

1st January 1919.
Coblenz Germany,

My Darling Girl:-

I wonder if you do pardon the so frequent use of the typewriter in the writing of letters to you? It is hard to find good ink and pens, and I have no fountain pens that will work, so that I have to use an ordinary Spenserian pen when I do use one. It is hard for me to write decently with one, and I know that you can read what I write with the typewriter. Therefore I use it a greatdeal more than I ordinarily would. I know that you will not mind. The letters that I write on the typewriter are every bit as personal as the ones I write long hand, and when I get through I haven't got ink all over my fingers.

One year ago today, I will never forget where we were. We were on the train along the Hudson river, and it was so cold that we could hardly stand it. I will never forget that ride. It was in an old parlor car that was not heated nor lighted, and we simply sat there and shivered and froze all night long wrapped up in our overcoats. We didn't get warm untill we got to Camp Merritt. Do you remember when we were there? I sent you a telegram from there against orders from the Major, and found out afterwards that it was all right. At least it gave you an idea where we were, and that we were started on the long ride and while you really had no exact idea as to when we would sail, nor where from, you did know that we were on the way. The whole trip was an experience that I am glad to have had, and when I get home I will tell you all about it.

I know Dearest, that I have not told you as much news in my letters as some of the others have written home, but there has been a reason for it, and I have already told you what it is. The news, such as it is will wait untill I get home, and it has been against orders to tell any more than I have, and you know that I am rather conscientious about such things. Officer's mail is passed on personal censorship largely, due to the fact that an Officer's honor is taken as sufficient guarantee that the orders will be fulfilled. So I have had no other thing to do, and I know that you will be patient untill I return, and can tell you in person the experiences that I have had. I

I feel that it will not be long now until I will be back in the States. I just have a hunch. There has been nothing said to make me think so, but I can't help but feel so. And then what wonderful times we will have telling each other all about our individual experiences while we have been separated. I think it will really be a lot of fun don't you Dear?

I thought this morning, New Year's morning, that we would be able to give the men a half holiday, but there is more work than ever this morning, so they are all hard at work. The work is piling up at an alarming rate, and I am beginning to wonder if we will ever reach the bottom of it. I have had to take two extra men in the office and break them in to the routine of the work here, and after we get started with them in addition to the force that we already had we ~~##~~ should make it go all right. It is the paper work that makes it so hard for us to keep up. They seem to delight in loading us up with all sorts of work, and a good deal of it we fail to see the necessity of.

It is a beautiful day, this first day of the New Year. It is hard to realize that it is the heart of winter, for the weather is so much more like Spring. I hope that it continues, for it is so pleasant not to have cold and snow, and so much easier to keep comfortable. I am in perfect health, and am taking excellent care of myself. The old Fort Harrison trouble has not bothered me for months now, and I haven't had a sign of a cold since the last one I wrote to you about. I am as particular about my health as I want you to be about yours. We owe it to each other to be very careful, for if we either of us get sick, it will be just as much worry and suffering to one as to the other. Therefore I am very careful about the matter, and will continue to be so until I get home and have you to take care of me. That is what I like, and believe me you will be my guardian when I do get home.

There was a sort of New Year's Eve celebration last night downtown that none of us attended. We could hear the noise up here very plainly though, and it sounded as if the wine was flowing very freely. So I am glad that I didn't go. I have developed into more of a hermit than I have ever been even at home.

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There was no mail today, but I guess that we can hardly expect to get it every day. I can't complain now for I believe that we have nearly all the back mail. I am glad that you got the last box that I sent and that you liked the handkerchiefs and other things. I thought that the chemise was a beauty, and I have some others also that I am sure you will like. I know that you will be crazy about the table spread that I have. I mean the round one. I think that it is even better than the bedspread that I sent to you. Where we are now they have very little of such things, and I probably will be unable to procure any more until I get back in France on my way home, but you may rest assured that I will get you all I can while I am here as I know that there is nothing that you like better.

I must close now Dearest. It is late in the afternoon, and I have to go out and see what work has been accomplished during the day to make my report to the Commanding Officer. I will write to you again tomorrow. I love you Dearest. Give my love and a load of kisses to Glad and The Dear babies. I love them so much. Do not forget to pray for me every night, and that I may be returned to the States soon. I love you. With loads of love and a million kisses,

Daddy

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