

October 19, 1951

Mr. and Mrs. Nate Downes
1611 12th Avenue
Sacramento, California

Dear Celia and Nate:

You don't know how sorry I am that I didn't get to see you when you were in the office. I don't have to tell you of my long friendship for the Coffman family. You were one of the fine young women, who were members of my Sunday School class.

I liked your mother and the other members of your family. As I recall, your mother reminded me of my own mother. And this reminds me of your sister, who married a man in the mercantile business, whose store burned, and at about the same time, he had a nervous shock from which he never recovered. It was a very hot afternoon one Sunday when I called at your home, and found your brother-in-law lying speechless on a bed on the floor where he had been placed to get the benefit of any air, which might be circulating on that tremendously hot Sunday afternoon. A little thing happened and although he could not speak, I sensed his appreciation simply by his eyes. I remember that I sent an electric fan out from the office for the day, and I think that you arranged for a fan for him afterwards.

Your father was a mighty fine gentleman, and I always enjoyed his acquaintance. So you can see that I really am sorry that I did not get to see you when you were here.

I have several lots in the cemetery now, where my mother brought my father's remains from Faribault, Minnesota, and later was placed beside him. This lot also contains the body of a sister, the ashes of my brother, and the body of my niece and her little redhaired daughter.

This strikes up a strain of memory. I was in Chicago, where my oldest sister lived, who was the grandmother of the little redhaired girl. The little girl had committed some