

[1937-12-05; typed letter from Charlotte to "Uncle Joe", from "Box 131, Corinna, Maine":]

December 5, 1937

Dear "Uncle Joe",

The turkey and the cranberries were there when I arrived on Wednesday evening. Both, as usual, were very delicious. Thank you very much. Really and truly you should not be so kind to me. When I left on Sunday there was enough turkey for another meal.

I wondered during the day what kind of a Thanksgiving you had and where you were. After I had my dinner, I went with my mother and sister to see some realations. That las word looks strange; I wager it misspelled!

It is very cold here today. Yesterday the other teacher and I with two girl students went for a hike over the countryside. We walked seven miles and would have had to walk nine if we had not been given a ride. Today I feel sleepy, but have no aching muscles. Then last night I knit until eleven o'clock. I am making my mother a coat. I felt that if I could make myself one that I could make her one, too.

I like the type on this machine, but it does not always space correctly. Someday when I am rich, I am going to have a typewriter of mine own!

If I remember rightly you owe me a letter, so I won't ramble on.

Yours sincerely,
Charlotte



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