

Stendover, Utah

Dearest Donna

I'm glad to hear your confidence in me is still holding its own. I am not quite sure whether I deserve full credit yet or not. Maybe some day I will be able to say that I am really up to everything that I should do. I won't promise anything that I think there will be the slightest chance of ^{the} breaking of it. I want to be honest. Therefore I won't say that I will promise to quit smoking, until I know that I will and can. I am sure that you would rather have it that way, everything on the up & up. That goes for everything. I won't say one thing and do another. True happiness could never be attained by that, and that is what I saw after, and I honestly believe that I can acquire it with you, for you, and of you.

I hope that it was someone I know who fitted in with the song I'm

falling in love with someone. I hope I know him very personally.

I asked Dad about coming to Delta, but no soap. It appears that his wife has to go to San Jose to see her son. So it looks like you won't be able to meet him now after all. I told him all about you & all about my intentions, and he likes it, and I am sure, in fact I know, that he would think you were swell too.

His wife is alright, but she runs his life for him. She has done a lot of good for him, but she has gone too far. Before he married her he used to spend money very freely, too freely in fact. Now he has to ask her for 50¢ to buy anything. That can't lead to anything but a more or less miserable life to lead. I don't mean by that that I think he should have all the money, but he ought to be able to have some.

I failed in my letter a day to you.
But I will write whenever I get
the chance.

Josh is the moon beautiful to-
night. As big as a dollar and
twice as bright. But that is a-
bout all the good that can be had
out of it at this place. I wish I
were home or someplace with you.
This place is getting very tiresome.
I also wish that we could have
had gone together more before, but fate
hasn't willed it that way. Maybe
what I want to do is all wrong.
Maybe we should quit, but honest
Danna, I don't think so. But I want
you to be sure. I don't like this
courtship by mail any more than you
must do. But for the present it is the
best I can do, and I can only
hope that it is capable of serving the
purpose for which it is intended.
As I have told you before I never

proof read any letter I write. So
whatever I write I mean it at
the time I write it and for ever after.
Until death do us part

I've tried to be honest in every
thing I have done. I won't say I
am infalable in my actions, but I
have done very few things for which
I am or could be sorry for after. It
is that upon which I have based
my life. I know for one thing that
if and when I get my mind set
upon anything that I am liable to
be pretty stubborn about changing
it. It is a bad fault of mine, but
so far I haven't been able to do a
whole lot about it. Maybe you can
change that. You have already done
quite a bit of changing in my life
already.

I was just remarking to another
fellow who is writing a letter how
much easier it is to write something

than fit is to say it. Maybe it did
work that pray with everyone but it
does with me. I doubt if I could even
read what I write and be able to
convey the thoughts that I have. I
will have to overcome that.

I hope you are able to get
a satisfactory mental picture of me
through my letters. As I said they
are my only means of saying what
I want to say.

Well honey, hope you don't mind,
but it is getting late, midnight
your time, and I am a little bit
sleepy so I'll close for now and
wish you a very goodnight, pleas-
ant dreams, love & kisses, and
everything nice, and I'm still wait-
ing for that letter containing your
answer. In hoping.

Bob Love
Haynes