

THE SUNNYBANK COLLIE KENNELS

POMPTON LAKES, N. J



CH. SUNNYBANK SIGURD

"TO WIN WITHOUT BOASTING;
TO LOSE WITHOUT EXCUSES"

December
Tenth
1928



SUNNYBANK LAD

My very dear little Cousin Jean;

You don't know me; but I know a lot of things about you. Here are some of them:

In the first place you have a birthday this week and it is your eleventh birthday. In the second place, you and I are cousins. In the third place, you like dogs and dogstories. So isn't all that enough to make us good friends, you and I? Please say it is.

It is wonderful to be eleven years old. I can remember my eleventh birthday, better than any other birthday of my boyhood. I had a bobsled given me, that day, and a dark lantern to play burglars with, and two pounds of candy and "The Story of Siegfried" and Hamilton W. Mabie's "Norse Myths." Also I was invited to a luncheon where there were a lot of other boys. I ran away early from the luncheon and tiptoed up to my room and lay flat of my chest, across the bed, and ate the whole two pounds of candy and read nearly all "The Story of Siegfried." It was a wonderful afternoon. Only I didn't have any appetite at all for my birthday dinner that night. I wonder why.

Sometime next Spring, won't you motor over to Sunnybank and see me--and see the Mistress who is better worth seeing than I am--and see the noisy and friendly Sunnybank collies? Please do. Let us know beforehand, and the Mistress and I will be waiting eagerly for you.

Perhaps it may amuse you to see these snapshots that I am enclosing. And won't you let us be friends?

Your affectionate cousin

Albert Payson Terhune

Ben

