

August 23<sup>d</sup>. 1918.

My Dearest Marie:-

I have been absolutely unable to write for the past two or three days – two I guess it is – for we have had our busiest and most harrowing experience of our sojourn in France and I haven't been able to do a thing but work. I got a good sleep after two o'clock this morning and appreciated it very much too, as it is the first I have had for two or three days. Today though, I feel well rested and as it is a beautiful day I am going to enjoy it to the utmost.

Yesterday, I got a letter from you dearest – a very, very sweet letter, and it seemed so good to get it. Yes dear, I do approve of your getting a car or doing anything you want to if you think

you can afford it, and that is all up to your good judgement. I know that your judgement is good dear, so I don't worry. I got a package yesterday, from Harrod's London House, containing chocolate, candy and gum, and when I had opened it I found a card with your name, on the inside. Is that the package you mentioned as having sent through Herpolsheimer's? If so I think the idea is a clever one and wish to lend it my encouragement and hearty moral support. Really dear I can't thank you enough for having it sent. I love you for it and appreciate it all the more because it is practically impossible to get candy

of any sort or chocolate, over here, except at long and uncertain intervals. To dearest, I thank you, God bless you, for being such a darling, thoughtful wife, and I love you for your love and thoughtfulness with all my heart and soul. I love you.

How do you like our little old war now? It's not so bad is it dear? Isn't it wonderful the way they keep on driving back the Germans – capturing thousands of prisoners and millions of dollars worth of supplies? Well may we be proud of our army and of our Allies, for their present

accomplishment is without any doubt, the greatest in all history.

It is near the first of September now. It will soon be just a year since I started my training at Fort Harrison and that was after I had been in the service for some time. It has been an eventful year, although a hard one for both of us but we have put behind us at least half of our separation – possibility more. Georges Clemenceau, the French Premier, has made public his opinion that the war will be won this year, and that, coming from a man of his standing, who is such a close student of the situation, is certainly a most

significant statement. It means we will be home next year. That won't be bad at all will it dear when some of our past anticipations are considered. It is most cheering to all of us, and makes our work all the more easy and worth while, when we realize that the Germans are getting such a completely thorough drubbing. Such praise for the Americans you never have heard, as the French and British are giving us now, not even from the Americans themselves. It is not unwarranted either for the accomplishments of the American nation so far are more prodigious than any thing else in history, and it

has only began to do things.  
Not a day passes by that I  
don't thrill with pride that  
God gave me the privilege to  
be born an American, and  
that I have the opportunity  
to make a real sacrifice as I  
have – slight though it may  
be – for such a wonderful and  
glorious country. One cannot  
contemplate the achievement  
of the American nation in  
this war, without awe, and  
reverence for the magnificent  
genius and resource which  
has made it possible. We  
will emerge from this war,  
enjoying a greater position  
among the nations of the earth

than any country in world's history ever has. So, dear, our personal sacrifice are not in vain and are going to be the greatest imaginable sources of pride in the future. That fact can help us to be brave can't it dearest? Keep your git up, little Girl, and it will all be over soon and we will have it all to talk about and tell the kiddies about and be proud of, all the rest of our lives.

Well Dear, I must close now. Unless it is absolutely impossible I will write again tomorrow dear. Give my love and kisses to Tud and my dear babies. God bless you all and

keep you from harm. I love  
you my sweetheart. I love  
you.

Daddy,

1<sup>st</sup> Lt. Ansel B. Smith M.R.C.

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Amer. E.F. France.