

Wed. mday. Eve - 9:00 P.M.

Dear - or - my girl!

I just to show
you that I'm a fellow of words
have yours for a second letter
to you this week. and one I
hope that will give you a
bit more pleasure - if it is
possible for you to get pleasure
out of any of my scribbles -
in reading than the one
before.

To begin - I'm over the
"blue sulphuric" stage and have
entered into another, can't just
name it but if you were
here could show you.

This blessed pen scratches so
I can't write much so
please forgive change.

Delaga! if my other
letter made you feel
badly I'm sorry very
sorry and if you'll just
take me as you find
me when I'm in a
^(hell it) decent temper I'll be
satisfied. Really I
can't tell why I'm
so idiotic as to bother
you as I do but every
thing affects me, whether
a glance a word but
mustly I get to

"Thinking" and then
I'm in for it. Its my-
self you know, not you.
I'm sure of you - should I be?
but can I do by you as
you should be? That's all
the trouble and one
minute I'm ready to
risk it and the next I
think it is not treating
you rightly and then's
when I "get 'em". Are you
will ing, not afraid to trust
me? But if I talk like
this I'll be in my Monday

right now and I don't
want that back again.

Anyhow I'm going to "hang
on" as long as I can. That's
slang but the sentiment is
there.

You ^{will} ^{have} probably answered my
other letters by the time this
arrives at any rate I hope so - if
it's a nice letter, which I don't doubt.

~~See~~ and you can - if you wish
answer this next week - in writing -
and some time this week - in person.

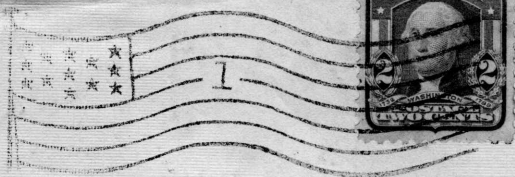
For all my meanness why don't
you ditch me, why don't you? but
don't - don't! don't! because -

I've told you lots of times the reason
I want to be kept and the same
old reasons hold good now,

This is a mighty poor
letter and like me but
dear dont think me foolish
I can see and that is
the reason of all my crossness
I know myself better than
you and — I'm afraid
for you — not myself — never-
theless I'm here to stay
if you'll have it that way
and — tell me it — every
time you see me or write
and I try to "be good"
If I've hurt you forgive me
if you can.

With love — all of it.

A.



Miss Eleanor Woodworth.

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Kansas.

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