

Augusta, Mo.

June 23, 1933.

Dearest Sis,

I'll try to answer your letter this morning but I hardly know what to write about. You're welcome to come back home anytime you please. Dad might be at ~~Twicham~~ threshing that day and so I guess you'll have to wait at Martha'sville so long until he comes. (I can't say for sure if he'll be out threshing but I think so.)

Emil Helmick is out here painting the house now. He came Monday morning. He is just about thru with the first coat, excepting the three porches. I can hear him talking to mama now, something about high schools. He is on the pantry porch now.

I guess Ora or somebody wrote to you about Fritz Wadler. If you didn't hear about it yet I guess you'll have to wait till you do. ha! ha! I'm scared I'll have to waste too much ink if I write to you about it and ^{then} you know it already. Anyway, he has to stay down there somewhere for 6 months. I don't know where but at some kind of hospital, (it might be Fulton but I don't know for sure.)

We haven't had any rain since you left. Wednesday night it got awful dark and cloudy and we expected to have a good shower but it all went south and we just got a couple of drops. Our garden is getting so terribly dry and the cutworms have eaten most of our sweet peppers already.

How did you like it at Napoleon? You write as if you liked it quite well. We had expected a letter from you Tuesday or Wednesday already and when we didn't get any I said to mama that I'll bet you went to Napoleon over the weekend and you didn't get time to write sooner. Did you take any pictures? You better have. Mama thinks she sure must have got skinny. She said she was going to get herself a ^(poor English) new hat and I guess some new glasses too. ha! ha! (She broke the hooks on her's anyway, Sunday morning).

Dad went to St. Louis yesterday. Uncle Charlie went with him. George Schewe from New Melle is going to get 10 roosters from us Sunday. I guess we're going to Emmons in the afternoon.

P.S. I won't be able to send last week's story. I cut it out sat. & laid it on the sewing machine and then I guess it went astray. I haven't made a good search for it yet but I'll try to find it. If I don't I'll try to tell you everything next week-end. So I guess I won't send this week's story either. I'm going to hunt a little now before I close the letter.

Sis
Cenice