

Chicago Aug. 30. 06.

My Dear Ruth:-

It is hard to wait till Monday, before I can see you again so I will write a few lines and maybe that will satisfy my aching heart as Martin called it. But never mind who said it my heart is aching to see my girl again.

Some times I hope it will rain next Sunday and some times I don't. You know why I wish it should rain don't you? Well however it goes we have to take it the way it comes.

Mamma went out to Ind. last Thursday afternoon so Helliga is keeping house for us. haven't we got a sinch this time? nothing to do when we get home from work.

Saturday Pa is going out there too  
so he cant stop me from going. Zisnt it.

Last wednesday night I was in the  
park swimming again and the water  
was fine. So was the post card you  
sent me. You want me to get closer, well  
wait till monday and you will see  
that I wont get behind a tree as you  
got me in the picture.

To morrow 4 hours work for me,  
but you poor girl got to work all day  
I suppose. Its ashame, isnt it?

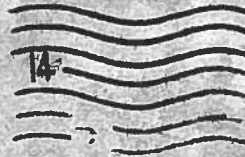
Well it is best I close before I write  
any more silly stuff.

So with many x I am,

Your own

John  
or  
Becky

CHICAGO, ILL.  
SEP 2  
10 AM  
1906



Miss. Ruth Swanson.

640 W. 57<sup>th</sup> Place.

Chicago.