



WESTERN KENTUCKY STATE TEACHERS COLLEGE

BOWLING GREEN, KENTUCKY

DEPARTMENT OF GEOGRAPHY

Jan. 14th

Dear "Rays",

I found the letters on my table when I came home this afternoon, so am literally "writing at the first opportunity." I'm so glad Rudy and Ed. could have such a good time Christmas, I'm sure we all did. I stayed at home for a good rest and to sure a cold that had hung on since Thanksgiving. I succeeded in doing both. I hoped Ed and Johannes would come this way on their return migration, I even baked a cake and baked a ham but not a sign of "em" did I see. Eleanor I am glad you are well again. Hope the R.R. boys appreciate you, that others would have a shadow of a chance.

Ed, you stop joking fun at Jo and Jethro or I'll "speak up" and tell some of your Cupes before you "reached the age of accountability." What right have you to think Jo never will settle down. Kin's rays are pretty you all send her some yarn rags. Aint the boys sweet? I have one of them pictures. I am so tired and sleepy I could hardly write. Was here in faculty meeting till 6:30

and a furious rainstorm was on when we started home, I did not go back to the office so my pen is not at hand, hence the pencil.

I am so dumb I'll have to stop.

Lots of love,

M. Jeffries.

404 West Twenty-third Street, Austin.
April 26, 1930.

Dear Folks:

I haven't written you one of these in quite a while, and I am so busy that I can't write each of you. I owe every blasted one of you a letter. That's how I have let things slip on by.

I can't think of much nowadays but the old initiation. I don't think any of you but Ruby knows about my pledging a fraternity. It is Delta Tau Delta, Dan Fowler's fraternity. Mighty nice bunch of boys and all that. Anyway, we are going to have initiation next Saturday week. May 3. There are thirteen of us pledges, and we are in a fair way to get worked over right royally. I can't imagine what it is going to be like, although I do know that the only sure thing is a big share of the old paddle applied on the posterior regions. I went over to the house the other day and they made me put my nose in a circle on the table while the paddle was applied, and I had to keep my nose in the circle under pain of a repetition of the process. I managed all right. We have a sensible bunch of guys compared to some of them. That is the only lick I have got in over a month. One of the fraternities made a pledge pull off all his clothes and then dropped corn on his stummick and let a duck peck it off, and incidentally the duck pecked off about half of said stummick. I hope I don't draw one like that.

I guess you all don't know it, but papa is getting turrrible homesick. I have decided to pull stakes from here about June 10, and I ought to be home by June 15. Just a little over a month now. Ruby, next time you write me, tell me Uncle Ray's address in his new house. I want to go by to see him. I guess I could call him up when I get there but I feel so much better when I can walk up to the house and say "Howdy," without letting them know I am coming. Ed, where are you going to be about that time? I have seen the whole bunch since I saw you, and I haven't seen Joanna since she was a freshman and I was a highschool freshman. All of our sisters have contributed materially to making me homesick: I now have pictures of El, Ruby, and Gin with her boys. They are draped all over my room; and I have an extra one of Ruby that I use for a book mark in whichever book I happen to be studying. It is holding up remarkably and isn't soiled a bit. Anything else belonging to me would have been filthy by this time.

Brown, me lad, I am coming up to see you for a few days. I know you'll want me to make a couple of weeks, but I can't do that. About a week in B. G. and a few days with you is all the time I can spare, because I have to get me a job and make me some jack some place. You all must remember that I haven't seen W. B. Jr., nor our new nephew (either of them, incidentally), nor our new sister. I stop to think how many things have happened since I departed and it seems like I have been away ages and ages. I haven't seen Uncle Ray's baby either, and it is nearly two years old.

Of course you all have guessed by this time that I am in love again. It's a girl from Temple this time. I used to go up to Temple to see her once in a while, but I hadn't even written her for several months, and she came down last week end to visit the Nichols and rekindled the old flame. I am really in love this time, but you all needn't worry about it, because it will be over in a few days. True love always ends abruptly.

I'll bet I did something a few days ago that nobody in the hull blooming family, outside of Ruby, ever does. I wrote a letter to Miss Jeffries. And she up and answered it pronto, and I haven't written again. But I am going to. I think all of us ought to write to her as much as we do each other, and I am going to. Just watch me.

Texas University has the best baseball team they is. I guess some of you have heard this, but it will bear repeating. We played the New York Yankees April First and whipped them two to one until the last of the ninth, when they up and beat us four to two. But that's good. We haven't lost but one game, and it was in tough luck. Rice Institute of Houston lucked out on us. We are just too good; beat Northwestern University two games and literally snowed Iowa State University under. Our captain is a member of my fraternity.

