

Dearest Erlene,

When I look at the moon I think of the wonderful times that I have when I am with you. At least we have something to remember, "Henry" on "Blue Berry Hill", "South of the Border" and in the "Dog House", but he is on top of the world now.

To me everything seems like a dream - going to school, driving Cat, you and everything in the past - when I am ~~in~~ working at the smelter, but one thing is real, no matter where I am or what I may be doing, that is the beautiful picture I have in my mind of you. Even when looking into the "white hot" furnaces there appears an image of you.

Erlene I want you to know that I appreciate the kindness you show me. I want you to know that I think you are the sweetest girl that I ever expect to meet. Surely to my estimation there could be no other girl in the world who is half as fine as you.

Since I had an interview with the General Authorities of the Church I am convinced that I am not half good enough for you, but this is a free country if you like to take this fellow for what he is

or for what he may be in two short years you
have a perfect right.

Online dear you'll accept an alibi for
not writing more often to let you know that I
am O.K., Well, even if I am not I get around to write
three shifts a day when I don't work the first one.

It is time once more to sign off because
it is 1:00 A.M.

Good Night Sweetheart,

Tringly and Faithful forever,

Edward

L. Whipple
Tooele, Utah



Miss Erlene Atkinson

79 West 4th South

Logan, Utah