

March 29, 1919

My Dearest,

It is a miserable, miserable day and as a result I am unable to give the men a hike this morning, much as I would like to. For it is cold, and a very high wind is blowing a fine sleety rain at the rate of near a hundred miles an hour. (exaggeration) It is such weather that makes men curse France and everything although it would probably be even worse in their own home towns. I went to bed very early last night, very much exhausted, as I had a very active day yesterday. I slept fine and woke up today feeling great. It is a wonderful thing to be able to sleep well and eat heartily, and those are two things I have not yet lost my ability to do. So you can judge dear, I am pretty well for a man who is not well has trouble performing those two necessary

functions properly.

The time still seems far away when we will sail. It is not expected that we will we will be around here longer than April 15th and that is only about two weeks from now, but two weeks is a long time to look forward to. I don't believe that any of us will really feel that he is on the way home until the day we climb on the ship, and that is in the dim future. I can't imagine how happy I will feel when the time really comes. I am looking forward to it with a deal of anxiety and longing, I assure you.

Won't it be wonderful when I get home dear? I am conceited enough to think that you are going to be as wonderfully happy as I am and it is going to be

the greatest time of my whole life. I can picture only a small part of the wonderful happiness that will be ours when that time comes. To be with you and my dear babies – Oh! what a wonderful reward for our separation. I wonder how much the kiddies have changed? I know they will have grown a lot and expect to see a great change in them. I also expect to see a great change in you dear for your health must have improved a lot since I left. At least you say so and everyone else who has written to me.

You need to expect no change in me for I am just the same. I am maybe a little less

constant effort to keep cheerful and prevent homesickness and the "Blues" from overcoming my good nature but I must admit that it is an effort and one which I have to make constantly.

Things will be so different when I get home, won't they dear? Well the time is really not far off now, and we will be happy forever more.

I am not going to stir out of camp today. There are many things for me to do around here and beside it is altogether too disagreeable for me to leave. I expect to spend most of the afternoon in quarters trying to make some wet wood burn in the fireplace and watching Rosy and Dempsey play checkers.

that we have around here but
we manage very well indeed
with them.

Well Dearest, I must close
until tomorrow. I love you dear
girl, I love you. Give my love to
the dear babies and Glad, along
with a lot of kisses. With all
my dearest love and millions of
kisses to you sweetheart.

Daddy.

Ansel B. Smith Capt. M.C.

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