

We had a fine rain yester-morn and
it has relieved me from watering my fine
garden. Fruit is abundant and I'm busy.

Tolstoy Park, Montrose, Ala.
Four:15 A.M., July 8, '37
Beautiful morn. & still 70°

Dear Friend, President of my old college;-

Your much appreciated letter of
April came May 1st. I've been very busy in my garden, in canning fruit,
reading, writing and entertaining many visitors --- 505 this year.

The fear of hookworm has never entered my heart. It is a filth
disease brot on by unsanitary conditions among negroes and poor whites.
Filth is not permitten in my park. It is burned or burried at
once ---- burned mostly, even to bowel discharges.

Many people here who think they are careful and clean, have open
toilets from which flies breed and pester their dining tables!

College days have always been a happy memory, but I took no part
in college games. Never was an apt student, so I was up at 5 A.M. to
solve problems and keep up with my classes.

Most of my studies were in mathematics and I found that an hour
before daylight was worth two or three in the evening when I was tired.

Early rising has been followed all my life --- first on the farm,
necessary for success.

Now, in reading the "College Bulletin", I seldom see the names of
any students that I knew in college days --- nearly all have crossed
the bar I guess. Except Prof. Shunk, all have passed away. I was not
personally acquainted with him, but his face was familiar in chappel.

'Tis strange about Prof. Armstrong from whom I took lessons in pen-
manship. He instilled me with the correct way to make the small F and
I always think of him when I write it with pen or pencil.

From Prof. Clarke I took lessons in elocution and lettering. Both
have served me well during the years.

From my point of view, nearly all the churches are largely ortho-
dox. Quakers, Unitarians and Universalists I can tolerate in large meas-
ure. I like the Adventists mostly for their vegetarian ideas and their
abomination of liquor and tobacco.

The June issue of their "Signs of the Times" is so good that I sent
for a dollar's worth to be distributed among friends and visitors who
would like to read it.

Shall mail you a copy, also the January number of "Free - Economy"
in which is a letter of mine.

Five:20 and it is light. Must get to my work out-doors now.

Two:10 P.M., under the pavilion. Here, I'm in good light and in the
breeze from any direction that it may come.

Worked hard in my garden hoeing corn for a time till nearly nine.
Then a shower came up and I climbed up into my bunk till ten. Dinner
by 11:10. Reading till 12, then to my swing cot under the pavilion till
nearly two.

Most of the time after May 1st it is too hot for an old man to work
after ten or before 3 P.M. and many of these hours are spent up in my
cot under the pavilion where I enjoy life while others fret and fume in
heat. Heat in Mobile this summer has broken all records and gone above
100 degrees. 88° is my highest record here.

My park is on a high summit nearly a $\frac{1}{2}$ mile east of the bay shore.

Numerous papers and magazines have given me write-ups. a number have
ven pictures of self and unique home. Ed. H. Packard, author of "New Eng-
land Essays", devoted essay 77 to "The Sage of Tolstoy Park" and gave
illustrations. That was

S E C O N D S H E E T

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"The Birmingham News" gave me more than a half page with illustrations in 1929 I think. "Pathfinder" did same. "The Fort Myers Press" thru a friend I had down there gave me quite a writ-up some years ago. Numerous papers and magazines have published excerpts from letters I have written.

My last write-up was by "The Mobile Press" on June 23rd. Agents came one P.M. when a shower of rain was on and took me in my doorway by means of a big flash light. I was not prepared for a picture and the flash apparently frightened me.

They gave me quite a write-up under the title of "The Hermit of Montrose".

My good neighbor Parker says it is the worst picture of me that he has seen. Anyway, that picture has brot me 'bout 25 visitors and they have bought a number of good pictures that I have on hand for sale.

For YEARS I've had many correspondents, and one from Illinois sent me a small leaflet published by neighbor Parker. It pleased me so much that I wrote to him for more of his work. Then he sent me a copy of his magazine, "Keep Close to the Ground". Also the story of "Tom and Kitty" and the story of "The Tensaw". Both Civil War stories. Many illustrations were given of scenery along the eastern shore of Mobile Bay and I fell in love with Alabama.

Parker wrote me early in 1923 that I could get ten acres of scrub timber land almost adjoining his home for \$150.00, so I sent him the money in March that year, but could not cut loose from Namps, Idaho until October.

Because of cold winters I had almost decided to go to southern California, near Fallbrook and Sandeigo. As it is, I'm glad I came to Alabama.

'Tis thundering and another rain cloud is in the S.E. and I'll have to get to my house wher I feel safe from any storm.

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One:15 P.M., under the pavilion, July nine, 1937. It has rained or threatened all morning, but I've done a lot of work --- mostly outdoors.

Now, I mean to try and finish this letter and shall take up your biographical sheet. TwO:25 now and I've just filled out the sheet you sent me. Hoped to get this off today, but neighbor P. has just gone by on his way to Montrose.

Shall now put op the magazines for you and hope all will be mailed tomorrow.

Happily, happily,

"Ye olde Tolstoyan Freeman",

H. J. Stuart