

The fall was beautiful here and we have had some real cold spells since, but they did not last long. It is time now for Gertrude and me to hike out for the South, and as yet we are undecided whether to make the fifteen-hundred mile trip by auto or to go by rail. I dread the drive a bit, but reservations on the trains are hard to get, especially to southern points at this time.

Our last word from Blanche is that Pat has again apparently turned the corner and is getting better. His ankles, legs and back all show recent improvement. We are praying daily for his recovery, and I fully believe that the art of healing is as possible now as it was when Christ was upon earth. If faith in healing counts, and I believe that it does, -- then, Pat will recover.

I should hate to try to keep our cabin warm these days with a fire in the grate. Wow, but it would be cold!

Remember me to your other families. We hope that their health will improve. Now is Mrs. Jack's boy, who looks so much like his dad? Picar had asked me to write him, so for Christmas I enclosed two one dollar bills and asked that he give one of them to his little niece who helped him last summer.

Dolph and family had a pleasant few days in New Orleans, and enjoyed the game. Both Dolph Jr. and John are playing basketball and enjoy it.

Our helpers at home, Pat and Andy, are working out most satisfactorily. It has taken a big load off of Gertrude.

I presume that you know that the second and smaller operation which Gertrude had last spring was not successful in getting the little hard spot under her skin, so December 13th Dr. Johnson went after it again and got it. The tissue was sent away for analysis and proved to be inoffensive, so we are glad of that. The wound has entirely healed with little discomfort.

This is a long letter for me and it brings you gobs of love and best wishes. I appreciated the loving letter just received from you. You mean a lot to me. Give love to Don.

Your Loving Brother,