Dear Peggy,

It is very cold tonight even in southern Alabama, and I have lit the fire in my room. The pine wood here is full of pitch, and hardly made any paper to light it. In the woods men cut the spiles of the trees and let the pitch run out, just as they get in the coal. Then they put the pitch in a still and the terepentine comes off first leaving the resin behind. The terepentine is used by painters and the resin by violinists and acrobats and such. That's why acrobats don't have to spit on their hands any more.

I'm so glad that Mother has had to work so hard clearing it, first. No wonder she has been too busy to write. I can just see her chasing those 15 Big with a hammer and smashing right and left.
It must have cheered her up immensely
to hear you and the violin playing "Old
Black Joe" and appropriate hunting songs.

Thanks Billy for the beautiful picture
he drew. I would have loved it even if it hadn't been labelled.

It was nice of you to write such
a good letter full of news and to let
me know that my wee family had
reached New York and was well.
I shall soon be home to hear all
about everything.

With love to you all,

[Signature]