January 19, 1919.

My Dearest Wife:

Well at last dear, my Christmas box came - I mean - my 2 x 3. That in what we all call the regulation Red Cross box. It was opened at one end but I don't think a thing was lost, because I fail to see how you could possibly have packed anything more in it. It was lots of fun. The cards were clever. Rosy enjoyed his but I enjoyed mine and in fact they all contributed a lot of fun. We also enjoyed the candy you sent. It did seem good to see a piece of Auntie's candy and it came through just as fresh as if I had just bought it from the store. Another thing I enjoyed (with the others) immensely, was the delicious fruit cake Mrs. Brewer sent us. I was very much surprised to receive a remembrance from her, but also very appreciative. It was delicious. I can't write personally to thank her for her kindness, but will depend on you dear, to make her understand how very much I enjoyed and appreciated
her contribution to my merry Christmas, and with Jack and Gladys Brown. The bill of fare will help to pass many weary evening hours and it was nice of them to remember me with it. Also, Baker and Frantette, and your garden flowers, for their cards.

In all, I was immensely pleased with my X3, and was surprised that the much, much, good cheer. Don't forget to give my love and thanks to all who added their bit to make your "poor husband" sufferings lighter to bear.

I am working hard, as usual. It is a constant and continual round of work. I never had any idea so many men would need medical attention in an army of this size, but it has been non-stop since the war started. The first fact is that we are busy but really see that we don't mind it at all. I haven't been down town for weeks and have just about
made up my mind not to go down again either. It is too far to go for too little to do. Now that I have the cribbage board I'll sit at home in the evening and amuse myself in that way.

It started to rain in the night and had rained more or less ever since so this morning is far from being a cheerful morning. It is Sunday. In one of your letters you expressed surprise that I said nothing about going to church on Sunday, but let me assure you dear, I do not. Sunday is exactly like any other day in the army and except for very few instances, which I have taken advantage of, there has been no chance whatsoever for me to get away. As to what I shall do when I get home you wait and see. In face of tricks that will surprise you greatly, when I get home, but I will have to be there to make the knowledge expressive to you so I won't tell you.
I am beginning to acquire a fatalistic attitude towards my Third Army experience. I have cured my little speech of homepage ness and have decided that from now on nobody will hear a word from me, of any sort, about anything. It does no good and only clouds up the atmosphere.

I love you dearest. That helps me a lot. The knowledge of our beautiful and lasting love makes all things seem easier. I love you and my darlings and I. I love you and keep darling and I. Be a love you. Goodbye until tomorrow. Be a brave patient girl, as you have in the past, and love your Daddy.

Curtz Bledsoe Capt. U. S. A.
Wac. Hqrs. 2.
Amer. E. T. Germany.