

At Home,
2/10/19.

Dear Walter.-

You don't know how surprised and dissapointed I am that you get so few letters from me.

Today's mail brought yours of the 1st-14th, in which you say the last you had from me was written the 25th of November. Well, it certainly is funny that my letters don't go thru. Lib says I don't address them right. Guess I'll go to school some more, ha.

I wrote you yesterday and mailed it at Lansing, now I'm going to try a

little plan and we will see how things go. I am going to mail my letters to you at another post office, at Annadel or let Papa mail them at Sunbright.

I think I told you one time that I have at times received and sent letters that were opened somewhere on the way.

Maybe I'm wrong in my suspicions, I hope I'll be forgiven if that be the case. Just the same I'll try another way and if you don't average a letter each week you may know it isn't this child's fault. I wouldn't treat a soldier so bad, especially you, boy.

There isn't much to write about for I don't do much but churn, sweep, go to town and back, eat, wash dishes and sleep, (I'm especially good at the last.)

It is fine you have some entertainment to help pass the time away. I don't imagine you are getting old so very fast. Not half as fast as some other folks I know. You will have to be introduced to me I'm afraid, when you get back.

Some few boys are coming home from the camps around but most overseas boys aren't able to leave camp yet.

Well, here's hoping this finds
you well and happy, and
getting ready to come over.

Your old friend,
Stella.