

May 18/42

Fred. J. Costello
D57.464, R.C.O.C
att. to R. de Mais
C.A.O.

Dear Mr + Mrs. Postad

I suppose you will be wondering from whom this letter is from. Well I'm the Frenchman that marks for you about twenty year ago.

I never was so surprise in all my life. one morning about three weeks ago. your son, Byron was making my bed here in the Hospital. and I got to say a few word to him in 3 armagées the only word that I know of I learn it from Creelin men I marks for you. then I ask him were he was from. then I told him that I know some one in Larchburn. he ask what there name was and I told him your name and Bob Reed. my he said Mr. Postad is my father. I yes he was thinking that I was Iaking at first. over.

I can remember in well he was
always squirts you can't never hear
a word of in men he was a baby
he is a very fine boy today you
shaul be proud of a boy like him
I ges they will be a few of the
Alders of the family that will remember
me. give them all my regard.

we will have a picture of ourself
taking together Byron and myself
and we will send you one.

Mr. Sastad. I suppose you will be
wondering my the name as change
well. Cadere is my name. if you
remember men I work for you I can't
not speak English. and I didn't know
nothing about farming and they other
fellow that come up there with
me. by the ^{name} of Brown. well he
thought that by telling the peoples
that we were Brathers that would
help me on keeping my jobs.
he was working for Mr. Butler
well Mr. Sastad I can get along with

my English much better now
 after brushing that year I went to
 Montana. got myself a job in
 a Saw Mill. on I went to night
 school. three nights a week. all winter
 got married in 1925. I'm very sorry
 to say that I lost my wife in 1927
 never got married again. In 1928 I went
 east then I learn Motor Mechanics
 trade and got myself a job for a
 big Motor Coach Co in Chicago and
 stayed with them until 1940. I went
 to Canada on a vacation and I
 find out that three of my younger
 brother were in the Army so I
 signed up to be with them, one
 of them is in the same Regiment
 with me. he is the younger about
 the age of Byron
 well folks I hope this letter will
 find you all in the very best of
~~health~~ health
 as far as myself I'm getting along fine
 just had a little accident with a motor
 (over)

O yale. fracture my left knee and lost
one finger off the left hand I guess I
will be O.K. again in just a few
days.

Mrs Pastad I was asking Byron if you
could cook lamb as good as you use
to. the best that I ever eat in all my
life I wish I could eat a dish of it
now.

Well Mrs Pastad will say Goodnight
and the very best of luck to you all
give my regards to the family.

as ever yours

Frank J. Coakley

Daddy just asked me to write a bit in his letter
I didn't have time this morning as he gave me the letter
and now I am just waiting for him & we will go
downtown & have our picture taken. They can only
go out Wed & Sat so he may be gone by next Sat
and to-day is my half day. I got your ^{worded} letter to-day
and about a 1/2 hour and thanks so much for the
snaps. It was very good of you & for George Walter.
Will be writing later as Bye Bye to all
Byron