



MASONIC CLUB  
OF THE  
THIRD AMERICAN ARMY



Sinzig  
COBLENZ, GERMANY, Nov. 30, '19

My Dear Mother and Dad,

Today is Sunday and an exceptionally pretty day for the Rhineland, with the sun trying his best to warm up the whole world with his cheery smile and the winds quieted, and the day reminds me of the spring days at home.

Well, thanksgiving day is come and gone again, and I had more to be thankful for this past year than any other year of my life, because it is the last year I have lived and from the

summit of its end I was able to  
review the whole of my life and so to  
give thanks for things I had forgotten  
before.

For our thanksgiving noon we went  
to the Y.M.C.A. here and had dinner  
with all the men in the company.

From the ~~place~~ cards you can see  
what the days programme was and  
what a gorgeously filling dinner we  
had -

a real spirit of thanksgiving was  
present and especially did we gorge  
ourselves, thus attesting to the fact that  
though our sentiments might be unspoken  
our actions denoted our grateful spirits.

We ate so much turkey etc. that I almost  
had to have crutches to walk home

with and my stomach stuck out  
like C. C. Bush's stomach a few years  
back.

I came home in a drowsy good  
humor and loafed about waiting  
for our own little family dinner, for  
which the girl served us up a fine  
baked turkey with chestnut stuffing,  
chicken salad with the best of Mayonnaise  
on it; gravy, the thick, good kind,  
cake, gelatin with fruit and nut-meats  
in it, pie, doughnuts, apples, pears and  
grapes - and of course potatoes, beets  
and best of all, cranberry sauce - um!  
um! um! I sure did gorge myself right.  
We had two friends to dinner with  
us, a Captain and his wife, and the  
Captain ate so much it made him

sick - but never a hair did I turn  
except dreaming; I had two million  
dreams that night, but all were good -  
having to do with a mountain of gelatin  
with rivers of whipped cream coursing  
down its side and I was there with a  
gravy spoon lapping up the good stuff.

I hope that thanksgiving day will ever  
be a day of as much real gratitude and  
feasting as it was this time with your  
children -

We are both fine just now and I sure  
hope you are both as well as you can  
be.

With much love to you both and a  
great wish to see you I am

Your affectionate son -

Arthur.

Lieut. John A. Keyton

Thanksgiving Day

11<sup>th</sup> Provisional Guard Co.

stationed at

Sing.



November 27<sup>th</sup>, 1919.

At the Y. M. C. A.

Hostesses: Edith L. Robinson  
J. Elinor Dixon

Thanksgiving Dinner Menu.

Fruit Cup / Entree

x

Roast Turkey — *lots of it*  
Stuffing — *same* Brown Gravy *cut*  
Mashed potatoes                  Deas  
Jelly                          Darker house Rolls

x

Apple pie a la Mode (*a la mode for ice-cream*)  
Dumplin Pie  
Doughnuts — (The kind mother makes)

x

Candy / Coffee / Cigarettes

Program of the Day.

Dinner at 12<sup>30</sup> P. M.



Afternoon Tea at 4 P. M.



Buffet Supper at 6<sup>30</sup> P. M.



Movies 7<sup>30</sup> P. M.



Amateur night with music and dancing  
8<sup>30</sup> P. M.

## Guard at Sinzig.

Down the winding cobblestone street  
Goes the clatter of hob-nattled feet:  
Out to the dumps, they wend their way  
To keep Unc's buggies from sailing away.

Fantastic and wierd are things at night  
And get our brave men into a plight.  
A truck becomes — oh many U boats  
And down the Ahr majestically floats.

And down at the great big Q. M.  
Where are the bravest of brave men,  
Each kitchen becomes a ghost-like steed  
Disappearing with all possible speed.

But guard we'll do and without fear  
Though everything becomes all that's queer,  
And run we can't in our new "gum boats"  
If everything in the Q. M. C. just naturally floats.

