

July 18, 2010

Dear Craig,

Thank you so much for the book. I have enjoyed reading and should have sent you a "thank you" sooner. When you get to be ninety years old you take such liberties.

I do wish I had listened better to my Dad's stories. He was a good story teller and loved to tell stories to anyone that would listen.

It must have been after his father died that Dad was hired out to herd cows. It was a job that a small boy could handle and it would have meant one less mouth to feed. Their evening meal was oatmeal, which he had with milk poured over it. His employer's little girl got hers with cream and taunted him with, "You have yours with milk because you are the hired boy." So, he learned to hate oatmeal!

In later years he was in a nursing home and I went in to see him and the nurse was trying to get him to eat his oatmeal. I said, "Don't feed him that. He hates oatmeal." They asked what they should feed him. I said, "Give him ice cream. He loves it." When you are in your nineties and in a nursing home does it matter if you don't eat your oatmeal?

The house in the picture of family reunion on page 456 is K. T. and Thelma's house in Gooding, not Fir Grove. The house was later remodeled. Kathy Nelson, my niece that took the picture of the eagle, lives in that house now.

I do appreciate that talented people like you put forth such effort in writing family histories.

Thank you,

*Leo Simon*