

[Hotel Charlton
Frank Charlton, Prop.
Wellsburg W VA]

[No date; envelope postmarked June 27, 1917]

Dear Mother:

If someone had told me five years ago that I would be "bumming around" as much as I am, I would not have believed them. I never did fancy traveling all the time. But in a manner, one becomes accustomed to it until it is not such a dread. One thing I see about it, is the fact that all trips one may take & new places one may visit have no special attraction. I remember when I used to consider a trip to Pittsburgh or Wheeling a wonderful affair. Now, I pass through them as a mere matter of course and see nothing of attraction. That is one result of such a life that I do not admire.

I was at Ira's over Sunday and came down here yesterday morning. I expect to be here until tomorrow evening. Am going to Donora for the remainder of the week.

I think that Fosters, who live next to Ira's, are going to take Ira and Stella to our place on next Sunday. They all seemed to be building on the trip when I was there.

I was down visiting my friends at Elm Grove last evening.

I am expecting to be home next Saturday afternoon.

Your son,
Guy