

April 29, 1918.

Marie Darling:-

I have succeeded in slipping away from the ward this noon, long enough to at least start a letter before mess. I stopped at the hospital on the way over, and found a letter from you. I have just finished reading it dear, and I am so happy, for it was a sweet letter. It was written on Aprils Fool's Day and mailed on the second, so it made pretty good time in getting here. I was so glad to read that you are well and strong now, and taking good care of yourself. It is wonderful that you have good health and you must continue to be careful Lover, and take no chances of any kind.

You spoke of the long interval between my letters. Well

dearest I think that is because a lot of them are lost. No doubt a number of mine are lost and some of yours too. I have written you as near every day as has been possible, and that means I haven't missed many days. But the letter I recieved from you today is the first I have had for two days so you see dear some of our mail doesn't reach it's destination. We must just keep on sending it and be satisfied with what we get.

No Lover dear, I can't remember the exact contents of the box which contained the sox you knit for me, and which I have on now, by the way. I do recall that it had some Hershey's choc-

olate bars and some crystal candies from Anibas. And I also know that it was most welcome, and useful. I never will cease to thank God that I have such a wonderful wife. You also asked me if I wouldn't like to love you and kiss you.

Honey, I'm surprised! You know that there is nothing on earth I long for so much as for the time when I can take you in my arms and show you again just how much I love you. Because I can't think of words to describe my love for you I have had some trouble in making you realize how

great it is but when I have had the opportunity to show you, you have never been in doubt, have you dearest?

Any way I know we are both just waiting for the time to come, and that when it does come you will have to go some to outstrip me in actual demonstrations of love. Oh! my dear wife, won't it be wonderful to be together again? I can hardly realize the least degree of the joy we will experience. Let's continue to hope and pray every day, that it will be soon. I know that the prayers of a wonderful little woman like you, are bound to be answered. And

then we will be perfectly and serenely happy again and will both be surprised that the awful hurt of our separation vanishes so soon in the joy of reunion.

Now for a little more of my favorite topic – the weather. It is warmer – raining and muddy. There you have it all, only I am really thankful that it is warmer, because we can now be comfortable in our tents. You wonder why I don't write you more. And if I meet any French people. Well, I write all that the censorship rules permit to be told. If others are sending more information

home it is because it just gets by – that's all. You know Lou Covell is a Brigadier General and I'm only a Lieut but even so I don't see how he puts it over. I am as conscientious as can be about the censor rules because it is a mighty wise precaution and I think every man in the Army should be scrupulous about it. It is one of the many ways to help win the war.

I never meet any people socially over here. I haven't met a woman since I have been in France and haven't seen many except the nurses in this hospital. There are fifteen

of them and they are all about on Miss Welch's type. I do nothing but work, and love my wife. Major Lyle is very strictly opposed to anything like a social side to this organization so even the other fellows don't have the privilege of a dance, nor of meeting people. I meet lots of French officers and they are mighty fine gentlemen. I joined the officer's club here. It costs me dues of 2 francs a month, and we meet all sorts of French, British, Italian and American officers there. I am most scrupulous about my habits. Never up unless working, after taps which blows at 9:00 o'clock. I

am in perfect health as a
result of this regular life,
and I know that physically
I will be immensely better
off for this whole experience.
Goodbye till after mess dear.

Well, at mess I got stung
again. Major Morrow wants
me at once to make rounds
in his ward and he will give
me enough work to keep me
busy for the rest of the day,
So I will have to close. Loads
of love and kisses to you
dearest, and my dear babies.

Daddy.

1st Lt. Ansel B. Smith M.R.C.