

December 20, 1918.

My Dearest Wife:.

It is now afternoon and I am very tired as this has been a most busy day so far. I have had absolutely no time until now – it is 3:00 o'clock - to write to you dear, but guess I can get it in now if nothing happens.

I have some news for you. Capt [Illegible] and Major Morrow are ordered home! What do you think of that? I don't know whether it is because they wrote to their wives and had them write to the Adjutant General of the Army, or whether it is just the beginning of the sending home of our married officers. I do know however, that I envy them and wish I was one of them. I am getting just a little more homesick every day of my life

and will sure be glad when  
I get the order to leave. Oh! well,  
I guess it's all part of the game,  
although it does seem as if I, with  
my wife and two babies depend-  
ent on me and needing me, should  
be sent home early.

I went downtown this  
morning on business, and I  
have to go again this afternoon.

It is a beautiful city and the  
Rhine is a beautiful river. The  
city is situated at the junction  
of the Rhine and the Moselle,  
and it is beautiful. It is a  
city of 56,000 and a real  
live city too. The stores are all  
trimmed up for Christmas and  
I can tell you dear it made  
me homesick.

I can hardly realize that  
Christmas is only five days

distant. It is so different from my past few years at Christmas time. I must make the best of it however, and make no complaint. It's all in a good cause.

It seems hard however, to be away from everything and everyone I love at such a time. I remember last Christmas dearest, and what a wonderful time it was. I never will forget it. It is, or was, the most wonderful Christmas of my life.

But in many ways dear this coming Christmas will surpass it, for this year I will have no years of separation to look forward to. I know the war is over and that I will soon be home. Isn't that a thing we both should be thankful for and doesn't it

take a lot of the sting from  
our separation? It is hard  
but it could be so much harder.

I can hardly wait to get  
mail from you dear. It seems  
like months since I have read  
a letter. It is, in reality, weeks  
since the last one came. I am  
very much in hopes that the  
news that we have mail on  
the way is not a myth. I  
never will believe it however,  
untill I see it.

Patients are coming in  
fast this afternoon. I am not  
on hospital service now, as  
my job as Detachment Com-  
mander is considered big enough  
for me. I am not at all sorry  
however as our hospital in this

area handles medical cases only,  
and there will be no surgery at  
all, here.

I wonder if you got my  
Christmas box and if you did,  
how you liked the things. I am  
sure you liked them and am  
anxious to hear from you to  
know just how much. The  
buffet spread has not reached  
me yet but is no doubt on  
the way. I have several things  
in my trunk for you also,  
which I won't trust to the  
mails but intend to deliver  
to you personally in, I hope,  
the near future.

Well Darling Girl, I must  
close now. Give my dearest love  
and kisses to Glad, little Marie  
and dear little Brother. Tell them

all how Daddy loves them.

It is so hard to be away from  
them. I love them so dearly. And

I love you sweetheart. My God!

how I love you, I know you

know it and that you never

will doubt it. I love you

with all my heart and soul. I

love you. God bless and keep

you dear, well and strong for

Your

'A.B.'

Ansel B. Smith Capt. M.C.

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

Amer. E. F.