



Mr. Clifford L. Burwell
Pittsfield
Maine

Sept 16, 1909.
Thursday afternoon

Dear brother Rip,

I got your letter today instead of my own so will write a line myself and send them both along to you.

Of course father and mother told you all about the place better than I can write it. But I will tell you how I am.

I am feeling very well

and getting up to dinner
and supper every day
but get my breakfast
in bed, but I will
soon be up for all
day.

Of course there is
nothing to do here but
eat read and sleep
and write a few letters
and we sit in our chairs
on the Piazza and
rock and talk away
the time, all we
have to do is to kill
time make it go as
fast as possible it
is a hard life for

one who likes to be
moving around and
doing something.

I hope you are having
a good time at school
and learning something.

I don't want you to try
for the football team at
all kip father has all
he can possibly buy
now with me here and
you in school and if
you should get hurt
even if it ~~it~~ didn't injure
you for life it would
cost money to get you
well and those things we
must look out for.

Keep your windows up

and walk lots in the
good fresh air.

Take plenty of
exercise run some if
you want to.

Sleep with your
windows up warm
or cold and don't
get a cold and let
it hang on to you.

I tell you this health
is every thing there is
in this world for
a poor man and you
would realize it if
put in my place.

I got one of your
letters you sent home

and am glad you had
a good time up to Marion's.
Write me Kip, I
like to get letters so
much I wish you
could write me every
week

Lovingly your brother
Guy

Address GNB —
Hebron
Sanatorium Maine

Here's wishing you
a happy 21st. Birthday
I wish I was so I could
wrestle with you.
Brother Guy.