



Miss Eleanor Price
Wagon Choria

To Mrs. Alice Gabriel

LOWELL N. HARRY
SOUTH HAVEN, MICHIGAN

Fri Night
10:45

Dear Duchess,

I have been feeling extra t-d-day, so I am going to write again t-night and for a tip t-morrow and write Sunday. I haven't packed up for nothing t-day. I feel like Max Schmelling.

This afternoon I was running the horse on the hay rack and one of our neighbors wanted to know who that crazy guy was back in the field. I worked till six o'clock, went home and found dad in bed so I got on the tractor and worked till eight and finally quit and ate supper.

After supper I went looking for help. I saw John Tripp over to You place but he couldn't help.

From there I went to town, I found
Bud Marond over to the play ground
and he is carrying out ord bringing the
black fellow. I had a flat tire
while I was down there so we had
a good chance to listen to the fight.
You should have seen the two
niggers, they were just sick
as two cats. Did you listen
to the fight, Boy it was sure good.
I had a flat tire this morning when
I went to work, so that makes two,
both had nails in them. On the
way home I went to Fornam and
found two other guys who wanted to work,
so I have a whole crew for tomorrow.
"I am heating bath water now,
ord boy am I dirty," allers. I guess
Fornam was dead to night, Ora Come out
ord said she was the only one from
around here that was there.

A whole Hay Food / Love. ^{Yours} Pete