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## 1946 Ray Family Papers

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Jan 6 1946

Dear Childre -

Since I wrote the robin last  
I've had the very best time of my life. Jack  
and I left for Washington the first of Dec.  
He was very fortunate to be assigned the work  
he likes and is fitted for. Public Relations Dept.  
of the Red Cross. That means he will be in  
Washington for some months. Then he may  
go overseas again - but not with the army.  
It may be that I can go with him. We are  
making no plans yet. It seems necessary for  
me to stay here another semester. When  
we got home the friends we'd visited in  
Washington wrote that they were going to  
be in Florida during Jan. and that they  
would like for us to use their apartment. I'm  
a little blue about not being there but  
am going to fly down next Friday for  
the weekend - the only free one I'll  
have this month.

The next weekend we are installing  
a new president. I have absolutely no  
interest in him - in spite of the wonderful



reports we hear about. Even that he looks like you Joe. That from Wilda who has met him.

Your work sounds awfully interesting Joe. Sorry you have to be away from home. Wish I could talk to you about it. Is there an age limit for your young men? Isobel's husband will be out in two months and he might be interested. He is thing of a tycoon has a good record as a High School coach and as a 'special' officer in the army. I surely would love to be in Bowling Green today since you are going to be there. We were sorry I was not able to go to Tuscaloosa while we were in Kentucky. We wanted to see you all very much.

It was wonderful to see you and So-anna Ed. and the girls. You all looked so wonderful - especially to me who hadn't see you for so long. I'd wondered what kind of job you had. It must be fun to count the wild cats to the acre. Jack tells everybody about the hair-raising story and the man who froze outside his door. Keep calm! We are coming to see <sup>you</sup> as soon as I can get some of these 'wild cats'



promoted and Jack can get some of those in Washington lined up.

While we were in Bowling Green we got awfully excited about a Baby Store for Ginny and ~~Katie~~ Katie Wilson. Then she may not interested - so it maybe Ginny and me. Before Jack left we went to see some Baby Store owners and to talk about how to start one. We got some grand ideas and Va even has a building right on the square. We may have the opening just before Easter. Only thing is that I'm afraid the beginning may be too much work for Ginny and I can't help much. It does seem like something good. We'll give all of you little jobs when we get started. Who needs some baby clothes?

I was sorry - Miss Jeffries - to see so little of you. What we saw was very good. Sorry you couldn't eat Christmas dinner with you - or that you couldn't eat with us. I could hardly eat mine after I broke the leaf of Gimmie's



beautiful table. She was wonderful - didn't hit me on anything. And - I doubt if any one noticed that I couldn't eat.

For two days we've had the most wonderful weather - mild and sunny. Today I only wore my suit coat. A thing I can't remember ever doing in January.

Joanna - you - and Sellie - pitch in and write a letter we missed you.

Eleanor - what is the matter? Why don't you write? Are sick? I usually have a little note from you now and then. Your letters are awfully good.

I was so glad to see Auntie - Aunt Kate and Uncle Dave looking so well. They all look fine. We tried two days to call Brown but he was on his way to Chi.

Ray and Joe Wilson are wonderful hosts - and made us have a wonderful time.

Love  
Ruby

Eleanor Ray  
Springfield, S. Dakota

Jan 28, 1946

Dear folks,

The robin has stayed  
in Springfield entirely too  
long but I've been having  
a time. The library office has  
been painted and if any of  
you ever were in a librarian's  
office you know what pink can  
collect. We have to use this  
one for a part store room too  
because the real storeroom



is in the basement and you have to go through the mens' restroom. I have never been down there so have used the office instead. All the things had to be moved several times and I have been constantly tired for three weeks. Last week I spent four days in bed with a sore throat. I am still weak. Only two days were missed from work because we don't open on Saturday now. I am feeling fine now but am not going back to the

Eleanor Ray  
Springfield, S. Dakota

replacing of the stuff so  
fast —

We have had a lonely  
January - (Jan thaw). But  
expect a bad February -

Mr Bacon is coming  
back to this job in March.  
I am glad and his salary  
is six hundred dollars more  
than when he left. There are  
any number of library jobs  
flaunting around. I've been  
offered six here in S. Dak.



