

April 27 – 1918.

My Dearest Wife:-

Today has been what might be called a busy day. If I waited until I have time I never would be able to write you a letter today, but in between times I may be able to get it done. This paper I am using is the scratch pad at the ward desk. It is all they have and therefore I won't apologise for it.

You remember dearest, I said in my letter yesterday that I was going to the Y.M.C.A. last night to a show. Well I did, and who do you think was on the program? Do you remember the Saxophone players you and I heard at the movies in Indianapolis while we were there? Well, they were on the program and played the same pieces we

heard them play when we
were together in Indianapolis.
It added to the several other
things that had happened, to
make me most gloriously home-
sick and still I enjoyed it
wonderfully. I recieved another
box from you last night
dear. You are such a darling
girl to remember your Daddy
with so many presents. This
one contained a wonderful
can of peaches (Ferndell
brand) and they were surely
fine. Marie Darling, how
can I ever thank you for
all you have done? How
can I ever even begin to
repay you for all your
wonderful kindness and
thoughtfulness? I know

that it is all your love for me that prompts it. I know how great that love is and you know dearest that my love for you is as great.

But I will have to live a million lives all for you, to ever attempt to repay you even in part, for all you have suffered and all you have done for me.

You are the most wonderful little woman God ever blessed the earth with.

You are the most beautiful.

The dearest, sweetest, best and most perfect little

wife that any man ever

had, and I love you, love

you, love you Darling,

with all the love and all
the heart and soul which I
possess. God will bless you
Lover and you will certainly
be rewarded for all you
have suffered.

The war situation looks
rather good now, we all
think, over here. It can't
look any too good to suit me,
but I really believe it is
much more favorable now
that it has been and I am
so glad. It is a little more
pleasant here now, since we
have seen the sun. It has
rained and been cold so
long that the sun is most
agreeable. Rosy is a frequent
visitor to my tent, to enjoy
the boxes I have recieved

from you lately.

Honey – I never have been so busy. It has been simply a continual rush of work. I am tired all the time but I feel fine and Oh! how I sleep nights. It is wonderful to be able to sleep well. My eyes are much better than they were and I am able to use them a little once more, although I am very careful with them I have come to the conclusion that I must keep my reading down to the minimum or I won't have any eyes at all.

There is another show at the Y.M.C.A. tonight and I may go if I am not too dead tired. It make a nice

change and a great deal
of a diversion so I like to
go out to these affairs if
I am able to. And besides,
the Saxophone artists are
to be on the program again

How are all my friends?

How are the Warners, Macs,
Browers, F.N. Smiths, Brotherhoods,
Goods, MacIntyres and others?

Give them all my best and
tell them why I don't write.

Also all the Wallaces and
Bernie Warren, Dr. Ruffe
etc. The Wallaces sent me
another copy of Berkey
and Gay's "Shop Mark"
and I wish you would
call them up and thank
them for it. They are

certainly thoughtful and
good friends. Kiss my dear
kiddies. Love them for me.
Kiss Tud for me and tell her
I love her. I adore and worship
you sweetheart. I love you
more than I ever will be
able to tell you. I love you.
Goodbye Dear heart untill
tomorrow.

A.B.

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