

Friday 3:15 P.M.
3 August, 1917.

Dearest Mamma

Mamma wants
me to write today. I came
up over an hour ago to lie
down but I have been writing
ever since. I wrote to Papa
to my soldier & to another
one who wrote to me.

There is very little news
to tell except that it is some
cooler. We had showers all

last eve. so we sat on the
porch reading &
kittling. G. was disappointed
^{not} to be able to go for ice cream!
but we finally ate water
melon on the porch.

Just as we were starting
to address last eve. Will
called up to us to come
get him a pan as he had
fish for us. He & the boys &
Mr. Turner has been off
all day & caught 14
fish. He gave us 6 big ones