

Lancing. Tenn.  
March 24/19

Dear Walter. -

Well, once more I  
have failed to send the weekly  
letter. I have been sick and am  
just beginning to feel more like  
myself yesterday and today.

Your card from Paris reached  
me four days ago. The last letter  
was written just before you

started to flare for the trucks. You must have been a little homesick when you wrote that letter. I know it must be awfully hard to see the others coming while you have to stay. And we people here can have very little idea of how you boys live. Of course we read, but I'm afraid that doesn't tell all. There are a few boys around here, back from "over there" but they have either been wounded or they are of a class that don't amount to much anywhere.

Now I'm speaking of the boys near here that I know. Some of the best soldiers are beginning to land and scatter over the country now, and that makes me think that after a while "Halter will come marching home".

I planted some pansies today. Will you be back to help gather the blossoms?

I hunted for four leafed clover today but didn't find any. Will send you the first I can find. You know I believe in luck. ha And maybe

it would bring you back.

I heard some news not long ago. A little bird told me that the Schick family feel quite ashamed that Will didn't do his part by enlisting and even more ashamed of Eva because she "wouldn't let Will go." ha Funny isn't it. About the finest thing I know of is a true soldier. A volunteer, none of the drafted kind. Altho many of the drafted ones are true soldiers.

I will close now. Tomorrow I'll hunt again for four leafed clover and write in a few days.

Best wishes  
your friend - Stella.