

555 Chestnut St.
Columbia, Pa.

Dear Papa,

Here it is again, the same old thing, ages have slipped by since the last time I wrote but I guess a leopard cant [sic] change its spots and as a letter writer I must be pretty well spotted.

It probably looks queer to see this headed Columbia but yesterday McBride and I came down from Boston to spend the mid-year holidays at his home – at least most of them as the last few days I'm going to stop over in New York with Jean and Rob – it seems queer to be down in this part of the country where you were when you were a boy – we left the train yesterday in Lancaster and came down by trolley, -- Wheatland and Littitz [sic] are both names you hear a good deal here and I'm going to try before starting back to Boston to take a look over the old Wheatland Place although now it belongs to a florist and serves only as a place to raise flowers for the market! So it would be hard to connect any early memories with it – Liditz [sic] seems now to be known only for making the best brand of Pennsylvania Dutch pretzels which by the way are mighty good – may be I'm just enough of a Dutchman myself to like them.

It certainly seems mighty good to have nothing to do for a couple of weeks – the work up in Boston has been going from bad to worse as far as the amount we have had to do is concerned and it doesn't seem to me that with the exception of the work at Christmas which I spent in Washington with Aunt Lena I've had few minutes to myself in ages although of course its [sic] not quite as bad as that but one thing is certainly sure – and that is that I'm looking forward to June we close up the last book and call school days over for good – it will be a pleasant change to be going some real work instead of just studying and writing lessons although of course there are some advantages to that which we will probably miss a good deal are of the worst of the new features being that all the various [leavers?] that we have been getting from time to time will be a thing of the past.

We really had quite a reunion in Washington at Christmas, as Will came in for Saturday and Sunday and both Reg and Frank managed to get up for a few days so with Aunt Lena and Dorothy and Eleanor we really had quite a family party but as a small kid had come down with scarlet fever in the place where Aunt Lena has been living she had to move out on an hours [sic] notice and find a new place so the rest of us scattered around in different hotels in the neighborhood, on the way back I stopped over a couple of trains with Rob and Jean, since then I



haven't heard a single word from any of them or seen them either – when you are a long way off it seems as if you are much less in touch with everyone than when you are near even in reality you hear just as often. We are all still as much in the dark as ever over our probable stations after we leave Boston – the present Chief Constuctor [sic] doesn't seem to be very strong for the idea of letting people know what's going to happen till the time actually comes – Uncle Frank is still down in the West Indies and is likely to get north until after the manoeuvres [sic] which will last till March probably but soon after that he will come ashore for good and I imagine he is looking forward a good deal to this!

Im [sic] going to write Will in a couple of days to see if he cant [sic] make arrangements to get on to New York while I'm there. What are your plans now or are they still sort of unsettled as to when you will be coming back here again if it were only one year later I might be looking forward to joining you over there but so more have most summers and it will be practically direct from Boston to wherever I'm to go on duty.

This is the third day that we've been down here now and talk about being lazy, I've not done one single lick of work and there isn't any prospect of any being done will we get back to Boston but there it will be pretty strenuous again as they haven't let up any ever in the last term and with the numbers of hours that we carry there is mighty little time left for any thing [sic] else, we have to begin writing a thesis about as soon as we get back and that will use of most of the few stray hours we are supposed to have off.

Wednesday

We have started in to have a good old-fashioned blizzard – so far its [sic] been blowing half a gale and snowing continuously for thirty six [sic] hours and no change in sight so about the only thing left to do is to stay in and read the papers about the excitement in Russia – all the papers here are comparing it to the time of Louis XVI's reign and it certainly does look a good deal like it but they seem to be using a pretty strong hand in taking care of the situation so it may come out all right in the end – between these troubles and the war with Japan the Czar must be leading a pretty uncomfortable sort of and existence.

mss1996_311_1905_Sidney_Henry_to_JBH



LancasterHistory²

So far this winter I've hardly had even a slight cold and have been feeling mighty well and incidentally picked up a few of the pounds that were lost sometime last spring or summer, so on the whole Boston seems to agree pretty well but dont [sic] know that any of us have become enough attached to the place to want to stay any longer than next spring – that assignment of the whole crowd is still one of the most interesting topics of general conversation we hear but one of us know any thing [sic] yet as to our ultimate fates – have you decided on any definite plans as to where you are going when you come back next semester. If this is to get off before the last train gets stalled had better stop now. Love to Margaret!

Affectionately,

Sid

mss1996_311_1905_Sidney_Henry_to_JBH



LancasterHistory³