

December 8, 1949

Mr. and Mrs. L. A. McNalley
Minneapolis, Kansas

Dear Janet and Mac:

Yesterday was the anniversary of your wedding, and I intended writing to you but, unfortunately, Marge Dyer, our efficient stenographer had a fire in her home recently which upset things for a little while.

Janet has always been very dear to me, ever since the day of her birth when friends commiserated with me because she was not a boy and seemed to feel I had cause for grief because I had a daughter and should have had a son. I can truthfully say that I never entertained any ideas of disappointment because I was so pleased with my darling little second daughter.

I remember well when you were about 5½ months old and you were lying on the floor of the home of the Reinekes in Kansas City when it was quite a way south on Brooklyn Avenue. Your mamma had left the room for a moment and you cried out "Mamma", which was the first word you ever uttered. Although you were talking frequently when you were still a tiny baby, either at 7 or 9 months you used to stand at our front door at 919 Indiana Street and call out a greeting to people who passed whether you knew them or not. They would be so startled at hearing words from such a tiny child that they would look around and see if there might be a parrot or someone else doing the speaking.

You have always had a very keen mind, but used to be super sensitive. I think you have overcome that to a degree, although you have never been entirely successful in doing so. After all if one is not sensitive they may miss a great deal of beauty and pleasure which comes through being appreciative of fine things, so perhaps in one way your sensitiveness has had more than enough good to overbalance the ill results.

I was just talking to Marie a few minutes ago and it seems that last night they had a PEO program in which a half dozen or