

January 21 -1919.

My Darling:-

I had four wonderful letters from you yesterday and the last one was written the day after Christmas. It told me of the day you had and the report was good as it showed that you enjoyed yourself. It was a good Christmas after all dear. When have we ever known a year in which for the whole world there has been so much real cause for rejoicing? It is the greatest day in world's history – Christmas of this year. It is wonderful to contemplate the degree of suffering and sorrow of which the world is relieved. We cannot by any stretch of imagination, realize what it means.

I got four pictures of the babies in one of the letters and they were beautiful. I can't tell you dearest, how much I enjoy getting these pictures. They do more than any thing else could to show me how you all are at home. I can hardly believe my eyes when I see the remarkable change in them. They have certainly grown, but I am not afraid of not knowing the little darlings when I see them Sister is certainly a beauty and brother

is the handsomest little chap in the world. I am so crazy to see them I don't know what to do, and I pray to God every day to keep them in good health untill my return.

You speak of the mildness of the weather at home. I guess it is a mild winter every where, for here it certainly is one of the warmest I have ever seen. It is bright and sunny now and I have never seen a more beautiful day in May than this 21st of January. However, permit me to reiterate, I have no scruples against exchanging the weather for the worst Michigan blizzard. I am so anxious to get home.

I have been working hard every day. I guess I will continue to work hard as long as I am in the Army. This morning I am staying in camp, but this afternoon I am going downtown to get some things at the commissary, and then Rosy and I are going for a walk across the Rhine and back to the club to play some billiards, then to meet Lt. Sharpe

and have dinner with him at the Y.M.C.A. hotel. After dinner, unless there is music at the club, we will come back to camp and retire early, but if the orchestra is there I want to stay and hear it. No dear, I am not afraid that I won't be able to play when I can get at a piano again. It has been about one year now since I have played a piano, except about three occasions, but the sort of "talent" I possess is the sort a man can't forget. It depends on no knowledge of music, but on instinct, and I am sure I will be able to play as well, or as poorly as ever when I get a piano to play on.

I have added to my accomplishments the ability to play a fairly good game of billiards, and it is a fascinating game. I love to play it and wish we had a table in our home. We will have some day too, for I want to teach you the game. It would be lots of fun for us at home as well as being good exercise. Rosy is a very good player and I have learned a

great deal from him.

There are still rumors and more rumors about our going home, but I believe no rumors. It doesn't pay. We will leave when we get our orders and not before, so there is no need in becoming excited over rumors.

Well Sweetheart I must close now. It is time for me to go to work – much as I hate to do it. I love you dearest. I love you. Give my dear love to Glad and the babies, and with love to you and loads of kisses to all, I am your loving

Daddy.

Ansel B Smith Capt. M.C.

Evac. Hosp #2 U.S.A.

Amer E.F. Germany.