Ottilbrück Luxembourg
Dec. 29-1918

My dear girl- I have your letter of Nov 29. And, as we are not real busy just now, will spend a while with you as nearly as possible. I am going to use one of your statements in regards to myself. If I were not so busy I'd be lonesome. I can say that this Sunday Morning awhile I have to be busy doing something. Most always we are playing for some inspection or parade or Guard Mount or Concert retreat, dance-worst anything. Our band played for Xmas dinner. We go to Diebich once a week to do Halt, and play concert there. Have we plenty to do? We don't work hard, but it's cold out.
now days and all our playing is outside. Snow on the ground. Had a white Xmas here. To me our orchestra plays for a picture show here in our room. You see we are in a large Auditorium, big stage and all that. Fine place. And a 3 min walk down town where you can have a real good time.

I and Elmer Taylor & Watscha lawyer are always most all the time. We take a walk down town, buy some pie or cake, go to a cafe, order coffee and spend an hour talking, by ourselves. He is a wonderful help to me in more ways than one. Am sorry he does not live in Danville where I could be close to him after we get home. For I will miss him more than any fellow I have met.

Wish I wish I had have eaten Thanksgiving dinner with you. for our was a fare. But Xmas dinner was a swell affair. And with the Xmas box coming just the day before - gave it seemed like I was having a regular Xmas after all.

I received Xmas card from Rose while on our long hike.

So you think fine pictures of one girl are enough. Well a few more from you won't make me at all mad. And I do hope you will send more along if you get them. I wish I had some of myself if you could get any enjoyment from them, for I have an idea I do look different than many you may have. But maybe not
so awfully much. Lord knows I am dark enough. Brown as a Malay.

Yes, you are right, boys and girls have lots of trouble over nothing, and it seems rather foolish when you think of it, but there are so many foolish things done that most any of them are excusable. They always have been this way and I suppose well continue so. I don't suppose you would be considered normal if you did not pull a few foolish stunts in your life time. That is one way we all have of learning the and some good lessons we learn too, in this way. We have done some very foolish things, too. To feel bad or greene over any of them for it's over now, and cannot be helped by feeling bad about it. But I have
learned and my experiences increase from day to day. I may not be a university graduate, but there are things that you need not go to school to learn—and the Army for one thing has been a great teacher. Wakes you up beneath the surface of things, and gives you a new code of standards to follow. The soldier over here is a rather funny fellow or may seem so to you, but nevertheless he is earnest. Has more faith in the Bible, not as a book to make flowery speeches from—but he comes near practicing what he finds there. His ideals are the really deep things in life, he tries to live up to those standards because he hates to see the faults in others so, and he does not want anyone to find them.
in him. I believe this is because of the very close association of the soldiers. They live closer than any family together now. We care a snap at what people think of us. We want anything, we go after it and don't hesitate either. Because we don't know their language doesn't stop us. We act as independent our here as if we owned the place and the natives were foreigners, but no one acts our bearing. The people treat us with respect for many reasons. We are easy spenders with plenty compared to some majority of the natives. We treat the people with such respect, and that is so different from the spirit of the German soldiers who have been moving their here before us. And the American is such a jolly good fellow — in danger as well as otherwise.
and I don’t know if a home here that is not open to any one of us, especially if we can speak their language, and they try to pick up phrases of ours and seem very pleased if they speak it correctly enough to make you understand.

Well little girl, I have not the good luck to be started home on receiving your letter and not even the luck to have any idea when we will be sent. So don’t you stop writing until you see me come stepping in your front door. Mail will be taken care of so we will get it the first opportunity. It will wait for us in New York should we sail soon. But we won’t sail soon. With love to all. I remain your old Pal-

Paul Hendrickson - Hdy. Co. 129 H.
Paul Hendrickson
inf.
U.S.A.
Jan. 27 - 1919

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