

September 29, 1949.

Mrs. Edna Whitver
Box 294
Balboa Heights
Canal Zone

Dear Mrs. Whitver:

I have just received your letter of September 26, and I am glad to hear from you, and I am glad that your lines have fallen into such pleasant places. ^{at} You have gone through a loss similar to mine.

Whenever I know anyone worth while, who is going to the Canal Zone, I speak of you because I know that they will be happy to know you, and perhaps their visit will add something to your enjoyment as well.

Your letter makes me recall my reference to your good coffee which we had ten years ago. I know that Mr. Whitver was employed by the government, and I presume that you are similarly employed.

While I have spent some time in Mexico during which I visited, I think 27 states, and have seen a good deal of South America, I have never been farther east than Bermuda. Mrs. Simons and I had hoped to make a trip to Hawaii, but we were unable to secure reservations two years ago when her health would have permitted us to go.

You may or may not recall that we have ~~have~~ four children, all of them with interesting families. There are ten grandchildren in all, and we are awaiting with a good deal of interest the birth of our first grandchild.

Dorothea has three sons, all with black eyes. The oldest boy who is 11, is a mental and musical whiz, making top grades in grade school and doing well in music. His brother, who will be 8 in December, is intensely interested in athletics and loves to play football with boys half again older than he. The littlest boy, who is 4, looks like a judge of the supreme court and has