

Ettelbruck huy  
Feb. 20 - 1919

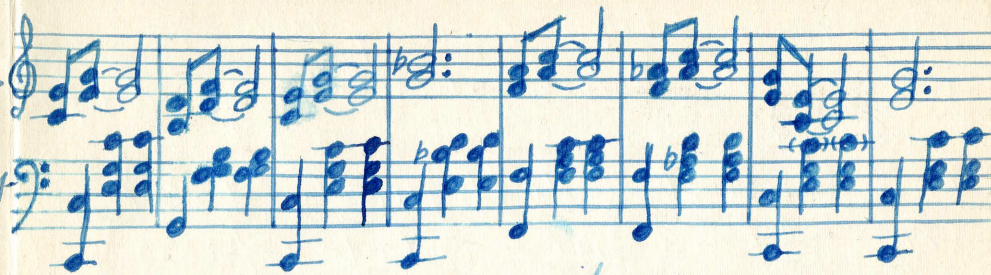
My dear Cecil -

That date nearly knocks me cold and nothing in sight concerning your coming home. Weather is warmer here now and seems quite like spring. But I am not so lucky. Have had a bad cold + settled on my lungs. Cough very hard at times, now my lungs are sore and pain terribly at times right under my shoulder blades. I go to the doctor regular and am confined to quarters - but little can be done as they have nothing to give you for any thing like this. Outside of castor oil - their supply is very limited.

Frost going out of the ground makes it very muddy + wet. So many civilians here are dying. There is an average of more than one death a day here and there can hardly be three thousand people in this town. All Catholics and you should see the ceremony they go thru.

Every one of the processions come past our home, some times they have their band out + playing a funeral dirge, the little fellows dressed in robes + carrying gilt crosses on poles + sprinkling the way followed by the priests + bishop in their robes of state + the mourners - all in black - with black veils covering the faces of the women + reaching nearly to the bottom of their dresses - men dressed in black + wear silk plug hats + full dress suits. Its quite impressive. People wear black there for one year and they stick rigidly to that custom. They dont dance either for that length of time. Majority of the people here are now wearing black, the women wear it in such a becoming manner they could not look better.

Aeil - have you the "Hawaiian moon light" waltz. Its a long time out, but have you it. We play it here on the piano occasionally. One little strain more than any other appeals to me as being the most pathetically weird of any I've heard. Its sweet and dreamy too.



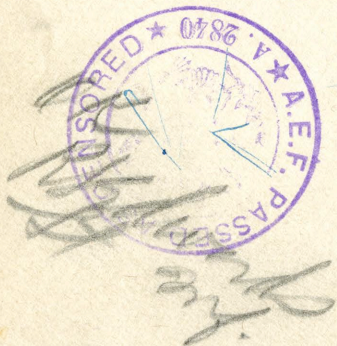
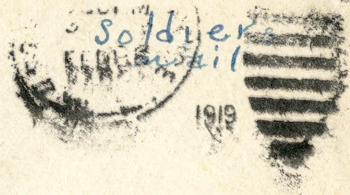
Some thing about it, grips me as no other strain ever has. I know not why but it is fascinating for me by some reason or other. if you ever play it think of me connected with it in this manner if you care to. I want you to get it if you have it not, already.

I have not rec. a letter from you Aeil since yours of Jan 22. of which I've already answered.

we were very much disappointed in the last few days, as we were promised this leave to southern France and now they send the leave bunch and not a word is said to us. So our opinion of some people would not bear writing at least to a modest girl.

well excite I can hardly tell you  
just how I feel, should you happen  
to wonder. I can get over my feeling so  
burn and be l. it physically, but lone  
some. I have no words to express just  
how lonesome I am over here with  
all my comrades and civilian whom  
I cannot talk to. And you know  
what a feeling the spring of the year  
puts into a person, you want company  
and you can imagine how badly  
we feel it being two years away from  
home, and now not even a stranger  
to turn to for company, for they talk  
such an impossible language. I  
at one time consoled my self with the  
thought that it could not last forever, but  
I'm now beginning to wonder if I  
was not a bit mistaken. Some time  
when I tell you some of the things we  
are forced to bear - you will not wonder  
we look forward in such a hopeless manner.  
Write as often as you can, for a word from  
over there is better than medicine - with  
love - Paul B Hendrickson Hdq. Co 129 2d. Regt.

Miss Paul Hendrickson  
Otdg. Co. 129 Inf.  
U. S. A.



Miss Cecil Rife  
1126 Dakota St.  
Danville  
U. S. A. Ills.

Cecil Mar. 10  
1919

