

June 11<sup>th</sup> 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. Pooy 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. Weyhant 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 im-  
mense numbers 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 homesick for  
you, and homesick, but I don't  
worry about you because now I  
have implicit confidence in  
your ability to take care of your-  
self. And I know how inconceiv-  
ably 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  
sover? 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 Ted. 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 Dumpsy was just here  
to say there is none today so I will

have to wait until tomorrow  
now. I have not had to miss 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.

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