

I can think of nothing that would
give me more pleasure - I am
really in earnest about this; not
just talking - Think it over, and
let me know if you can come any-
time; but I don't recommend July or
August! Did you get the fruit cake,
and did it taste good? Oh! My
dear! The war the humiliation and
anguish of Hawaii and poor ~~Mc~~
Arthur with his back to the wall
in the Philippines. We think and talk
of little else. All I can do is to pray
for strength to our Arms, and courage to
our spirits. If you can find the time
write me a good letter about your-
self + dad + Francis.

Ever devotedly

Dictated "Cousin Fanny"

January 4, 1942
 Dearest Hollie - I had
your beautiful card, which
seems to present enough for
anybody; and, Saturday, your
book reached me. I cannot
tell you how much I appreciate
your sending me a copy; and,
believe me, I shall treasure it,
and, perhaps, let a few
favored mortals look at it.
As I turn the pages + think
of the skill and talent,
research + hard work you
have put into it, I do feel
myself a poor worm!

We must not let such long periods elapse between our letters. Too much may happen. I don't know whether Lucy has told you that my eye sight is pretty much gone. The doctors tell me I will always be able to "see a cow in a field," but my eyes will not be much good for reading & writing. I can't pretend to be in the least heroic or philosophical, or anything else that I should be. Other things that have happened to me, I have taken, and, at

least tried to stand up to—but not to be able to read is something I can't seem to take. You may imagine how often I think of Laura Perry. I will not have to go through so many years of it as she did, and then there is still the cow in the field, which, of course, should mean much to a person living in a rural community. Miss Stebbins & I have a perfectly darling little home, so many friends, so much to enjoy. Can't you come to see us