

MISS EDITH E. KEARNEY
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COLORADO SPRINGS, COLORADO

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Dear Laura Gilpin,

I was thrilled to see your smiling face looking at me from the pages of the New Mexico magazine a few days ago when I received my new copy.

It has been a long time since I have seen that smiling face, but I have heard from you often through Agnes Donaldson. I hope that I may see it again on my next vacation as I hope to be able to make New Mexico again at that time.

My days are full running the Bookmobile from the library. This is a time consuming occupation as we circulate around 75,000 books a year. But not so much so that I can't ride a little. I still keep a horse, in fact, I'm about to get a second one.

Harriette, a grass widow with a boy of twelve, is living in Montclair, New Jersey where she is head of the Red Cross chapter there. She has become an ardent social worker and a very attractive woman.

Anne, a mother of three, is in Fort Wayne, Indiana where her Hoosier husband manages a huge cement mix plant for a big contracting concern. Her daughter, now 14, is a real beauty and a brain. I don't know where they got her. Her boy is a regular boy with base ball gloves hanging from his belt and really he tickles me more than any of the nieces or nephews. Anne's last is very much of an after thought having only come along in April. This is another girl and I wonder if she will be another Sandy.

Lora Light and I threw all our stuff together and rented what used to be Francis Smith's stable loft. It is a very cute apartment now. The doors sometimes come open and with other noises we can't account for, we decided the Mister Smith is living here too. A couple of very amusing things have grown from this. One day the phone rang and asked Lora if Mister Smith was in. She nearly said yes, instead of "You have the wrong number". Anne and her kids were here last summer and they began calling our ghost, "Schmittty". Only someone like you who knew the old gentleman can appreciate this!

Please give my best to Betsy.

Love, *Edith* -