

Butter's Mineral,

La Union, Salvador, America Central.

Aug-16-1908.

Dear old pal, - Just a few  
lines to appraise you that  
I am still perambulating on this  
terrestrial ball.

Nothing new, just the same old,  
well - "I don't give a d--- if I do die",  
existence without variations.

I believe the Honduras boys did  
start a "show", about six weeks  
ago, but think must have been  
a one act "Comedy", as I have  
heard nothing from them in  
quite a while.

I wrote to Aunt Nora, rela-  
tive to the terrible calamity which  
has befallen your family, therefore  
I shall not pain you, dear boy, by again  
referring to that loss decreed by fate.  
Suffice to say that  
today, I feel almost a brother to you, Char,  
and though our loss is mutual, to a degree,  
my heart goes out in sympathy to you, for  
by my relation, I can better understand the  
magnitude of  
your sorrow.

Am just in receipt of a letter from Harry Cazier, which leads me to believe that he has dreams of Salvador. He states that "Nevada does not seem any better than here" that he "misses his hammock after supper" and that Wells Nevada "is getting on his nerves". You may draw your own conclusions.

Chas, ad hoc, I am longing to see you and some of our old haunts again. However, you have probably outgrown the youthful zeal and so would not care to re-visit some of our old explorations. As for me, I reckon I shall never be a fool boy.

Did you receive the letter, which I sent by Harry?

Do you know anything about "that old sweetheart of mine"? Who said memory is possession? It may be depression. Kindly remember me to all the family. Write soon & tell me all about yourself.  
Yours forever as by,  
C. Bull