

Sinzig Germany -
Dec. 20, 1919.

Dear Mother and Dad,

We received the Xmas box O.K. and I can never tell you how much we appreciated it, and since Joyce has already spoken for herself I will say that you could not have gotten me anything I would have really and sincerely appreciated more than it is my Masonic pin, for anything Masonic attracts me more than anything else.

The little booklet too, I have enjoyed tremendously, for it seems like a letter from a long lost friend to sit down and read that book.

I appreciate it so much that would not wear the pin on my old uniform but waited till a new one was made up, and you cant imagine how fine that little pin looks under the lapel of my left hand breast pocket.

Joyce has been sewing around here since she got that beautiful thimble so much that I have to keep my eyes skinned to keep her from sewing me up in something by mistake.

She is getting fatter than ever; she weighed 145 this afternoon, and her face is as round as the full moon. I never saw anyone improve like she has since she's

been with me this time, and she eats so much I have to help her away from the table.

she has a splendid color in her cheeks and I am as glad as I can be to see her improving so, it speaks well for her husband's care.

We are both really in splendid condition, and just as well as can be, for which I am very thankful.

How I would like to be able to walk in on you all some night when you are at supper and just sit down in my old place and see the two dear faces look at me in surprise.

The other day there was an accident outside the house I live in - a captain ran over an old German with a big Locomobile and killed him -

The Capt. got a young German to help him get the old man into the back seat of the car while he came for me to give first aid -

I went running up there and saw a big crowd of the curious gathered round the car and the dead German slumped over on the shoulder of the young man, who sat there serenely unconscious of the burden he was so solicitously supporting - I looked at the old man and said "he is dead" in German - whereupon the young German immediately threw off the dead one and tried to get out, exclaiming for the whole wide world to hear "Doch! Doch die lieber, mein Gott, mein Gott im Himmel!" meaning "there! High love, my god, my god in Heaven"! and I started laughing and

would have laughed, I believe, if someone had been threatening to run over me.

I took the old man up to my infirmary and sewed his head and face up and made him presentable for burial and one of my two medical dept. men was worse scared of the body and his part of threading needles than the young German was of supporting him.

After I finished with the old man I sent my man down into the dark cellar for coal, and he almost cried over going and then came up with about a third of a bucket of coal, and to hear him coming, or rather falling, up the cellar steps one would have thought the devil himself were after the boy—

There are lots of funny things if we see them.

I will quit for this time, for I know you must be tired of this letter, since it contains no news—

We have no idea when we will be coming home, and I am not anxious to come till spring, for the voyage would most likely be rough just now..

If you all hear of anything that would be of advantage to me to know please let me know as soon as possible.

With much love to you both and regards to our friends—

Your Son—

The "fat lady" (Joyce) sends her love—