

France, November 17th, 1918.

My Dearest Wife:-

It has been an almost impossible thing for me to write the past two days because there has been an uninterrupted run of work during the breaking up period of this hospital. The evacuation of patients is a lot of work, and we had a lot of it to do. I wrote a short letter to you yesterday, which I was ashamed to send to you, it was so short. However I thought that you would rather get it than none at all, so sent it anyway. I have the same idea regarding the typewritten letter you are going to get today, so will make no excuse except that it is either a case of writing with the typewriter or a pencil. I know that you will not care, but if you have any preference between the two let me know and I will give you your choice in the future, when it is impossible to get ink.

I have a fine cold. It is not a serious thing at all, but is just one of those uncomfortable colds in the head, that make one feel so miserable. My head is as big as a balloon, and I could not breath through it all last night. You know exactly the sort of a night that I put in Dear, you have had experience of the same sort your self. It was really a miserable night, and I was heartily glad to see the sun this morning, and know that it was time to get up. Such nights are mighty unpleasant, especially when one is away from home, and has no wife with him, to make miserable also.

As soon as I finish this letter I am going over to the quarters and it will take a cataclysm of some sort or other to get me out of them again today. I feel exactly like sitting by the old fireside, this morning, and as it is Sunday, I see no reason why I shouldn't. It will be the first Sunday for a long time, that the men will have even a part of a days rest. They have been pretty hard worked this past two or three months, and deserve a lot of credit, and consideration for the way they have stuck to it.

It is rumored that the Medical and Quartermaster troops are to be over here the longest, and I guess maybe that is so. There is also a rumor that the units that have been over here the longest are to be the first sent home, and if that is so it will directly affect us, as we were the second Evacuation Hospital Unit in France, and one of the very earliest medical units of any description. It is impossible to say or even to guess what disposition will be made of us, but whatever it is there is a lot of satisfaction in the thought that we will all be home a lot earlier than we would have if the war had lasted until next summer.

I got another letter from Miss Myers this morning, and was glad to hear from her. She informed me that Dr. Campbell has been made a Major but that no other changes have been made in the rank of the officers of Unit Q. I am not going to see them now, for I have fully resolved not to take a vacation. I am going to send all my extra money to you after this and then it may not be necessary for you to sell any of your stock after all. I would have sent you more in the past but wanted to send you a Christmas box. I haven't spent a cent on myself Dear. I have been very economical, and will continue to be so. I will stop spending money on laces and things, and will send you the money instead, as I know that you need it. It will be possible for me to send you at least another \$100.00 every month, and I am sure that that will help you a lot.

I am glad that Glad has had no opportunity to get over here before the War was over. It is plain to me that she is needed at home much more than over here, and I am glad that she is going to stay there. I put a great deal of reliance in her to take care of you and the babies, and wish you would tell her so, so that she will understand how much I depend on her. You must begin to look around for new offices for me now. It may be many months before I will need them, but it is as well to know something about where I can get them, beforehand. I hope that I can get the same offices I had before I left.

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Suppose you see Dr. What's his name, and ask him. What do you say? Well Dearest Girl, I must close now. It is time for me to make my rounds and inspection of quarters, and I had better get at it at once if I want to get through. Then I am going over and lie down on my bunk, and believe me I am going to take it easy from now on. Give my love to the babies and Galad, and a lot of kisses to them too. With all my dearest love, and a million kisses to you dearest, I love you. I love you. Goodbye 'till tomorrow Dear. I love you.

Ansel B. Smith

Ansel B. Smith, Captain M.C. USA

Amer EF France.