

May 11 – 1918.

Darling Marie:-

It has been a perfectly beautiful day today and I have been free to enjoy some of it, which I have done by walking around the camp. I got three wonderful letters from you today – the most wonderful I have ever had. It seems to me that each I get from you is more wonderful than the last, you are such a darling girl and wonderful wife. One of your letters enclosed the one from Dr. [Arner], who used to be a classmate of mine but who apparently is in fine business now. You made the best answer to him that you could, when you told him I was in the service for that is where he ought to be.

I think the success of the Liberty Loan was phenomenal and particularly that you girls had in connection with it. It was wonderful of Tud to buy bonds for the babies and I want you to tell her how much I love her for it and how nice I

think it was. Tud is a wonderful girl and I am so glad you two are getting along all O.K. now. It is so foolish to do otherwise.

We don't know over here, when the war is going to end. We all have our ideas and mine is that it can't go beyond another winter. Time only will tell. In fact you hear very little talk about it. Everyone is so anxious to whip the Germans that nothing else is talked about very much. We all hope, soon that the war will be over. Oh! Honey Dear you don't know how I hope it, but we have our duty to do and must stay here until it is done. When it is done, we can all come home with a consciousness of work well done and all done and then we can enjoy life as we never have before – and we will.

I am taking good care of myself dear. I am in good health. I am not gaining weight but weigh the same as at Fort Harrison. I use very little aspirin and only when ab-so-lutely necessary. I am not smoking as much now and am in every way taking the best care possible of myself. Don't

fear but that I will be in good health when I return to the States. I will be in better health than I ever have before.

The reports you send regarding your own health and that of the babies are wonderfully comforting. It is a wonderful relief to know dearest that you are well and strong and fat. Good Lord Darling, do you remember how you used to long to be fat? And now you are getting so. Well, don't go too far with it because I am fond of very small thin women myself, like the one I left at home. Seriously Honey, I am so glad you are gaining, I can't express myself and I want you at the earliest opportunity, to send me some pictures of yourself so that I can observe the metamorphosis which is occurring – a sort of [karyokinesis] as it were. I am so anxious to hear from you whether you like the things I have

sent home or not. Your letter today spoke of dresses you purchased for the babies and I have wondered whether you can use some of these lace things on them or not.

A Boche plane has just been overhead and the anti-aircraft guns have been making it merry for him. They didn't hit him; at least directly, but made it so warm for him that he had to beat it back home. Nobody got very excited over his appearance as we have seen them so often now. I am glad to say that is about all the excitement we have here too. My chief diversion is billiards at the officers club. I enjoy it even if I do play it poorly. I may go down and play a game with Rosy this evening.

I have just finished eating some of those nut cookies and they are good dear. They remind me so much of the things I am going to do when I get home. Eating of all sorts of food, is going to be one of them. The food we get here is excellent and plentiful

but not quite as varied as we used to have at home. Tomorrow is Mother's Day, and I am going to write my daring mother a letter on that day that she will long remember; but I am sending the Mother's Day copy of a Regimental paper to you today so you can see something about what is going on over here.

Well my Darling, I must close. It is near mess time and I don't want to be late. Kiss the kiddies and Tud and tell them I love them. With all my dearest love to you dear. I love you, I love you.

Daddy.

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