

Willow Springs, Mo.

Sunday June 1. 1919.

My dear Sister & Hubert,

I can tell right now that I'm not going to write you a letter worth the postage for I'm listening for the 'Phone to ring, with Harold's voice on the other end. for we are expecting him home on every train. He landed in New York May 22nd. he mailed us a Card before he landed on the Docks, no good to telegraph us for a card would come quicker than a wire. 27,000 of them landed in one day. He came over on the Imperator and the Leviathan started the same day but the Imperator kept ahead of her for 4 days then the Leviathan forged ahead and spite of every effort beat them by half an hour to Dock. quick.

Trip of days from Brest to N. York.
we next rec'd a letter from him at
Camp Upton which is on Long Island
where they went for inspection & delousing
they de-loaded them at Brest. Then again
on the 6th day of voyage. Then again
at debarkation Camp and besides that
every soldier has to strip off every day &
make a Thors' search for them. They claim
there hasn't been a single Cootie got in
the country. we have lots of Cooties in
this country but they are harmless as
they are not inoculated with *Ipphus*
germs like the European Cooties are.

Hanut heard any more from him so
have to depend on Newspapers for news
and from them we learn that his
regiment paraded in St Louis on
Friday last 30th for that is "Decorations
Day" here. and from there they were
going to Camp Funston, Kansas, to be
discharged. This was the Camp he went
to when he left the farm a green

boy, now he returns a seasoned veteran
he wrote from Camp Upton, for Cyril to
have the horses harnessed ready for him
when he came home, for he wanted to
plow again so eagerly. — So the war
will soon be over for us we hope.

We received your welcome letter of
May 5th O.K. Oh my! you are still
hampers with food regulations I bet
you're tired of folk's telling you how
much you may have, but I hope you'll
soon be free. We resume two Cents
postage July 1st, do you? Rec'd your
Newspapers O.K. many thanks. Knew
you would enjoy Leamy's lecture when
I read of it. I know I should have
liked it, altho' I'm not very familiar
with his poems. Have two books of his
selections but somehow they don't hit
me as hard as Browning's "Prospect"
your lectures or I believe it was the

Chairman in his introduction mentioned that some thought I'm rather weak so others must have felt something like me. but I have never read his complete works. Oh! There's so much I should like to know that I do not know, but I've been so busy all my life scratching with the rake like Bunyan describes. but it just seems like a man never never amounts to anything unless he concentrates on his work, and if he does this he must neglect the trimmings. in the next life I hope will have more time or a better inclination. I used to rush off to the shops early, and rush all day and be so busy that many a day I'd feel guilty because I'd never thought of Mamma all day, and when I got home I'd have to give her a good time to square my conscience. then the children had been studying all day at school. so wanted a change in the evenings and we would have music or take a long drive, and

So for years I couldn't find time for much reading, generally kept a book on my desk for odd minutes, books that were almost out of place there I remember I read Plutarch's lives that way, and for months I had old Omar Khayyam's Rubaiyat in one of the drawers of my desk, I remember one stanza now.

"The worldly hope men set their hearts upon
Turns ashes - or it prospers and soon
Like snow upon the desert's dusty face
Lighting a little hour or two - is gone"
I always thought of Bobby Burns when I read this.

"but pleasures are like poppies spread"
in Jane Austen.

Guess I'd better close down on this chat, as, what I used to do may not be of interest to others now? Harold was more to the point in his letter he said
"I've laid a hundred Dollars aside in one pocket and I'm going to spend every cent of it for pie, pie, pie, pie pie. Ha, his pun"

hungry for pie. I bet Mama has about
40 different kinds spoiling for him and
makes fresh ones every day. for fear
she wouldnt have fresh ones for him.
you know American pies are shallow the
size of a plate. more like Mother's big
"tarts". some have an upper crust, but
most have only lower, with filling an inch
thick. Those 27,000 boys marched off the
ship past long tables stacked up with pies
& each one had his fill ^{free} & it took some
pies. & this many nearly every day or two.

Good bye my dear old Sis. and a
fond hug & kiss - on both cheeks, and
if you'll risk the germs on your lips -
I kissed Mamma's cheek this morning
when we both looked out of the window
to see the Sun's rays streaking up back
of Iater hill, and it looked so pretty &
pink I told her I'd sure have to pink up
the other. - so you old & likes to be kissed yet
I used to think that women grew old but
they dont. ————— June 3rd -

Left this line & held the letter to tell you Harold