

Mrs. H. F. Johnson, February 20, 1951

still living but are not very regular in their attendance. Mrs. Whit Churchill, afterwards remarried, seldom comes; Mrs. Susie Johnson no longer attends on account of her years; Mrs. Lester has her hands full trying to make a living making a home for several old ladies who are doubtless just about as able to take care of themselves as she is to look after them. To be rather rough in the expression "isn't it hell to get old!"

During the past year I have exchanged letters with Mrs. L. P. Russell whose husband baptised me, and the daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Hutchinson who were with us at about the turn of the century and who baptised Blanche. Perhaps an occasional letter from Mrs. Koelb, and possibly Mrs. O. C. Brown. Brown and I were practically of the same age, the difference being perhaps less than a week. He has been gone a number of years and I am not quite sure whether or not she is still living. I don't know anything about the Cunninghams, for which I should be thankful, nor the Snodgrasses, who happily inflicted us hardly one full year. Mrs. Snodgrass, I think, was the daughter of a missionary and was born in India. She was a very likable person, something which could not truthfully be said of her husband. I never liked the name Snodgrass anyway.

I am becoming quite accustomed to spending my evenings alone in our living room, but I can't say that I particularly enjoy it. Anyhow, I go to bed rather early. I should be glad to have a good rough and tumble with your three boys, although it would only take a few minutes for them to wear me out.

Give my love to Harry and the boys.

Lovingly,

WCS:bjh