

December 8th 1918.

(That word is December).

Sweetheart:-

It is Sunday morning rather - [noon], and I am, contrary to my practice, writing to you from quarters instead of from my office. I am using Dempsey's pen and some of the tablet ink we have, and it certainly is miserable stuff to use. I recieved a letter from you this morning which was written on the 1st of November over a month ago, but it was most welcome. It gives me a clue as to how you must have felt the day you got news of the signing of the Armistice. I can hardly wait to get the letters of November 12 and thirteenth. I know they will be full of rejoicing.

I am so sorry dearest that you had the unfortunate experience of falling down stairs. You must be careful dear for such a think might injure you badly. I feel sure that you will soon be over the effects of this fall for you would be

feeling worse instead of better otherwise. However dear you must promise me that you will be careful about such things and never let it happen again.

I am not at all worried that [Tud] will leave you now dear, for there will be no more Red Cross and YMCA workers sent over here now that the war is over. We are still “awaiting orders” and it is a most distressing and disagreeable experience. Yesterday Villars and Vanderveer were ordered away and left this morning. We don’t know what will happen to us now but hope we will be sent home soon. However I will not, and I do not want you, to expect that I will be home before Summer and then we won’t be disappointed. It is wonderful that the war is over and we are so much more nearly ready to leave France, than we hoped we would beat this time. This winter may be a long

one but it won't be as hard as it might under other circumstances.

Although it is nearly the middle of December now, it is not at all cold. Frequently we have rain and it is very muddy, but it is not more severe than ordinary September or October weather at home. I succeeded in getting a dozen napkins that you will like dear, and am having your monogram put on the table piece I have bought, also on the buffet spread. I am not sure that I will be able to get a watch for you but I will do my best to get one that I know you will like.

It is now half past twelve and I have to polish my leggings and shoes before dinner. My orderly is sick so I am doing my over work in that line. It doesn't hurt me much but

it is disagreeable.

So dearest I will close now and
will write more tomorrow. Give my
dearest love to the babies and Glad, with
lots of kisses. I love you dearest girl.
I love you. With many kisses and tons
of love, I am your loving husband.

A.B.

Ansel B. Smith Capt. M.C.

Evac. Hosp. #2. U.S.A.

Amer. E.F. France.