

Apr. 28  
1922

Friday Morning-

Dearest Eric,

It's just 10:20 by  
my watch. I can  
hardly wait for  
12 to come, so I can  
go home and get  
you something good  
to eat - Here's hoping  
I choose the things  
you like, and don't  
scorch any of them.

Oh - yes, and on  
my way home I must

(2)

stop down at the  
corner <sup>of 7<sup>th</sup> + D-</sup> and get  
something - I expect  
my heart will put  
in an extra beat  
every minute till you  
get home - just  
waiting to give it  
to you.

I'm wondering  
where you will  
be tomorrow at  
this time. I expect  
to be right where  
I am now - but  
my thots will be

miles away, dear,  
 just following you  
 out thru the hills  
 and over the plains  
 and along the rivers  
 of this big country of  
 ours - for you never  
 can speed so fast,  
 or get so far away,  
 but that my love  
 is right with you  
 all the time - with  
 you and over you and  
 under you and all  
 about you -

I love the earth  
 because you walk

it - the air because <sup>(4)</sup>  
you breathe it -  
all of nature, because  
you love it - so you  
see my love is  
everywhere - every-  
where in "your world"  
and I hope it will  
brighten it and make  
it happy - as your  
love has made "my  
world."

I mustn't talk  
longer this morning -  
dear - but my love  
is longer than all  
the talk that could

be made out of all <sup>(5)</sup>  
the words in all  
the dictionaries of  
all the languages,  
living + dead -

Your own little girl  
Alma

P.S. These are the first  
love phrases I ever  
penned - but  
husbands are good  
persons to practice  
on - eh?