

December 18, 1944

Mrs. Walter Gregg
Gregghaven
Montrose, California

Dear Calla:

I have your Christmas card before me, and I can take every part of it with satisfaction excepting the looks of the cactus. I think I stepped on every variety of cacti grown in Kansas when I was a boy, and while I had a very pointed relationship with them, I do not include them among my intimate friends.

I think you are wrong about my owing you a letter. Quite a long while ago you wrote me a letter that indicated you were somewhat down in the mouth at the time you wrote it. You intimated that it might be the last time that I would hear from you or words to that effect, and in reply I wrote you rather of a short letter with the idea of cheering you up a bit. Now I thank you for the card, send you love for you and your family and the very best of wishes for the holidays and for the year to come.

I keep in touch with Lillian who is in very bad health, and with Kathryne Drought, the daughter of Callie Cowdy Potts.

We had a wonderful Golden Wedding reception at the Baptist Church at which every member of our immediate family--the children and grandchildren--were present with the one exception of Owen, Blanche's oldest boy, who is a navigator on a bomber and is now in the fighting zones somewhere, possibly in the Italian sector, but we have had no direct word from him since he went over about a month ago.

I think we all must keep our chins up, maintain our courage and do our best to restore sanity and freedom to our nation.

Lovingly,

Your Cousin

WCS:df