

Coblenz,
June 27, 1920

Dear Mother Williams,

Joyce is so lazy
that she can't hardly sit
up, much less write to anyone
so I am writing you for two
reasons, to say hello! and to
tell you about her.

She's almost as large as
you, and getting fatter every
day, eats like a whole litter
of pigs and sleeps when she's

not eating.

Really, I don't believe you will know her when she gets home, for I have never seen her so fat and saucy looking.

We are coming home before long, just when I can't say, for it depends largely on how soon a replacement can be gotten from the States.

I am anxious to get home, for I am going to resign from the Army and go to work, really.

Listen, why don't you go down home about the middle or last

of July so that Joyce and
I can go straight to Alabama
and I will give you the
spectacle of seeing a boy almost
kill his mother with hugs and
kisses, for I am so hungry to
see my precious Little Mother I
can hardly wait.

How is "Junior" getting along?
I suppose he is getting to
be quite a boy by this time
Please give Ellsworth and
Nellie my love and my
best regards to the others.

Tell Clem that the couch

in her house is a dangerous
place to sit with the "right
man", for he will certainly
make her say "yes" if she's
not careful, very careful to
keep two distinct imprints on
its surface - Joyce is a living
testimonial to that fact.

Be good and dont go fooling
around with any old bachelors
etc for we cant afford to
stand for that sort of monkey
shines -

With much love -

your adopted son
Arthur.