

██████████ E. Irving Place  
Milwaukee, WI 53202

Nov 26, 1982

Dear Lou,

I guess I did all the talking in our phone conversation yesterday, but it was very good to hear your now very mellow voice again. I haven't meant more to tell you in this letter, but I hope you will find time to catch me up on what has been happening to you.

Business has been very good lately and both my client and I have been making money. Recently I've been working in women's shoes. (Now don't get the wrong idea. I've bought for my client thousands of shares of a shoe manufacturing company that has been going up like a skyrocket.)

For some reason, I'm in a rare old mood today and have decided not to write you a letter after all, but to spend the rest of this letter telling you about the pig with the wooden leg. Are you ready?

Well — one day the travel type salesman spied a pig ambling along the road. But this was no ordinary pig. This porker was toddling right along, making very good time, even though he had a wooden leg.

Now, the salesman was curious about this remarkable pig and so he followed

him into the farmer's barnyard and as he got out of the car he saw the farmer pat the pig on the head and scratch him behind the ears.

Approaching the farmer he said "would you mind telling me . . ."

The farmer cut him off by saying "Ssssh. Hush up."

"I just wanted to know . . ."

"Ssssh." The farmer hushed him again and the pig contentedly trotted off, his wooden leg gleaming in the sunlight.

"Now," said the farmer, "what did you want to know?"

"I just wanted to ask about the pig," said the salesman.

"Oh," said the farmer. "He's very special. That pig saved all our lives once. When the house caught fire he squealed so much we got out in time. Then there was the time when the tractor tipped over on me and pinned my leg. Listen, that pig dug away all the dirt with his snout to free me."

"Amazing," said the salesman. "But that still doesn't explain the wooden leg."

"Heck," said the farmer. "You don't eat a valuable pig like that all at once, do you?"

Ta Ta. Write soon,

Eldon