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Forman H. Craton - 1924 - 1927 - Memoir

Extracted on Mar-29-2024 12:48:15

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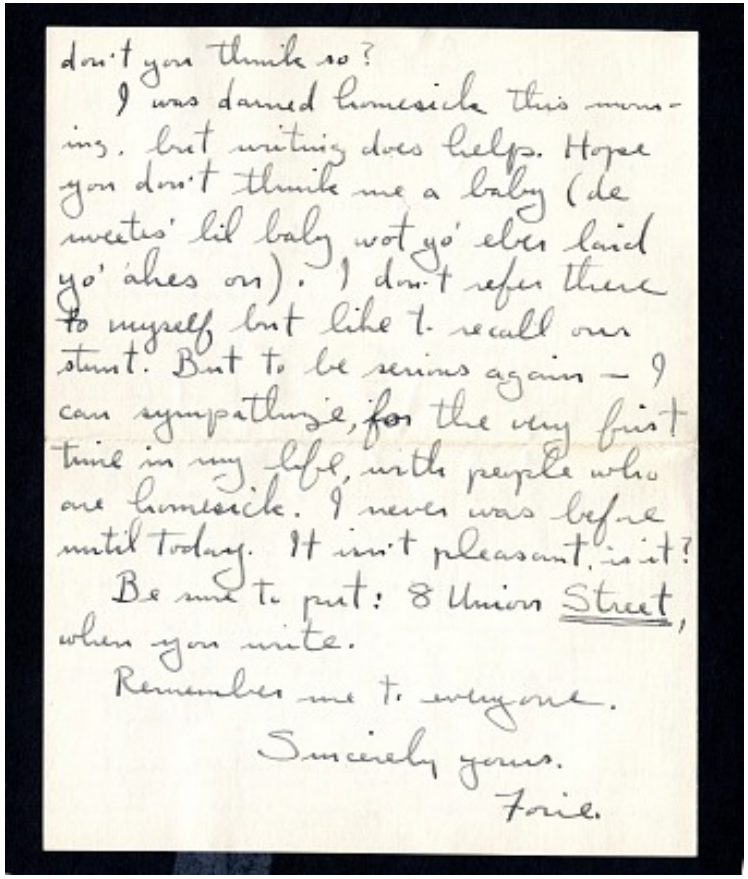
don't you think so?

I was darned homesick this morning, but writing does help. Hope you don't think me a baby (de sweetes' lil baby wot yo' eber laid yo' 'ahes on). I don't refer there to myself but like to recall our stunt. But to be serious again - I can sympathize, for the very first time in my life, with people who are homesick. I never was before until today. It isn't pleasant, is it?

Be sure to put: 8 Union [[underline]] Street [[/underline]], when you write.

Remember me to everyone.

Sincerely yours,
Forie.


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