

April 4th 1918.

My Dearest Wife:-

Yesterday I couldn't write to you as I went to town and didn't return untill late at night. I went to do some shopping – for a birthday gift for you, and I certainly did some tramping. I went all over the town and couldn't find a thing except the sorry little handkerchief which I am sending under separate cover today. But Lover dear, consider it as a gift of love, and think of all the congratulations, good wishes and happy returns I am sending with it and my love. I think all this will reach you just about May 1st, if I am lucky. Of course we have to consider now, that the mails are

very uncertain on account of the transportation being entirely devoted to movements of troops and supplies.

On this account I am getting very little mail and I presume that you are getting very little from me. I had two darling letters from you day before yesterday, one of which contained two proofs of the babies pictures. They were beautiful dearest and I can hardly wait until the pictures themselves, come. I also want a picture of Glad. You know I have none at all of her and I want one. All the news you wrote was very interesting, but it was

3.

Detroit and they are anxious to see them. So Dearest you see your thoughtfulness is working double as far as the papers are concerned.

It has finally cleared off and is fairly pleasant again. The mud is terrible. I am now firmly convinced that hitherto I have not known the meaning of the word mud. We are all perfectly well, me especially. If I can only get some relief for my eyes, which are just as they always have been

when I have eye trouble,
I will be O.K. Well I
must close for today but
will write more tomorrow.
Love to all. Oceans of love
to you and millions of
kisses. God bless you, my
darling wife

A.B.

1st Lt. Ansel B. Smith M.R.C.
Evacuation Hospital #2 U.S.A.
A.E.F.