

Mrs. L. A. McNalley
Minneapolis, Kansas

Sunday night.

Dear Dad -

I started to write you yesterday but never finished. I had been thinking all day of John Louis as it was his 35th birthday - He was a sweet and lovable child and I often wonder what he would be like if he were here now. Your long letter came yesterday morning. Perhaps you should have been a lecturer. It is, as you know, easy to give advice but not so easy to take it. Today has been warm and pleasant but we need rain badly. Mac has been in the house all day with a bad cold but seems some better tonight. A letter from Anna says Joe has been released from the hospital and is now with her. She thinks