

I do feel, really, like I am in a strange land. It looks like spring here exactly. One feels like hunting the shade. Barley is a foot high. Farmers are working in good earnest on their farms. Flowers are blooming and fruits are hanging on the trees.

I got up early this morning to spend a long day in writing letters. It takes me about one day every two weeks to do what writing I need to do. Although letter writing is hard for me I like to write.

Well I hope you are all enjoying good health. Present my kind regards to inquiring friends. With loving remembrance of the folks and ever praying for the blessings of God to attend you all. I remain
Your Aff son.

J.A. Clark