

28 December 1918.

Coblenz, Germany.

Mother Dear:-

I wrote you a long letter yesterday and am contriving by some "hook or crook" to write one to you every day, but it has made me go [some] on certain days. It seems however, as if I have finally gotten things well straightened out and that from now on my troubles will be fewer. We are receiving a big big hospital, with much smaller quota of men than we are really entitled to and it is my duty to see that the men are so disposed that they do the most good. It is no small matter to assign this number of men to duty in a hospital, and know that in each place they have enough but no

more than they need.

We are running a big store of commissary supplies, which needs store keepers; a big Quartermaster Department which needs expert stenographers and clothing men; a laundry; two big baths; carpenter, mechanical, electrical and plumbing departments; tailor, barber, and shoe repair shops; a morgue; a drugstore and large medical supply department; a manufacturing and scientific laboratory; a kitchen to feed 1800 people; a big clothing and bedding sterilizer; an X-ray and photographic dept; an optical and dental department; a large surgery and all kinds of other hospitalization, as well as many other branches. As it is my business to see that every man is in the right place you can imagine

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that I have somewhat of a task
to make the various assignments.

Also, the above description will
give you an idea as to what sort
of a proportion it is to manage
a plant like this.

Another of our officers received
his orders home today. I am
now beginning to hope. It
may be that we can get
out of our troubles sooner than
we think. I wonder – but
it does no good, and if we
permit ourselves to become
excited over a possibility which
doesn't materialize, the dis-
appointment will be all the
greater. However it begins
to look as if we were all
to be ordered home sooner
or later, and I hope I am
ordered sooner. That isn't

selfishness is it dear?

The weather is still rainy.

I guess it is always rainy here in the winter. It is funny we have no snow, for we are farther north than Michigan considerably. It seems as if we have had no winter and I am not at all worried about what can come in the line of weather now. Spring is too near already.

Rosy and I are planning on going downtown for dinner today. That is something we haven't done yet and I am not so very enthusiastic about it, for I don't know what we would get to eat there. But Rosy wants to go, so go we will.

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Some night this week we expect to go for dinner with St. Foshee, the man from Butterworth Hospital, I wrote about the other day. It will be pleasant to talk over things at home with him and I am looking forward to the dinner with keen anticipation.

I have received no mail yet and believe me I am desperate. It has been so long since I have heard from home. I hope some comes today. I am going to send some money to you this payday, and will send some each month that we are in touch with a U.S. Post

Office. That is the only means
we have of sending money now.

Well my Darling, I must
close now. It is time for me
to make my rounds and in-
spection so I will stop, and
continue tomorrow. I love you
dearest. I love you. Kiss Glad
and my dear babies for me.
With all my love and lots
of kisses to the dearest wife,
mother, family and sister on
earth.

Daddy.

Ansel B Smith Capt M.C.

Evac Hosp. #2. USA

Amer E.F. Germany.