

April 7<sup>th</sup> 1918.

Marie Darling:-

Today is Sunday but I am not going to church, and mother dear, I have a good excuse too. I am a sufferer from my old Fort Harrison complaint and I don't believe it would be safe for me to go, do you? It is raining hard any way, and is turning cold. I am glad to see the rain. It slows up the German offensive, which is pretty well cracked any way by this time. The news this morning is very good – especially that referring to our Army. We are going right into the thing and our troops are all coming over, and now we're bound to get them. It can't be otherwise. The Germans have got to be licked this summer

and I believe they are going to be.

I had a nice letter from Fisher last night, but none from you.

I don't believe we get mail today either but I can wait till tomorrow as I am sure I will get some from you tomorrow.

Fisher is doing fairly well I judge from his letter. He spoke of the many fine things you and Glad have done for him and surely does think a great deal of you two girls. Well I don't blame him; I do myself.

It is pouring rain right now and makes one feel mighty comfortable to be inside and dry and warm. I got a

copy of the Press last night – the one with a reprint of Vic Stuart’s letter. He hates himself doesn’t he? But I agree with all he says about the morals of our troops. I wrote you once before criticizing Mr. Wishart’s statement. They were clearly based on a very imperfect knowledge of conditions and therefore were unfair. There is not as much drunkenness among our troops here as there were in the States. This so called “light wine” is a very poor grade of wine – I mean, that the soldiers get, - and tastes more like vinegar than anything else.

I am delighted with these

new pictures of the babies. Little Marie at her knitting, looks so sweet, and it is such a natural picture of both of them. I will be glad when I get the finished pictures because these proofs are beginning to fade already. I am also anxious to get the picture of you in your Red Cross uniform because I know you look as sweet as a peach in it. You are the most beautiful little girl in the whole world dear, and I love you to death. You tell me in your letters, how you think of me, and imagine we are in each others arms, and how you think

3.

of the wonderful first kiss  
we will have when we  
meet. My darling girl, don't  
you suppose I ever think  
of those same things. Your  
beautiful face is vividly in  
my mind all the time, and  
I constantly think of the  
thousands of wonderful things  
you have done for me. You  
are so sweet dear. And I  
also think of that first  
kiss, and how wonderful  
it will be. Oh! my Lover,  
won't it be the happiest  
day of all our lives when  
we are together again. We  
have been so happy.

We have loved each other  
so dearly and truly, and  
I know no two people  
ever have loved more than  
we have. It is our past,  
perfect happiness that  
makes us feel this sep-  
aration so keenly, but it  
also makes us look for-  
ward all the more to  
the wonderful joy of our  
reunion. God bless you,  
my wife, you are so dear,  
so sweet, so good, and so  
beautiful. I love you more  
than words can tell. I love  
you, and will as long

4.

as I live. I must close  
now dearest. Give my  
love to all. Kiss my babies  
and love me dearest, as  
I love you.

Daddy.

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