

Sunday 12 May 1918

Dearest Mother,

There isn't much to write this morning, for there isn't much time, but I just have to let you know that I'm celebrating Mother's Day by thinking a whole lot about a little mother many miles away.

Last Mother's Day I was in Haverhill, ~~member~~, dreaming hard what I was to do in the big show that had just come on to us, but never in my wildest dreams finding myself a hardened soldier within a year. A hardened soldier, a married man, and a long way from home. She would move fast these days, doesn't it?

For this Mother's Day I want you to ~~remember~~ ^{remember} how well I am, all of my little successes, and all of my big hopes. Maybe I'm not very modest, but I'm going to assume that you have spent a great many anxious moments for me - and I know certainly that your prayers have never failed to remember me. I'm well, mother dear, just as well as a vigorous

outdoor life in Sweden I once can make me. I have very interesting work to me the most interesting part of all this business, and I don't need to think that I'm just like a water boy, or a fan on the bleachers, because our work is as important as any other.

And so here is the attitude I'd like you to take. First be proud - not for me but for yourself - I am having all the fun, the excitement, and the experience of this - you must sit back and wait and worry. Yours is the sacrifice not mine, and you deserve the pride.

Then be patient and trusting. There is a pretty black side to all this business, and stronger souls than yours are going to smash themselves tiding over it. But think of the day when we all come back - will there ever be a happier day than when we hit the good old U.S.A., and can hop the train for home. And all this time that we wait none of us can know what grand things you can do for this great cause through yourself or yours.

children.

and last don't let your mind be distracted by any thought that does not concern a speedy and honorable finish to this war. There is no arguing now whether it's right or wrong, 'cause all the cards are on the table. So many mothers with a son in the Quartermaster Dept. back in the states, are sighing their heads off because of this cruel war. You just sit back, and be glad all to yourself that it's your privilege to have a son on the very spot where the war is being fought - and that your most earnest dream is that ~~the~~ he can do his utmost to fight the war out, and not argue it.

You're a brick - I've seen you up against it enough times to know that, and I know that now you are doing your part in wonderful style. I want you to know that it is appreciated, and too that if this war does anything to me, it will bring me closer to my mother.

Love to you all -

XXXXX
Tom XX