January 18-1919.

my sweetheart,

The time certainly is flying in spite of the way the days seem to drag. It is nearly February now and will be spring almost before we know it. There seems to be no doubt that we will see spring in the Rhine valley. I am expecting it and I assure you it is a prospect which pleases me most at all.

I will soon be making out my pay voucher for the month of January and it will thus be just one year since I began to earn my foreign service pay. It has been a long time hasn't it sweet-heart, and a hard one too? I am almost tempted to let you use any pull you can to get me home, but then again it seems unfair to the others who have none and it is always doubtful whether it will do any good. I think it is wiser and better to wait till the turn of the wheel decides for me and I am finally released from a service which, now that its object is served, is very unattractive to me.

I got two letters from you yesterday dear, and they were so sweet. There was no particular news in them but they were full
of love, and that is always better than news.

I hope dearest that you had a Merry Christ
mas and a Happy new year. It is rather a
difficulty under the circumstances, for either
difficulty under the circumstances, for either
twist is the anticipation of the future,
and that I know, holds for us both,
the greatest pleasure we have ever exper-
enced. That is our one means of consolation,
and all we need from now until then is
and all we need from now until then is
"patience." I never have fully understood
virtue, but I am fast learning.

I am wondering just how the change
that I know has taken place in the
babies will affect me. I can imagine
how they have grown. And to think that
my daughter can read and write and dance!
Don't you hate to have them grow up
dear? I'd give anything in the world to
have them the same when I come back
as when I left. They were so sweet and dear.
I will love them and be so proud of them
development. They are wonderfully bright children, both of them. Just like their father. Look like me too. Don't you think I am modest dear?

Well, I must close now. I didn't get started till late this morning so can't write as much as I have before. I love you. God bless you all, my dear ones. I love you.

Daddy.

Aurul W. Smith, Capt. U.S. Army

Post Hospital

Amer. E.F. Fermany.