

LEGH

71 Beech Street  
East Orange, N. J.  
January 21, 1950

Dear Mr. Simons:

I so much appreciated your letter. I knew that you were a dear friend of my father's and mother's. It makes me feel good to read how much you recall of them. Everything good that is said of either of them I agree with, because I know it is true! I am sorry to say that you missed some years on your recollection of my age. When we came to Lawrence for daddy's funeral I was flaxen haired and chubby but nearing twenty-five rather than five years of age. Time does pass so fast in spite of us. My adopted brother whom you remember as a baby was reared in our home as a son. He is now forty-five years of age and single. He has a room not far from me and is such a comfort to me. It was hard, hard to break up our home when mother went, but Clifford and I could not keep house alone, so now we each have pleasant rooms and are going on as best we can. I have been disabled for some years, due to a large kidney stone which doctors in the mid-west and even in New York did not discover. It gave me no pain, but made infection which went to my spinal cord, affecting that part of it which governs the motor nerves. Sometimes I couldn't walk or move my hands. Finally I went to a super-fine sanitarium in Ontario and they found the stone, removed it and since then I have been slowly getting better, especially since the discovery of Vitamin B of which I have taken much and it does so much for me. I can walk alone, not too far but I can manage nicely now. My hands are supple and useful again. My little mother was my constant help and encouragement. She never lost hope for my recovery, and so of course I did not either. Before the disability settled on me