

Poplar Bluff, Dec. 28, 1936.

Dear Ruby & Clyde:

We are soon going to be writing it 1937, aren't we? Which reminds me of what one of the poets wrote, to wit:

The rolling seasons pass away,  
And Time untying waves his wings  
Yet Love's sweet harbors ne'er decay,  
But bloom in never fading springs.

I thank you very much for the carton of nice toilet articles that you kindly sent me. I have <sup>it</sup> setting on my dresser, and it has been very much admired by my friends. Brother John and Lionel sent me a fine morocco bill fold; Dr. Mott sent a pair of fine silk socks; two other friends sent nice boxes of candy, and Alice Bates sent me, by parcel post, a nice fat young hen.

Your Aunt Laura, Cecil, Irma and Harry (Irma's husband) made me a nice visit the day before Christmas. Irma and Harry said they intend to run down from Toledo to see you sometime. My little pal, Jimmie Brandon, brought me a new photo of himself marked "To my dear uncle Ray, Merry Christmas, with love, Jimmie."

