

December 8, 1949

Mrs. O. W. Maloney  
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Tulsa, Oklahoma

My dear Blanche:

The pictures are fine of everyone excepting that cross looking white haired old gent who looks as if he hated all the world. There must be two people in me; one who is a fairly decent, kindly chap buried somewhere beneath the skin and that hard faced old fellow that growls at me from every picture.

I was delighted with the expressions in the portraits of Carl Wayne. No two of his pictures seemed exactly alike and all seemed so full of expression for such a little babe. I want some of the pictures as I told Eileen and want to pay for them because the total number of pictures will run into quite a good deal of money.

The first paragraph of your letter was not only comforting to me, but rather surprising. I feel very much complimented that I made a satisfactory guest and that you were glad to have your friends meet me. I think you are fortunate in having some mighty good friends in Tulsa, the same as you have in Lawrence.

I am anxious to know how Pat is getting along. He is certainly one of the bravest men in the world, and while I was there he certainly made me feel that I was not in the way and was not inconveniencing him in any way. He has now been in the hospital several days, and I hope there has been marked improvement. If there is anything that I could do, certainly call on me and let me know.

The word you use is a long one, but I can't quite make it out. It begins with G and then there are a whole lot of up and down lines, but about the middle of the word is a letter A. It might be geranium, but I am quite sure it is something else. I am afraid I didn't send you to the Lawrence Business College long