I am going to become "available" for Civil Service first though, I don't want to stay in this state although I am not sorry I came — Dr Kramer said he would make a place for me ~~some~~ other place but I'm not interested. I have known all along that Mr Bacon was drafted and I don't want to do any other work —

Forgive me for keeping the robin so long but I expected to get to it before now —

Love to all

Eleanor



Benton, Kentucky.  
Feb. 3, 1946.

Dear Folks,

The Robin came in late as usual, and the fact is I have kept it a couple of days longer than I should have but resolve to put it on the way now. Wish there were some way I could hear from you yokels oftener than every three months but don't guess there is without my writing letters and I'm never overly anxious to write a letter. I use Abe Lincoln's plan and I find it works. On second thought, I believe it was Mark Twain; anyway, he would file his letters away and once every six months he would go over his files to see which ones needed answering and he found that by that time very few of them needed answering. But the Robin is always eagerly awaited here and in order to keep getting it I have to write.

First off, I think I owe to the rest of you to give you my impression of the one member of the family I hadn't seen for five years, this here Ruby gal. I had no idea what five years could do to her. Now I met Jeanie Crain, Joan Leslie, Lana Turner and a few more of the Hollywood glamour gals while I was at Santa Ana. Got their autographs for Babs, by the way, but, you know, they lacked something that Ruby has in addition to glamour. These glamor gals of Hollywood have what I would call restrained poise, for you seem to sense that underneath the makeup they are at heart little ruffians, but not Ruby, she has natural poise and glamour, too. Has a sort of senerity of character yet a singleness of purpose that radiates like light from a bit of radium. You could have knocked me down with a feather, for I hadn't seen her for five years and I used to know her when she was pretty seedy, of course, that was a good many years ago. But when I think about what a few years can do for a fellow I wonder what the future has in store for me. Will I follow true to form? When I am 55, will I be a glamour boy? I have noticed that the Rays look better with a little age. The same could be said for Miss Jeffries. She is even lowlier than she used to be when I caused her so much trouble. It is, indeed, a pleasure to be around people who have ripened with a little age. I don't know when I ever enjoyed a day as much as when we spent the day with Ray, Virginia, Miss Jeffries, Ruby, and Jack a week before Xmas.

The Red Cross has done something to Jack, too, for his addor for Republicans has cooled off somewhat, didn't mention Republican but once where as in former years it would have been a discourse on the virtues of the Republicans. Maybe, it is a matter of his ripening, too, with the years. Anyway, I'm very much pleased with how he turned out. He impressed me with having a good deal on the "bald." There is a boy whose wit has not been dimmed even with his 53 years. Looked every inch an officer, carried himself well. It all made me proud to be his brother-in-law.

Now there is our brother Joe, I've seen him, too, since I wrote in the Robin last, so I shall report on him. Being the baby of the family, he is still a young squirt but a bit of age may make of him all we expect. He is showing some signs of it now. He surprised me, too, for when I first saw him he was quite a trim figure, small stomach where in the past I had known a fat and "pussy" stomach, broad shoulders, erect figure, but that was not to last. After we had passed pleasantries, he announced that he must retire to the other room and remove his girdle. When he returned, he was the Joe I had known in former years. With his girdle removed his German goiter hung so low that it almost shined his shoes as he walked. He didn't sit down, he piled down. Of course, that was somewhat disconcerting to see this quick transfiguration. I thought of Dr. Jeckyl and Mr. Hyde, but I soon became reacquainted with the Mr. Hyde in him and really enjoyed it all. I am looking forward to having him up here next summer to go camping with him. He's going around with me. Going to spend several days on our cabin boat going down the Tenn., Ohio, and Mississippi Rivers. We'll remap the thing, eh, Joe?



Ray, it has been such bad weather lately that I have not had a chance to count the panthers, but from the reports that come in to me, they are still here. Still terrorizing the natives. A couple of weeks ago a man and his wife were out at the woodpile late one afternoon getting kindling, and they were laughing about some of their neighbors' stories of the panthers; they looked over the fence and there he was. They beat it for the house when the panther screamed. That incident, so they say, made believers out of them. I have been organizing sportsmen's clubs for the past month. Did release 25 coons, which was lots of fun. When ~~they~~ they were trapped we didn't know their sex and we wanted to know that information before we turned them a loose, so I had to catch all of them with my hands for examination. I got "nicked" only once. It is as much fun to release them as it is to catch them.