Gin, I sure would like to come by to see you like I planned at first, but I don't guess I can. The fraternity is costing me a little more now, and I will have to make myself some money. And if I wait until the first of July to start work I might not get anything to do. I am going to work in Nashville or Louisville if I can get a job. I am going to write the Highway Department and they might put me on if there is an opening. Can't you and Ray manage to come home some time this summer? I sure would like to see you all, and I'm nearly frantic to see the kid.

SAY - - - Professor Timm just called me in his office, right in the middle of this and told me that there is a job for me this summer to stay here and go to school -- twenty-five dollars a month for the summer, and then continues into next year with all my other work. The job isn't really hard. It is connected with the Southwestern Political and Social Science Association which is an offspring of the Department of the old Government. It looks like I will have to change my mind folks, after all my promises. If I can only get my job carried on for the summer at the University Club I can get along all right, only I won't have anything to start on in the fall. When the old ball starts rolling next year I will drop the University Club work, and I will have one job paying \$40, another paying \$25, and another paying \$10. I ought to get along on that, even if I am a fraternity man, don't you think? Dr. Timm sure did talk encouraging to me. He said that year after next, if I kept up my good work in government I would be almost sure of an assistantship instead of the stenographic job (there is a university rule about work, which says they can't do but so much, but they can't control any but stenographic jobs and assistantships) and would be breaking into big things. The assistantship wouldn't pay any more than the stenography, but it takes just two hours a day instead of four and I could do something else. Folks, it looks like I'm a made man if I can just deliver in the old field of government. I get so ambitious sometimes I just bubble over, but I've found that it takes ambitious work and not ambitious bubbling over.

And all of this means that I won't be able to be home until some time around the last of August. I nearly have to take the job, because the job over at the University Club is too scummy and too confining. I have to serve banquets and wash dishes after them and all that sort of thing. I am too much of a big business man to be piddling around with such. And the new job is comparatively easy; I have been doing all of the work anyway, and I know all about it. Just keeping the books for the Quarterly and taking care of things in general. I will almost have to stick around during the summer if I hope to get the job for next year.

I suspect I had better get down to work. I haven't much to do, but I am supposed to be working. I am all up in the air about the new job, anyway, and can't think of anything else. I can work off my chemistry in the summer school -- I couldn't do it in the long session because the labs take so much time that I couldn't hold a job anywhere.

But all this doesn't make me any less homesick. Reminds me of the times I used to get so homesick up at Aunt Molly's. I used to cry for Auntie then, and I am nearly to that now. I know it's childish, but we are all of us kids anyway, so why not admit it. And I am coming home in August even if I have to throw up the whole works and let it go hang. I am too good a man to become a slave to any one thing, anyway. We'll see.

Each of you will have to accept this as a letter this time, and I will treat you right next time.

Lots of love,

J. Malchus Ray, Esquire.

October 3, 1930.
606 West Nineteenth Street,
Austin, Texas.

Dear Folks:

I think you all realize that I meant to write "Dear Folks" instead of "Dear Folks", but it is so much trouble to erase on all of these carbons that we'll let it go. I know everybody thinks I died en route and you won't ever hear from me again. The fact of the matter is, I nearly did. I got a ride the first night out, about six o'clock in the evening, from Memphis to Oklahoma City, and so I came back that way. I drove all night and far into the day, and we got into Oklahoma City about two in the afternoon of the second day; and the loss of sleep combined with the change of climate sort of got me off my balance, and I was a sick little boy when I got to Austin. However, I still had enough stamina left to write Ruby for some money to register on, and she responded nobly. Now don't get excited, Auntie, because I wasn't really sick; I was just feeling puny and sick at me stummick. Got all right in a day or two.

I took my postponed exams on the sixteenth and made a couple of lousy C's on the two courses. I might have expected as much, but I was hoping for more. It is hard enough for me to make grades anyway, and when there is anything I can lay the blame on, like the trip home on this occasion, why I'm sunk surely.

