

JOHNSON CITY  
JUN 2  
6 PM  
1921  
TENN.



Miss Lelia Watson  
R. F. D. #5  
Johnson City  
Tenn.

Wednesday night.  
June 1, 1921.

Dear little sweetheart:

It's ten o'clock and I  
am just starting to write.

I went to the shop  
this evening and didn't  
get home till late, so  
you see your letter will  
be short tonight, but  
dear, I am loving my  
girl just the same if I  
do write short letters  
sometimes.

Sunday was a very  
sweet day for me too.

One of the best we have  
had. Yes, girl, I know

about how you feel  
as the day draws  
near for you to leave  
your dear home, a home  
you love and have  
known since babyhood.

It's a great strain dear,  
for you to give up the  
home ties for me. I'll  
say here and now dear  
girl that it is the  
greatest honor that  
will ever come to me, for  
you to love me enough  
to give up those things  
to become my wife.

Darling if my love can  
make up for that you  
shall have it to the

limit of my being.  
But let's forget the pain  
and look forward to  
our future, to the love  
and happiness that  
we believe is in store  
for us. That will make  
the parting easier. Then  
too, dear, it's not like  
going far away from  
home to live. We can  
go back most anytime  
and visit with the  
folks and enjoy a good  
time together.

Our ring came  
yesterday. I wasn't looking  
for it so soon. It was  
only seven days since  
I sent the order off.

It is a neat little ring  
 I think. Hope you will  
 like it. Will bring it  
 over Sunday if nothing  
 happens to keep me  
 from coming. You know  
 I told you in my other  
 letter about John Wine.  
 He is no better. I am  
 afraid it is only a  
 matter of a week or two  
 till he will pass into  
 the unknown land!

I finished the tomatoes  
 yesterday. Didn't think  
 I could do it in a day  
 but the weeds hadn't  
 made much of a growth  
 since the last weeding.  
 I swung the hoe pretty

lively and get them.  
 Tomorrow I will plow  
 corn. I want to plow  
 the field out and go  
 to J. C. in the evening  
 to get my tire that I  
 ordered.

I want to see the  
 parson Saturday or the  
 first of the week and  
 make arrangements for  
 the 11th. If I shouldn't  
 find him at home I  
 can make a date to  
 meet him later.

Yes, I would like  
 to go to the graveyard.  
 I always like to visit  
 such places and read  
 the inscriptions on the

stones. It's a bit of history  
for the folks that are  
sleeping under the rock  
have lived and loved,  
as we are doing, and  
have passed on.

Prickles I can't write  
any more tonight it's ten  
thirty and bed time, we  
can talk it all over Sun.

I guess I have about everything  
ready except the license and  
preacher, ha! Only a few  
more days of waiting till  
I can have my darling to  
love and kiss to her  
heart's content. I wonder if  
you will let me as much  
as I will want to?

Always yours  
John