

April 8th 1918.

My Dearest Wife:

It has been a dreary dismal day, and, as I told you yesterday, one not conducive to the best of spirits in view of the fact that I am in quarters, troubled with my old Fort Harrison complaint. I have had a good thorough attack of it too, and will be glad when it is over.

Still this is as good a time as any other to be inside for it is far from pleasant outside – rain still being the order of the day. I took a bath today and had the

orderly do a big washing for me. Since then I have been spending most of my time reading the Scientific American and Collier's – that is, looking at pictures. I can't read, because my eyes bother me so much.

It has been several days since we have had mail. I must have a lot of letters and packages on this side but it is unreasonable for me to expect to get them now, in view of the great present demands on the transportation. When it

does begin to come through I will get a lot and that will compensate for the delay. I would cable to you this week dear, but use of cables is absolutely forbidden now. I have cabled you three times and heard nothing in reply. But I imagine you have as much trouble in using the cables from that end as we do from this possibility more; so I won't complain.

I am so anxious dearest, to get some of the packages I know must be over here

now. I want the pictures of the babies and the book of pictures of Blodgett Memorial Hospital that Hugh Rouse sent me. I am very anxious to get your picture in Red Cross uniform and all the other nice things that I know I have coming.

Honey Dear, do you know how wonderful you are to me? It seems as if you must spend every moment of your life contriving things to make me happy and I know that that is just what you do. It

is wonderful of you dearest
and I love you for it, Oh!
so much. All the remainder
of my life is going to be
spent in trying to repay
you for your wonderful
goodness to me, and when
I think of the wonderful
companionship we will
enjoy after this war is
over, it makes me happy
beyond expression. I won't
care where we go on our
Honeymoon, nor what we
do, nor how long we stay.
All I will care is that I'll

be with you and that will
be joy enough. (“Nuts” or
Lt. [Notbohum], more plainly
speaking, just interrupted
me and told me to give
you his love.) He has
been sick with me for
the past few days and we
are companions in misery.
The boys here all think
a great deal of you dear.
You have sent me so
many things they have all
enjoyed and they say they
don’t know what they’d
do if I hadn’t married you.

I love you Dearest and I
love my dear babies and Tud.
Oh! how I long to see you all,
and it won't be long, I think.
The next month or two will
see big events take place.
Well I must close. Love to
all. Oceans of love and
kisses to you dear, and the
babies and Tud, from
Daddy.

Give Mary and Margaret
my best and tell them I'll
get even with them for being
such good girls.

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