

France, December 9th '18

My Darling Girl:-

It is now about ten O'clock Monday morning, and I have all of my work done for the day. I have given a large number of passes to men to go to Nancy to day, and am going to do so for the remainder of the time that we are here. There is practically nothing for them to do here, so I can see no reason why they shouldn't go, can you? For my part, one trip was enough, and I have no desire to repeat it, although I had a good time and a good feed. I am so peculiar about my good times. I have not changed a bit since I left the States in that I am unable to enjoy myself without you. Do remember how I am at home in that respect! I am the same way now. Every night they have a dance or something of the sort at the nurses quarters, but Dempsey, Rosy and I can always be found at the same old place- with our feet toasting in front of the fire in our quarters. They read, but on account of my eyes I am even denied that privilege, so I spend my evenings in the useful pastime of solitaire, either consolation poker, or Napoleon. I have taught the other hermits that game, and they can play nothing else now. It really is the best game of solitaire that I have ever played, and always presents interesting problems

in every layout. We play it a lot and it whiles away a good many otherwise unbearable hours.

I don't want you to think that I am having trouble with my eyes. I would have if I used them, but I am careful not to use them. I am convinced that the glasses that fitted me so well when I was at home, are not at all suitable now, or it may be the light that we have to use, but if I use my eyes for ever so little reading, I can hardly see the next morning. One of the fillings that I recently had put in my teeth, fell out last night, and I have ahead of me the very pleasant prospect of having another put in. I will indeed be glad when I am at home and can have the things attended to by Sexton, for then I will know that my troubles are at an end.

There is as yet no news as to when we will leave here, but the probabilities of our going to Germany get slimmer every day. I really don't believe that we will be sent there now, as the Army of occupation is practically all there, and we still sit here waiting. However in the Army you never can tell. We may get orders tonight. I hope that if we do they will read for us to proceed to a port of embarkation, and sail for home. I guess that would be bad. I wonder when the time will come. It seems more interminable than ever now that we have absolutely nothing to do. I am

Very much in hopes that some preference will be given to married men with families in the Officer's reserve Corps, but I very much have my doubts. I imagine we have to make the best of it with the others, and no doubt it is right that we should.

The weather is most agreeably surprisingly good, and it is hard for me to convince myself that it is winter. I have heard so much about the terribly severe winters of Lorraine, and had my mind all made up to a month or two of suffering from the cold, but I have finally come to the conclusion that the people over here don't know what winter really is. Another thing to be considered is the shortage of fuel, which has unquestionably made the winters harder to bear, and which our good Uncle Sam is handling for us in an excellent and most satisfactory manner.

I am in hopes that the mail man will bring some mail for me today. He has to go to Nancy for the mail now and only goes every other day as it is a trip of 60 miles, and it is more or less disappointing to have him come back with nothing. However I really expect mail to day, as it has been several days since I have recieved some, and that was old mail. I wonder how the mail is coming to you now. Is it coming in good time? It seems to me that there should be very little trouble now that the war is over, and

Transportation difficulties are so much less. When we
move from here, the Lord only knows when we will receive
mail again. It will very likely chase us all over
the country, and we may never get it, as I am convinced
that a lot of my mail has never been delivered to me.
I have never received several packages that I know
you have sent to me. Well such things must be expected,
so I will not complain.

I must close now Dearest. Give my love to
Glad and the Dear Kiddies. With all my dearest love
to you and a million kisses, I am as ever your loving
and lonesome and homesick husband,

A.B.

Ansel B. Smith

Ansel B. Smith Captain M.C. USA

Evacuation Hosp "2 USA

Amer E.F. France.