

Dear ones at home.

It is 1:00 P.M. (E.T.) On ^{Pa} train which
misses Dayton. "Last call to lunch" the porter
says, but I get a cheese sandwich and glass
of milk. Train is dirty & hot. Few passengers
but they insist on having windows open so it
is smoky, dirty and noisy. Fine conductor, he explains
my route to Harting; an Italian family with
three little ones are a few seats ahead of me.
They are having a jolly time. Hoffman & I were
entertained - have of Mr. Geo Ball at Carey, a
fine home. Bishop allowed me to speak early
this morning so I could get train 10:03.
We get to St L. 1:25 (E.T.) and I leave at 2:15
will try to call Nellie. Will try to get home
some night 1:13. Did not bring key but
will hollow. Land is quite level but crops
not nearly so good as in Ohio. Here is a great
stack of sterrwood, a little village with the
usual high loafers watching the train go by.
a man with his team going into dinner
acres of small corn possibly sweet corn, some
soil that looks like tick ridge. Now at Highland
Broad stretches of nice lying land, cattle in the
fields switching flies. Here a pond with cattle
standing in it. Italian busy over coal, children
are messing about on a dozen seats, keeping
daddy & Italian busy jabbering with them.
noisy freight train of sweet smelling stock

on their last journey from the cradle
to the grave. Some tick ridge gutters. a field
of corn captured by the wind, a field of golden
rod beautiful to look upon but nearly to mow.
Little ~~narrow~~ narrow country roads. Hills are
appearing. Grapes by the acres, front yards and
back yards filled with them. A big black plant
now at Collinsville but no stop. Now a big
dirigible, hears in sight and the children
nearly have a fit, make me think of other
days when bright eyed kids were seeing everything
Land level again and come as far as I can see.
There a mule rolling and getting ready to
kick somebody. Now at E. St Louis a dingy
dirty looking place because so many factories.

The smoke of St L. appears and we are coming
upon the bridge which crosses the Father of Waters.
Acres of R. R. yards. Little squallid homes put
somebody in them. A saloon sign still visible.
Here is the Miss River with all kinds of boats
lining the shore. Water is muddy. Surely is hot
In a few minutes must be to place. Now
in a tunnel. Dear night please the paper
a little spirit squib ~~blows~~ to opening.

Now ready to get off in old St L.

Love to all. Dad.

Called Nellie. They are well.

SEE BACK FOR DATE ; mber 10, 1931

Phone GARfield 1212

St. Louis D.

HIPPOTAMUS COULD WASH BOTH EARS ON THIS MELON



TWO of the biggest watermelons ever seen in St. Louis arrived yesterday from Denison, Tex. One of them weighed 140 pounds and was received by W. E. Simpson of Rice-Stix & Co. The other was sent to Thomas M. Kearney, 407 Walnut street, and weighed 148 pounds. Simpson, a former resident of Denison, thinks his melon is a present from his brother. Kearney's melon was from his old friend, Enoch Hughes, a bookmaker many years ago at the old Fairgrounds and Delmar race tracks.

The picture shows Kearney standing in front of his cigar store with the melon. He left it in front of his place all day yesterday, feeling very sure that no one would carry it away.