

April 23rd. 1924.

Dear Jean, Lillian, Aunt Laura and Uncle Louis

I am not much of a correspondent, but think of you often and wish you well. I hear through Julia and Grace that old age is telling on uncle and aunt, and they have certainly lived to a splendid old age. You girls have certainly done everything for them that you could and I hope there is a lot of happiness in store for both of you to in part repay you for your faithfulness. Remember we are expecting a visit from you, whenever it becomes possible to leave

When we are young it seems as if all the time in the world were before us, but as the years pile up, they seem to pass so quickly. It has been thirty-two years since I engaged in business in Lawrence. In fact the thirty-third year began the middle of last December. Here

I have married, my children are growing up, Blanche has married, we have one fine little grandson, and another visit of the stork is expected next month. Blanche expects to come home one day this week and they will then make Lawrence their home, Pat taking a position with me as the head of the job printing and book making department.

Janet will graduate in June and was made a member of Phi Beta Kappa and also of Pi Lambda Theta for scholarship. She expects to teach for a year at least. Dolph has another year and this summer will be spent in Chicago with the Associated Press. The youngest, John Louis was nine in February.

If I can be of any service to you at any time do not hesitate to call on me. I am writing this letter myself and the misspelling is more often the result of hitting the wrong key than of a lack of knowledge. I seldom reread a letter I have written. I hope it is not too bad. Give my love to Aunt Laura and Uncle Louis, although doubtless will not remember who I am. I hope that your own health will improve and feel certain that what you really need is a chance to get out more. Bless your hearts for what you are and have done.

Lovingly your cousin,

W. C. Simon