I had a good visit with Ed and Joanna. I got to Ed's from Bowling Green in one day, and I'm prouder of that feat than any other one day's bumping I ever did, because it is really an accomplishment. I had a very vague idea when I left as to where Fredonia was; I walked about five miles with my old heavy grip over a detour down near Russellville; in inquiring for Fredonia I got within fifty miles of Fredonia, Tennessee, before I found my mistake; I had to detour fifty miles out of the way after I got to Hopkinsville; and after I got to Fredonia I found that our dear and beloved brother lives not at Fredonia but at Francis, a pretty fur piece back into the woods from Fredonia. To those of you who do not know Joanna, I might intimate that I think our brother is pretty well fixed. Joanna is all right. Ed calls her "howun," which means "hon" in the barnyard lingo he grew up on. Maybe he has forgotten it, but my name used to be "Chulus" in that lingo. We had a real good time taking all the high school kids out and digging in Indian graves. We all became pretty unpopular with the "fessor" for moving the rocks from around the edges of his Indian graves after we located them, but I suspect he has got over it by now. He and Joanna took me over to Paducah for a send-off. I'm going to have them down here with me by this time next year; just wait and see. It's one of the best schools in the country. I grant you that Western Normal is a good school, but Texas is, too. There, maybe that will keep peace in the family.

Sin, I surely would have liked to come down to see you all, but I nearly cut my throat as it was. If Ruby's financial assistance hadn't come through, I would have been a hard up little brother. I sure would like to see your boys. They will be grown grown before I'll ever get to see them, it looks like. I can't afford to leave again until something tangible is accomplished, and that means summer after next if all goes well. Speaking of boys, our head brother has a mighty fine one. I know it breaks Brown's heart to see it in print, but I think he looks like the baby pictures of Julian Scott; Brown has a green paint hemorrhage every time anybody says the kid doesn't look like him or looks like somebody else. Yes, the kid is a mighty fine boy, and he'll amount to something someday if he can ever learn to go at things head first and not the other way: he backs off the porch onto the steps, and sometimes he backs off the porch where there aren't any steps and sits down real hard. Maybe he'll get over it. He looks like the right sort of stuff to come in behind those girls and bring them up right. Brown, I haven't had the pictures developed, due to the oft afore-mentioned financial inability, but I'll send you some prints some day.

They are giving me a good send-off here at school. All four of my jobs are going strong. The job over at the University Club is going to be a lot easier this year because there isn't a furnace, but gas. I am taking two advanced courses in government and second year French and English history. I'm also registered for Anthropology, but I'm not much interested, and I may be forced to drop it because of the quantity of work rule. Four courses are enough when a fellow is working as much as I am anyway. I'm all up with my work, but I just don't have any extra time. I've even cut my lunch hour down to thirty minutes; I get to put in the extra half hour on a regular job, and I have plenty of time if I walk fast. I'm playing handball regularly for exercise, and I'm in good shape. I had to stay up late to write this, because it seems like I am never going to spare any time for it, and I'd forget all the news or it wouldn't be news. I'm staying at the fraternity house, Delta Tau Delta House, 606 West Nineteenth Street -- nice long walk from the campus

Lots of love,

El, you'll have to 'scuse this and pretend it is a real letter. Hope you are pleased with Statesboro and the job. Be sweet and write to me when you get time.

Fredonia, Ky.
Nov. 16, 1930.

My Dear Long Lost Brothers and Sisters:

I am about ready to kill the fatted calf and make merry by starting another round robin on a perilous journey to four states. The last one which was attempted last year went down like the Titanic, and I imagine it was not far from port when it sunk. I bewailed the loss of this fair missile many days, but to my disgust it never returned. I would like to invoke the evil spirits on the one that was responsible, but since I do not possess this information I might as well invoke a curse on the whole dang buch. Why in the d---l cant a fellow have enoughtsurplus energy to lick a postage stamp when that is all that is required of him to send the letter on to some one else. I have thought probably that it is the pecunary situation that has largely been responsible for the failure in sending the ROBIN on. With this in view, I am sending each one of you a bunch of stamped envelopes, and I hope that none of you will become degenerate enough to remove the stamp for any other purpose than that for which it is dedicated this Nov. 18th, 1930. May the fellow who desecrates the Robin be infested with a flock of flees. Also it is my wish that the fellow who fails to send the Robin as soon as he gets it may be afflicted with a "bile" on the sturnum ablongatum so that he may not sit in peace for at least three weeks.

Joe, me lad, I am sending this to you first as I want to be assured that it will get by at least one barrier, too, it is probable that it will not die nearly so young as it did last year. Now "give the kid a chance!" You send it to Ruby and let her start it on to its doubtfull journey to Virginia, where it is my prediction that it will meet its Waterloo. If in case it should get by Virginia, I loose all hopes when Brown gets his talons on it, for it is sure to be safely anchored there with his royal highness Will B. I am also in doubt about our dear friend Ealenor. If you are in doubt about the integrity of any of the three culprits mentioned you may assume the authority to curtail its circulation to the three angels of the family, namely, you, Ruby, and me.

