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Miss Albert W. Reynolds,

~~Co H. 353 Inf.~~

~~Co. H. 353 Inf.~~ 89th Division

American Expeditionary Forces.

Helen Reynolds,
Ellsworth -
Kansas.

no. 96

Dec 29 - 1918

Dearest Lover in all the world,
I feel confident this is the last
Christmas we will ever spend
apart and this one is over now.
Mother and I were alone again
this year but we were so busy
getting our dinner ready we
were very brave, but it didn't
seem like Christmas without you
dear. How soon will I see you?
I received a great many pretty
things, the prettiest was from
your mother, the prettiest
Crocheted yoke dear, that I have.
It was lovely of her to send me
that, and Ada and Marie each
sent me a nice handkerchief
and Mrs. Reynolds sent one to
mother. It was all wrapped up
so nice I wish you could have
seen it too -

Brownlee and Alice were here all night last night. We had a nice visit too. Brownlee and Alice invited us up there to spend a few weeks with them when you come home, so you can rest up and we can visit together, wasn't that nice? I had a letter from Elmer this morning. He wants me to be sure to write to him just as soon as I hear from you. We are all anxious to hear from you dear, you told me not to worry but I want to hear from my own man anyway.

Did you get your Christmas box dear? I wondered about you, I knew you would be trying not to expect one but my poor sweetheart would be very disappointed if he didn't

get one. I was too slow to get anything in Glenn's box but he will get a nice box. He was in the trenches eleven days but was not hurt at all. He doesn't know when he will get home but doesn't seem to be so anxious as I expected he would be. He hasn't a wife and a home waiting for him. Esther wrote a nice letter the other day. She has been well and is just getting well. She didn't get to visit me this fall.

Mother is sound asleep on the other side of the table. She has been reading but perhaps she ate too much supper.

I was going to Genesee this vacation (2 days) but the trains are all late or not running at all on account of the snow. It is nearly all gone and I am surely glad of that.

There are a few boys home from the camps around here and one boy from England, but none from France.

Harry is still in the hospital but says he is well. He doesn't know when he will start for home, only he knows it can't be soon enough. And you know dear one, how I want you, don't you? I love you dear and wish I could hear from you. The last letter was written no. 3. Oh my dear if I could only hold you in my arms again. I am so lonesome for you and so anxious to know how you are. I know you are doing your very best to get word to me and some day it will get here too.

May God bless my own dear man and bring him safely home.

With all my love,
Helena.