

John P. Walker
Letterman Ben. Hoop.
San Francisco, Cal.



Mrs. John P. Walker
Cognitlam,
B.C.
Canada.

To W. A. Pyle.

The Owl

San Francisco Los Angeles

SOUTHERN PACIFIC

Sueby Mine. Friday night.

On the Owl again, and
perfectly satisfied with the
trip to S.F. now if I can
work things so comfortably
in Fresno - Vaila!!

But I'm getting more lone -
some every minute. I'm never
going to let you get away
again - sure enough - that
right a tall.

Saw the lawyer again
this a.m. and made final
arrangements so that
now there's a big load

off the walkers' minds for
a time. Then I looked up
a friend of my mother's
for a few minutes, and
from there to the cere-
mony where Dad is buried.
Bob Dad doesn't have
so many visitors as he
used to have, but he
is in a beautiful spot
under a large tree. I left
some flowers on the grave.

The Saw Horsemen haven't
appeared yet but Madaraga
is dead and Julio is rising
the devil with Mrs. Lorie
in Paris, so the story gets
now interesting every minute.

I like it.

Have your m.o. in my pocket,
but will not enclose it here, for
I rather expect you'll leave
before you get this. You can
deposit it just as quickly if I
hand it to you. And I wrote
mother last night that I
wasn't sending \$15 this month -
but that mid month that as
her half of my trip down here
she trip cost about \$30 and that
she pay half is not too much
is it?

What chi thinks. When I went
to sit down on my seat some
one said "kells down" and it's really
curly - now aren't you jealous.
I suppose you'll say - "well if it
wasn't her - it is some other girl".
Cut!!

Don't you see Kiddie - you
know who I'm lonesome for
right now - and I'm lonesome
lonesome too - but it's only a
few days more - maybe four
maybe five - and in - in

I has you - Oh -
So long sweetheart - before you
get this you will probably get word
to leave - a world of love, ^{up} ^{xx} ^{don't} ^{xx}