Joe, the reason that I have not written you sooner is that I heard through reliable sources that Ruby was starting a Round Robin and I have been waiting to see if it would show up, but if it was ever started I am sure that our fiend W.B. has it and it never got around to me. I can't say enough about his danged tactics, so I hope that you will add a few expressions for his benefit. Be sure and not make them too mild, for he is likely not to read it any way as he is such a busy man. That is one reason that I don't write him, for I am sure that he hsn't time to read it.

Ele, I received your letter just a few days ago after a month's journey to me. It had been to Washington, Cincinnati, and Louisville. I beg of you to remember that I get my mail at Fredonia. There is no postoffice at Frances. The check that you sent has been destroyed. why did you ever send me a check? I meant for you to keep all that I sent you on the old debt. I will send you some more if you need it.

Ruby, I have not heard from you highness since last summer. Can it be that you are offended at us for not staying in B.G. until you got there? It was impossible as it was already announce that school here was to start the

next Monday. We were sorry that we didn't get to see you. We hope to see you Xmas.

I have been collecting Indian relics lately, and I have quite a good little collection made so far. I have a Indian hoe, knife, awl, scrapers, and a whole gob of arrow heads. I am digging in what I think is an Mound Builders mound. It is very interesting, not like any of the rest of the mounds in this part of the state. It is about 150 ft. long, 40 ft. across, and 30 ft. high. It is a rather big project and will take quite a while to excavate it. I hope to find some relics in it when I get a little further into it. I have dug in three since you were here, Joe. I have several more spotted.

I suggest that we not allow more than five days for the robin to get from one to another, and in case it doesn't arrive at the specified time that the person to whom it is due shall start another one immediately, stating that it did not arrive. That person shall recommend that the one who held the works up shall be dropped from the mailing list automatically.

Folks, lets don't let this thing die this time! Please, please, please. Now if Mr "A" waits for Mr "B", you know what happens, they never get to Brownsville, and if you are going to Brownsville, go to day, for you are likely not to get there if you don't. You know, I didn't mean to say this.

Signed. H.H.Cherry

I wish everybody a happy Thanksgiving and a merry Xmas to follow it up.

Lots of love to everybody,

od.

Fredonia, Ky.
Nov. 18, 1930.

Dear Folks,

This is to announce that I am sending each one of you brats a bunch of addressed envelopes in hopes that you will use them for the purpose for which they are sent. I am starting a Robbin as no one else seems to want to tackle the job.

I suggest that in case you think that you do not have time to write anything that you merely slip the letters inside one of the addressed envelopes, lick the mucilage thereon, and let it be on its way. Now you will agree that that is a simple task, and I believe in the Ray integrity strong enough to be hopeful.

There is no sense to living as if one had no brothers or sisters, not hearing from one another for almost a year. Why can't we live like white folks? I know you are busy, but I am too, and the only way to do the thing up systematically is have a definite time to write everybody and get it done. The round Robbin is the best plan we ever hit upon, now why can't we carry the thing on? The story is told about a fellow who had six sons (he might have had three sons and three daughters) and he called all of the sons together and gave them each a stick and told them each to break it. They did so easily. Then he took six sticks and bound them together and asked them to break the bundle. Each tried to do so, but failed. Then he said, "So is it with you. As long as you stick together you cannot be broken". I have told you this bedtime-story because it is bedtime.

The Robin should be mailed by Joe on Nov. 22, by Ruby Nov. 27, by Virginia Dec. 4, by Brown Dec. 9 (right after his birthday, by Ealenor Dec. 15, and should get back to me by Dec. 18. I will put it on the air the next day, so help me Hanner.

Lots of love,

Ed.

Fredonia, Ky. (excuse me)

Dec. 19, 1930.

Dear folks,

I am willing to christen you all angels since you did so well on the **ROBIN**. I got more real pleasure out of this robin than I would out of celebrating Xmas with a quart of Scotch. Let me tell you it did make me drunk with pleasure. It arrived on the exact day that it was due, and pappy is putting it on the air the very next day after it arrives. This letter contained several scorches for which I am duely grateful.

