

Same Place Again.
June 16, 1914.

My Dearest Rufus,

you are vindicated. The letter I received this morning did it, and I'm sorry for all the questionable things I said everytime I went for mail, and there was none. Wasn't I unreasonable too, 'cause you were getting none from me. The letter this morning was you all over, and it made me glad from tip to toe. See I pity a fellow who has no big empty space inside of him, that letter's come to try to fill up.

I'm batching again. This time Cheese Hart's wife has left camp, and Cheese, Westall and I are doing the honors. She Hart's home a mighty comfortable place, more so than the Berins even, and every thing is more convenient. We are all on the same shift - night now. We come off shift at two - in bed at 2:30 and we sleep in the morning till we tire of it. Then we leisurely cook breakfast, and clean up a bit. At eleven we're at liberty till about 3 1/2 when we start dinner. At 5:30 we go on shift. "This is the life".

Last night there was another chiviri.
Of course we indulged in some of the frivolities
before we retired. They sure do lay it on
to a newly wed in 3 reviews.

I am really sorry that you are to find
some troubles at home. It seems that there
is always something ~~about~~ to mar any little
pleasure you anticipate. It may be a good thing
that you are there. Lilly's visit will be fun
too. Lilly seems to have quite a case on you,
and you on her. I don't blame either of you.

Bless you Ruth - you talked in your
sleep, and mentioned my name. Thanks you. That's
the one thing I am afraid of here, 'cause I'd
never hear the end of it. I am given to night
orations too. Joe Sweet will never tell. I'm
glad he was good to you - I'm glad when any
one is good to you - but my ambition is to
be a lot gooder to you than any one
else, 'cause I know that you deserve it.

So you gained four of the ten already. Good
work, only six more is needed to fulfil the
law and the prophets.

I'm a cutting this short, Rosie dear, but just
the letter. These long night shifts, the dark, spooky, slope
isn't lonesome a bit 'cause as I work I can think.
Your love - Tom.