25 December 1918

My Beloved Wife and Family:

Here is your Daddy on Christmas Day, thousands of miles from home in Germany. Christmas and I are with you only in thought and mind. Christmas and the babies will have their tree without me. Oh! if only I could be there. Germans have a lot to be accountable for. Separations of families by the thousands — yes — and some of them will never be reunited.

After all, when that is considered, dear ones, we have much to thank God for. Barring unforeseen occurrences, we know that we will be together again and to see, nothing else in all the world matters. To be once more united with my darling wife and babies and sister, in all the earth I ask. I will stand any sort of privations or suffering after returning, and count it as nothing because I have you.

Christmas this year, after all, is a time for happiness and good
cheer in spite of our separation and the many things we think we should regret are more than off set by the many causes for rejoicing. The war is over and which Peace is not settled, it is determined. Millions of people in the world are relieved of War's burdens and already hundreds of thousands have their Daddy with them again. If we eliminate selfishness entirely from our consideration of the circumstances, we indeed may feel proud of our part in effecting this wonderful condition; instead of regretting too much that we have to be apart today.

Our men are going to have a Christmas after all. The nurses have a big tree and have it decorated (Lord only knows where they got it) and our 350 men will have a Christmas. Each
one will send a Red Cross Christmas package, some cigarettes, cigars and candy. In each of the hospital wards they have also fixed up a tree for the patients and in the evening there is to be a show for the officers. I will have to go, out of courtesy, but I dread it for I know how homesick it will make me.

The nurses are deserving of a lot of credit for what they have done, and I tell you they do a lot to make life easier for the boys over here, who are sick and wounded. We have a nice lot of girls, all good nurses, but I only know three of them by name. However, I know that they are always working hard all the time for the comfort and welfare of the men, and that is what we are all desiring of.
I was much surprised this morning when I woke up, to see that the ground was covered with snow. It was a light snow, howing which lasted for only an hour or two after daybreak. However, it seemed rather nice to see a white Christmas for a while, even if it did eventually make the mud worse. We have not seen much snow since we have been over here. Over in Bascarat there were two days in which we had a little snow, but it left very quickly. This winter, in spite of reports regarding severity of winters over here, has been no more terrifying than our ordinary Michigan October weather so you can imagine how little impression it makes on me— I have only worn a raincoat during rainy
The weather has not yet been very mild, but I am able to judge from this fact how mild the weather has been.

I have things running very well in the detachment now. Discipline is good and the men are behaving themselves splendidly. I may have some trouble with some of them, but for the most part I feel confident that I will have very little. They are a good lot of men, very much our new ones, and I feel that I have them very well under control. It is most interesting work and I thoroughly enjoy it, both for the experience in handling men and the interest that is aroused in the psychology of the men. You should see them fight. They take a great pride...
in their ability to march and drill as well as troops possibly can. And I will say that on the road I have never seen a snappier looking outfit. I am proud of them myself. They are a wonder. They are a fine lot of boys. I presume in civil life I shall see some of them at different times and if so they will always be welcomed at my home (with the permission which I know you will give).

The day is going fast. Many interruptions have stung out the time I have put on this letter, until now it is nearly noon. I started it at eight this morning and hoped to finish it at once, but there has been a steady stream of matters that have required attention ever since. The men have been excused from work as far as possible today, and
I have consequently had more time to bother me.

Well Honey, I must close now. It is time to eat my Christmas dinner of beef, beef and coffee. God bless you all. I love you and long to be with you, and pray that I may be one of those early chosen to return to the States. With dearest love, O'h, so much, and wishes for a very Merry Merry Christmas and Happy New Year. I am your loving and devoted

Daddy.

Amos B. Smith
Capt. M.C., U.S.A.