

November 16 – 1918.

My Darling Marie:-

I have been trying for two days to get a letter written to you but have been so busy it has been utterly impossible – in fact it may not be possible to finish this one. We have been evacuating cases from the hospital and it is certainly a job. Another train just pulled in which none of us expected as I may have to leave at any time to get started on that. It is fun though to be busy with work that is gradually getting us nearer home. I have no idea how long we will be here, but it won't be long I am sure. I expect that we will move within a week. Personally, I don't care, for now the war is over and I will be with you again, much sooner than either of us expected.

The weather we are having now is perfectly wonderful Fall weather, although for some reason or other I have caught a severe cold in my head. I am feeling all right except for that and am taking good care of myself so I am sure that I will be over it in a very short time. I don't take any chances over in this land of "Spanish Flu". It doesn't pay. I hope dearest that you were all untouched by it, but I don't worry for I know how careful you are and what good doctors you have at home to take care of you. I got a fine lot of mail from you

yesterday. Eight letters! That is unusually good for our mail – so good in fact, that I now will probably go without for the next week. In these last letters from you it sounded very much as if you expected Peace this year, so maybe the arrival of Peace didn't surprise you after all. It didn't surprise me at all. I expected it. It didn't seem possible to me that the Germans could hold out another winter and I had it all figured out that it would happen just as it did.

Oh! Lord! I've got to stop. I'll either write again this PM or tomorrow dear. I love you. I love you all. Forgive short letter.

Love,

Daddy.

Ansel B Smith

Capt M.C.