March 10th, 1918

My Darling Darling Girl:

I am in just the proper mood tonight to write one of Tony's poetical 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 prose. Here is the way Tony started one of his recent letters:

"Sitting all alone (as you were 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 flickering candle, I take my pen... etc."

Can you beat that stuff? "Little Tony is a good deal of a poet and not really get a lot of that sort of..."
drive to contend with. He can see
romance in anything—very much.
But we all love that little Wop
(sometimes we call him Dago or
"Giune") and would not be with
out him for the world.

I received my package of cigars
from the Waldces 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 chance to write.

Tonight I received two darling
letters from you. They were
the first you wrote after receiv-
ing 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 idea, 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 truly 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 a 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. Yon
said in your letter that you couldn't understand why I did not write on the ship, because others had done so. Anything that I have done does differ from others, has been done because of orders, and "I am 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 very busy since
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. This afternoon I went for a long walk and 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 us 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? 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, but I won’t need them. I am getting along very nicely and all. I am 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 disturbed 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 maybe 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 and for you too. Kiss them for me and don't let them forget their Daddy. I think it is wonderful of you to work the way she does at the Red Cross.
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 God, from your

Loving, Someone

Daddy.

Mrs. Ansel B. Smith, M.R.C.
Evacuation Hospital 2 U.S.A.
A.E.T.