

July 2nd 1918.

My Darling Wife:-

At last the landslide or rather mail slide has come. I got twenty letters from you today, everyone of them as sweet as could be and some darling pictures of the babies and you dearest, as well as the two of Glad. I wish I could think of every question you asked me, but I'll do my best to remember them and tell you everything you want to know. It seemed so good to get the mail and I am delighted with the pictures. The babies are so cute dear and you look so per-

fectly wonderfully well. I don't think you have looked so well since I have known you as you do now. I like to read in your letters dear that you love me so much and that your opinion of me is so high. Nothing else on earth matters but that you love me and that I get home to you and my babies.

I am glad you got my "Mother's Day" letter and that you liked it for in it I tried as hard as I could, to convey to your mind a definite idea of my love for you and how great it is. That is impossible to do in

words but I know that you realize it and know that my love for you is one of the things that can only be marveled at. I know too dear, that you love me that same way and it makes me so happy to know it. You are so brave. Your letters are cheerful and full of grit and they make me ashamed often, of the tone of my own. Darling, don't think we are suffering hardships over here. The only hardship I suffer is my separation from you and the babies – that is a hardship for both of us alike – but further than that – no. I am comfortable in my quarters have excellent food, good companionship, and warm clothing, and to top it all off, excellent health, so dear, I can't see why we are not really pretty well off here. Our hospital is in a safe place, well back of the front, and has never been bombed. And I don't believe it ever will be bombed either. If it is, I will be the first one in the Abris. I am so glad dear that the

box finally reached you and that you did like its contents. I did not feel sure that you would like some of the things but evidently you did and anyway, you know how much love came with everything I sent. I sent you from Liverpool on the day we landed, which was our anniversary, a half dozen handkerchiefs of Irish linen and lace. I guess they must have gone down on the Andania. I have sent you handkerchiefs, caps, lace, luncheon embroidery things and other little trinkets but I

guess the gods have only been propitious twice. I am where I can buy absolutely nothing that will interest you except that sort of stuff I sent, but when I get in some other city I will not forget you dear. (As if I ever forget you any time). If Gladys is so anxious to come over here, let her come. It is really a fine thing for her to do, and she is a dear, brave girl. She knows what I think of her, don't you [illegible]? We won't tell Min, neither. Mine old girl

you have no idea how natural that sounds to me and how it recalls innumerable poker games at Grande Pointe and other parties with Geo and Ed. I wonder where George is now. Does Glad ever hear from him? I would mighty like to see him.

Well darling, I am going to close. It was so wonderful to hear from you today dear. I enjoyed every single word of every letter and I love you for them. I love you devotedly and passionately, with more love than I ever thought could exist. I love you dear mother. I love you. Kiss the babies for me. God bless you and all the dear ones. I love you.

Daddy.

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