

NATIONAL WAR WORK COUNCIL OF  
YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATIONS  
OF THE UNITED STATES

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"WITH COLORS"

April 26th 1918

My Dearest Marie:-

I am litterally stealing the time to write this letter. I wrote the shortest stingiest note yesterday – in fact I was ashamed to send it, but I knew you would rather have it than none. It was one of the busiest days we have had. I have been made ward surgeon by Major Berg, and just as we had our ward nicely settled and fixed up and every thing in good shape, we got an order to move into another building. In addition to that I was Officer of the Day and also on duty with an operating team so you can see that I had my hands plenty full of work.

I got a box from you last night and it sure was a wonder. It was almost like a Christmas box. It contained a box of sweet cookies

which were delicious; some Hersheys sweet chocolate and almond bars (which were wonderful); a box of U-All-No Mints (Marvelous) and some of those wonderful Jandorf mints. Also a suit of B.V.D.'s and a box of D.A.C. cigarettes: a copy of the Katcha-koo program and the Detroit Saturday night; and samples of the sponges and dressings which are certainly well made and an excellent model.

So dearest, I feel as if it were the day after Christmas and I had been most wonderfully treated. I can't begin to thank you as I want to. I can only tell you how I love you for your wonderful thoughtfulness and love, and sweetheart, God knows I love you and love you for everything you do, There is no pleasure in life for me now except reading your dear letters or receiving these boxes, and they both tell me of your love.

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"WITH <sup>2</sup>COLORS"

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I am sure I won't receive  
many more now. There is an  
order against sending them and  
I am out of luck. But I know  
how many I would get if you  
could send them dear and the  
will is just as good as the deed.

At last the weather has  
cleared off and the sun has  
been shining nearly all day.  
It seems so strange that it  
should shine – we are so  
accustomed to rain. At about  
5:30 this morning the Boche  
planes came over and we  
had a little excitement watching  
them being fired at. That is fact  
becoming tame amusement however,  
and we pay less and less attention  
all the time.

I love sleeping in a tent. It

certainly is healthful and invigorating and I enjoy it ever so much. We have an officer in our ward who is from Junction City Kansas, which is Jack's town. He is well acquainted with Jack and it was a pleasure to talk with him. He is a gassed patient but is nearly ready for discharge now and like all these men over here he is anxious to get back with his outfit. All these men are most anxious to stay on the job and fight the Dutch.

Tonight I am going to try to get out of camp for awhile and go to a show at the Y.M.C.A. I haven't been away from camp for five days and will welcome a little change. Honey dear, I have been more than usually homesick and lonesome for you the past day or two. It must be because another of our own individual holidays – your birthday

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is near. We always have such a good time on all such occasions and I have my bluest times when they are near. Sweetheart, you know I am thinking of you every minute and loving you with all my heart. And I love you so dear that my heart bursts with love, and I can hardly stand our separation. Oh! what a time we will have when this war is over and we are together again. Won't it be wonderful darling? How are my dear babies? I am so homesick to see the dear kiddies and love them, that I don't know what to do. But don't let them forget me. I know they won't I bet Brother is the cutest little chap in the world? God bless them and keep them in

good health and strong. Well  
Lover dear, I must close. I have  
to get to work. Goodbye till tomorrow  
dear. Love to all. God bless you.  
I love you dear.

A.B.

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