

Joyce weighs 140 } what do you think of
I weigh 192 } that!



MASONIC CLUB
OF THE
THIRD AMERICAN ARMY



COBLENZ, GERMANY. Dec. 10, 1919

My Dear "Little Mother",

I wish I could slip in on you tonight, with all your fussing around etc, for there must be lots of fussing to be done, what with "Reverend" and Bess in the house a-mooing away like real lovers--

That marriage is pitiful, but humorous, for "Rev." has said so much about getting married and is so inhumanely ugly that I can't imagine him loving anybody in an open above-board sort of a way.

I bet they are funny! Do they make love and cos around like Joyce and your son used to do, or do they look sulky and say

nothing?

"Little Mother", I got your letter in which you told me how to do things, but I don't feel quite ready for that yet, I don't believe the time is quite ripe and until it is I want to work and save every cent I can so that I can one day be independent and every dollar to my credit in the bank brings me one step nearer independence.

If I can save \$1500 I will try to borrow a thousand more and go to work.

Mother, I have written General Gorgas for a place with him on the yellow fever commission, and I want the place very badly; I don't know what my chances are but if God is willing then I will get the place.

Pray for me if you will, but pray with the feeling that we must and will cheerfully submit to disappointment if it is His will.

Dear Little Angel Mother, how often do I

feel the dire need of your advice and counsel and encouragement.

My dear wife does as much as she can to be mother, father and wife to me, but no one can fill mother's place but her, and there are times when I sorely need you.

Can you not at times feel me trying to communicate with you? I seem to feel at times that you are with me and to hear your voice and I get great comfort and encouragement out of that fact.

I have written Dad a long letter in which I told him of my desires and plans and I will wait a little before I ask him for more help.

It isn't like it was before I knew what it was to make my own money and be the boss of my own financial affairs and it is hard for me to make up my mind to being dictated to even by my own father again.

I want to be able to use my own judgement
and do things my own way, for that is my
ideal just now.

Well, Little mother o' mine, Christmas is
coming again, with its heart-aches and
joy, its suffering and pleasures and I
wonder if our spirits are attuned and
dedicated to the spirit of the occasion, I
hope and pray so.

I wish you, dearest of mothers, all the pleasure,
none of the sorrow, all the joy, none of the
sadness, all the happiness, none of the
misery of the most blessed life, and I
pray that this Christmas may only serve as
a gateway to many another Christmas which
will be happier than its predecessor, and
may the New Year bring to you your dearest
ambitions abundantly fulfilled— with love
and kisses as the most fitting offering I
am as ever—
your Devoted Son—
Joyce sends love and kisses.