

8/8/06

My dear Ruta:-

I see in the letter you sent me this week, that you have a big jaw, well if your ma thinks I squeeze you to much I think she is mistaken or how about it Ruta, I think that she is only teasing you so dont care, we will get square with her someday, or what?

Well I think the trip across the lake was a good one any how, for you got sun burned, and you got a white dress in place of a blue one, I wonder if the yellow jimple on the tree is there yet.

How did you like to miss the boat last Sunday, wouldn't it have been fine to stay there over night, I guess the folks would think we were on the bottom of the lake then all right.

When I saw <sup>in the letter</sup> that Dave and the other  
got on the boat all right, I was ~~surprised~~ <sup>surprised</sup>  
for I thought surely that they were  
left, but holding the girls in their  
laps ~~was~~ for five hours was no fun.  
I don't blame them for being stiff  
in the morning after all that.

For my part I was only sleepy, I  
didn't have any thing to be stiff from  
for I was lucky enough to get two bin  
stools or what they can be called so  
I didn't have to hold you.

You say the people in church ask  
for us well that is funny, I didn't  
think they ever noticed us any more.  
If that is so we better go there next  
Sunday night and show that we  
are still living.

So your father can't get any one  
to take his place in Sunday school  
next Sunday, well that is too bad for  
his part, he should go out on the lake  
once and see if he can get sea sick.

I know what, I will take his place  
for once. Nit<sup>me</sup> nothing to say to the kids.  
Last night Harry Carlson was here  
with an invitation to a party in honor  
of Miss Mary Bengtson a week from  
next Saturday, he said he was going  
to send one to you too, so now it is up  
to you whether we will go, we can  
talk about it next Sunday.

Last night, we were swimming  
again, the water was like ice it was  
fresh, so night I am home working  
like a mops.

I can't think of any more to write  
now so I better close. Says Eddie is going  
to the country tomorrow.

Your own.  
Ped.

P.S. XXXXXX kisses for you

CHICAGO, ILL.  
AUG 8  
9-PM  
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