

April 5, 1952

Mr. and Mrs. Dolph Simons
Hotel Kahler
Rochester, Minnesota

Dear Dolph and Marie,

I have Marie's letter of Thursday, which should have been answered more promptly. While I hope you will have started for home before this letter arrives, I am sending it anyway on account of the uncertainty. I sometimes think that it is a good thing for me to have Dolph absent now and then, because it makes me realize how much both of you mean to me.

Life is a peculiar thing at best and I have thought that perhaps the greatest punishment that could be inflicted upon a man would be that he had to live forever. Old Ponce DeLeon wasn't thinking about that part of it when he was wanting to live his youth over again, and I don't know how many there are now who follow after him.

I think I have had one call from John since you have been gone and I realize how busy he is. I have not heard from Mike, although in the past he has been pretty good about calling up every now and then.

Everything seems to be moving along evenly at home. Wally, as an engineer, has been quite busy helping to develop the display made by the engineering school. I really would like to see it, but I don't believe it would be worth the physical exertion.

Wally and Elinor have been saddened upon learning that someone at Downs had struck their little dog, Cucoo, with a rake, which brought about the dog's death.