France, November 19th, 1918

My Dearest Wife:-

I wrote a long letter to you last night at the room, and used a borrowed pen to do it, so I was able to use ink. I am in the office now, and the only ink I have over here is so poor that it nearly drives me crazy to use it. It simply will not run from a pen, so I am resorting to your old enemy the typewriter again. It is now half past eight, and I have sent in my morning reports, and have made some of my rounds already. I have a large number of details working and will have to get out and inspect them in a short time to see if all the men are out, and working. I never have seen men work the way these men of ours do when they have a lot to do.

This morning when I woke up the first thing that I saw was that the ground was all covered with snow, and it looked rather good. It seems warmer with the snow than it did with the dust. There is not very much, but it is still snowing and there will probably be enough to make it look very much like winter, before night. I went to bed early last night, and had a good nights sleep. My cold is better, and I guess I have again fooled the little Influenza bug. I have had several near attacks, but by being careful have managed to ward them off.

This morning I put on my heavy boots, with two pairs of heavy warm woolen socks, and my feet are as dry and warm as can be. I remember the days of a year ago, in Indianapolis, when you and I were together there. It does not seem like a year does it dear? I will be home long before
another year is past, that I am sure of. It will not be so hard now that the war is over and you know that I am in no danger at all, but we are just as impatient to be together. I have just learned this morning, that our post office has moved again, and it will now be several days between each mail. It may be several weeks instead of several days however. I will have to make the best of it, and not complain. I think that we will move from here in a short time, so that our addresses will be changed, and if that is so I will have to expect to be without mail for a long stretch. According to the latest news, there is some chance that we will be sent into Germany with the army of occupation, and if we have to be over here anyway, I would rather be sent over there than be left here. It will be an interesting experience, and will give us a change of scenery, at the same time permitting us to see a little of conditions in internal Germany.

The papers have not the same attraction for me now that they had before the declaration of Peace, but I read them every day anyway. The preparations for the reorganization of Germany, and the occupation by the French and Allied armies of territory that has been in German hands for so long is all that is interesting, and the continuous celebration of Peace that is going on in this Country. I tell you Dearest nobody can realize what this victory has meant to the French. It has been the greatest thing that has happened to them for a long time.

I had all my Dental work done yesterday except the cleaning of my teeth. That will be done some time this week. They need it badly too. I have three cement fillings
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now, all of which will have to be replaced by Sexton when I get home. I dread the thought of it too, I can assure you, for I have suffered sufficiently with all of them over here.

I hope that you succeeded in selling your car. I don't think that it is a thing that you can afford under the present circumstances, but I am making no attempt to judge as to that. You have done so wonderfully well that I have implicit confidence in your ability and from now on you are the little financier of our family. We will have to, of necessity be more economical in the future than we have in the past, but it will only be a little more of the sacrifice that we have made for the Country and we will not begrudge a single comfort that we have to forego. And you wait till I get at my practice again Dear. I am going to make my patients pay for these two years I have been away, don't forget that.

Well Dearest, I must close. It is time for me to get out and work. Give my dearest love to the babies and Glad, and with loads of love to your own sweet self, and millions of kisses to you all, I am your loving and homesick husband, 

Ansel B. Smith, Captain M.C. USA
Amer E.F. France. E.H."'2