

July 17, 1917,

Dear Father and "Little Mother,"

I know that you are thinking only to-day of your son's birthday and I have lived this day with you in spirit.

Your sweet Sunday letter came this a.m. and with it one from Arthur. His letter was dated June 30, the day after the Peace Treaty was signed and he just said he was well etc, but didn't say anything about coming home, but of course I realize it was too soon to find out anything definite.

Surely I would like to have seen Virgil and Daisy. Did they bring their daughter with them?

I am busy knitting at present. This morning I did my own washing, can you imagine me washing, well,

it is just like this, since I came I have had a woman in New London do my washing while I was a Ellsworth's and she is quite reasonable but up here the woman is very unreasonable so I thought I had better save that money and not pay for what I wasn't getting.

Mother seems to be having considerable trouble with her stomach, I don't seem to be able to find out what causes it so I guess if she doesn't feel better soon I shall have to take her to the Doctor.

With love to you both from Mother and all the folks and myself, I am
your loving daughter,
Joyce.