

[Jul 1915]

Pen, Pen

Dearest —

You may take the wasped
state of my block as a
sort of signal of distress
— all happily past now
of course. We were wet.

No motor met us at Bettles
for the good reason that such
no longer exists for this hospitable
house. "The best horse in Bettles,
better than a motor" —! — drew us

Lither in a most exposed & shelterless little
trap — drew us finally at about 9:40,
dinnerless so far, to the dark hall; you
see, or rather you remember, that they
cut off the current in thunderstorms.
So we were lunched & dark — but, happily,
expected. We occupy the lower shack —
my bed is too short & high, possibly
with the excitement of chinking working
in his gang mind, found the bed clothes
slippery, or the feel of consequence cold.
Still it's the Shack — & have I not eaten

a long Pun breakfast! The hotel contains
but one guest besides ourselves - by name
O'Malley, a circumstance that he caused
much confusion, for he has nothing to
do with Ettie. A nice man, & will dine
with us pleasantly & even gratefully to-day.
Clearing weather, though still a bit
dough, & we propose going tenderly to
Tosfaen - with plenty of chocolate in
our pockets.

I hope you're safe in the arms of St Agnes
& have quite put away the many cares
which partly I rather let fall upon
your already almost overburdened
person. Dear devoted person!

Oh! I forgot - but I hope you received Uncle's
wire - anyway they both met me & each
thru very successfully - & it's as nearly
arranged as human affairs come to being.
Well my sweet Ruth, panged as I was
at leaving you, I'm quite glad to be here -
shall expect to be so if I get nice letters
from you. As this has to be completed
before starting you'll understand that it oughtn't

So Colbye servant - till 6-night or 6-morrow morning
or longer
Stage
to be longer.