

Bad to say to a boy.

Huntsburg, Ohio.

By bear my mother,

That is a vain attempt
at "grick." Do you and Harry Willet
use it to call out the spirits
when you are sliding off your
unlucky bed! I should think
with engines that run after you
and doctors that can't amputate
you that you might often be
in need of something more strenuous
than English.

I was delighted to get your

first chapter of the magazine article. I can hardly wait for the next number. The article was so grand and personal and well written beside having the hand writing of genius. I always read your letters several times without stopping and then some besides. It set me up for days to hear from you. My, is the millennium coming that you wrote seven letters! No doubt you had been thinking up things to say for months. I can imagine

you thinking on the front room divan and Deline pillows, Don't you wish you had Thomas now since you probably have so much that is interesting to write about! Oh I wish had the longevity for ability I would write some up ahead now that I hear real people before me to write about.

H. Park was a sort of friend of Mr. Smith's. He says Mr. Smith wants to work up into writing, I guess, dramas. He used to spend all his extra money and time at Harvard visiting

all sorts of theatricals in the city. You know
no one likes the new English men as well as the
old^{ones}, even ^{including} Mr. Bates, I think. Mr. Pennock the
Soph. man is the worst. Mr. Teanoff is one of
the chief theme correctors. Virginia Ketchum,
the girl whom you were so enamored with because
of her angles, corrects themes too.

H. Peck amuses me with his discipline.
He says to every complaint "I'll brounce him"
and in reality he knows of no other kind of
punishment. I never dare send a boy to him
for all boys don't need to be whipped all the

all the time. It scares the children to see him coming and so I frequently call him down for an object lesson. He doesn't like Miss Kulu very over well because she is strong-minded - sharp-tongued and old-maidish. These adjectives are my own for he has never said one word against her. His evident feeling makes me think of yours for Alice Cole or soon. He makes me think of you quite frequently because of his sense of humor - which isn't as good as yours, however. It is too

killing to have him tell his ideas and ideals of women come I myself constantly realizing that none of the charms are in accordance with my character. He just loves to argue and beat you out by big words.

He just called me out to tell a bit of news. Miss Fitch has broken down and been compelled to go to a sanitarium. This comes by way of Amelyn and Ithara so by the time it gets as far off as Washington the story may have grown big

enough to stand the journey.

School-teaching is a pretty good trade if I only had you out of explaining. I often wish you were at it instead of me. Willie, you would just make a grand teacher, you ought to take up your forestry course and then teach it. I'd give anything if I could explain things to my children as you used to do. I can't do it and I think I can't and so it is all up with me.

I wrote you at Christmas time from Berlin and we sent an Berlin calendar. I don't see why you shouldn't have heard. You don't need to answer

This immediately. I guess one of your letters is
with several of mine.

Are you in the Rocky Mountains? Do get us
some pictures of your house, camp, cook house, men,
rail road, scenery and so on. I'd gladly pay to have
a few. As long as I can't take my delightful
trip to the places I should like to see how they
look. I was interested in all the particulars of
your letter. How do you cut at meals? What do you
eat? The table manners must be worthy of a book.
Are the men like those in Black Rock and other
stories? What does Joy do all the time? Does she get
acquainted with Monroe in the lumber camp?

My paper is gone. Lots of love from
Squintie.

Jan. 22, 1906.

1/29/06



Mr. Will Beldin,

Monroe,

Washington



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