

J. B. McGee,
Real Estate Agency,

Clearwater, Fla., April 14 1901

R. H. Walker, Major General, Commanding:

I have the honor to report - Pursuant to your instructions, I have been on a scouting expedition locating new forts. I have captured a bute, as the accompanying gem will show. He is even superior to the editor of Lightning, Lulligent, Lamer county, Ala. I hold him subject to your orders, but on account of his gross violation of the articles of war respecting forts I respectfully suggest that he should be shot.

I spent some time in Tampa testing the virtues of abinthe. I became so spiritual that I had to go out in the country and mingle with more ~~of~~ material things. I have bought a farm and an orange grove and think of annexing a widow - not my wife, however; she and I are out. There is a policeman in the case.

Clearwater is a nice place, but there is nothing here but clear water, which is a damned

shame. I suppose that I shall survive.

I send you a copy of the abortion I am working on. You will understand that it is the best I can do in a junk shop infected with bucolic typographical errors since the year one. I get \$12 a week and some grub. The coin I invest in improving my farm and in building up my spirituality.

My boss, the poet, is a champion idiot. He has less sense than Mr. Newman and is more vicious (I had the pleasure of giving Mr. Newman a dollar and a drunk in Decatur.) I have him pretty well trained. However, you are the only villatic journalist I ever worked for who had any sense: and you quit before the disease struck in.

When you become a plutocrat and visit Florida call on me at my De Vinne farm. I will let you too look at my chickens and tangerines.

There are oysters and fish all around here. Also jay birds and squirrels.

Write me a few brief paragraphs. I like to hear you chirp.

Yours truly,

P. C. Appleby,
Poet-slayer.