

Georgetown Idaho

June 23, 1932.

Dot —

You kissed me and I'm glad.

Then I went away,

And I have been a dreamer

— Since that day.

I left, and am now wondering

If you knew,

That my heart went stumbling

After you.

CH

If my writing is a little shaky tonight it is because I was on my hands and knees all day welding, and then at 6:30 P.M. I went over to the ball park and pitched five innings of baseball. Of course I used my right hand and the result is that I believe that I would have a hard time drawing straight lines. Like see:

I suppose I will see little carrots and
beets among nice thrifty weeds, in
my dreams tonight. I hope they do
not push you out of them.

Have you ever heard this one.

A woman I know had triplets last week
and then yesterday she had Twins.

one of the ~~babys~~ babies died.

That one was told in a perfectly good classroom
so I guess its all right.

I wonder if you can get any unity in
my letter. Its just a scramble after writing
that poem. It may be if I lay off now
and go to bed and ~~try~~ try some more tomorrow
evening, it will be more sensible and the
writing will look better.

Good Night for this evening. Let be mean and
hope you are half as lonely as I am tonight.

E.

More Tomorrow.