

El Hacerudo de Blanco

17 - 26 - 05

Bless you Honey but you are
a desappoiment as a letter
writer. What in the dickens
is the reason that you can't
write me a long letter?

A kid, lack of ink and
a call to bed are the reasons
you give this time and if
I'm not mistaken the first
is the same reason you
gave from the same place

about two years ago,
but, we'll let it go
and if you will just
write me one more and
slightly less brief than
the one I got to day
I'll not feel quite so
slighted.

I saw your mother to day
and she told me that you
had quite a time of it
getting to Guthrie. Great
Lord! had to stand nearly

to Ark. City! What sort of
of a gang were they any
how and what the deuce
were Derby people doing going
to Ark. City?

Jerusalem! Talk about
kids climbing up on your chair!
There's a kid pushing on
this table at this minute, a
man - Ocher - as nervous a
plug as ever gave a fellow
the murderous instinct. Talking
away fit to kill, Hot and

still another bird raising
Hail Columbia just out of
reach and ~~and~~ top of all
I'm not in the best of
tempers so if this letter
can be read with any - Oh
hang 'em! wish you could
step in here for a minute.

Let it go I'll tell the
news and chop off!

We went up to the
dom's Saturday night
and of course it was

all that could be expected
so that's enough paid about
that. Last night I went
up to Quillins last night
- blew the horn - and had
a good time of course.

Today ^{P.M.} I went up there
and helped thrash and will
go tomorrow and next day
I suppose. That's about
all that's done as far as
I'm concerned except that

Dad's sick and and you
may bet that I'm mis^{ter}

hands - changed writing - full.

I'm sorry that I can't make
this any more interesting but I'm
not in the mood so I'll quit.

Glad you're having a nice
time but that's to be expected.

Tell em "hello!" for me and
for yourself keep what your
taken.

Adios

A.B.W.



Miss Eleanor Woodworth.

Cashion,
Okla.

