

Portillon, France (near Nantes)

March 15, 1919

My Dearest:-

I haven't written to you for several days dear girl, as I have been en route from Coblenz to this point, and there has been no opportunity during the day or two that we have been here. I have been working as I have never worked before in all my life and it is not strange, for I have the whole responsibility and whole task of preparing the men for their final inspections before leaving for the States.

We arrived here three days ago and since we arrived I have worked --- Oh! how I have worked. I am all fixed now however, and ready for our final inspection and am perfectly confident that the men will pass it with flying colors. There is a great variance of opinions as to the possible length of time we may be here but it seems to be quite generally accepted that we will be here for at least four more weeks. I really don't expect to sail before some time in April but of course it is not possible to say definitely as whatever I

might say is based wholly on conjecture.

However, I have decided one thing and that is that I am going to send you some more money at the end of this month unless I know I will beat it home, as I will have a plenty with what I will have left.

I would have sent some this month but thought I would need all I have to get home with.

We officers are very comfortably situated here. I am billeted with Rosy, Dempsey and Nuts, with a fine old French family in a modest but perfectly comfortable home and I sleep on a feather bed every night and have eggs for breakfast. (My dream of gastronomic heaven.) The rooms are heated with fireplaces only but we have plenty of wood and keep them going all day, and as the weather is very mild; only a little cool evenings; we are most comfortable. The men are not as comfortable as we are, but are all in dry billets and have plenty of heat and good food, so they are happy. We all have very good bathing facilities

and as you know, that adds much to my enjoyment of life.

I am “fed up” with the Army, and am so thankful that at last I am on the way home to my loved ones. It has been a long and cruel separation for us both dear, but has been much harder for you to bear. We will need to be patient only a little while now, comparatively speaking, and then life will begin anew for us. It is so hard to be patient however. It requires all the self control I possess, and I am willing to admit that it is the fatalistic attitude one can't help but acquire in the army, that makes it possible for me to smile at all. Don't fear that I have lost my good nature. I am as happy and care free as ever, but some things in this past year have made an impression on me that I never will forget. However there is really only one thing in life for me now, and that is my family. I am so anxious to get home and have you again to love

and live for. I do love you so much my dear girl – I love you. I can hardly wait to see you. The days seem like years but they must pass – and each one that passes brings us that much closer.

Well my Darling I must close now. It is now ten thirty and I am very tired. I have to get up early tomorrow, and I will write again tomorrow I love you Sweetheart with all my heart. I love you and my dear babies and Glad. God bless you all and keep you in good health. I love you.

Daddy.

Ansel B Smith Capt M.C.

Evac Hosp # 2

Nantes District. Portillon

Amer. E. F. France.