

Montebland
Jan. 15, 1919.

my Dearest mother,
wonder how old you
are today! It's your birth
day all right, and I've
thought of it several times.
Have you passed a happy
year? No I fancy not - but
it's been a proud year
hasn't it? You've seen all
that you have in the
world - your three kids -
laboring hard for the
highest cause but one -
the cause of a native land
whose principles are all
for the comfort and well
being of the other fellow.

Didn't that make you proud -
and didn't your pride over-
shadow any thought that perhaps
the cause might exact ~~the~~
extreme penalty? yep I'll bet
it did - and that makes me
proud for you.

I always was proud of my
mother - but never more than
during this last year. Don't
I know that every letter you
wrote was sent away with
the thought that it might
be returned "Unable to deliver."
and yet those letters were the
most cheerful and newsy you
ever wrote - just chuck full
of the atmosphere of my home.
and the pictures you sent -
ah those are what counted
most - each as chipper and
pretty as can be and always
the smile. Those are things
that count in a mother - for
her kids - good upstanding
strength in adversity - and
yours shown in through
all sorts of trouble ever since
I was old enough to remember.

God bless my mother - I say -
and her prayers that have
seen her children through
a troublesome year.

What am I doing - well
mostly nothing. Just now I am
reorganizing the courier service
within the division, and on the
side trying to write a history
of the Battalion. I'm not work-
ing up to par, however, and
am not satisfied with the
progress I make. There's some-
thing in the weather, or the

reaction from a strenuous
life, that knocks the
zip. Oh I'll make out, I
guess. My biggest fear
is an hour on horse -
back each morning ex-
ploring the country here -
abouts. It is a beautiful
place, and I enjoy riding
immensely now.

Kath writes mighty
cheerful letters - and often -
so I feel that she is
well and contented - only
a bit impatient for my
return. I'm proud of her
too mother - aren't you?
and don't you think that

someday we can build a beautiful home. But we can.

Wish I could see a year ahead and know what is best to do. I am satisfied that I don't want to stay in the army - and I'm satisfied that I could. I'm not too anxious to go back to S.W. unless I find a good place all ready for me - not what I had before. So the best plan seems to be a start in the west with Mr.

Hendricks to help. He is very much interested in Ruth and me and can help a lot I am sure. But first I'm going to have a honeymoon - eh oui?

and are you and Eva coming to N.Y. when I come home. Couldn't we have a wonderful time there - especially if Bert could come too. You just make up your mind to be there - don't figure it all out - just come - see!! Can't tell when we will arrive but

it can't be long. Any one will
bet 20 to 1 that will be borne
by Feb. 29th but that's more'n
a year yet. Anyhow you'll know
in time. I'll have some sou-
venirs and remembrances to dis-
tribute too so come.

Bed time - I go. Keep a
writing and a sending pictures -
you should see my stable now -
but I want more - and keep
a figuring on a trip to N.Y.
Lots of love to all.

Tom xxx