

December 22, 1941

Dr. Owen C. Brown
1801 Marshall Road
Lansdowne, Pennsylvania

My dear Owen C.:

My pleasant voiced, godly minded, curly haired, red headed friend, it did me a world of good to get your letter of December 9th.

Fifty years can mean a whole lot or very little, and I firmly believe that we get out of life largely what we put into it.

Reading your letter paragraph for paragraph is like the log of a sailing vessel because it recounts step by step a good part of my journey. I think probably that the word satisfaction comes more nearly expressing my attitude toward the half century that I have been in Lawrence--not that I have done all that I might have done or should have done, but that I was always trying to do something. I don't know whether I was born energetic or had energy forced upon me by circumstances.

I have enjoyed my friendship with you and Mrs. Brown very much and I still hold dear the memories of Dr. and Mrs. Russell and Dr. and Mrs. Hutchinson who immediately preceded you. I also enjoy the memory of the fine class of girls that I taught for about ten years. It seems strange that so many worthwhile girls could have belonged to one class in a Sunday School.

I am happy to have been able to serve my church and community and to have been able to develop a business that has kept many people employed. One of the finest things about our experience has been the lack of worry about their jobs that is usually found in similar organizations. Years ago I told a group of our employees that they held their jobs in exactly the same way I held mine and that as long as they did their work, they need not worry about whether or not they were going to have steady work. That in my case, while I was my own employer, I was serving a community, and that as long as I occupied the field in a wholesome and satisfactory manner, the field was mine, but that the community was entitled to a good newspaper and was entitled to good service, and