July 22nd, 1918.

My dearest Marie:

I have not written since day before yesterday—see how promptly I confess my shortcomings? But I have an excuse—and a good one. We have had a rush and it has been a real rush as you can judge by the fact that I have just completed a 72 hour tour of continuous duty. I have enjoyed the work as usual but hate to see the poor lads suffer. However they are all well taken care of now and will on the highway to recovery. You can realize how busy I have been when I tell you that I received three letters you wrote yesterday noon and didn't find a moment in which to read them until 2:00 this morning. They were worth waiting for however. I am glad now that you know where I am. It must be somewhat of a relief to you to have me definitely located. You have wanted to know so long.

It is comforting dearest to hear such good news from home as you write. I don't worry about you because I have so much confidence in your wonderful ability to care for yourself. You have found yourself out, haven't you dearest? That in itself is the way in which...
this war has been a great benefit to you for now you know you can do so many things you never thought you could do.

I am at last able to tell you definitely the my promotion is assured although I can't say just when the commission will come. I know you will be pleased but it really means little to me after the pro vinciness of promotions and commission peddling in the States. It really does mean something over here as it is granted not because I happen to be of a certain age, but because of recommendation by my C.O. for efficiency. Therefore I will after all permit myself to take a little pride in the fact.

Isn't the news from the front glorious these days? Can you all see now what a punch Uncle Sam is putting into this little scrap over here? An article in the London mail says that before Fall all the Germans will be put on the defensive everywhere and kept there and I believe it. There is now absolutely no doubt of the outcome.
if there ever has been. As if there ever could be! I tell you mother we have a great, wonderful and glorious Country and not an Army on earth can beat our boys in any kind of a fight. They really do seem almost invincible and it must be American spirit — nothing else. I can't help but believe that our American idea of years past, that Americans excelled in every way, is a good thing, for the men in our Army all believe it and it will take more than Germany has got to convince them it is wrong. We simply can't be whipped, so dear, you can already consider the war won, and all over but the shouting. All we have to do now is to convince the Germans that it is over, and recently they have provided a large number of converts.

You mustn't worry about me dear. And you mustn't let the separation be too
hard. I admit—don't see how it could be
any harder, but it can't be helped and the
cause it is for, is great. So let's stick it
out and carry on with a smile and
all the troubles that come up, lay aside
to drown in the joy we know is coming
to us someday soon.

I intended to walk downtown this
afternoon but changed my mind, prefer-
ning to write now to this evening. I
am going down with nuts this evening
to play a game of billiards and I expect
to beat him badly too. It is a beauti-
ful afternoon. It is hot in the sun but in my
bust with the walls rolled up is delightful
and cool. It is wonderful to sleep outdoors
at night and is surely doing me a great
amount of good physically. I am in really
splendid health and am very thankful
for it.

My eyes have entirely ceased to bother
me since I got my glasses and I wish you would be sure to thank Senator Smith for the efforts he made to get them over here for me. I surely appreciate it as I had reached a point where I couldn’t use my eyes at all.

Well darling I will close until tomorrow. I don’t anticipate much to do for a few days now and we’ll probably have no trouble in writing my daily letters. Give my love and kisses to the dear babies and Bud. With all my dearest love to you my own dear wife, I love you and send you my heart, love and a whole convoy of kisses. God bless you Mother dear, I love you.

Daddy.

St. Cecily Smith, W.D.