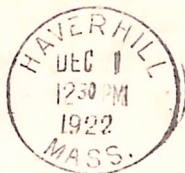


28 Fernwood Ave.  
Bradford, Mass.

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Mrs. J. P. Walker

Port Coquitlam,  
B. C.

S. W. S. Pyle

Canada,

Thanksgiving Evening

Sweet wife o' mine.

Sabine is reading about the farmer and the flounder for Betty and Ann is tearing up the Thanksgiving Post while mother is getting things ready for bed going. With you here this would have been a wonderful Thanksgiving. The office was wonderfully peaceful and quiet this morning and I got a lot of cleaning up done. Then our dinner was a symphony. Chicken and cranberry sauce, and that case you made with some ice-cream. Betty had some chicken and a little bit of ice-cream. You don't mind do you? after

Dinner we went for a little ride.  
It's been almost a summer day -  
warm and sunshiny.

Haverhill High beat Peabody High  
26 to 0 today - the last regular game  
of the season. They haven't lost a game  
in more than two years now. The  
band led a serpentine right up through  
town to Washington Square where  
was working.

Had a good chance to talk to  
Harold about automobiles this morning  
and I think I gave him a couple of  
sensible ideas of our practice. I  
really believe that his fond wife  
is putting most of these fool notions  
in his head. We'll have to learn  
to manage his family before he  
can expect to tackle the gas co.

Today when we started out for  
our ride Betty had to caution "Don't  
go far away, Daddy, only to main  
street." Sounded suspiciously like  
your instructions to Geraldine. Ann  
slept for a while and thought she  
full of the devil. a little while  
ago she was in the high chair  
waving the tray up and down -  
making more noise than a boiler  
foundry.

allowing for the change in time  
you are now waiting in Chicago for

the Pos train to start out.  
Oh I know where you are at  
every moment, and my prayers  
are following you as you go. I  
haven't heard a word from your  
Dad, but in my night letter  
I asked him to wire me when  
you arrived. I hope you've had  
a pleasant day and that  
you've met congenial people.  
Don't worry about us because  
we're doing fine and everyone  
has called up asking how  
we get along. I haven't told  
Mr Littlefield nor Alice nor  
any of that gang yet - but  
everybody else knows about  
it. I'd like to squeeze you  
tight right now just for good  
luck and wish a happy ending  
to your journey. For you and here they are