

Exeter N. H.

Sept 22, 1901

Dear Mother,

The time has come,  
I am homesick. My ~~nerves~~ ~~nerves~~  
~~nerves~~ nerves are completely  
run down. I cry all the  
time and I don't know what  
I cry for. I am going to one  
of the Professors and have him  
advise me on getting some medicine  
What are all the pillow cases  
for that I found in my trunk  
Ask Gertrude how many stock  
neckties she bought.  
I have some stuff I don't need  
but will bring it home

when I come Thanksgiving for I think I  
can get home Wed night an come back Friday  
morning. Please send tickets and an  
Old Colony Rail Road time-  
table. Write as often as you can.  
Thank Helen for me and tell  
her that I will write her as soon  
as I can keep the tears out of my  
eyes long enough to see what I am  
doing. I am homesick but than every  
one has to be homesick. I will get over  
it in a little while. When I begun  
to write this letter I was awfull  
homesick but now I am not home-  
sick one bit, if this is the effect it  
has on me I will write often. Don't worry  
about me Ma if my letters do sound as  
if I was home sick for <sup>in</sup> other ~~ways~~ ways  
I have got along all right and will come  
out all right in the end

Your loving son  
Edwin Crowell  
Dunbar Hall  
Exeter  
N. H.

P.S.  
How about the  
Adams House  
fog-horn.  
la-la-la

[1901-09-22; letter from Edwin Crowell Jr. at Exeter to mother Louisa:]

Exeter N.H Sept 22, 1901

Dear Mother, --

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I have some stuff I don't need but will bring it home [over page] when I come Thanksgiving for I think I can get home Wed night and come back Friday morning. Please send tickets and an Old Collony Rail Road time table. Write as often as you can. Thank Helen for me and tell her that I will write her as soon as I can keep the rears out of my eyes long enough to see what I am doing. I am homesick but than every one has to be homesick. I will get over it in a little while. When I begun to write this letter I was awefull homesick but now I am not homesick one bit, if this is the effect it has on me I will write often. Don't worry about me Ma if my letters do sound as if I was home sick for in other ways I have got along all right and will come out all right in the end

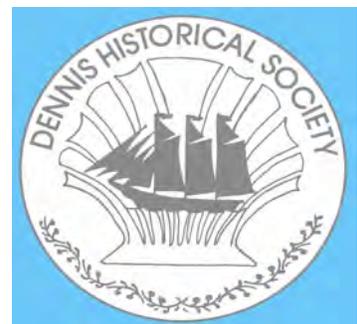
Your loving son

Edwin Crowell

Dunbar Hall

Exeter N.H.

P.S. How about the Adams House fog-horn. Ha - Ha - Ha



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