

Concord, Ga.,
Dec. 16, 1940.

Dear Mrs. Williamson,

Sammy has a spring suit which he has outgrown, and I am looking for a boy who can use it. There are none here of the proper dimensions, so I am sending it to you in the hope that Norman can use it. I know he is not quite as tall or as broad as Sammy, but the suit was bought before Sam was 16. It is possible that Norman has grown a little in one or both directions, and the suit might be altered to fit him. If he can use it, I'll be glad. If not, or if you are not willing that he should wear it, then please, if you have opportunity, give it to some other lad down there, or send it to some welfare agency in Savannah. If that is too much trouble, return it to me, and I'll send it some where else.

My letter to you was postmarked Griffin because it was mailed at Mary's. But I am sure you will understand why I am mailing this from Griffin or some other point. A box of this size would naturally create some comment here.

This is not a real letter, of course, but I can't resist telling you something wonderful that has happened to me. I think I mentioned that Sammy would probably not be home for Christmas, and that I was dreading the loneliness without him. Well, without any idea of such a thing, no asking or hints on our part, we are invited to use the apartment of a niece who teaches in Atlanta, but

will be with her parents in Covington for the holidays. It seems she heard in a round-about way that Sam could not come home, and at once offered us her home. And it is her home, for she and her brother own it together. He and ^{his} wife and little girl will be there in their part of the house, and another niece lives next door, so we will not be alone or among strangers. Best of all, it is within a few minutes ride of Emory, so we are looking forward to it with much joy. We will stay most of the week.

So many lovely things have come to me in recent months through the kindness and thoughtfulness of friends, and I am very grateful. I may not have as many as some people, but those I have are pure gold, and I rejoice in them.

And now to you, my friend, at this Christmas time,

May the Star that led the Wise Men
Again shine through the blue,
And bring new faith, new happiness,
To the hearts of yours, And you.

Sincerely,

Florence King