

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? Little Tony is a good deal of a poet and we really get a lot of that sort of

drivel to contend with. He can see romance in anything – even in mud. But we all love the little mop (sometimes we call him Dago or “Giuny”) and would not be without 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 recieved two darling letters from you. They were the first you wrote after receiving 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, 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 received more mail from me and are beginning to feel easier about the condition of affairs over here as far as I am concerned. 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 know 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 Lt. Notbotum 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 Lover? 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

4.

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 wonderful of Tud to work the way she does at the Red Cross. She

deserves a great 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
Tud, I am your

Loving, Lonesome

Daddy.

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

Evacuation Hosp 2 U.S.A.

A.E.F.