

January 17, 1951

Mrs. Walter Gregg
Gregghaven
Montrose, California

Dear Calla:

During the last year or two of Gertrude's life she never liked to hear me sing "They Say We Are Growing Old, Maggie", because she said it was becoming too much of a fact.

I have had a habit for years, especially when I am driving, to either sing or hum a tune, and without any effort on my part, without any thought in fact, I would change from one tune to another and seemingly keep up an endless humming or singing in a very low tone. It was rather an odd habit because I never consciously called another tune to mind, but just simply ran on like the little brook.

I have never been at all sensitive about my age, but have not reached the age when I try to make myself appear to be as old as the hills. You are probably acquainted with people who have the habit of saying "if I live until such a month I shall be so many years old". My birthday is the 8th of July and I have always said that if anybody asked me on the 7th of July how old I was I would state the facts without reference to the next day being my birthday. I have felt that old age needed no encouragement whatever, and so I have never fought the heat, the cold, nor the coming of the years, because there is nothing that can be done about it.

I was only twenty years old when I engaged in business in Lawrence, and the reason I succeeded where many others had failed was probably due to my energy and my ability to work long hours. For the past few years my duties at the office have not been at all onerous because I named my son, Dolph, as publisher and he has taken a large part of the responsibility.

As a matter of fact, the work in our office is so well organized that little bossing has to be done. Everyone seems to know what he is supposed to do and carries on accordingly. I think this sort of an arrangement is most satisfactory to both employer and employee. One can go ahead and do his or