

MAPPING

time matures everyone softens and obscures
as do the winter snows and freezing rains
the stark rigid furrows
of daily living
the aches and the scars that pain leaves
make indelible lines
upon almost all faces . . . some so drawn

but time enhances, too the fine crinkles around
eyes and mouths of those
who would rather rock with laughter and give
generous smiles . . . than cry . . . no matter
whatever comes

LET'S BLESS IN ALL OUR PRAYERS THE
BABY NEW YEAR.....AND SING A SPECIAL SONG
"SEVENTY-EIGHT IS SURE ACOMIN'"

LOVE...

SMG

From the Washington Post,
December 14, 1977

The Post at 100

We have been reading your newspaper for many years. We've become vicariously acquainted with your extraordinarily fine reporters and writers.

I told my dear husband, one day, that "if I 'go' before you, I'll have only two things to say on my death bed . . . with urgent and gasping breath: 1) I love you . . . 2) Now . . . please bring me my Washington Post!"

Happy Birthday to all of you on your 100th anniversary. I hope to be threading my way through your intriguing, succulent and mind-teasing pages until I, too, reach the tender age of 100.

P.S. Merry Christmas and Happy New Year, too.

I love you.

SHIRLEY M. GAINES

Well - you darlings -
Thinking of you
Better late than never -

Harold - did you see that full
page ad in today's paper - (Sun Jan 8 - Wash Post)
on Mr Flint & his \$1 million dollar offer - a
reward to anyone who could give info
or evidence to solve JFK's murder - I
thought (:) - Who knows more than
anyone in this but you - Good Job!

& Lillian - income tax time
Know Business is keeping you busy -
Hope Harold's health is
stable & improving -

Well - I'm sort of a mini-
celebrity these days - since the
Post Squib - funny - out all the
hundreds of Congrats they received
they only printed 2 - me & a 16 yr
old former Post Delivery Boy - Phone
rang off hook for 3 days! Haha!
What next? We'll see! Love Smg