

January 9, 1951

Mrs. Edna Whitver
Box 294
Balboa Heights
Panama Canal Zone

Dear Mrs. Whitver:

Until this moment I had believed that I had answered your long letter in which you sent the snapshots, but my very competent secretary tells me that she doesn't believe that I did, and in that case I certainly wish to apologize to you because your letter was extremely interesting. I have envied you and others who can write so entertainingly of their visits. Perhaps it is because I have been in the newspaper business that I take little pride in my ability to do descriptive writing.

There is not a great deal to tell you about myself. I am in good health and have been fortunate in having a student at the University and his wife to be with me this winter to keep my home. It might be cheaper for me to take a room at the hotel, but I have never cared for hotel life and I do love my own home and my books. I shall be happy if sometime I can show them to you.

We have had an extremely open winter. I doubt if altogether we have had two inches of snow. In fact, it has been rather dry.

I had a nice Christmas, spending a few days with my youngest daughter, Mrs. H. F. Johnson, and her family at Wymore, Nebraska. For Thanksgiving I was with my daughter, Mrs. Maloney at Tulsa, and rode with them in their car to Oklahoma City where I had a very happy time with a grandson and granddaughter, each of whom is married. This grandson and his wife have a darling little boy baby. I have always been fond of children. In fact, I not only love my own children but have always been fond of everyone else's children. In this I think I am fortunate because I feel that one who does not care for children must miss a good deal of the pleasures of living.