

Sunday Morning

Dear Mary,

This is sure a fine
day to be down on the
farm, my dear if you were
only here how much more
pleasant it would be to
me for you my dear
is the only one that I
care for out side the
Family, I do not enjoy
going any where unless

You are along my dear.
That little poem is
certainly fine we will
try and live up to
that little poem all through
life.

You wont half to
stand around on the street
corner and wait on a street
car, when you get down
on the farm all you will
half to do then is to go
out and start the Ford
and start.

I think maby I can plow
this week if it stay nice
weather the more plowing
that I get done this fall will
be that much less to do in
the spring.

I am thinking of going to
a hog sale over to Davis City
the 25 that is east of here
about 30 miles and I may
come from there to Des Moines
if I dont I will be in
Des Moines Wed eve. My dear
For it has seem like it has
been ages since I have seen
you my dear.

The roads are getting pretty good again after the rain

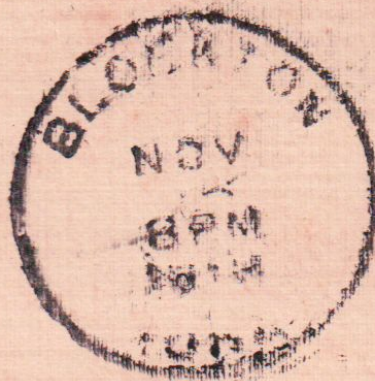
The folks has gone to Sunday school

Sam is laying here a sleep

and I am writing to my dear Mary this beautiful morning

I wish that you was here so we could go out and take a joy ride together.

Good by my dear Mary from
your dear Carl one that who
love you with all his heart
C. H. G.



Miss Mary E. Bailey.

1456 Dean Avenue.

Des Moines.

Iowa