

July 7, 1922

My own dearest boy-

This wont be a  
very long letter -  
but it will tell you  
I love you & am  
just waiting for  
you to come back.  
Oh- I hope they  
dont send you to  
another state. I  
suppose I'd get  
along all right  
if they should-

(2)

but it doesn't seem  
as if I could possibly  
stand it even another  
whole month longer.

I wrote you a long  
long letter last night  
12 pages + - but I  
made some rather  
rash statements in  
it. so I tore it up  
in obedience to my  
common sense. I  
unloaded a lot  
of feeling into it

(3)  
+ I felt relieved  
after it was  
written - even if  
I didn't send it.

Please - dearest -  
send me a telegram  
the minute you  
find out definitely  
whether or not you  
have to stay & go  
to another state.  
I won't rest easy  
or sleep right

till I know, (4)

Don't forget to send  
it, my love - will  
you? Send it the  
very first second you  
you know, I'll  
be waiting, waiting,  
waiting - just to hear.

I had my first  
music lesson last  
night. Ruth says  
there's no reason why  
I can't be playing  
accompaniments

for you before long  
That's all I'm taking  
them for -

I must close now -

Loving you always  
your own little girl

Alma

Montrose, Pa.

July 4, 1922

Dear Eric,

Didn't get  
to converse with you  
all the while I was  
at your house so  
am going to try it  
now via Almie.

Agnis' sister from  
Elmira got home for  
the Fourth so we  
find ourselves up

here today. You can picture  
me splashing paint over  
Dad's house the last of this  
week if it stops raining.  
Cold enough here today so  
we have been hanging  
around the stove.

Your absence was the  
only thing to mar our  
honeymoon. We had the  
time of our young lives.

We found June so much  
stronger & finer & Alene  
of course just like she  
always is. She is the  
healthiest jolliest widow  
I ever saw but my private  
opinion is that she is doing  
her last bit of <sup>voluntary</sup> widowhood now.  
Imagine you might just  
as well plan on packing  
her up & taking her along  
next time. Also can warn

you to prepare for an  
awakening of affection as  
it were when you plant  
your heel in D.P. again.

Might just as well  
dry up because I know  
the censor will have a  
book of her own to send  
along & there will be no  
use of my trying to get  
any more past.

Clifford started a "you did  
- I didn't - you did - I didn't"  
argument with Casper the  
other day. But Dad said  
he settled it in the second  
round with this: "you did too  
& I can prove it by myself."  
All brotherly love, Fussell  
Ditto, Agnes.



3000-20<sup>th</sup> St. N.E.  
Washington, D.C.

July 7, 1922



Mr. Eric S. Stearns,  
Meade,  
Kansas.

JUL 10 1922

Gen. Del.