

Sept. 4, 1948.

Dear Mom,

This is a letter I should have written a long time ago. But you know how it is - I kept putting it off until so much time went by I didn't know how to start.

I don't know when I enjoyed anything as much as I did talking to you on the phone. I was very pleased with the way you ~~sounded~~ - your voice sounded very good to me.

The thing that probably concerns you the most about me is how he's been getting along. Well the best way to tell you would be to describe what he's been doing for the past two years. As that would take a lot of writing so I'll say that and just tell you he's in good health - better than ever - I might

(Ginnie will please note) 170 lbs.

As for as I ~~know~~ I haven't changed
very much - I guess I still look
and act the same as ever.

As I told you on the phone, I'm
working here in Manassas on a
construction job. The dam we are
building will be finished something
in the latter part of October, if not
the weather will slow us down
by that time. So I think by about
Nov 1st ~~maybe~~ maybe sooner but not
by much I'll hop a train east and
pay you a visit. I've missed you
so much lately I don't want to
delay any longer.

Perhaps if I can find a job of some
sort in Washington I'll stay the
winter - then me and my favorite girl
(has been for 26 years) can go out
together. huh?

Mom, I really think you would like Colorado. It has the most beautiful mountain I've ever seen. It is sometimes called 'The Switzerland of the United States'. The mountains are very rugged - most of the small towns in the mountains are 7 or 8 thousand feet above sea level. Of course one handicap is that in the winter a good many of the mountain passes are blocked by snow so that travel on them is stopped, isolating some communities. Summers ~~there~~ here are very beautiful, the nights are always cool, but the winters are very cold. It was 31 below last New Years Eve.

Here I am writing about Colorado when I should be telling you about me, as I guess that ~~it~~ is

what you are mostly anxious about.

The best way for me to show
you would be to go to McLean —
then you could see him still
happy and healthy.

So until I write again or
until I see you —

Love always

John