Ele, glad to get the picture of your noble highness. That leaves Joe out; you will have to send him one. It's good to be on the tail end of the Robin, one gets all such things as that. When are you going to move your plunder? You spoke of leaving there. When you make a move, go where white people go, to California, that's the best I have seen. If you could get to be librarians at some place in Northern California, you would like that country. Some of those big National parks like Yosemite have veteran's hospitals on them and a library. To me, Yosemite is the prettiest place I have ever seen.

Gin, Hope Sam gets a break and gets home. I thought the Marines lowered their points. Couldn't he get out if he wanted to? I still have the suit that I "outgrew" while I was in the army, and I almost mailed it the other day for fear that Sam would get here before I got the suit to you. Your idea and Ruby's about setting up a shop in B.G. sounds good. But why do you want to make the things you sell? You would have to sell them higher than factory material, would you not? With the gift of "gab" you have, you should make a go of it. Of course, Ray could clerk in the store after work hours if you would give him a little time off on the side to play with his spools. He'd look good displaying some of the merchandise.

Jetty, Joe tells me you have nothing to do but take care of the youngsters. The way he said it, it sounded like you have lots of time. Can't you place some of the burden on the "Goiter" and write in the Robin?

Love,

Ed.



Benton, Kentucky  
February 4, 1946

Dear Folke,

The Robin arrived while Ed and I both were sick with flu, and we have kept it too long. All of us have been on a low limb for several days, but we are up and going about.

We expect to have a new address soon, but we will keep you posted about it. We have to give up the furniture we have been renting, and we are looking for a furnished place. We hope to find a place in Murray, which is a much better town than this. We think Murray is a more desirable place to live than Mayfield or Paducah. We have a chance at an apartment which is to be vacant March 1.

Burby and Jack, Ed says the cabins over at the refuge near Dawson Springs are very nice, and we have access to them when you can come down. We may go over this week-end to try them out, as Ed has to go for a meeting on Friday night.

We have been having beautiful spring weather, but it has rained all day long today. As a man told me today, "The ground hog saw his shadow and were in for it."



We were shocked to see a report of Mr. M<sup>r</sup> Murtry's death in Sunday's paper. Tell us about it, Auntie.

Joe, I have just read an article in the Paducah paper about the fellowships you are peddling. There was one in Sunday's Courier, too.

Eleanor, your picture is very good, and we are tempted to keep it. I have read the two Omnibooks and will return them with the other two I have had so long as soon as Ed can read Up Front and Rooster Crows For a Day. I enjoyed the last two more than any I have ever read.

Barbara has had a good case of measles since Christmas, but she missed only one week from school. She had a temperature of  $102^{\circ}$  on the way home Xmas. and that is why we didn't stop in B. S. We had no idea she was taking measles then, however. Emily had it when she was little and acted very superior about the whole matter, nursing Bab's as if she knew the disease in every detail.

It was so good to see Ruby and Jack after five years and to see them looking so well! Your sister Ruby looks younger definitely than she did five years ago, and I really mean it.

Love, Joann



Sunday Morning, February 17, 1946

Dear Folks:

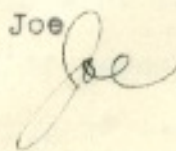
I have known the news about my immediate future for nearly a week now, and have been so busy that I haven't taken time to write to tell you all about it. The Robin is here, too, and I shall put a copy of this letter in it and let it suffice this time for my contribution to the Robin.

