

Silver Lake
Thursday P.M.

Hi - basvi -

Just sitting here - a - wondering about lots of things! Nothing to do but watch the ripples on the Lake, and the aspens quivering - and think and dream.

I'm getting anxious to get back home, and see how your "projects" are progressing, but will have to wait until the kids are ready to leave - unless I start walking - and 400 miles is a long walk. - This is practically a "private" lake, and no buses run here - just the mail truck, which makes me wonder again if I'll get any mail - I'd be willing to bet on it!! - No.

And speaking of dreams - I had a couple of vivid ones similar to yours, regarding trespassing -

Yesterday, the game & fish department planted 10,000 trout in the Lake, and as I was sitting watching, the driver of the truck got stuck deep in the sand. Of course, I don't need to tell you where my thoughts went!

Well, partner, there's nothing here of interest to tell you about - just a lonesome place, - although I never felt it before. I hope I'm home by this time next week. Be good, and take care of yourself, - and don't work so hard.

I'll be seeing you soon -

As always, yours,
Just me.

P.S.: Please burn this, as your "guardian angel" knows my writing, and she does come up to your place once in a while - and you do leave your letters around! How about the red ear-rings?
P.S. - I still hate you!