

November 15, 1943

Miss Lillian Gowdy
3751 Aldrich Avenue South
Minneapolis 8, Minnesota

Dear Lillian:

While I am always glad to hear from you, I hate to have you tire yourself in writing a reply.

I am sorry that you have not been so well, and I agree with you that perhaps nowhere else would you be better off than in your own warm, comfortable home which is so much a part of you.

It seemed particularly nice to me that you, alone and in poor health, should open your home to some lonely gentleman on Thanksgiving. I hope that you will have a very pleasant time together.

I know that your cousins, the Lewis', have been very thoughtful of you, and I am glad. One is so helpless nowadays in making visits, limited as we are by crowded trains or buses and by the inability to drive our own cars.

We have had one light snow which soon disappeared here in Lawrence, but Gertie and I took a drive into the country north of town yesterday and were surprised to find banks of snow still in evidence along the roadside.

By the way, yesterday was the 49th anniversary of our marriage. Very few of those who attended our wedding are still living. The group was not large and also almost entirely composed of relatives. Of my family, mamma, Julia, Etoile, and Louis have since passed away, and on Gertie's side, her father, mother, sister, and sister-in-law are gone. None of her three brothers were present at the wedding and only one still lives, so when our golden wedding comes around next year, I doubt if we shall try to observe it in any big way.

I don't know that I have ever expressed myself to you along this line, but for some reason, I have not had a fear of death. I think it is natural for one to cling to life, and I think one should do whatever may seem best for one's health, but on the other