

Andalusia, Sept 21, 1924.

Dear Margaret,

Andalusia is a nice Southern town and you would feel perfectly at home in it. The flying cockroaches and the flies that get in your ears remind one of dear old Queensland. There is a nice big cockroach living behind the piano at the boarding-house. He ventures out on the wall but retreats after a quick reconnaissance if we are still at meals.

I arrived here at 9.30 in the evening on Friday, Sept. 19. Dr. & Mrs. Similie met me at the station and took me to the home of Sidge Rankin where I have a delightful clean modern room with private bath, - a luxury after Queensland. There are stacks of clean towels and there is not a spot of dust anywhere. The room is also cool. I board across the street where most of the boarders are young school teachers. Between the Rankins and the school maams my soul is being well looked after. The folks go to church once on Sunday and the rest at least twice. Everyone invites you to church and then notices whether
(over)

you have gone and comments on it
 You are likely to go, too, as there is no other
 occupation, unless it is sponging, and
 I am out of that. The most violent form
 of sponging seems to be taking your girl
 to church. I hasten to add that Dr.
 Trullie and I went together and Steve's
 unaccompanied. First we picked cotton
 for an hour on his demonstration
 patch.

Close to the porch at the boarding house
 there is a lantana bush frequented by a hummingbird.
 He hovers about plunging his beak rapidly into
 blossom after blossom until the edge is off his appetite
 and then he sits on a twig from which he
 can watch his precious blossoms. If a
 bumble bee comes around them he darts
 after it and makes passes at it with
 his beak until it flies away. He gives
 similar attention to butterflies. He has a strong
 sense of proprietorship.

I am gradually learning the essentials
 of the southern bill of fare. You must have
 grits about twice a day, and you mix them
 with hash or gravy, ^{to this end} supplements the
 principal dish and ~~there~~ suppresses any longing
 for second helpings. Then, you must have chicken

(3)
with dumplings at Sunday noon. One
chicken will do. You vary the noodles
to adjust for the size of the table. You
eat a second round of hash, pork, or
beans to fill the vacant corners. There
is always variety. And then there are
the hot biscuits. The small round variety.
They were invented small and hot so as
to keep the help busy after the meal
starts, every thing else being passed on
the table and passed from hand to hand
in economical and sensible fashion. People
ought to do a little work for their
food. We can't all earn it by scintillating
remarks.

Most of the conversation so far has been
about Uncle Jim in Australia. No sooner does
any one hear that I have come from there than
he asks about Uncle Jim, and wants to know
if I really know most of Australia, and if
I do I know him. To-day they handed me
the section in the wires with his picture.
I advise you to get acquainted with him
even at the expense of paying 10 cents for a
Sunday paper. It is necessary in self defense.
If you want to economize, keep it dark
that you are from Australia.

Mrs. Smilli has a small young baby girl
just getting her fourth tooth row. There are two older children

of the former Mrs. Smith who died in Brazil
neveral ever.

The report of the T.H.P. has three
of my photos in it, but none from Australia.
Two are from Madras and one from Java.
I saw Dr. Smith's copy this morning.

I am hoping to-morrow's mail
will bring a letter from you, forwarded
through Leeburg. If I mail this to-morrow
it will probably not arrive too early to
be delivered to you in New York.

Have you enough money to last to
the first of the month? I have not received
any reimbursements of travel expense and
have wondered whether any letters were
received from the T.H.P. + forwarded from Harbor
Springs.

Rumor has it that Dr. Leach will be
assigned to the State of Alabama for a
year as epidemiologist. There is plenty to
do here. I listened to the ~~the~~ oral examination
of midwives the other day. Nearly all of
them ^{were unable to} ~~could~~ write and only a few could
read. The white women were more ignorant
than the Negroes. Most of them were very old.
~~One Negro~~ Many of the Negro women were
uncertain of their age. One said she was
here ~~to~~ in the slave days and her occupation
then was "fanning flies" and helping about the table.

One of the women had delirious about a thousand Fabrics.

Alabama maxims by W.A.S.

1. Spare the grits and spoil the food.
2. 'Tis gravy that makes the grits go round.
3. You can build a marble courthouse but you ~~it~~ can't keep off the spit.
4. A cockroach in the bush is worth three in the house.

To Blatta Orientatis

Twinkle, twinkle, little Blatta,
How I wonder what's the matter,
Darting all about the house
Like a filthy winged mouse.

2 Lullaby

Thou home of cotton and pecan (peebahn)
Where homesick wanderers labor on
~~Living on~~ ^{Eating their} chicken and gumbo, and pork,
Sighing for loved ones in distant New York,
And getting them only ^{kind} solace and balm
From ~~the~~ ^{the} gay and festive bobbed school-maam.

PLEASE WRITE OFTEN.

Love to all,

Allen.