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Sunday Morning

Love — Love — Love.

My Darling Love, my Precious Sweetheart,
Dearie darie, darie, darie, darie,
Can't you come home for just this
afternoon, you know how I want you
-darie don't you? I love you I love
you. My thoughts, my heart, my
soul, my mind, my whole being is
one continuous, never ending, everlast-
ing love letter to you. Whatever
is happening or has happened or is
going to happen, I am constantly
saying "I love you dear, I want
you dear, fly to my arms, lay
your dear head on my shoulder,
let me kiss those sweet lips, let
me kiss those precious tears away

let me hold you tight forever and
forever and forever - darling I love
you," let me look into those deep
brown eyes dearie, let me look way
down to the bottom. There are precious
treasures way down ~~at~~ the bottom of those
eyes for I have seen them before - I would
never tire of looking at them. Just
one look, just one hugg, just one
kiss, just one word of love, love, love
and even then I wouldn't be satisfied,
I shall always want just one more
there will never be a last one. Darling
my own darling, I love you, I love
you, I love you. (They are calling for
me to come and help make ice-cream,
dearie it makes me nearly go crazy
even to have anyone speak to me,
sometimes I will get to talking, laughing

cracking jokes and making the others
laugh but it is all a crazy nervousness
I don't feel like laughing at anything
or saying anything, but they don't
know it. Dearie, dearie I want you, I
need you I love you. I hope you
will feel better so that you may enjoy
as much as possible the vacation, but
it is pretty hard to enjoy anything,
really enjoy it, even if you, (we) do feel
in good health isn't it? (Yes, dear
we are going to spend our lives together,
and we will enjoy our lives then, all
the more for being separated now, but
I don't want to have any separations at
all in the least. It makes me throb
and thrill all over and through to read
your dear letters. - Well I have written
all this and haven't started to tell with

that ice-cream - it seems as if I couldn't
stop - I love you I love you I love you I love
you! - it is like tearing my own heart
out - ~~***~~ ~~1+1~~ ~~2+2~~ - — Here I am, dearie
back again at last, we had good luck
with it, come and have some with me
out in the hammock. It is a beautiful

day, too good to lose. I am not dressed
up for Sunday and don't think I will for
I am not going away anywhere. I
had to take a Danielson car the other
day to go on business (alone) and I
don't know how I ever got through
with it. I love you, I love you I love
you. We didn't have to work Saturday
afternoon and so I spent the time on some
work for Mr. Tripp. It took me all the
afternoon to do a few hours work because I
would keep finding myself sitting back
in my chair and thinking hard of you
you you you I can think of nothing
but you my 'angell' my darling