because I was so busy in the morning and in the afternoon I didn't feel well enough. I came down with a severe attack of lumbago yesterday and it put me in bed. But I got a plaster on my back and took some aspirin and soon began to feel better. I feel fine today except that my back is somewhat lame yet. I recieved three packages from you yesterday dearest, and two today, and I just want to tell you again that you are the dearest sweetest little wife that God ever gave man, and I love you Oh! so much. You are so thoughtful of me and so much for me. All the men here send their dearest regards and thanks to all of you. I have given a helmet (trench cap)

to Rosy and to Stanley. They are certainly fine. I will now enumerate the contents of the boxes, as you asked, so that you can keep check on what I recieved.

Box No. I.

Wilbur's chocolate buds (fine condition)

Crystal candies (“ “)

Dromedary dates (“ “)

D.A.C. cigarettes (“ “)

Sox (Ms. Gifford's)

2 helmets.

Box No II.

Salted nuts (excellent)

Butter Scotch “

Gum “

Nabiscos “

Resinol soap “

[Lux] “

Talcum “

Package No III.

Papers. Detroit + G.R.

2.

Those boxes were wonderful. I enjoyed everything in them, and am still enjoying them, as are all the other officers here. They all say you are the most wonderful woman they ever knew and also add that I am not 1/100th worthy of you. And I agree dearest. If I lived to be 500 yrs old, I never could repay you even in part for what you are doing for me. One of the packages today contained 1000 cigarettes from the Wallaces. It's wonderful of them to keep that up. I get 1000 every month and am sure supplied with tobacco. The other contained a sweater from Elizabeth Somerset and a box of Melachrino cigarettes

from her sister. I think it was fine of them to remember me that way and I shall write them, but you call them up also, in case anything happens to my letter on the way.

I surely am grateful to all my dear friends for their kind remembrance of me. I have more friends than I ever thought I had and they are all proving it now.

It is raining hard today. We have been working just the same – that is the others have. I am not outside today on account of my lumbago. I am afraid of giving it a fresh impetus if I should

go out in the rain. I enjoyed reading the papers from Detroit and G.R. In the photogravure supplement of the Detroit news was a picture of Lt. Barker from Detroit. Strange to say he is the young Detroit Lieutenant who is in this camp with us at present. I am going to give him the papers as I am sure he will enjoy them. I also appreciated the "Review of Reviews" and Judge. You certainly don't overlook a thing that you think I might enjoy.

I received my February copy of "The Military Surgeon" this morning, so we have a good bit of fresh reading material

on hand at present.

This is going to be a long afternoon. It is raining hard, so hard that the others have had to give up outside work, and are gradually drifting into the barracks.

Today is my boy's birthday. He is three years old, bless his little heart; and way over here in France, his Daddy is thinking of him and loving him and longing to see him. I'll bet he is cunning now. The little rascal is about as bright as any kiddy could be and when I last saw him, was too cute to be true.

4.

Give him my dear love, congratulations and wish him many happy returns. I am in hopes you will receive my cable to him on this date, so that it will be a real birthday present.

Well Lover Dear, I must close. I love you Honey. I love you. Kiss Tud and the babies for me. I love you all.
God bless you.

Daddy.

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