28 December 1918

Ailing, Germany.

Mother Dear,

I wrote you a long letter yesterday and am continuing by some hook or crook to write one to you every day, but it has made me go some on certain days. It seems however as if I have finally gotten things well straightened out and that from now on my trouble will be fewer. We are running a big big hospital, with much smaller quota of men than we are really entitled to and it is my duty to see that the men are so disposed that they do the most good. It is no small matter to assign this number of men to duty in a hospital, and know that in each place they have enough but no

...
more, than they need.

We are running a big store
of commissary supplies, which
needs storekeepers; a big quar-
ter master Department which needs
expert stenographers and clothing
men; a laundry; two big bath;
carpenter, machinist, electrical and
plumbing departments; tailor;
barber and shoe repair shops;
a morgue; a drugstore and
large medical supply depart-
ment; a manufacturing and
scientific laboratory; a kitchen
to feed 1800 people; a big clothing
and bedding sterilizer; an X-ray
and photographic dept; an
optical and dental department;
large surgery and all kinds
of other hospitalization, as well
as many other branches. As it
is my business to see that
every man is in the right
place you can imagine
that I have somewhat of a task to make the various assignments. Also, the above description will give you an idea as to what sort of a proportion it is to manage a plant like this.

Another of our officers received his orders home today. I am now beginning to hope. It may be that we can get out of our troubles sooner than we think. I wonder--but if it does no good, and if we permit ourselves to become excited over a possibility which doesn't materialize, the disappointment will be all the greater. However, it begins to look as if we were all to be ordered home sooner or later, and I hope I am ordered sooner. That isn't
Selfishness is it dear?
The weather is still rainy.
I guess it is always rainy here in the winter. It is funny we have no snow, for we are farther north than Michigan considerably. It seems as if we have had no winter and I am not at all worried about what can come in the line of weather now. Spring is too near already.

Rey and I are planning on going downtown for dinner today. That is something we have done yet and I am not so very enthusiastic about it, for I don’t know what we would eat there. But Rey wants to go, so go we will.
Some night this week we expect to go for dinner with Dr. Forbee, the man from Butterworth Hospital, I wrote about the other day. It will be pleasant to talk over things at home with hi and am looking forward to the dinner with keen anticipation.

I have received no mail yet and believe me I am desperate. It has been so long since I have heard from home. I hope some comes today. I am going to send some money to you this payday, and will send some each month that we are in touch with a U.S. Post
office. That is the only means we have of sending urgent news.

Well my Darling, I must close now. It is time for me to make my rounds and inspection as I will stop, and continue tomorrow. I love you dearest. I love you. Kiss Glad and my dear babies for me. With all my love and lots of kisses to the dearest wife, mother, family and sister on earth.

Daddy.

Curtis B Smith Capt MC
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Assen E.7. Germany.