I never was so surprized as I was at the fragments of sparkling wit of my "big brother". Honestly, I didn't think he was capable of such. I had already registered him as one who had dried up and gone to seed, but I find that such is not the case. Maybe it would not be too big a strain on his wit to draw something like it from him each month. I hope that he doesn't contract hyperchondraisis or anything simular to that during the intervals that he's receiving the **ROBIN**. Martha, you are a dear to guide your husband in the ways of a righteous man. You will be the making of the boy yet. Let me remind you that you have a job on your hands, a job wich would not be belished by everybody.

Well, well, our little sister in Fla. shore did set me down. Now listen, youngun I want to repeat that your dear brother did not fail to mail the last Robin that I received. I sent it to your highness during the Xmas holidays, and if you did not get it, it was Uncle Sam's fault. I will do all I can to meet your requirment of an angel when I get situated just right. Let me assure you that I heartily agree with you in your philosophy and I have confidence in your judgement. I think that you are making a

noble effort to "replinish the earth", and I again assure you that you have my support in all such matters.

I wish I could be with you on the hollidays, but I guess it aint to be. I am getting homesick for a reunion, and that is not perhaps. It lokks now like it might be two years off. We are planning on going to Texas next year, but I am afraid if banks keek on breaking we wont have the necessary spondulicks with which to matriculate.

Ele, so you are acting as Hermes, eh? I was in hopes that you would like down there. You have the right idea about the matter when you pay no attention to either side and tell both sides to go to the devil if the get raw with you.

Ruby has undoubtedly established herself a record in the field of correspondence. This is three missiles that the I have received lately from ^{the} dear gal, and I want her to know that I appreciate her extra effort. It surely is a star in your crown.

Joe, I got the catalog, and I am very much please with the prospects of a sojourn in that part of the country. I think I shall change my major field to Zoology, and let education go hanged. We are glad you liked the hickorynuts; I bought a share in Uncle Sam's postoffice to send them. I didn't know if hickorynut grew down there are not. Scout around and see what you can buy pecons for and what it would cost to ship the by express. I would like to hav e a bushel, and if they don't cost a fortune I will send you the money for them. Thanks, me lad, for the "influence that you exerted on our dear brother Brown. What you said seemed to have made him squirm abit. But just between us, I think he is all right. The dear boy is rather a lovable chap even if he does have a homely face on him which only Martha could love. She and mother nature are the only ones who can tolerate it without inflicting self-punishment.

I wish you all a **HAPPY XMAS and a new set of New Year's resolutions**

Of course, we all know there aint no Santa Clause.

Loss of love,

RUBY RAY
STATE TEACHERS COLLEGE
SLIPPERY ROCK, PENNA.

Dear Eleanor:

Its sad to tell but
I ruined your blue suit.
When we washed it, it
faded in streaks. Then
I tried rub it and it spotted.
So I'm sending it back
to you regretfully hopeful.
Maybe you are clever
enough to do something
with it. Sorry, but I shall
add ten dollars to my
debt.

We are having a gorgeous
time. The children are
precious. Sam is nearly
always uncontrolled but
not quite the worst child
I've seen. Joe Wilson is cut-
ting a tooth or so and
is a little fretful. He jabber
continually about something
and occasionally we know
what he means. Calls
Udille - Heal and me Wush
-rhymes with push. When
he sees a letter to any-
one he yells ya! ya!
da da. I'm mighty glad
they are here.

Last week I received

RUBY RAY
STATE TEACHERS COLLEGE
SLIPPERY ROCK, PENNA.

my grades from Peabody
and found that my grade
in Social Psychology
is B which does not
carry graduate credit and
means that I must have
~~grad~~ four more hours
before I graduate. I doubt
much can be done I
want some more courses
in Psychology. I might
go next summer to
Chi for six weeks. This
of course will have to
be decided later.

Are you taking all your
medicine? No, it stops.
You know I'll make you
stop work if you lose
two or three pounds.

How is Ruth Bolto.
Give her some good
wishes for me. Hope
neither of melt fat fear
you will if it's as hot
there as here.

Love

Orby

Give only heard from Miss Jeffries.
She says Ed and Joanna
are both in school
there. A.A.

Sorry darling —

About the bank. What are you going to do? Leave that hole and come here to live with me. This is not such a bad place. I like the car and can drive right well — they say.

Elizabeth McDonald is coming to spend the holiday with me. Linda and Lida and Margaret can't come — no monies. Lucille may come but I doubt it. She seems to be having a great time — beaux etc. She may come as I've said.

I've driven to Pittsburgh in snow

and ice.

I can't seem to start the
Robin and have lost the one Ed
sent here.

Love

Ruby