



Miss Eleanor J. Rice
Mazon Illinois

In care of Mrs. Alice Gabriel

LOWELL N. HARRY
SOUTH HAVEN, MICHIGAN

June 5 1936
So Haven

Dear Charles,

You wont have to scrape me
up off the road yet, for a while any-
way. I reached So. Haven at seven
thirty, please don't tell anyone
or don't scold me too hard. I
wouldnt have done it if you were
with me. I listened to all the
~~songs~~ music all the way back
like heading for the last rounds
and some only have songs.

I bucked up and went over
to the Church to see the Comedy
by Gorgea. Mail order wife was
the name of it. There were just
a few people there and the Butcher
got up in front and said if you
three people will scatter and

so the church will look there or
six people here we will start
the play. Boy! it was shure good
just to give you some idea what
it was I will tell you one line.
Two Cow Boys were getting the lunch
ord one picked up a cup, took a
swell of it, ord said it swell like
a piece of hamburger cheese that a
skunk brought in a week ago.
Gene Benty played a old pair
of shoes. The Whitman girl played
her acordion, ord some woman
song. There's a long long trail, I
thought head of ant you then, ord
still more when she sang. Let
the rest of the world do Boy. I
laughed until the tears ran down
my cheeks at the play, I ~~did~~ wish
you could have been to see it.
Larise or I were the only young

people there.

Elgy Fowler asked me when I got back, and then I notice she started writing something, so I suppose we will be in the Casso news tomorrow.

Mrs. ~~Wright~~ Wright told me I looked lonesome, but I guess it must have been my whiskers because I didn't shave. You see what an influence you have on my shaving don't you.

Tell Alice and Gabe that I had a swell time while I was there. I am afraid I didn't show much enthusiasm when I left on any other time, but it was hard to enjoy every thing and thinking all the time that I had to go.

home without you.

I hope you can read this, it's
pretty darn scratchy writing, but
if you keep writing darn sharp
I can do better.

Well it is 10:45 so guess I
will go to bed thinking about you.
It is almost as hard to end this
letter as it is to go home some
night when we park on a bridge
near Proxy. So long sweet -
I don't know whether to say the
rest or not I got a bashful start
on; but here goes. My Sweetest.

Your Fete.

D.S.

I feel that offense is making my
heart grow fonder for you.
Love