

A

July 5, 1938.

Mr. Ed White,
74 Bedloe Street,
Newport, R. I.

My dear Ed:

Your post card arrived only this morning, telling of the passing of your dear father. Words are always inadequate to express the feelings we have when loved ones are taken from our friends. We can only say that we, too, understand, and we do, but words are not sufficient for me to tell you how much the Allens think of the Whites and how often we talk of those lovely days we spent in Newport together.

Your father was a very kind man and a generous one. And your dear mother was all that any man should wish for when it came to summing up an all-sufficient mother. Mrs. Allen marveled at the fortitude, the poise and the mastery with which she went about her daily life, both in the home and in the social graces.

We often spin the yarns of the good times we had with you people - St. George's Cathedral, Bailey's Beach, your cabin on the shore, the beautiful flower gardens of the ultra-rich that Mrs. Allen was so desirous of seeing. Jackie Astor's red slippers, and how Mrs. Allen brought them home. For years she wore them, having a lot of fun when she would traipse around the house, saying, "I'm in Jackie Astor's shoes". If she had only known how little I cared to be in such shoes she would never had the kick out of it, because I have never envied that type of the indolent brain and indolent wealth.

Your card only arrived this morning, so it must have been delayed. We surely would have loved to have sent flowers, which is the least thing that we might have done, but somehow your card came late.

Jane just returned from Stanford University two weeks ago where she graduated this summer. She is now in Oklahoma City for a short visit, and then Mrs. Allen, Eleanor and Jane hope to drive East. Bobby is in summer school, taking pre-medic work. He is making fine grades and seems to be pleased with the progress that he is making. Eleanor is home for the summer. She will be a senior in high