I wrote a note to Ruby from Pittsburgh, where I was waiting over for an airliner in the middle of the night on the trip to Maryland, and so she has some inkling already of the developments concerning me. When I returned to Tuscaloosa from my travels around the first of the month, I found a letter (that had been hidden by the secretary so the boss wouldn't see it and was also hidden from Jettie), asking me to come up to the University of Maryland for an interview about coming there as head of the department and professor. To make the long story short, I flew up there to talk to them and agreed to come up there, starting April 1. Hanging fire at the same time was an offer from the city of Mountain Brook to come there as city manager. I thought I was going to Mountain Brook, and if the letter had come from Maryland a day later, I might have become a city manager; I shudder at the thought of how close I came to changing my line of work -- and I don't want to change it -- not yet, anyhow. I am to report on April 1, as I said above. We plan for Jettie to remain here with the children and to come and move the stuff as soon as I FIND A place for us to live. (excuse the typewriter -- it's the electric, good for making extra copies, but quick on the trigger). The situation at the University of Maryland is very intriguing. It is a good school, with a wonderful potential. Maryland is one of the richest states in the Union and there is much that can be done. There is a lot wrong with the University, but there is a lot wrong everywhere. The University of Maryland is located at College Park, which is on the main highway between Washington and Baltimore, about eight or ten miles from Washington. An ideal place for my type of work.

When I got home from my trip, before going to Maryland I found David with pneumonia. Sulfa drugs cleared him up before I left. Then when I got back from Maryland Scotty had been sick and was rushed into an appendectomy. No trouble any more on either score. David is fine and is completely recovered. Scott still has his bandages on, but is due to report to the doctor to have them removed tomorrow. You can readily understand, what with all this uproar, why I haven't found time to send the Robin on.

Sorry I can't write more now, but did want to get this item in the mails so that you all could know the latest developments down our way. Love to you all,

Joe



*Anna - my venatica is still a bit troublesome, but a Birmingham doctor has looked me over & I think I'll be straightened out soon.*



Mar. 10 1946  
Sunday Afternoon.

Dear Children -

The Robin came yesterday - it got to Slippery Rock ~~last~~ after I left - so was delayed a few days. This is one time in my life when I can't possibly say - 'too busy.' I'm not lifting my head until I get ready. Not me! Here I sit or move as and when I choose. We thought we had an apartment out in Cherry Chase. But it fell through and I'm awfully glad. Now we have a room with kitchen privileges which I use for breakfast and lunch. This is very satisfactory because of its location. Jack can walk home for lunch and I can walk to the shopping center on the White House in ten minutes. So far I've walked to the shopping center. We hope to get an apartment in the building. But may not since changes have been few since it was built fifty years ago. However - our landlady has been here only ten years. It amuses me that anyone would collect and keep the furniture she has. Then she has no eye at all for dirt. It floats in great gusts through the halls



and everywhere but put room. I am assum-  
ing there are no scrubbing privileges.

Sack is telling about our trip to College Park.  
Lucille went with us. Were very impressed. Joe  
- that you got such an important position.  
I'm setting aside all the time that is needed to  
find you a place - one that I think you can  
swing and not one that'll fit the position. Jack  
and Lucille have decided that I have the 'big  
head' over you - Joe and that they will have as  
little to do with me as possible.

I do have the big head over Jack too. He  
wrote Basil O'Connor's coast to coast broad-  
cast - the one he gave yesterday afternoon  
at three o'clock. Maybe you - Ginny - heard it.  
I wrote you and Joe about it. It was very  
good. O'Connor read it well - but who couldn't  
have read that well.

My letter is short this time but not the next.  
Jack seems to be answering you Ed. Why aren't  
you writing stories? Your imagination is boundless.  
We almost rolled on the floor about us and Joe.  
Won't it be wonderful to be near some of the family  
again.

Eleanor - you come with Virginia and Sam.  
We will have fun. We can also look into some Gov.

position  
Miss Setfries you are too kind to us. Maybe you'll  
come to see us now - or when we get a place for you to  
stay. We love you. Ruby



UNIVERSITY OF ALABAMA  
UNIVERSITY, ALABAMA

DEPARTMENT OF POLITICAL SCIENCE

March 18, 1946

Chillun:

My last letter from Alabammy.

Sorry I haven't time for a real letter. All of our business is winding itself up. We haven't a house yet, but there is chance of one in Alexandria, Virginia, about twenty-five miles or so from College Park. It hasn't developed as yet, but it may. The owner is the man who is to move into our house here when we move out, and he has indicated that he might want to swap houses with us.

Plan to spend a time with Ruby and Jack in Washington. I am going to leave here next Sunday morning, arriving in College Park for a conference on Monday afternoon. Then back to Washington to see Ruby and Jack for an evening and then on to Philadelphia for a week for the American Political Science Convention. Back to Maryland on April 1.

