

Sinzig, Germany,  
Jan. 2, 1920.

Dear Father and Little Mother,

Arthur is out on a call and I am alone so I guess I will write you a little about our Xmas. First of all I shall have to ask you to please pardon this pencil but my pen is broken and rather than postpone this letter I feel sure pencil will be acceptable.

Of course we didn't give any gifts as we are trying to save all we can as long as we are here so when we get back to the States we can get out of the Service and start real living.

We even promised each other we wouldn't buy any thing for each other that was expensive just exchange gifts which I did but Arthur bought me a dozen small spoons,  $\frac{1}{2}$  doz. knives + forks, and a cake and pie knife. Of course you know one can

buy all those kind of things so much cheaper over here than they can in the States. They have some of the handsomest silver services over here that I have ever seen.

Well to go back to Xmas, we were not able to get a turkey Xmas although they had them in some parts of the Area as they didn't arrive from Antwerp until late Wed. and we couldn't go up on that day. Nevertheless we had a good chicken and all that goes with it including plum pudding. One of the Y.M. C. A. ladies here sent me one for Xmas, wasn't it sweet of her?

Xmas evening we went up to the "Y" to a buffet supper after which they had Santa Claus and Arthur was Santa. <sup>and their tree.</sup>

We were so happy to have the

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privilege of being together that that  
only was the greatest Xmas present in  
the World.

We thought of you all at home and  
wondered what you were doing.

This week we have had 6 letters  
and a bundle of papers each from Ala.  
and Conn. What a picnic we had too,  
opening those letters and discussing  
the home news.

Your kiddies are getting along as well  
as ever any two kids could, eating about  
5 times a day and as happy as "dead figs  
in the sunshine" as Arthur puts it.

Well Mother and Father I hope this  
will be the happiest and most prosperous  
year of your lives and that we may live  
to celebrate a good many more to-gether,  
with heaps of love from Arthur and  
I and hugs kisses and prayers, I am,  
Your loving daughter, Joyce