

My Sweeteline,

Monday morning again, but
a some what different from what mon.
morning has been for a period of time.
A blanket of snow covers a strip
about a mile on all sides of Pine Canyon
and down so far on all mountains,
the rest of the valley is ordinary
color.

The radio is playing "In an old
Dutch Garden" which reminds me of
the dances we attended at the Institute,
and makes me so homesome to see you once
more. I miss your pleasant smile and
long to hear your voice, someday I hope

that I am good enough to be with
you at all times.

I asked the Bishop if he had
any word concerning my Mission
when I was paying my tything. He
had some papers that I must take
to the Stake Pres. which he received the
13th of last month just after my
interview with the General Authorities.
I've made ~~three~~ ^{two} trips to take them
back but haven't seen him yet. I am
going over in a few minutes again
maybe he will be in his Office at the
Printing office; If he isn't there they will
know when he will be back.

Dad doesn't work at the Ameller
today and I am not sure if I work or not,
so I will help him with the house. We
have most of the lath on but there is
still lots of odd jobs before we plaster.
Mawin didn't hitch to Provo
last week end so he didn't see Dot.
for two weeks all ready.

Dear it is time to close but
the mailman didn't leave that letter I
was looking for; maybe next time.

Good Luck Sweetheart
Forever yours,
Leland.

W.L. Whipple
Tooele, Utah



Miss Erlene Atkinson

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