

January 10 – 1919.

Dearest Marie:-

I have just been talking with a Lieutenant of the 37<sup>th</sup> Engineers who is under order to return home with his outfit. I can't tell you how I envied that man. He has only been over here for six months too. It seems strange to me that so many of these organizations that have really just come over, are going back so early. I can't understand it at all, but I presume there is some good reason for it, otherwise we would get out orders to leave. We flatter ourselves that it is because they are retaining the veteran and experienced organizations here to do the work of Occupation, which is a delicate thing to

handle to say the least. I am getting more homesick every day of my life, and I want to go home.

    Last night Rosy went down town and left Dempsey and me all alone. He discovered that there is now an officer's club running and that it is a very nice place, so I am going down with him tonight to look it over. I have never been as much of a hermit as I am now but I guess it is due to the way I have to work. It is simply one thing after another all day and sometimes all night and I am generally willing and ready to go to bed at the

end of the day. But I am doing  
all I can to hurry this through  
and if my personal effort  
has anything to do with it  
I will be home before long.

Today dawned, another fine  
sunny Spring day. We have  
all come to the conclusion  
that these Germans have no  
idea what a real winter is  
like, for this weather is  
delightful. My fleas are  
much less active now. At  
times I am almost led to  
believe that I am rid of  
them but just about then  
I discover a new crop of  
bites. They are ambitious  
“little devils” and certainly  
“work while you sleep.” Or

rather, try to sleep, for believe  
me they can make it so hot  
for one all night that the  
only sleep he gets is indeed  
by sheer exhaustion from  
frantic efforts to catch them.  
I am going to tame a few  
and bring them home to  
you.

I got one letter from you  
yesterday darling and it was  
sweet. It was written on Dec  
8<sup>th</sup> and is the latest one I  
have had. I infer from its  
contents that you have sent  
my Christmas box and I am  
sure anxious to get it. I have  
to date recieved 1 small and 1  
large from Harrod's as well  
as the box containing underwear  
and sox, so I must have several

on the way here. I am going  
to write a separate and personal  
letter to my dear little daughter  
and thank her for the candy  
you spoke of, for I think it  
was the sweetest thing in the  
world for the little darling  
to remember me in that way  
and I love her to death for  
it. I have the first letter she  
ever wrote me, also the one  
from brother, and I am going  
to keep them as long as I live.  
I will not write to her until  
I get the box, so that you  
and she will get your letters  
at the same time.

I must close now dear.

My office is filling up with  
men requesting all sorts  
of things and I have to  
get busy to straighten them out.

I will write again tomorrow.

I love you all, my dear  
ones, with all my heart and  
soul. I love you. With millions  
of kisses and lots of love.

Daddy

Ansel B Smith Capt. M.C.

Evac Hosp 2

Amer E F Germany.