

March 25th - 1943.

My Dear Anon:

What can I say to help
heal your awful hurt.

When I first heard it I couldn't get my
breath. That sweet lamb. Let's keep
hoping. Maybe it isn't true.

I'm so glad you had those hours
with him in Ireland. How precious
they must be to you.

So let your devotion to him ^{always}
be your comfort now.

No one ever had a better Father
You have done your best and
cannot have one single regret.

That wonderful something that ^{was Anon}
Jr. does not go out.

My dearest love to you and ^{Ninetta}

As always
Maybelle Hope M. Ingle
(Mrs. O. O.)

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