Dear Old Fiddler,

Just imagine it is 9:30 A.M. and I am writing this letter to you. Now don’t tell me that I am not working. After I have finished writing I shall be in a mixed letter written to work. Well, Fiddler, I am glad you were satisfied with the second last letter of mine. I can hardly forgive myself for finishing the one you threw in the fire. However, the meaning was not half as bad as you made it. But from now on I am going to be more careful. You really must have me to thank me sufficiently as you do. You see, Fiddler, it takes a little patience in the beginning to learn to understand each other fully. But I think we are succeeding splendidly. Of course I shouldn’t blame myself for every little phrase in your letter that strikes me from the wrong angle. If you correct 90% of all that to my reading,
Dear Mrs. Smith,

I write to express my appreciation and to convey my heartfelt sentiments towards you. Your letters have been a source of comfort and encouragement, and your presence has been a constant reminder of our love and affection.

As for my health, I have been taking steps to improve it. I have been walking more and have noticed a significant improvement. I believe that regular exercise is crucial for maintaining good health.

I hope this letter finds you well and that you are enjoying your leisure activities. Please convey my regards to Mr. Smith and let him know that I am thinking of him always.

Yours sincerely,

[Signature]
the period of separation. Now don't think that I am silly. It never
leaves me long to pull up again. A few days of real rest and I am myself
again. I am quite sure they will be frustrated by the end of next
month. Just now I am dealing with the next difficult section of
preaching. It the race will be comparatively simple. Well you must
have wonderful times. I suffer from a lack of social life. The only
folks whose company I really enjoy, strange to say, are Mrs. and
Smith. He now is a high school teacher and is enjoying life ever since.
We have an invitation from them for a week from coming Sunday.
But we also think during the week sometimes. They live only about
15 minutes from our place. John somehow is too much like
an old predestination to suit me. His interests are very narrow and he
does not seem to get very joy out of life. He talks it as if it comes but me
defeat in anything that comes along. This morning when I thought
of you, my dear little gypsy, and all that life did mean
with you. I could have danced with joy. I really do get enthusiastic
although you don't believe it. One can always have a nice talk
with the Smiths. She is a very sensible woman, a little old-fashioned
in fact. Her views about marriage relations are very strict. She
does not approve of old friendships very much and didn't<br>little lepplehead [sic] care (I think that was his name) because he became too
inordinate with the girl he formerly loved. But nevertheless I feel
it is better to be a little stricter along those lines than too loose.
Only one thing I am always extremely anxious about is that in marriag
life people do everything from a great, deep, underlying love which is simply unable to harm the other party, not because of rules or regulations involved, but because of the interest in the other's wellbeing. So that case it seems to me everything will be the care of both, and you don't need to be envious about the other's action. I love to watch my friends in the future. They are married now for about 10 years I think, and they are as much in love as ever, and you could not think of more ideal relationships between two people. This is better than tennis, but the virtue in this is when he does, he takes the growing and when his church clergy to play tennis with. On the other hand when I am around, I take her out when she has to attend meetings of me behind a certain home, is if nothing else killed my wife. I don't think I could love her less, there is never any suspicion between the two. You have told me that love affairs go on. Well, I don't care much about the love affairs of other people, at present I am more interested in our own. If you write here I am afraid I wouldn't write back when you all the time I must try to get an easy job next year, so to enjoy each other's company to the fullest extent. How I must return to my work, but we say our work for my work is yours too is it not? I do it all with you in mind, you see. May please don't revenge yourself by not writing regularly. Although my heart is full of love for you I sometimes simply can't write for many things that worse through my mind causes my head to ache, and every time I write just hurts my nerves. If you have seen this write back your love for me, and I wish you a long life. You see I have to be economic about my nervous energy, for my work is our work and the more it is finished the better for both of us. It is not that I place my