Plaster Factory
Dec. 10, 1914.

Dear Worthy Master For a Few Weeks More. —

After I went in the house last evening I wondered if you thought that I didn't want you to come up home Sunday from what I said when you spoke of it. I didn't mean that but the road is bad and with a crippled tire I think it wouldn't be using real good judgement to try it. Maybe you didn't think anything about it but I am sorter scared of that imagination of yours, and anyway this note will make good waste paper if it is unnecessary.

I want to go to church Sunday evening but if we don't get down here until just about 7 o'clock, after I call you up you won't have time to get down here for church, will you? Walter might have time to drive up that way but perhaps you wouldn't want to go

anyway. You might call me up about it if you care to bother.

F. E. P.

Please excuse pencil and paper as I am hustling — as usual.