

goin finally at about the fourth try some sargent always comes in with a list and makes you check up something.

Sometimes I go over to the Y.M.C.A., Mable. But as soon as you get ritin a bald headed fello jumps up an says "Now fellos well all sing." All the fellos whats ritin looks up an says "Aw one thing and another." I dont know who the bald headed fello is. They got one in every Y.M.C.A. They all look about alike. I guess there a regular issue. Theys always a bunch of fellos what dont seem to kno why they came. They all start singin. Then I cant rite no more or do nothin. So I come home an go to bed. Independent. Thats me all over, Mable.

Most of the taxis is swallowed up in the mud. Theys only two or three runnin now. Only the big strong fellos can get to town. The cook says its the old theory of the arrival of the fittest. But I guess you dont know nothin about cience, Mable. When I go to town I wrap my blouze in a newspaper. If they know your goin they give you a list of things to get that looks like a Chinese Message to Congress. By the time you go to come home you got so many bundles you look like one of those fellos in the Funny Papers. Everyone stands in the square looking like a hat rack waitin for the three taxis to come along. When