



MASONIC CLUB
OF THE
THIRD AMERICAN ARMY



COBLENZ, GERMANY.

Nov. 22-1914

My Dear Mother and Dad,

Perhaps you wonder if I'm paralyzed or sick or dead, but I assure you that I am all to the velvet so far as those things go, thank the Lord, but I have been so busy getting acquainted with my wife that I have had a lapse of memory or something.

Time seems to pass as "old Bill" used to say "like ships in the night," for I hardly realize its morning before its dusk and morning quickly follows the dusk.

I am as well and strong as a young ox, eat thrice daily and between meals, sleep like the proverbial "log" and have a clear conscience - maybe because its dead - anyhow I enjoy

living more than I ever have, I believe.

The girl and I are trying to save every shilling we can to get started with when we are able to put enough away to keep off wolves and creditors for at least a year.

We sent $\$300.00$ to the bank last month, and unless we have some bad luck I think we will be able to deposit about $\$125$ a month while we are over here.

Joyce has about $\$300$ in travellers checks which we are holding for emergency use and we try to live as economically as possible -

Sometimes I wonder whether I have really reached mans estate, for I feel so incapable of doing the things I have got to do and so unworthy of the work that feel is before me,

I sometimes wish I had spent a few years more in preparation for life, for I am just awakening to what life really is, and I feel that unless we bring every faculty to bear upon our tasks, however humble they be, that

We will have not justified our existence on the ends for which our Creator intended us.

There is so much to be done, such a small time to do it in and such great obstacles to overcome that we need every sense well trained, to bring to the tasks efficient hands and minds.

I was very much interested in and impressed by two books which I read at some length last summer, one on Anthropology the other on Sociology, and I think the purposes of life were more clearly presented to me by having studied those two wonderful books.

I have seen a book advertised which although patronized by big men is a fraud, the book "Brain Power," for brain power in the sane human being is originally equal but we acquire the use of it through "Application"—the secret is, some apply, the majority doesn't.

Sometimes we have to humble ourselves before another who has applied harder than we, and that fact is what makes me say that I wish I had more preparation, for in order to excel

We must be excellent.

Joyce is as fat as can be considering her disposition, but I am gradually getting her house-broke again, subdued in heart and humble - for I am tired of being hen-pecked like she used to say she was going to hen-peck me - tired of it without any of it.

Mother you asked me how I liked my "colours". I will in turn ask you a question - Have you any conception of how the devil likes "Holy Water"?

I received a big bunch of papers tonight and am anxious to bury myself in them to find out ^{what} Dotharites are thinking and doing.

Papa, I know you love us both better than you do your health or life so I fully forgive you for not writing often, but I sure am tickled when I get a letter from that big, fine Dad of mine - is the hint strong enough!

With much love dear ones, to you, and my kindest regards to our friends, I am, as ever,

Your affectionate son -
John Arthur.