

June 11th 1918.

My Darling Marie:-

Well I did my duty last night, and wrote an answer to Joe's letter, just about a month earlier than I expected to. I have a lot of love for him as you know, so he is lucky to hear from me at all, but I did finally decide that I might as well get it off my mind first as last, and believe me it is the last. It is still cold and wet – not actually raining, but misty. We have a little charcoal brazier for our tent which keeps it fine and warm, and dry, and it is really the most comfortable quarters I have had since I have been in the Army. Rosy came up to see us this morning and liked it so well that he is going to move his tent up beside ours, or rather, back of ours. There is no room beside us

and we have by far the nicest location in the whole camp. I know you are glad to hear how comfortable we are.

I got some papers from Headquarters yesterday, to be filled out and returned, which the Adjutant says are the first steps in my promotion. I don't know anything about it. Of course I would like promotion, but still I have a peculiar attitude towards it. I think that promotions have been entirely too promiscuous in the Medical Dept. due to the attitude men like Dr. [Urquhart] have taken – who are too selfish about their own welfare, and not willing enough to sacrifice a little pride and dignity along with the other things they give up. I also believe a man can't make a good Captain or Major unless he has had the training of a Lieutenant and certainly we should all wish for anything that will increase the ultimate efficiency of our Corps.

Therefore I am most ready and willing to abide by the decision of my superiors regarding my fitness for promotion, and fitness for promotion means a lot more over here than it does in the States. I know that I will get it when the time comes, if I deserve it, and not otherwise, and I am doing all I can to make myself of sufficient value to the Army to deserve it. As I never have had any failures in my life so far, I can't permit myself to believe I will meet with one in the Army, but at any rate Darling, you and I both know I am doing my duty and that, after all, is what counts.

It begins to look now, a little as if the sun might shine. I hope so, because I do love hot sunny weather. There are cuckoos and whippoorwills and meadow larks singing all around me, and it is certainly beautiful up here in the woods. "Nuts" is sitting here with me now, reading the morning paper, which

is full of good news today. The Germans have opened up again but are being successfully held at all points and that of course, is very cheering to us. They are losing immense number of men in their effort while the Allies are sitting tight and we all feel that a “psychological moment” is drawing near, when this slow orderly retreat will develop into a rapid and energetic advance. That, of course, remains to be seen, but there is no doubt of it in my mind.

I am so anxious to see you my Darling. I get terribly lonesome for you, and homesick, but I don't worry about you because now I have implicit confidence in your ability to take care of yourself. And I know how inconcievably wonderful our life will be when God permits us to be together again. It will make up for all

the agony of separation, won't it
Lover? Bliss and Happiness too
great for mortal minds to conceive
are in store for you and me dear,
and we must let that belief buoy
us up and strengthen our minds
against weakening in any way. It
is for our Country – and no sac-
rifice can be too great.

Give my love and lots of kisses
to my Darlings, and Tud. I want
each one of them to be told many
times that Dad is thinking of them
and loving them every minute of his
life. There is really not one minute
that you all are not with me. Our
love is so great that the Sea is no
obstacle – it keeps us close to
each other continually – and is
the most marvelous thing in the
world.

I got no mail from you yes-
terday and Dempsey was just here
to say there is none today so I will

have to wait untill tomorrow
now. I have not had to muss a day
for some time now, in writing to
you.

Well dearest I must close 'till
tomorrow. It is only five minutes
to mess time and I must go. With
all my dearest love to you sweet
girl, and millions of kisses, I
am your lonesome loving

Daddy,

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

Evac. Hosp. #2 U.S.A.

American E.F.