January 21, 1919

My Darling,

I had four wonderful letters from you yesterday and the last one was written the day after Christmas. It told me of the day you had and the report was good as it showed that you enjoyed yourself. It was a good Christmas after all dear. When have we ever known a year in which for the whole world there has been so much real cause for rejoicing? It is the greatest day in world's history — Christmas this year. It is wonderful to contemplate the degree of suffering and sorrow of which the world is relieved. We cannot by any stretch of imagination, realize what it means.

I got your pictures of the babies in one of the letters and they were beautiful. I can't tell you dearest, how much I enjoy getting these pictures. They do more than anything else could to show me how you are and at home. I can hardly believe my eyes when I see the remarkable change in them. They have certainly grown, but I am not afraid of not knowing the little darlings when I see them, for certainly a beauty and brother...
is the handsomest little chap in the world. I am so crazy to see them. I don't know what to do, and I pray to God every day to keep them in good health until my return.

You speak of the mildness of the weather at home. I guess it is a mild winter everywhere, for here it certainly is; one of the warmest I have ever seen. It is bright and sunny now, and I have never seen a more beautiful day in May than this 21st of January. However, permit me to reiterate; I have no qualms against exchanging this winter for the worst Michigan blizzard. I am so anxious to get home.

I have been working hard everyday. I guess I will continue to work hard as long as I am in the army. This morning I am staying in camp, but this afternoon I am going downtown to get some things at the commissary, and then Roy and I are going for a walk across the Rhine and back to the club to play some billiards, then to meet L. Sharpe.
and have dinner with him at the Y.M.C.A.
hotel. After dinner, unless there is music
at the club, we will come back to camp
and retire early, but if the orchestra is
there I want to stay and hear it. My dear,
I am not afraid that I would be able to play
when I can get at a piano again. It has
been about one year now since I have
played a piano, except on about three
occasions, but the sort of "talent" I
possess is the sort a man can't forget. It
depends on no knowledge of music, but
on instinct, and I am sure I will be
able to play as well, or as poorly as
ever when I get a piano to play on.

I have added to my accomplishments
the ability to play a fairly good game
of billiards, and it is a fascinating game.
I love to play it and wish we had a table
in our house. We will have some day
too, for I want to teach you the game.
It would be lots of fun for us at home.
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But as well as being good exercise, they're a
very good player and I have learned a
great deal from him.

There are still rumors, and more rumors about our going home, but I believe no rumors. It does not pay. We will have to wait until we get our orders, and not before, so there is no need in becoming excited over rumors.

Well, sweetheart, I must close now. It is time for me to go to work—much as I hate to do it. I love you dearest. I love you. Give my dear love to Glad and the babies, and send love to you and loads of kisses to all. I am your loving,

Daddy

Aurel Brush Capt. M.C.

Capt. Hq. 2d US Art.

Ann E. F. January.