

8 February 1919.

Mother Dear:-

I wonder if you remember the trouble that I had with the sinus that Ferris Smith operated on me for the last time, with gas anaesthesia? I am sure that you do. It was the time you went to Bert McCauley's. Well, I am lucky. I am having trouble with the same old thing and believe me it is no fun. It is not as bad as it was before, but is still painful enough to let me know constantly that I have such a thing. I am determined that it will get no worse however for the eye ear nose and throat man that we have here is no good at all in my opinion. I am working as hard as ever, and that helps me to forget that it hurts, so you can see that it really is not so very bad as yet. Last night Rosy and Dempsey and I went to the club and had dinner. The music after dinner was very good, and we sat and listened to it for an hour and then played a game or two of billiards, after which we came home. It must seem funny to you that I should call this place over here home, but it is all the home that we have over here, and we have it fixed up very comfortably now.

I know you will like Dempsey. He is one of the most peculiar men I have ever met in all my life, and is a constant source of amusement to all of us. He is very bright, and very quiet. We call him the Sphinx. I like him very much, and am anxious to have you meet him and learn to like him too. He does about everything that you don't like, such as smoking a pipe, and keeping it in his mouth while talking to you, and many other things that you have a pet aversion to, but nevertheless he is a sterling fellow, and one of the best that I have ever met.

I have rarely seen a more beautiful night than last night was. It was as clear as could be, and the moon was about the first quarter. It was beautiful, and as cold as a night at home. The temperature must have been about zero, and we most thoroughly enjoyed the walk down and back. I hope that you will pardon the hole I rubbed in the paper with an eraser. It was un-

avoidable.

Last night I learned that we would leave this place via the Rhine river to Rotterdam Holland. There we will get our steamer home. That will be a fine trip won't it Dear, and it will surely lessen the time we will be on the way by several weeks. I am very hopeful that we will go that way both for the experience and the fact that we will get there quicker. I can hardly realize even now that we are under orders to leave. It seems too good to be true. However I know that it is true, and that all we have to do is to wait for our relief and our transportation. I hope that it comes soon. I heard last night also that Major Morrow is still at the port waiting for his assignment to a ship and he has been gone for a long time already. I would not be at all surprised if we beat him home after all. Makes you think of the old fable of the hare and the tortoise, doesn't it?

Well Dear I am going to close now. I think that I will go over and lie down a while and let this head I have quiet down, as it is throbbing a little. I will write again tomorrow. I love you Dear. I love you. Give my love and a million kisses to the babies and Glad, and love me all the time, and pray that our sailing orders are soon to be forthcoming. I really think that we will be nearly there by the time this letter is. I love you Dear.

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