

January 17, 1951

Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Pine
9458 Artesia Blvd.
Bellflower, California

Dear Friends:

I have just been going through my Christmas cards to put them away for keeps and I thought I would answer your friendly note which accompanied your Christmas card.

Our friendship, Jim and mine, goes back a long way, and we are neither of us quite as young as we were in the good old days, Jim of course being considerably younger than I. I remember the days when you were on the police force and I think perhaps we never had a better looking man on the force--tall, manly and with good features.

The Pines are almost as thick around here as are the pine trees in Minnesota, and they comprise a mighty fine family. Two years ago when Mrs. Simons was sick and thought perhaps she could drink some buttermilk, one of my good friends, Mrs. Clarence Pine, churned some cream that very afternoon in order to supply the buttermilk. I remember well that Mrs. Simons and I attended her wedding, and I made bold enough at that time to kiss the bride.

It was rather interesting to me that I was taken by some to be the minister who had come out to perform the ceremony. I don't believe I have all of the qualities that we like to consider are a part of every minister, but I must at least have looked the part at that time, although I certainly could not have performed the ceremony.

Now someone has been misinforming you about our having blizzards and cold weather. This has been one of the mildest winters that I can remember, and I have been in Kansas since the late 70's. We have not had a total of two inches of snow in or near Lawrence this season. As a matter of fact, we could well use more moisture.

California is a great state. I have visited it twice but I have never felt the urge to go there to live. One summer, perhaps twenty years ago, Mrs. Simons and my youngest