

EVACUATION HOSPITAL "2 USA

COBLENZ, GERMANY.

8 January 1919.

My Dearest Girl:-

I am just beginning what looks as if it were going to be a very hard days work. I have been on the run every minute since I got up this A.M. at 6:30 and it is now eleven o'clock, and I have a few minutes in which I can write to you. Someone has run off with my ink, so I am using the machine and unless they bring it back before I finish I will even have to sign this letter with a pencil. I am going out to dinner tonight with Lt Foshee, the young fellow from Butterworth that I wrote to you about the other day. He is located somewhat nearer to me than he was when I first met him, and it is a matter of only a few minutes to reach his headquarters now. They have a nice club there, and I will enjoy going there to see him.

He has had a letter from Dr Van Den Berg of Grand Rapids, in which he defended himself for not taking a commission in the army on the grounds that he had to stay there and take care of his business. If every doctor in the USA had had the same idea, this would have been a fine army of ours, and we would be fighting the Germans yet. I have little sympathy with such a man, and in spite of the fact that he has been of use to you since I have been away, I think he is a glackner with a capital C for not getting in the service. It will be a great source of enjoyment to me to tell some of these fellows what I think of them some day too. Don't think for one minute that I won't do it. Nothing will please me more.

I have had two more letters from Jack, and they are all letters that have been written for a long time. The mail service has been rotten over here and the only thing that I have felt justified in complaining about, but of course complaints do no good. I think that I am rid of my fleas. I havn't had a bite for two or three days now, and it is all do to the cake of Resin soap

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that you sent to me a long time ago, and which I have never used until now. I can assure you that I am glad to have it if it will rid me of the little pests for I have never itched as much in all my life as I have in the past week. You have no idea what the word itch means Dear, and I never want to hear you complain about your hives itching again. You rarely have them now any way do you? I shall expect to find you so healthy when I return, that I will hardly know you, and you must be careful until I get back, so that you will be in good health when I come.

The Commanding Officer has an idea that it won't be long now until this outfit is relieved from duty here and sent home. I have no idea where he gets his dope, but that he has some from some source I do know, and I hope that it is more or less authentic. I mean by a short time, that it will be a matter of a month or two more. That won't be bad at all, and I hope that we do get to leave that soon, however I am not going to get at all excited about it and I do not want you to either.

Well Dear I must close for today. I will write again tomorrow, and will try to have my ink then. I love you Dearest. With all my love to the dear babies, Glad, and you Dear, and a million kisses to all, I am your loving and lonesome and homesick,

Ansels
Ansel B. Smith Captain MC USA

Evacuation Hospital #2 USA

Amer E F Germany.