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November 10, 1939.

Mr. Elmer Allen,  
Route #1,  
Urbana, Missouri.

Dear Elmer:

I find that I have neglected answering your good letter of September 15th. My, how time flies! I have been working here at the desk feeling that I must do this and then I must do that, and before I do this or that months have flown.

First, I want to thank you for "Sporodyne". I get a great number of samples of athletes foot remedy from this firm and that, and for that reason I wrote you as I did. Frankly, I haven't had any athletes foot and for that reason I never have any need of these remedies. I have this bottle here in my desk and when I run on some stubborn case I am expecting to try it out. I want to thank you for your kindness in endeavoring to aid me, but I have been so busy with my other duties that I just haven't given it the attention I should.

I haven't seen or heard from Hub since I got the letter from you. I understand he is in Kansas City, but our paths have not crossed as yet. I imagine I will hear from him some time before the year is over.

I have not made the trip down to Cabool to see about the property as yet. I just keep putting it off. When you have children such as we have - Mit and Isabel at Ellinwood with a dandy two-year-old grandchild; Mary and Pete at Louisville, Ky., with three grandchildren; and Jane in Kansas City with Ritchie-Cooper, the artist; and Bob and Eleanor here in school - then the parents are pretty much tied up in contacting their youngsters. So I just haven't had an opportunity to see many of my brothers. In fact, I haven't seen Homer, but I did see Pete out at the San Francisco fair last April. That was only for a little while.

Taft Talbot, of Elliotts, came in the other day and said you were in buying some shells and he wanted to take me down for quail shooting. Nothing would give me more pleasure than to drive down there and spend a few days with you. But I'm afraid the little cub wolves will begin howling at my garage door unless