

May 12<sup>th</sup> 1918

My Dearest Mother:-

You are all the Mother I have  
Dear, so my Mother's Day letter  
is for you. You have been a wonder-  
ful mother to me, as well as the  
sweetest wife in the world; chum  
companion and sweetheart. So I  
am going to follow the sentiment  
of Mother's Day in this letter  
and fill it to the brim with  
love and affection and adoration  
of the sweetest dearest and  
best little woman on God's  
earth. And the bravest and  
most beautiful too. If I knew  
all the superlative adjectives  
in the dictionary that would  
help me to express my love

for you dear, I would start right on this line and fill the rest of my letter with them, but the ones I have used will have to suffice. I love you my dear dear wife, with all the love in my heart and soul; with all my life and love, strength and might. I love you every moment of every day and night, with more love than any man has ever given any woman before. Every minute of my life you are in my thoughts and my thoughts are always love for you and thanks to God that He has given you to me and blest my life so wonderfully.

Oh! how I sympathize with men over here who have no one loving them at home the way I am loved. Not a day has passed but something has happened to remind me of your

dear love for me, and that even if we are far apart, you are taking the same wonderful care of my comfort and happiness you would if we were together. Every thing I use during the day and everything I wear bears the mark of your loving thoughtfulness and tells me that my Darling Marie is loving me now with all her heart, although thousands of miles away.

One thing I pray for Lover Dear and that is the chance to attempt to make up for you all the sacrifices and all the heartaches; the tears and suffering which you

have given to your Daddy. It will be an impossible task for one lifetime is not sufficient, but I will do my best. Anything you want when I return shall be yours. Anything you want me to do, I will do – I don't care what it is. Now get that dear, because I know of some things you have wanted me to do pretty much at times. And I will spend all my time with you. We will never be apart but will live our lives as we both have wished, constantly with each other and loving each other. My Darling Girl, I love you so much.

I am terribly lonesome for you and homesick for you. I shouldn't tell you so but I know that you

know it anyway so what's the difference. I am not willing to leave this duty, which is the most imperative I will ever have to perform, until it is finished, and yet dear I have a right to be lonesome for you. How can I help it? You are lonesome for me aren't you? It is because we have never been separated during all our married life dear, but have been two sweethearts and Lovers all the time. I think it is wonderful for two people to love each other the way we do I know it is more a rarity now than it ever has

been before, and the experiences of some of our married acquaintances in G.R. proves it too.

I have just about finished eating the contents of the last package I recieved from you. Mother Dear, I never have enjoyed any of them so much as this one. It came across in excellent time – just 20 days – and everything in it was just as fresh as when you sent it. The candles were excellent, they are much better than the ones we can get here and give a lot better light. You are so wonderful to me dear, to have sent me so many helpful, useful and enjoyable things and I am sorry that the practice

has to be stopped but a regulation is Law and must be obeyed. It seems like a little thing, but there are thousands of men here and it takes a lot of ships to carry the mail.

I went down to the club last night with Captain Howard. You can imagine what my habits are when I tell you. I spend a lot of time with him. He is a splendid chap and very quiet, but we have taken a great liking to each other. Well we had a good evening at the club. The Saxophone sextette was there and gave a good

program and Capt. + I  
played two or three strings  
of billiards. It was raining  
pitch forks when we came  
home and was black as  
pitch out but we got home  
all O.K. and the little  
bunk in our little tent  
felt mighty good to me  
last night. I had a fine  
night's sleep and breakfast  
this morning was unusually  
good so my humor today  
is also unusually good.

If the weather is good  
this afternoon I may go  
for a walk. Just at present  
it is raining but the sun  
may come out at any  
time. France is the  
“rainiest” country I have  
ever seen. Its worse than  
Idaho and Oregon in



rainy season. We are so accustomed to wading through mud that we never pay any attention to it, any more.

I can't help but think how wonderful it is that in spite of all your worries your health has improved so much. I'd give anything to see you when you are so well, but I know that if you will take good care of yourself you will be in just as good or better health when I return to you. We will sure make the best of it too won't we dearest?

I am awfully anxious to know just where you have decided we will go on our honeymoon. I don't care where it is, for we will be together, and whenever and wherever we are together we can sure have a good time, can't we?

The war news over here looks pretty good for our side. Things are breaking good for us and if it keeps up the way it is going now we may be home sooner than we hope. We really don't hope, for we have no idea how long it will take to lick them and we're not coming back 'till it's over, over here." I understand that the Michigan troops

are somewhere over here and that we will soon be in touch with them. That will be nice for me, for then I will meet a lot of officers I know as I meet nearly every officer in the Guard there during our mustering service when I first went into service. It will seem good to see men from home so I hope they come.

Have had no news from Jack for a long time and I have almost come to the conclusion that he has forgotten me. Have you heard from him

at all recently?

How are my dear babies?

I show their pictures to everybody I meet and am so anxious for the new ones to come. I must have some more packages here somewhere because those were sent some time ago as was also the pictures Hugh Rouse sent me of Blodgett Hospital. Well they may catch me sometime. I hope so surely, for I'd hate to have those things lost.

How is Tud dear? I want you to have her send me a picture of herself. I haven't one and I want one. Give her a kiss for me, and kiss and love my babies

for me too dearest. I love  
the darling kiddies so much,  
and am homesick for them  
too.

Well Mother Dear, quite a  
letter isn't it? I guess this  
Mother's Day letter is about  
the longest I have ever  
written to you. All my  
love is in it for you dear.  
May God bless you and  
keep you well and strong  
for me, for I love you so.  
Goodbye little Girl, till  
tomorrow. Be brave and  
love me always.

Daddy.

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