

March 10th 1918.

My Darling, Darling Girl:-

I am in just the proper mood tonight to write one of Tony's "poetic" letters. He is a wizard at that business. But I don't believe you could stand the strain of reading one of them if I should write it, so I will confine my efforts more to the prosaic. Here is the way Tony started one of his recent letters:-

"Seated all alone (five of us with him at the time) in a little Swiss hut, situated in a beautiful valley in this war torn country of France; surrounded by a deep silence, penetrated only by the occasional muffled roar of a passing aeroplane; aided only by the light of a sputtering candle, I take my pen" - etc.

Can you beat that stuff? Well Tony is a good deal of a poet and we really get a lot of that sort of

drive to contend with. He can see
romance in anything - even in mud.
But we all love the little wop
(sometimes we call him Dago or
"Gimej") and would not be with-
out him for the world.

I received my package of cigarettes
from the Wallaces last night. They
came just as my stock was about
to run out, so you can imagine
that they were rather welcome. I
want you to call them up and
thank them for me. I haven't written
to them yet, but intend to in the
very near future, as soon as I
can get a moments time to spare.

Tonight I received two darling
letters from you. They were
the first you wrote after re-
ceiving the first letter from

me, and consequently were of more than usual interest to me. I will say though that I don't like the news, that your stomach is giving you more trouble. If it is worry about me dearest that is causing it, it is needless, because really and truthfully there was never a time in my life when I could have given less cause for worry, than now. I am perfectly well, and strong. My cold is gone, my appetite is fine and I am in every way in as good condition as when we were last together. So loved one, please don't worry about me any more, and see if that old trouble of yours won't improve. You

said in your letters that you
couldn't understand why I did
not write on the ship, because
others had done so. Anything
that I have done dear, different
from others, has been done
because of orders, and "I'm in
the Army now" therefore orders
mean something to me. I know
that by this time you have re-
ceived more mail from me and
are beginning to feel easier
about the condition of affairs
over here as far as I am con-
cerned. I have written you
very nearly one a day since
I have been in France and that
is really saying a good deal, for
I have been busy - busier than

3.

I ever have been in all my life.

Never have I known two more beautiful days than yesterday and today. Yesterday I worked, and this morning I went to church. The same little old catholic church in town here, and the same priest.

This afternoon St. Notbohm and I went for a long walk and most thoroughly enjoyed it for it was beautiful. This valley is beautiful, much as I hate to admit there is anything nice about the country. I am glad to have you say you will come over here with me after the war dear, because it will be a very interesting trip for both of us. And your idea of coming over after the war, to

return to the States with me is
a mighty good one; in fact I
am sure I have suggested it to
you in some of my previous
letters. It will bring us together
a great deal earlier and we will
have a wonderful trip back.

It is possible that there will
be orders against such a thing
by that time, but anyway we
can plan on it without doing
any harm, can't we love?
I hope it has not been necessary
for you to sell any of your
stock. I am anxious for such
a contingency to be unnecessary
and I think something will
happen to make it unnecessary.
But of course if it must be, it

must be. You are a darling to have sent the blank checks dear, but I won't need them. I am getting along very nicely and am even going to be able to send you more money from time to time unless I am much mistaken.

I am certainly glad that Bill Hyland has joined the army although he doesn't deserve any unusual credit for it. He should have been one of the first to go. The ones I am disgusted with are Ferris and Jimmy and others like them.

I have had several more letters from Jack. I think that we will eventually get together

but cannot be at all sure of
it, because in the Army you
do what you are told and not
what you desire. However we
are going to keep on trying
and may eventually succeed.

I am delighted to hear that
the babies are well. I am so
anxious to receive the pictures
you are sending of them. They
are certainly beautiful children
and Oh how I love them and
long to see them. I pray for
them every night dear, and
for you too. Kiss them for me
and don't let them forget their
Daddy. I think it is wonder-
ful of Tud to work the way
she does at the Red Cross. She

deserves a ⁵great deal of credit
and I tell you, you women in
the Red Cross are doing a very
great work, that is wonderfully
appreciated and needed over here.
Well I will close dear. Give my
regards to all my friends with
all my dearest love and a
couple of million kisses to
you and my dear babies and
God, I am your
Soving, Lonesome
Daddy.

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A.E.F.