

AMHERST
MASSACHUSETTS

January 12, 1943.

*Winter Park
Florida*

My dear friend:

I had intended to write you before this, and send you the warm good wishes of the season for both Jessie and myself, but we have been much delayed in getting here to Florida and getting settled.

I do hope you are keeping reasonably well. The last time I saw you, you told me that you were practicing the technique of being eighty years old. I presume now you have become adept!

I am myself now struggling with the elementary problem of getting along in my seventies, and I am beginning to appreciate some of the difficulties. I was immensely encouraged, however, the other night by being placed at dinner next to an old general who was in the civil war, and who now is ninety-six years old. I found him not only interesting, but interested - and wise.

I am creeping along slowly with the second volume of my autobiography, and in refreshing my memory of the old days at McClure's and the American, I recall with wonder the adventures we had. Could there have been finer associates or experiences more deeply rewarding?

I have been reading over some of the letters you wrote me and many from John Phillips and S. S. McClure, and

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the enthusiastic outbursts of Bert Boyden and John Siddall. I have also heard recently from other old friends who are also admirers of yours, Kathleen Norris and Cee Gee. While I am sure I cannot do justice to those events, I am finding a deep pleasure in thinking about them.

Mrs. Baker joins me in affectionate good wishes.

Please don't use your strength to reply to this letter.

With warm regards,

Your old friend
Ray Stannard Baker
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Miss Ida M. Tarbell
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