

Tuesday night
April 11th 1961

Dear Julia:-

I was happy to have your letter and ^{to} know you are
fine and Ed improving I hope, it continues that way.
We are having cold days right along, I have fine part of
every day, I have to keep comfortable, we need rain, had a
few showers but they don't help the farmers. Mildred & hus-
band came, but their visit was so short it seems like a dream.
They went on to Washington from here ^{to} a big DAR meeting
and Mildred, studies, talks, thinks and sleeps thinking of the
work. Of course I was glad to have them come but when they
leave I certainly feel alone in the world. Being well and
able to mix with people makes friends of course, as I can't
do that now I some times wish I could pass on. I too
recd. many Easter cards which I enjoyed. Yes Bob is
home now she only staid in San Antonio a week, they are
quite busy on the book now and she needs to be home
to answer her mail, her hand and arm still hurt her
but she keeps on going. The McKis sisters are well and
getting along very well, Clint can't write but Maunie
can with all effort, I certainly miss them more & more.
I think Maunie is going to sell her house, she will never be
able to live there now and I hope she can do it soon.
I had an Easter card from Mildred Wilson of Idaho had
not heard from her for quite a while. Hallie Malou Storey
wrote Bob that the examination that Reg her brother had

recently in Temple Texas was not so good, he wrote me
he was having the examination but he thought he
had nothing to worry about, he had the operation a
year ago and had gone back to have a check up. Our
ranks are thinning, just a few left in each family, the
Rylanders are holding out better than any I think
there are still 8 of them living.

I have a friend in the hospital now with shingles over
her head, I certainly pity her, even tho her sister said she
was getting along very well, I read an article recently
by a very eminent physician stating there was no
known cure for shingles, and Dr Samell here says you
never get over them, and I know you don't, for I
am never easy and free of pain only when asleep.

Well dear I have rambled on and said little, but always
remember I love you dear and think of you often.

With fondest love & good wishes
Off - Alice

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