

Willow Springs, Mo.

March 20th, 1919

My dear Sister & Hubert,

Your welcome letter of March 2nd arrived yesterday, tried to write you Sunday 23rd but after writing a note to A.C. I was all in and had to quit. Doc had quite a sick spell since I wrote you last. I was then just pulling out of a mild case of Flu, and that I was out of the woods, but the day after I wrote you I began to get weak, felt like I was slowly bleeding to death, could feel myself growing weaker every hour & in three days I was down and couldn't sit up in bed, sudden work. Dr. didn't seem to know what was the matter he had already punched me all over & said I was - - - - -

the way I felt I Thot I was going to die sure. I had sinking spells. Conscioas but perfectly helpless, last day I had them I had four of 'em, soon as I came out of one I was off again, then I never had another one. I sized it up that some chemical change had taken place in my blood, and some necessary element was missing and I was just starving to death for want of support

I think the Dr. worked on those lines for he gave me "Beef wine + iron". and Iodide of Mercury. + other things that to me seemed for the blood. (I didnt take the Iodide of M) just threw it away. dont put that stuff inside of me. but filled up on eggs + milk + cream, fowl and soup and am building up as fast as I can manufacture good blood.

Say! Sis o' mine. I think I know how it feels to die, I was so close to it when I had those sinking spells, something seemed to say "let go, it will only be a minute" and I'd think No! I want to see Harold first &

Mama wanted to send for them but I said
no! I want only you to look good bye if
I should go, but I'm going to get better,
and I'm so glad I wasn't a bit afraid. Tho'
so close, I could feel myself going when
I had one of those spells and Mama
would administer the Ammonia Stimulant
and it would seem an age before I could
inhale that long breath that started me
up again, and between spells I would
look out of the window at the Sunshine
and glimpse the trees and think of the
beautiful views from different spots on
the farm, and what a beautiful world it
is, and how I had enjoyed it all, had
had a hundred per cent life, but if
I went it was all right, I should
have the great adventure and learn
what I had wanted to know, a little
eddy of sorrow for the folks and then
their lives would be again placid and
go on as before. - I can now sit up

stepped outside several times to look at
the trees & beautiful hills the orchard
pink with peach blossom and white with
plum blossom. and it is all so good. —

March 25, 1919

Harold ^(son in service) won't get to see you, he tried for
a furlough & permission to come to Eng.
They granted him two weeks but he had to
go somewhere in France, nobody to England,
too bad. he was enjoying his 14 days at
Anney in the south of France near
the Swiss line, said for the first time in
a year he was living like a white man
had sheets on bed & table cloth and real
plate poor boy. he'll enjoy being home
again. Anney seems to be a pleasure resort,
lake 10 miles long with boats. Maritime Alps
in distance snow clad. Sent us some pictures
pretty places. —

Have a good cozy time until Hubert starts
in again. — I never admitted I was very sick
to Mama so don't say much. when you write
just knew you would like to know how it
felt to be way down and then come back.
I don't love. Think I've done well. Sure