



Willow Springs, Mo.

Sept 14. 1919.

Dear old Sis o' mine & Hubert.

Your letter, ^{arrived} ^{Aug 24} Wednesday 10th, telling of your trips to Brim. Macclesfield & Somersby, you are more of a traveller than I am now, and if you go to London what a time you will have exploring, I know I'll have some good treats when you tell me about it all. I remember stumbling onto "Bunhill Fields": where Jno Bunyan is buried and Isaac Watts the Hymn-writer its a little, out-of-the-way grave yard, seems to be surrounded by factories, but I know you can find it. and when you do you will remember that I stood there about 45 years ago. if I ever returned to London I should have to hunt up my little old lodgings at Mt Pleasant, Grays Lane Road, where dear old sister Mary came to see me and I let her have my room while I bunked with another

boy in an adjacent room, and then I should
have to go down in the "City" to the little old
shop where I worked, in "Lime Street" just
a dark room where we worked by gaslight
all day. I expect its torn down now, you
go down Lombard St. from The Mansion House
and a little way down Fenchurch St. then
there is a little narrow street more like an alley
running north connecting Fenchurch Street
with Leadenhall Street. That is Lime Street
and that's where I worked. but they had me
working out in the Banks and wholesale
places most of the time and I worked near
all winter fitting up show rooms in what was
then a new bldg where Leadenhall St + Fenchurch
St come together, I expect the bldg is still there
came to a point on the East end, like a
flat iron. ~~Fenchurch~~
~~Fenchurch~~ ^{Fenchurch}, Aldgate St, you'll be going
down that way to Whitechapel and Petticoat
lane, some day and then you can see
about where I worked. when I worked in
those big Tea warehouses they used to give
me paper bags full of tea, thinking I was
married, I used to give them to the old lady
where I roomed. I can remember things

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that transpired ~~those~~ days better than
lots of more recent happenings... I heard
Spurgeon preach at his Tabernacle
and Moody & Sauley at The Agricultural
Hall. - I think I could still find my
way around anywhere from Regents
Park to Hyde Park & down to the City.
Worked in Regents Park College for 6 or 7 yrs
a boat load of gunpowder exploded on
the canal which runs thro' the park and
it blew every door & window out of
this large building. They called it Reg PK
Palace, said someone willed it to the
Prince Consort, and he refused to accept
it and gave it for a college, suppose
it's there yet. - Then you can take trips
into Surrey & Kent & around. They sent
me to put up a new stairway in a big
house somewhere in Surrey, and the
village had a regular "billiard green", and
the bedroom at the Inn where I stayed had
a plaster floor. Cold & chilly I had to fill
up on hard cider & old ale to keep warm

That was the only real village green I ever saw. — Oh! you'll make any place interesting when you describe it, you observe. Had to laugh at the Somersby man losing his swarm because he had no proper hive, any old box would do for a home until he could get a better one. Then he could have transferred them. I came home one night and found a swarm hanging on a tree, didn't have even an old box handy but found an empty nail keg & bored a hole for a door and put them in & they made it full of honey. Then next spring I put them in a proper hive. — Since you reminded me I remember the dew on the Cobwebs on the grass ^{& hedges} when it was going to be a fine day. We don't see that here, what funny lingo they talk. I couldn't understand, but I remember we used to use curious expressions. For our thing we were "starved" when we felt cold. I often think of some of our expressions & repeat them to the boys. — I had a good laugh at Harold. He was telling



me of the few days he spent at Winchester
 while there they took them out for a
 hike and on reaching the end of their
 march they were allowed to rest awhile
 and they all sat down on the banks on
 each side the road, right in the beds of
 "nettles". Ha! — never saw one before. "why
 he said our hands immediately were all
 over blisters, what is it you call them?"
 there are no stinging nettles in this part
 of the country. I never saw one anywhere
 in this country. Told him they needed to
 use some dock leaves. — he says that
 Belgium isn't nearly as desolated as
 France. he stayed at a large Dairy in
 Belgium, quite as modern as an American
 one, had electric lights thro' the barn
 and out-buildings, thoroughbred cattle and
 fine horses. The Germans had just retreated
 thro' there and hadn't seemed to molest
 them, after holding possession of them
 for four years. — We were eating breakfast

Friday morning when Harold said; a year ago this morn'g we went over the top at bare daylight. Then I thot of it being Sept 12th the Anniversary of the St. Mihiel drive. his first open warfare. I said "Did you run into the Gms right away?" yes! he replied jumped right into their arms, but soon had them going. had nothing to eat all day. dug up some Gm grub at night. but next morn'g they had rallied and had strengthened their line and they held us until noon. when we broke thro and got them running and they never made another stand on that drive. just tried to get out of our way. and they were in such masses that our artillery did terrible execution.

My leg is about O.K. discarded my cane a week ago. we are all well and busy harvest. Maize. Cane. Kafir. &c. potatoes harvested, very good. still hot 96° in shade today. rec'd H's card from Kew. is pleased when he thinks of me. am going to write him. The Brim boys take no stock in Uncle Sam. Meat has come down a little here. bought a piece this week for 15 cts (7½¢) per lb. hope your grub will soon take a tumble & have plenty
Fondest love. Bro' Sam.