We are well but in a terrible uproar. I am sure Jettie will get around to Robin letters when we get through with this greatly unsettling experience. Her address while she remains in Tuscaloosa will be 621 13th St., Tuscaloosa, Alabama. Mine in Maryland will be Department of Government and Politics, University of Maryland, College Park, Maryland.

The children are well and reasonably happy.

Love to you all,

  
Joe.

Ed:

I'm sending the Robin to you, since it's been mis-directed somewhere and it hasn't been to you and El since it was here. Maybe we'd better pass El, since she's probably in flight; you might send it on to Virginia.

Sunday Afternoon

Dear Folks: Even at the risk of making our income tax returns late (I've been working on them this morning ) I'll have to get in the family letter this time, while my "glamorous" wife ( Ed, pro; Ginny, no) sits at the desk in this one-room "house" which is ours and writes the important details.

First, to you, "Panther" Ray: I'm not 53, I'm not bald, and I wasn't a complete dope before Ruby married me. I say "complete", for I'm not exactly sure of the gradation myself. And besides you're making it tough for me because now Ruby does nothing but pose in front of mantelpieces and put up new mirrors. She's sure now she IS glamorous. Why did you do it?

Second: We went out yesterday to U. of Maryland to see what Brother Joe was getting into. Lucille, Ruby, and I. It's certainly a handsome set-up. Campus looks about the size of Texas state-- and a lot of new buildings. At the president's office we talked to a young Mr. McWilliams, the president's assistant, and a returned Lt. Col. from the European Theatre. He said they glad Joe was coming and glad to talk to us.

The University has all the students it can take now-- about 3,500. Glenn Martin, airplane manufacturer (B-29's) has given 2½ millions for a new engineering school to be started immediately. (McWilliams showed us the plans and drawings) and there's a 5 million (total) building program underway. He said Martin will give more money if it is needed to make the U. of Maryland engineering set-up the best in the world-- and that will include a private airport at the school.

He gave us copies of the school paper with write-up about Joe; asked us to come back, etc. And told us how to go about house-hunting for Joe. Believes Silver Springs or Tacoma Park area is best for Joe--so we're going to advertise and hunt there. It's about 15 minutes drive from the campus. Most of faculty drive the 9 miles from Washington but these other places are nearer.

(over)



There's a little business section at the bus stop with grocery stores, drug stores, cleaning and pressing places, several restaurants, laundry, etc. Busses run into Washington in 45 minutes on the hour and half hour.

Incidental: The college seems on the verge of a big expansion program; the school paper is called "The Diamondback" and has a Mickey MacDonald on its staff; they've started spring football practice; the Administration Building is a handsome building with beautiful furnishings, oil paintings, etc. Ruby and Lucille said they cleaned their feet on the deep-pile red rugs--which I doubt.

Anyway, we'll be glad to have Joe and Jettie and the youngsters here. And with Lucille and us, the rest of the outfit had better move up this way-- since we at least (according to Ed) are getting so old.


Ruby and I out to dinner last night at friends of ours from Red Cross to hear a coast-to-coast broadcast I had written for Basil O'Connor, national head of the organization. We held the script in our hands to see that he didn't make any mistakes-- and got a terrific bang out of hearing the words go over the air.

I may be able to use some of Ed's wildcat yarns for I've had four radio scripts to write recently and I'm running out of good anecdotes. I'd like to use the hair-standing-on-end incident-- and may do it-- adding that all Ed's hair came out afterwards and then came in curly-- for you can see he's proud of his curly hair.

Would like to add messages to all of you but Ruby is doing that, I guess. Suffice to say we like it here, we're very well, working hard (even Ruby who says she finds no difficulty in making a career out of loafing-- and she never seems to loaf) and we want you all to come and see us. Bye-- and love to all of you.

Jack

The Marlborough-Apt. 52  
917 Eighteenth St., N.W.,  
Washington, D.C.





Tuesday, Apr. 17 - 1946.

Dear Rays and "All alliances and adoptions",

How I'd love to see "you all" this morning! Think you would agree that B. S. is a lovely little city. It is all green and white now (Spirea Von Hatten), snowy banks against most of the walls and porches.

It is cool - too cool. I have not heard the frost report but fear the fruit was nipped.

