

*Dere Mable:*

This is the last time I will ever take my pen in hand for you. All is over among us.

I felt it comin for some time Mable. Today among some letters that I got from girls was one from a girl what knos you well. She told me all about this fello Broggins. She says you take him around with you everywhere. Thats the kind of a fello I thought he was, Mable, but Im surprized at you. She says your awful fond of him hes so cute. I aint cute an aint never pretended to be. A mans man. Thats me all over, Mable. She says she went up to your house the other night an he was sittin in your lap stickin his tongue out at my pictur on the mantlepiece. After that, Mable, theres nothin to say. So I repeat, its all over among us.

Im returnin today by parcels post the red sweter an the gloves that has no fingers an the sox that you wear over your head an your pictur. Most of the stuff aint been used much. The pictur has some mud on it cause I had to keep it in the bot-tom of my barrak bag an my shoes came next. The sox I cant send back cause I sold em to Joe Glucos an you wouldnt want em now.