

January 28th 1919.

My Dearest:-

Well, the First of this outfit had left for home and now we are all wondering who will go next and when. Morrow and [illegible] both left this morning at 10:30 on the long trip and I never saw two happier men. It is hard not to be envious of them – in fact I am not going to claim that I am not, for I can't help but be – but I am also glad for them that they are on the way to regain their families and further – more their departure lends me a ray of hope that the time may be drawing near for me.

Of our original outfit only seven officers are left, and we are the ones who do all the work it seems. The others are scattered to the four winds but I think the two who just left here are the only ones to go home. Thank the Lord we still have our original enlisted men, and I hope we keep them for there are no better men in the Army.

It is still winter. Contrary to my expectations it has not turned warmer and the ground is still covered with a thin

layer of snow. It is fairly cold and I am compelled to wear more clothing to keep warm, but don't mind it in the least. Our quarters are very comfortable as we have fine stoves and an abundance of fuel. I succeeded in obtaining the piano I wrote you about dear, and now have it in my room. Believe me I enjoy having it too as do all the others judging from the amount of playing they make me do on it. It really helps immeasurably to pass the time and I am mighty glad we have it.

I got two wonderful letters from you today – one of them written on the first day of January, and containing all of your good resolutions for the New Year. They are surely good resolutions and I am glad to see how much I am going to profit by them. I have made an equal or greater number of like resolutions, so it is easy to conclude that we are going to get along pretty well and enjoy life together. However that is a foregone conclusion and is something

that neither of us needs to resolve. Our love for each other, which has always been so great, has increased so greatly during our separation that neither of us is able to comprehend its extent. It is limitless and eternal – and wonderful. I love you, my darling wife, I love you.

I will close now until tomorrow. Give my love and many kisses to Bub, my dear daughter and Glad. I love you,

Daddy.

Ansel B. Smith Capt. M.C.

Evac. Hosp. #2. U.S.A.

Amer. E.F. Germany.