

**Dear Ella Phant:** I was so thrilled when I saw the little poem ("I Want a Christmas Tree") in the paper Sunday. I had been looking for it for more than 50 years and never expected to find it again.

It was so kind of you to send it in.

I was in hopes, too, that I would hear from some of the old pupils of Omaha View School. What a wonderful view we had from those windows (Thirty-second and Corby).

Those were what I like to think of as "the good old days" when Mr. Pearse was superintendent, Miss Arnold was the music instructor and Miss Hitt the art instructor.

Yes, and we had a writing teacher in those days also—and the children could use one now.

I have had a sick husband for nine years. When he took sick, the doctor said he wouldn't live more than a year or so at the most. But he's past 75 now. His eyes are bad (the light hurts them) but he likes to look at view cards and stamps and I put the stamps in the book for him.

Now I must stop as it's time to get us some lunch.

**Marie.**

CITATION (APA STYLE)

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