

#3.

Sunday Evening.

Let me put my arms around you
dearie. Come to me now don't
wait any longer. This is the
worst Sunday that I ever spent.
I have been in the house the whole
day long except for a few hours (about
two) this morning when I went out in
the back yard. Mother is play-
ing on the organ and the music
just about upsets me. Instead
of writing this letter to you dear, I
ought to be up on that piazza, in
that hammock with you in my
arms, your cheek against mine,
- it makes me crazy. Come back
Come back Come Back Come Back

I don't know whether I can stand
another Sunday or not. It is
hard enough every day in the week.
I love love you you love
~~love love love~~
love love love (!!!!!???)
Oh my own precious darling
if I could only put my arms
around you, if I could only feel
you ~~enugld~~ snug close as I could
squeeze you right next to my
heart - "not in my vest pocket," but
right next to my heart, "O, goodness
don't you understand?" - "right next
to my heart." It would ease the
ache in my heart. My heart
will ache just as long as you
are not in my arms. If you
don't want me to kiss you

right on the station platform, you
had better not meet me when
I come. - I couldn't wait until
we could get away. As soon as
my vacation is over I think I
shall try and find another job
whatever it may be in my line,
and wherever it may be, as long as
there is a larger salary with it,
I can't stand it this way any longer.
To-day has about knocked me out.
Come back Come back Come back
Oh sweetheart, it keeps coming
upon me, that I must have you
right away, I must put my arms
around you. Dearie, I hope that
this experience is all for the best,
it is a pretty hard experience for us
both. I love you, I love you, I love

Monday A.M. = I love you here you
love you - Come back. I want you.
I love you I want you. Come dear, my
arms are waiting. — I love you

you I love you I love you I love you.
You will never go away again dear
unless I go to. It has taken all
day to write this letter, I cannot leave
it. I cannot ~~see~~ talk to you, therefore
I must write to you, say something to you.
Whatever it is, you are concerned ~~for~~.
If it lasts much longer, I doubt whether
you will find me in my right mind
or not when you return. I feel half crazy
now and guess this letter sounds crazy.
I am in love dear, in love with you and
desperately in love with you. Love
love love love love love love
love love love love love love love
love love love love love love, Chester

From

79 Gladstone St.

Arlington, R.I.