I'd like to hear all about the Washington crowd, the Maryland doings etc. Also what news from Benton? Let's get the Robin going again as soon as possible. It means too much to all of us to let it wait so long. I enjoyed Eleanor so much but her visit was too short. Was also glad to see the Ed Rays and dear old Brown. Little you might as well have married a

Methodist preacher (They move when you know)  
That is what "Miss Lris" hoped you would  
be. It seems that I have nothing to  
write except I love you everyone  
and think of you often and wish for  
you every good thing.

Love

M'Jeffries.

Joe work out a route  
for the Robin.

I have three more - Psychop  
yrapemine that Ed has a  
house in Benton and  
will be there for  
several months  
or maybe weeks!



2404 Twentieth St., N.W.  
Sunday Night  
May 12, 1946

Dear Folks:

It doesn't seem quite right to address you collectively when so many of us are here. We have had the Robin for over a week, and for the first time in the Robin's history I must take a part of the blame for holding the Robin up this long.

It came after we had been in the new house only a few days, and all waking hours thus far have been spent doing things around the house.

We have had El here for the day, and she plans to stay over tomorrow and write the Robin letter. We ought to get it off soon. We'll send this Robin to Ed & he to Anna and Miss Jeffries. If there are no delays, the old Bird ought to get around much more rapidly. If El stays in Baltimore - she hasn't decided yet - we may just handle the three stops at once.

The kids are in good shape - Jethie has been working hard, but she's O.K., too. I like my new job, and think I am going to do a fair job of it. There are some things wrong with the set-up, but there are things (over)



wrong everywhere. We like the big city very much. Our house is nine miles from the University of Maryland. There is a straight shoot out New Hampshire Avenue to the University Lane, and I can drive it in about twenty minutes. We are close to a school for the children with parks and shopping centers close.

The kids are in bed and Miss Ruby is lying down. Jack, Ed, & Jettie are sitting around talking around about everything in the world. It's hard to keep the Robin in mind. It's a real privilege to live with the MacDonaldds, so don't believe anything Jack may say if & when he contributes to the Robin. And don't talk about my handwriting, Ed - I should use the typewriter, but I must lie on the floor with my sore leg & back.

All of the kids have been lost at least once now & know to be careful. Scott walked the streets for an hour and a half before some folks helped us get him. Jettie doesn't dare go more than three blocks from home.

Lots of love to you all.

Joe



May 13 1946

Dear Children -

It is almost two months since I have written - since then I have seen most of you. I'm counting Sam about six. It was so good to see him.

We enjoyed his visit so much and got to see more of Washington than I had. Even so he outlasted me and went on his own. Then it was that he made more progress. It made us laugh when he came in once with his sleeve covered with lipstick which he said he got from the walls of the Capital dome. Seems like a story to end all lipstick stories to me. We wanted him to stay longer.

It's good to have Eleanor here and she seems much better and I am sure she and Joe will



straight out things in Maryland.  
It's a wonder to me that they have got  
along without us so long. Maybe we  
can really discuss our beginnings  
- not in a Negro graveyard.

Sack and I did find several Wren's  
buried in the old church graveyard  
in Alexandria Va. One was Sarah Wren.  
John Wren was the architect for the  
church. His tomb said he was sub-  
posed to be related to Sir Christopher.

Sack and Joe have written you  
to come. Let me add my invitation.  
Miss Jeffries. I want you and Gissy  
to be the next ones. Begin making  
your plans. We have lots of room.  
I'd say Ray but I know he won't feel  
like it for awhile. But when you  
do get to feeling better come and  
see if Washington looks the way  
it did.

It's fun to have Joe and Settie  
and the children. We are so  
lucky to have a house - and  
it looks pretty with all our things  
love  
Ruby



May 14, 1946

Dear everybody,

I'm too tired to move a finger but I promised to write this letter tonight. Three of these notes were written during a discussion of "The Snake Pit" so don't let on that you notice anything queer about them.

Since Washington is about 40 miles from here it is just a good Sunday trip. I went over Sunday morning and returned late Monday. The house is excellent in spite of its being filled with Rays. It is a real house - seven bed rooms - with a big front porch but no back yard. Ruby and Jettie have fixed it up



real spiffy (To sove my neck,  
I'd better include Joe & Jack - they  
did help.) It's a wonder to me that  
all of them aren't in bed ~~with~~  
exhaustion.

