

HEADQUARTERS
FIFTY-THIRD FIELD ARTILLERY BRIGADE
TWENTY-EIGHTH DIVISION, U. S. A.

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Aug. 19 "1918

My dear Mr. Horster.

You will have heard by cable or
this reaches you the sad news I have
to write. Henry was struck by a shell
fragment yesterday, Sunday evening at
four o'clock and was instantly killed. He
was returning to our headquarters in
an automobile, together with two other officers
and the chauffeur, when they thought
best to stop the car as the road
in their front was being shelled. They
alighted from the car just as a
shell exploded and Henry was hit.

Our headquarters is five miles in
rear of the line, and they were two
miles in rear of our headquarters when
the accident occurred.

It is simply impossible for me to
express my feelings to you in a cold
letter. I had, in the year Henry had been
with me, learned to love him as a son.

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he had joined me just as I was leaving home last year and he surely took the place of those I left behind and early found a place in my heart that was more than comes in an official association alone.

We had talked together so much of this war - of its consequences and of the possibility of that very thing which happened and upon one occasion at least he expressed to me how little ^{we} we need fear the worst who has faith in the life to come and he surely had that in a marked degree. He was so manly, so true and sympathetic and I felt that he had always been with me and was of me.

The officers on the staff are a little crushed and dazed at his taking and we cannot yet realize that he will not rejoin us.

I shall later write you telling you of the disposition we have

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made of his body and something
of our services here together but I
cannot bring myself to visit more
of him now.

It is useless for me to try and
say anything that could assuage
your grief and sense of loss, nor
that of your family, yet I know of
no one who had less fear of death
nor more confidence in the life
into which he has entered than he.

His greatest regret, I feel sure,
in leaving to dear wives be a
realization of the sorrow and sense of
loss suffered by those he loved and
loved him and God alone in whose
helping and presence he now is
can alone soften that grief.

Please convey to Mrs. Barton and
to Henry's dear sisters expressions
of my love and sympathy.

Farewellfully Yours

M. G. Rice