

Oct. 29, 1927.

Dear Vera

Gertie and I and all the members of the family are very glad that you and Mary Jule are to be with us Thanksgiving. Dolph will then celebrate his twenty-third birthday.

I shall not write much now as I have just written Julia a long letter that will make Etoile cry, if she sees it, and make her think that I am cruel and unfeeling. But both your mama and I and Louis and all the rest are simply trying to save her health against everything she can do to prevent it.

Tell Julia that fifty years ago today Papa died.

We are interested in your successful work and hope you will get along fine. Another fifty years and most of us will have passed to make room for another generation.

Lots of love.

Uncle Collie.