I don't have a dictionary - Jack  
offered to lend me one but I never  
got it - Anyway all the intellgent  
ones are falling from grace fast  
enough. Joe misspelled a very  
simple word so he can't even  
mention my spelling again (We were  
talking about insane people though)  
Every body over there said Ed  
didn't misspell but I put them  
wise to that situation. Johanna  
edites all the Ed letters. If I  
had a husband who would look  
over every word I wrote maybe  
there be no trouble from this  
scare -

g  
7



Anyway I'm too lazy to reform;

The children are darling. David wants to live in a zoo (We went to see the monkey, snakes, and cats Sunday afternoon in a pouring rain.) The House on 20th Street is nearly a zoo (when I'm not there. Sally is too cute drinking the cold coffee from cups left sitting around. It is "cawtee" to her and she likes it. She says complete sentences and runs around on her toes. Scott goes to school by himself and is real grow up.

I hope the whole crowd is coming to Baltimore next Sunday. They are bringing a picnic lunch and they can see something of the city.



I guess, I'll go to Garrett County  
to work. It is the westernmost  
County in Maryland and the  
Country is extremely beautiful.  
There is very little coal mined in  
the County. The summers are  
delightful, (so I hear) but the  
Winters are cold. The people seem  
very nice. Everybody should plan to  
spend vacations in Garrett. There  
are cabins all about and neat little  
Stills you more. I hope to let them  
know by the 24<sup>th</sup>.

The room, I live in is most in-  
teresting. This is the first time I've  
lived in a room with a fire place.  
I think I've told most of you about  
the interesting house.

Baltimore held the famous "Flower  
Market" last week, and it was interesting.  
There is an article in the latest Sat.  
Eve Post (picture of a dog in a pen) Love to all -  
Etc.



Sun. night.

Dear Ray,

Jack has just read up his letter and now the crowd say it's my turn. I hate to follow Jack for reasons I don't need to mention! But I want you all to know he made a mistake in naming or counting me in with the Rays - all Hollingsworth & McEneaney are trying to hold our own with these Rays - we do right well until Eleanor comes over and then the Rays ~~over~~ weigh us! I do think we need an "in-law" club - we need a union! But I think we need Ed on our side!

So much has happened since the last time I wrote in the Robin - I hardly know where to begin. Maybe I should just skip it! I'm glad the past four months are over. We are awfully glad to be in Washington. Everything is about to get straightened out and we are ready for company.

The zoo here is worth coming to see. We've been here two Sundays and part of them we've been to the zoo! Eleanor and Baby took pity on me today and left the taking while I took a nap.

I'm really in the wrong "pew" here.



a Texas country girl has no business in  
this city. The day we drove in I was  
ready to crawl in a hole and pull the  
top in but now I recognize a few  
familiar places and feel like I may some  
day be able to go farther than two blocks  
from the house alone and be able to get  
back.

I'd better ~~get~~ stop this before the rest  
of you are ready to put me in a "snakepit."  
Jack, Roly, Sue & Eleanor are telling nothing  
to say until I know nothing I'm saying  
is making sense. It is fun to be here  
and we hope to see all of you before  
too long.

Love,

Etta



BAR

June 12, 1946

Dear East Coast Relatives,  
I wish you would send  
me some post cards from  
the eastern states. I don't  
want any more from  
Washington D.C. or New York



because Mother brought  
me plenty when she was  
there. But I don't have  
any from Maryland  
and only a few from Conn;  
Massachusetts or up in  
there.

We went to Bowling  
Green Sunday and Auntie  
Jeff came back with us to  
visit for awhile.

We went to see Aunt  
Ginny's Tot Shop and one  
of the Miss Ellisons thought  
Mother was Paddy's  
oldest daughter. Mother



said I better tell you  
she is almost blind.

Em and I are taking music  
lessons in Murray and  
we're all going this after-  
noon.

Auntie Jeff still thinks  
Emily looks like Aunt Ruby.

Love,  
Babs



Box 811  
Benton, Kentucky

Dear ones, (Too numerous to mention)

I am visiting with "Eds", having a good time. They have a big old-fashioned house - quite roomy.

