

July 5, 1939.

Mr. John Doyle,
19 Beekman Street,
New York City, N.Y.

Dear Mr. Doyle:

It was splendid having your good letter of the 20th ultimo. Everything is well with all of us and we are having a fine time.

Mary, our daughter who lives in Louisville, Kentucky, drove up for a three weeks vacation with her three children, and the Allen household rejoiced exceedingly. Mary is the oldest daughter, and she has three lovely children. Milton, who is our second son, was married a couple of years ago after he graduated from the University. He is with the Standard Oil Company in Ellinwood, Kansas, and doing very well indeed. He has one girl, fourteen months old, named Judith. She is a red head and a dandy. Milton was also in with his family during Mary's stay, and we had quite a reunion. Milton played on my varsity basketball team for three years and made a fine record.

Our youngest son, Bob, has just finished his sophomore year of premedic work at the University, and he is doing a fine bit of work in an academic way. He is a member of my varsity team this year and played the same position as Milton did when he was on the varsity - the position that I call quarterback. He is the ball handler for the outfit, and I believe Bob is going to make a splendid player.

Eleanor, our youngest daughter, graduated from high school this year and she and Bob are both in the summer school.

I am teaching during the eight weeks Summer Session and also have charge of the recreation, and we are having a lot of fun. Mrs. Allen is exceptionally well and when your letter came I took it home and let the Allen family read it. Mrs. Allen will never forget your chivalry and gentility when she visited in the East. She thinks you are about the finest man the East possesses.

I will not tire you further with the summary of our activities. It seems like we are on the go too much. A week ago, on June 25th, we drove out east of Kansas City and had a large reunion and celebration on the occasion of our thirty-first wedding anniversary. It looked like the whole countryside turned out, and strange to say, not all of them were relatives. Last Sunday our old nurse who had taken care of the children as they came into the world came down with her family and we had a great get-together. Mrs. Allen is never as happy as when she can entertain someone in