

was tryin to keep the tears from spottin the red Moroko himnal.

An here I am safe an sound without even a wound stripe. I feel the same way that I did when I came across on the boat without getting sunk. It aint fair to you somehow or other. I kind of cheated somehow, tho for the life of me I cant figer how. It makes me into a sort of a third class crook but Im glad to be one.

Theres been an awful lot of talk in the papers an magazines about how were comin home changed men. I dont believe your goin to have any trouble recognizin me, Mable. Perhaps Ive gotten a little stouter. Thats about all. Even the Captin, whose been with me ever since we started, was sayin to me the other day "Smith, I cant see any difference in you since the first day you came into the army."

I got thinkin the other night what a lot of good yarns I had to spin when I got home. I was plannin on how people would probably ask me around to dinner sos I could amuse em with stories about the war. I happened to menshun it to Angus an he says yes an there was about two milyun others plannin the same thing. He says the stuff about the folks that stay at home sufferin the most was never truer than it is just now.

So Ive just sworn off talkin war when I get home. I aint never goin to get like that fello down in Henrys barber shop that just sits around.