

3^d January 1918.

My Dearest Wife:

It is raining and consequently somewhat gloomy today. I am out of luck as a consequence, for all of my work will keep me outside today and I don't think I will enjoy it very much. The place begins to look fine now, and by far the worst of the work is over, and we are nicely settled down to a steady routine of work. Patients still stream in at the rate of nearly 100 per day and you can see it takes a lot of work to keep things going nicely for them. But this hospital is now fully as comfortable as any hospital could be, and each and every patient gets individual care. The soldiers of our army are most certainly

well cared for.

I came in to the Administration Bldg. yesterday on my way to my office, and saw a chaplain in the Hall whose face looked very familiar. I spoke to him and who do you think it was? It was Father Dunnigan, Robert Jardine's dear friend. We were most delighted when we found that we had met before and had a fine visit. He is Senior Chaplain of the Third Army and is indeed a fine man. Tell the Jardine's that I saw him and that he is looking fine and feeling fine. I was sure you would be glad to know that I have seen him.

I have been very busy for the past two or three

days getting rid of “cooties”,
which I picked up somewhere
but which [none of us worry
about at all as we have
easy facilities for getting rid
of them here. However I
will admit that they are
a great deal of a pest.

I got an order from Army
Headquarters this morning
adding thirty five more men
to our personell, making in
all nearly four hundred we
have now. That is a lot of
men for one officer to handle
as company commander, but
I am having no trouble at all
with the discipline. The men
are certainly well behaved.

However I hope that if any
more are sent on, I will be
provided with an assistant
for it will be too much
work for one man to handle
and handle properly.

I dreamed again last night
that I was home: It seemed
wonderful – I can't describe
it – nor can I describe my
disappointment on waking
up to find it was only a
dream. I wonder how long
it will be? It seems as
if it should be soon now
for we have been over here
so long. I won't complain
though for it is useless, and
I will just have to wait

my turn. If they only knew
how much I want to see you
they would let me go home
today I am sure. Sometime
I will be coming home dear,
won't it be wonderful?

My fingers are covered
with ink from using this
darned pen. I have no ink-
well and some how or other
always succeed in getting most
beautifully smeared up every
time I use the pen. I have
to go now to inspect quarters
and details. I will write again
tomorrow.

Give my dear love and
kisses to Glad and my babies,
Tell them that every minute of

every day I think of them and
love them. With all my dearest
love to you sweetheart, and a
million more kisses than I have
ever sent you before, I am
your loving

A.B.

Ansel B. Smith Capt M.C.

Evac Hosp 2 USA

Amer. E. F. [F]