

EVACUATION HOSPITAL "2 USA

COBLENZ, GERMANY.

7 February, 1919.

Mother Dear:-

There is surely some excitement in the air over here, for everyone is so worked up over the wonderful news that we are going home. Since the C.O. read the order to all the officers in the meeting yesterday noon, there has been no doubt about it in the minds of any of us, and all we are waiting for now with all the impatience in the world is for our relief to come, and our telegraphic orders telling us to leave for the port. We have no idea of course as to what port we will sail from. It will in all probability be either Brest or St. Nazaire or maybe Bordeaux, but what do we care what port it is as long as we get away. I have never had the wonderful feeling of satisfaction and relief that I have now. It is simply wonderful to know that in a certain time we will be on the way home to our families, and I guess you are able to appreciate how we feel about that.

I am going to cable to you if the opportunity presents itself, but I don't want you to make any attempt to meet the ship, for I will be with the outfit in command of the men and will have absolutely no opportunity to be away for even a short time. It seems to me that it would be a needless waste of money for you to come there and then not be able to see me. You can take the chance if you wish Dear. That is up to you. I will telegraph you as soon as we land and tell you as soon as I know where we will go for demobilization, and then you can come there and we can be together a lot. That seems to me to be the best thing to do. We will probably go either to Camp Grant, Sherman or Custer, although that also is only conjecture. It is impossible to say a thing definite as we do not know ourselves. All we do know is that we are under orders to go home, and for the present that is a plenty. It is the best news that I have ever had in all my life.

This office is a busy place now as we are working like the dickens

getting all the service records and other papers in shape, and it is a big job. It is nearly finished now, and I am glad for it is on that work that depends the length of time that we will spend at the port waiting for the ship.

I had the pleasure of meeting my old friend Dr. Blackburn of Grand Rapids, who is with the 332nd Division, last night. He is a little fatter than he was the last time I saw him but otherwise unchanged. He is very jealous of the fact that we are ordered home, and wishes that he was going home with us. I am not sure that I coincide with his desires in the matter. He had a lot of scandal about home that I have not heard, among other things the fact that Jack Coryell has hurt the opinion of himself that people at home entertained by sobbing too much in his letters home. Have you heard anything to that effect Dear? I know that he did some of it, but he never did more than the circumstances warranted, I surmise. I didn't believe that anyone can say that I have ever done any sobbing. Do you Dear? That is one thing that I have always tried to leave out of my letters home, for I thought that it would only have the effect of making your worries more hard to bear. Am I right?

I understand that General Covell is at home. When did he get there? It is pretty soft for a lot of those men that were sent home soon after getting here. I have been here thirteen months today and that is long enough. I will be glad to leave at anytime the ship leaves. The weather is beautiful here. We will be embarking about in time to have the equinoctial storms of March catch us on the way home, and I'll bet that we will have a lot of sea-sick men on board before we get there. I am not much worried about myself however after the experience I had coming over.

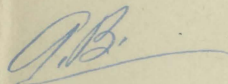
It has been seven days now since we have received mail. It must be due to the fact that our mail is being sent to a port now, for it stopped coming on the same date that our orders were sent out. While it is rather hard not to have the mail now it will be nice to have a lot of steamer letters to read after we sail won't it Dear?

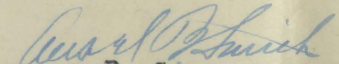
I have noted with a great deal of interest the advertising, that

Drs. Smith R.R., and Campbell are doing in the papers at home. It is the most disgusting thing that I have ever seen for a professional man to do, and I am mighty sorry to see that they are doing it. I would not be at all surprised if it was Barth, for that is the sort of thing that is expected of him, but I will admit that the other two are men whom I have always considered above that for of advertising. I notice that I am mistaken. I only know that a lot of their stories will not stand repeating in front of some of us who have seen personally some of the things that they attempt to describe. Bill Hyland too. His recital was the most disgusting thing I have ever heard.

I guess that that sort of thing is human nature in the Medical Profession, and that is one of the reasons why I never want to have any more to do with them from now on than I have to. I am sore at the whole bunch, and so is about everyone who has had anything to do with the medical corps of the army. This is not a knock, but a plain statement of a deplorable fact.

I will close now Dearest. I will write again tomorrow. I love you. I can hardly wait till the ship pulls away from France with us, and I will know that in a week more I will be with you. Consider this meeting me in N.Y. seriously for I really think it will be very unwise to attempt it. Give my love to the babies and Glad, and tell them how anxious I am to see them. I love you Dear I love you. With all my love and a million kisses to you all, I am your very happy husband,



  
Ansel B. Smith Captain MC US A

Evacuation Hospital "2 USA

American E F Germany.