

January 9th 1919.

My Darling:-

I got three wonderful letters from you yesterday dear; not very recent, but most welcome indeed. There were two bits of bad news. I can't tell you how I was shocked by the news of Fisher's death. Poor boy. What a sad thing it is that a fine big man like Fisher, with the principles and morals he possessed, and the host of friends, should lose his life in such a way. And how little any of us thought when we knew him, that he would ever go in that way. I shall always remember Fisher as a sterling fellow and one of our very dear friends, who gave his life for his country as much as any man in France has done. I am so sorry for his poor mother. The newspaper clipping of

Percy Tracy's death, which I knew
of before but which was a shock
nevertheless. A good many fine
men have finished their earthly
existence since we entered the
war, but never in a better
cause. Still it is hard, terribly
hard, for their families, and
brings home all the more fore-
ibly to me, a realization of the
fact that we should thank
God that our only trial, has
been our separation, and not
a more serious thing.

Isn't that true darling?
Isn't it wonderful that we all
have rather improved in health
and avoided accident this far,
and will soon be united again,
whole and sound, in full pos-
session of health and able to
enjoy our lives again to the
utmost? I think of that a

great deal, as one of the things
we must be eternally thankful
for.

The mail also brought me
a lot of Sunday papers, with
which I had a fine time last
night, and several sheets of music.
In a previous letter I told you
~~that I never have an opportunity~~
to play a piano, nor have I
had for months, but the
boys do at the Yucca down
town, and I have given them
the music to enjoy. They are
most grateful for it too, I
can assure you.

Today is January 9th. The
month is one third over, and
it is warm, sunny and balmy
as Spring outside. Certainly
all things are conspiring to

make our stay in Germany
as comfortable as possible. Ex-
cept for fleas, we are more
comfortable than we have ever
been since our Army Service
began. It is a perfectly beaut-
iful part of the Rhine valley.

I also received a package
from home yesterday with
the much needed underwear
and three beautiful pairs
of socks. They are wonderfully
knitted dear, and I can't thank
you enough for them. I
needed them too. The under-
wear is excellent, and while
light, is as warm as much
heavier garments of poorer
quality would be. I thank
you dear a thousand times
for your promptness and
your goodness in sending

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these things to me. I have
made no more requests, for
it is hardly fair to take up
mailing space for things
that I really don't need, when
there are so many thousands
and thousands of men here
who do need things. I am
getting along all right Honey,
don't worry about me a bit,
and I have absolutely
everything I need except
you. I am looking forward
Oh! so much, to the day
when the Army will turn
me loose, and will express
satisfaction with my services.
I am satisfied already with
the duration of my service
and am ready to quit at any
time, but must wait the

dictum of the "higher ups".
I suppose I will be wearing
three service stripes by the
time I get home, but I wait
if there is any justice at all
in the disposition of affairs
in the Army. I feel that I
am justified in expecting
my discharge now. Ho! Hum!
What's the use?

I am glad dear heart,
that you are making so
many more good friends
there. I know most of the
people you speak of, by
reputation and presume
we have met them at dif-
ferent times, and I am
glad that you like them

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so well. Mrs. Gifford has been
nice to you. hasn't she dear?
I'd be mighty careful about
using her car however, because
they are easy things to injure.

Well my dearest, I must
close. With all my love to you,
my darling wife, my sweet
babies and my sweet sister
Glad, I am eternally, ever
lastingly and wholly
Your Lover
Daddy

Amel. B. Smith Capt. M.C.
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