

January 19-1919.

My Dearest Wife:-

Well at last dear, my Christmas box came – I mean – my 9 X 3. The is what we all call the regulation Red Cross box. It was opened at one end but I don't think a thing was lost, because I fail to see how you could possibly have peeked anything more in it. It was lots of fun. The cards were clever. Rosy enjoyed his and I enjoyed mine and in fact they all contributed a lot of fun. We also enjoyed the candy you sent. It did seem good to see a piece of [Aniba's] candy and it came through just as fresh as if I had just bought it from the store. Another thing I enjoyed (with the others) immensely, was the delicious fruit cake Mrs. Brewer sent me. I was very much surprised to receive a remembrance from her, but also very appreciative. It was delicious. I can't write personally to thank her for her kindness, but will depend on you dear, to make her understand how very much I enjoyed and appreciated

her contribution to my Merry Christmas. Same with Jack and Gladys Brewer. The cribbage board will help to pass many weary evening hours and it was nice of them to remember us with it. Also, Dave and Jeanette, and Nana and Grover, for their cards.

In all, I was immensely pleased with my 9 X 3 and was surprised that the small size of the box permitted the packing of so much good cheer. Don't forget to give my love and thanks to all who added their bit to make your "poor husband's" sufferings lighter to bear.

I am working hard, as usual. It is a constant and continual round of work. I never had any idea so many men could need medical attention in an army of this size but it has us all on the run every minute. The fact that we are busy is really all that makes the life bearable for us, so we don't mind it at all. I haven't been down town for a week and have just about

made up my mind not to go down again either. It is too far to go for too little to do. Now that I have the cribbage board I'll sit at home in the evening and amuse myself in that way.

It started to rain in the night and has rained more or less ever since so this morning is far from being a cheerful morning. It is Sunday. In one of your letters you expressed surprise that I said nothing about going to church on Sunday, but let me assure you dear, I do not. Sunday is exactly like any other day is the army and except for very few instances, which I have taken advantage of there had been no chance whatsoever for me to get away. As to what I shall do when I get home, you wait and see. I'm full of tricks that will surprise you greatly when I get home, but I will have to be there to make the knowledge impressive to you so I won't tell you.

I am beginning to acquire a fatalistic attitude towards my Third army experience. I have cured my little spell of homesickness and have decided that from now on nobody will hear a kick from me, of any sort, about anything. It does no good and only clouds up the atmosphere.

I love you dearest. That helps me a lot. The knowledge of our beautiful and lasting love makes all things so much easier I love you and my darlings and Glad. I love you. Goodbye untill tomorrow. Be a brave patient girl, as you have in the past and love your

Daddy.

Ansel B Smith Capt. M.C

Evac. Hosp. #2.

Amer. E.F. Germany.