

May 9th 1918.

My Darling Girl:-

I am so happy Honey that I don't know what to do, for last evening, after what has seemed an interminable wait. I got six wonderful letters and two wonderful packages from you. I will tell you first what the packages contained so you can check them off. They both had slips in them marked "Easter Box – March 26" and they certainly made good time coming. They contained candles, crackerjack, gum, mogul cigarettes, Aniba's nut loaf (pecan), jelly beans, salted nuts and lots of other good things and all were perfectly wonderful. It was better than getting any Christmas box I ever recieved. You are the dearest sweetest little girl in the whole wide world, sweetheart and I thank you millions and millions of times for the wonderful boxes.

The letters contained a lot of news clippings regarding the burning of the [Owashtarong] club. Isn't it a shame that the old club has gone – I presume it will

never be rebuilt at least until after the war, and we have had such wonderful times there. Well, we will have our good times somewhere else won't we Lover?

I also got the pictures of you, Glad, Bub, Nanny, Brother, Sister and Private Pat. I was so glad to get them dear. You have no idea how wonderful it seemed to see a new picture of you. And you do look well. I'm so happy I don't know what to do. I know if you will just continue to take good care of yourself dear that you will be all cured before long. I tell you I admire your gut and the spirit which prompts you to say in your letter that you have stopped worrying and are in a more pleasant frame of mind now. It does take will power for you to talk and feel that way and I am so proud of you I don't know what to do.

I am enclosing a copy of regiments paper of one of the outfits over here. It may be interesting to you and I would advise saving it as a little reminder for me of some things I want to tell you

but can't write. I am buying some things here for you and going to send them right away if the censor will let them go. You have no idea how [illegible] they are becoming. You see dear, an order or rather a rumor has just come out that we are to be permitted to send only three letters home every month. That will be terrible won't it dear? I think that there will be a sufficiently heavy complaint from the States to over rule an order like that if it really is an order. I would rather go without anything but my mail and I hope it isn't so.

We are not so very busy professionally now but there is a lot of other work to be done so we cannot begin to loaf at Uncle Sam's expense yet. Always something to be done, for this war is a big job after all. I am having another touch of my old Ft. Harrison complaint – rather a severe one. It gets a little tiresome to be trouble with that so much and

I will really be glad when I have had it for the last time.

Last night the Saxaphone sextette we both remember so well, came down to the hospital and played for the patients and it sure did sound good. They play wonderfully well, and after the war are under contract to play on [Krith] circuit at a very high salary.

Honey dear I must close now. I am weak and am going to do a little “bunk fatigue” to rest up. I will write more this afternoon or tomorrow dear.

Kiss my babies, little darlings. Tell them I love them dearly. Give my love to Tud and my regards to Mary and Margaret.

With all my dearest love to you, dear, dear girl, I am your homesick

Daddy,

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

E.H.2. U.S.A.

A.E.F.