

Dear Bess:

We are in Ft Stockton today.

I didn't get to write at San Angelo because we didn't stop long enough. It is about to rain here for the first time since November. Uncle Harrison and I were driven out to a big alfalfa farm this morning and he got cold. Said if he ever thawed out he'd never freeze again in this country anyway. I have about given up hope for this proposition now. There's no harm done ~~thought~~ because the old gent feels better than he has for two months. My only task will be getting him home from Kansas

City. He's feeling so well that he'll want to stay there.

There are several Dutchmen aboard who think the country is very fine. They are all going to buy.

The stock agent of the Orient road is with us. He's a real southerner, raised on a plantation at Marshall Texas. He's been arrested by Killee and had all kinds of experience. His home is San Angelo. He says that town has more millionaires than any other town in the country its size. They are cow men. One of them owns a couple of Texas counties. This county we are in has an area equal to two Rhode Islands. It's about 100 miles long and

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seventy from north to south.

I just heard a Dutchman make a joke. Someone asked him to have a drink. No drink you he said I refer drink between drinks.

The train has made another start. My most excellent penmanship is made almost illegible by the motion. It affects the spelling also. It is nearly impossible for me to spell correctly at any time and when the train rocks the alphabet becomes jumbled completely in my head. I hope to see you on Wednesday evening. Hold the thought for my good luck. There's no one wants to run half so badly as I do. Will call up when I arrive in town. Dreamt I was taking you to the show last night. Had a new machine (not a Ford either) I can make the show part come true but not the machine. There's one waiting for me.

Sincerely Harry.



Miss Bess Wallace
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Mo.