

January 3

Dear Mr. Carter,

The successful letter from Amos came this morning - and although you have received mail dated when later I know you and Katrina will be interested in reading this one.

I am finding it rather difficult to write my appreciation for all the presents you sent me in behalf of Amos, Jr. Everyone knows without elaboration what six pairs of gloves and a beautiful bag means to a girl of this era, one item being extinct and the other just plain hard to find. But just in case there is any doubt, let me assure you I feel as if I were the luckiest girl in

in Dallas or Fort Worth. There
is nothing that makes a person
feel so dressed up as worked
out as the stockings she does -
consequently I feel as though
I am justified to look pretty
good for a change with a
little leeway, still having
the cure from last year
carefully locked away except
for the most important of
occasions.

We all enjoyed the fruit
basket even though it always
hurts my feelings to tear open
the cellophane and ruin the
arrangement. Heri's father better
at seven in the morning than a
tasty grapefruit and those were
good.

Thanks a million for everything -
and my very best wishes to you,
Ruth, and Patricia for the New Year
Heri hoping with all my heart
that - Allen is here before the next
one.

Sincerely,
Jean