

March 27th 1918.

Dearest Little Wife:-

Most glorious news. The Germans drive is crimping. The British Army is wonderful and if it can only keep it up there is no doubt of the outcome. And the good part of it is they are going to keep it up. It is wonderful, and all the more so in view of the fact that the opinion is expressed everywhere, even in Germany, that it is their final effort, and that if this effort fails they are Done. Doesn't that sound good dearest? I think it is the most wonderful news I have ever heard and I am very much delighted.

And the weather is superb. Not a cloud in the sky, not a bit of wind, just beautiful bright sunshine. And for a wonder life is almost worth living

again. God grant that our hopes are not unfounded and that the Allied armies are at last on the way to a final victory.

I didn't get mail from you last night. All that the Postman brought me was a copy of the Berkey and Gay. "Shop mark" and I would like to have you call up W.J. Wallace dearest, and thank him for remembering me with it. It was very interesting. I simply can't find time to write to every one I should. I cannot miss writing my letter to you each day and I also must write to Jack Coryell frequently. Old Jack is having a hard time and I am certainly sorry for him. I am living in great hopes that his transfer to this unit may eventually be effected

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and I will not discontinue my efforts along that line as long as we are over here. If perseverance counts for anything Jack and I will be together sometime.

We had some pumpkin pie last night. It sure did taste good too. It seems great to get things like that to eat, because the regular army fare does get a little tiresome. My back is all well now. It still pained me some yesterday, but when I got up this morning it felt perfectly normal and I am mighty glad. It has been nearly two weeks since it first began to trouble me, and I have had quite a time with it. I had a slight attack

of shingles at the same time
and they almost drove me crazy
at times with the itching. Don't
infer from what I have told
you about my ills and ailments
that I am a helpless invalid.
I am the healthiest looking
invalid you ever could hope
to see.

I heard the big guns last
night again, booming away at
a terrific rate and I hope
every shell blew up a
thousand Germans. There is
surely something impressive
about the sound of that art-
illery. It makes one feel
that it is just as well to
be out of range.

There was an air raid
alarm last night but nothing
happened around here. The

off now and I still have some money left. I am getting along very nicely financially but I can't thank you enough for your often repeated offers to send me money. No dearest girl I don't need any. If any money is to be sent by either of us to the other, I will send it to you, but I guess I won't be able to send you any this month.

Well I must say goodbye for today dear. I love you with all my heart dear girl. I think of you and my two darling babies every minute of the day. Oh! how I love you all. Love me dear and be brave always, as you have

been. Goodbye till tomorrow.

Daddy.

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

Evacuation Hosp. #2. U.S.A.

A.E.F.