

No 18

Nov. 29. 1918

Dear Mother -

Do not believe I will ever get any more of your letters on this side of the water. I am in Angers France in a rest camp waiting for my service record. I have been here 3 weeks now and have no hopes of getting away very soon. My mail is at the old company address I suppose. By the time I write to have my mail forwarded I might be somewhere else.

Am well it is quite spring like here with lots of rain and not cold at all.

This town has about 80,000 population and is quite old. The barracks in ^{which} we sleep are French Cavalry posts. There is a park in the city and since the armistice they have 3 merry-go-rounds a shooting gallery and numerous stands selling trinkets and cakes and candy.

Do not try to send me anything for Christmas as I will never get it.

Hope you are well and had too. Wish I were in

The bunch going home
for Christmas

Wm

Censor A. J. Anderson 2nd Lieut

mailed Dec 2.

Rec'd " 19.

Y. M. C. A.