

Minneapolis, Minn. Dec. 29, 1944.

My very dear Brother-Cousin;-

Perhaps you have been wondering why I have not written you in acknowledgment of your generous gift. I appreciate your thoughtfulness very much; but ever since the cold weather began my hands have been so weak and useless, I could hardly turn the knob to go from one room to another, and writing was impossible. It has turned a little milder today, and I am feeling a trifle better.

I had a very pleasant Christmas. We had a nice dinner and a guest from out of the city, from Madison, Wis.

I had more than a hundred greeting cards and letters from far and near, and several packages, which I opened and read Christmas eve. Though my nearest friends have all moved away, they do not forget me on these special occasions.

I had wearing apparel, toilet accessories, stationery, books, Mr. Mortland's son sent me a beautiful potted plant, with the largest Poinsettias I ever saw. This, and the box of Holly received from friends in Seattle, added to our festive appearance.

I must tell you that I have a new tenant for my vacant room. He is a retired Railroad conductor, about 65, and is very quiet and no trouble at all. He remains in his room, except now and then to use the 'phone. I answered his ad for a "quiet room," and he came over in a few hours to look at it. He looked us over, and sat down and wrote me a check for five weeks in advance. I have no idea whether he will stay longer than that. He had three large trunks, two of which I had him put in my clean, light basement, and the two Radios he put in one of the closets. He sleeps until about eleven^{am}, goes out to luncheon, attends to business (he has four apartments which he rents), has dinner down town, and then goes to his room. Nothing we do seems to disturb him.

I am wishing you, and all your family, a very Happy New year, and I hope the New Year may be brighter for all of us.

May God keep you and bless you.

Lillian.