24th Aut 69 My dear Phid'\_ Larine mute this letty which I am sawingletter & faile- hant too reached us. We are, Ohill in this augmished spak when realities
Denn un blivable. Yet we have before our
tearful eyes the last note of neng. I think of My stay in Belmont - those worsied days & all her affection t all her attention. Think of her titists our thoughts. May he you will come to Simple, oon - in hip to lusia will out he kepre winter to. Please tale grat any of yourself. allon long\_ llg 25