They drove over to B. G. Saturday (no Sunday) came back Monday. I enjoyed the ride over. I don't get to the country often, since I sold my car, when the war came.

JoAnna washed yesterday what seemed like miles of lines of clothes. They have a big back yard. Many trees and a few flowers.

We are going over to Murray this afternoon. Bobs and Emily take music lessons there. We also hope to find some-  
guess what! Soapflakes, sugar & even K.L.  
No meat here. Ham expected today.  
The Lake has expanded - 100 W, then 100 W



of that since I saw it before, I still  
don't know where the "custed" folks  
go when these projects take over. I  
asked Eddie, He said "They go away"  
Well, I'd still like to know.

Ed is making a boat safe for  
travel.

Bohs and Emily are undergoing do-  
mestic training (some what under protest)  
but firmly held down since they have  
no school. They do fine when sufficiently  
prodded - that is Julius's summer task.  
Ed goes "Lickety split." Was going to  
write but has to go to a trial of some  
kind for violating fishing regulations.  
They all look well, work hard laugh a  
lot scrop (kiss) a little pump often and  
seem quite a sweet wholesome happy bunch,  
Lots of love

Miffie.



I got the prints  
the pictures  
from - thank you  
for you - thank you  
for you - thank you  
for you - thank you

Monday: Sept. 2, 1946

Labor Day Greetings:

Sorry to inflict my penmanship upon you, especially after Ruby's specific instructions to the contrary. But there are a variety of reasons for doing so. One is that a friend has given me a new Parker 51 and I like to use it. Another is that I must stand to use my typewriter - it's up on the shelf because of my sciatica - and I'm tired from standing two hours already.

No apologies are in order for a job of delaying the Robin as long as I have. Can give an explanation, though. By the time we had all foregathered here on the Fourth of July, the old Robin which had been here for a few days was out of date, and my job was to start a new one. I am putting the old letters in my file and moving on to new territory. I decided to wait until Ruby & Jack returned before starting the new Robin. Then when they got back we had the house full of visitors, their



Fact that I was slow in starting the Robin  
is no excuse for any further delay. You better  
turn it loose pronto, and we will, too, hereafter.

Monday, and a holiday, & Lube & I have agreed  
to send the Robin today or tomorrow. I'm  
sorry for the long delay, and just after I  
bragged to Ed that I never kept the dang  
thing more in four days.

Jack comes back with glowing  
tales of a sojourn in B.G. & big times  
and clothes swapping with Ed. Looks  
like I'm going to get the blue pin stripe  
tropical worsted suit that started out  
with Brown.

Kids are all well and happy. Jettie  
working hard and hay-fever-ridden, but  
seems to be taking all in her stride.

I went to Alabama for a week early  
in August - flew down and back - did  
some work down there on the research  
project I was working on when I left -  
and am working on the manuscript here  
as they shuffle it in to me. Also this  
summer I've produced a little report  
to the government of Hagerstown on how  
to improve their government. Just took  
up the printed copies Saturday. I believe  
I've accomplished as much this summer



to the government of Hagerstown & how  
to improve their government. Just took  
up the printed copies Saturday. I believe  
I've accomplished as much this summer  
as any I can remember. Fairly well re-  
laxed & ready for work when the new  
semester starts. Love, Joe



Tuesday, Sept. 3

1946/11/0

Dear Rays:

It is indeed a pleasure to write to you again. I don't think I've ever realized so fully what a wonderful institution the Robin is. Because, with the Robin making its rounds again, I know that the Rays are scattered--- and that is as it should be.

I never fully appreciated the impact of the gathering this summer-- until I was taken ill last week. The doctor said: "Why, man, you're just worn out trying to be nice to people. Have you had lots of visitors this summer?"

I nodded my head mutely: "My wife's relatives. The last of them just left-- the traveling ones-- and we live with some of them." (Marie--cousin Marie, was just here for a week).

(And the reason I nodded my head mutely was because I have laryngitis. Can't talk.)

The doctor said: "This must not occur again, because you give out too much. And it's not worth it to YOU!"

He charged only \$5.00 but it's the best \$5.00 I ever spent. So I'm passing the word along.

You Rays are weakening-- when you come in job lots. Weakening to your hosts and weakening to yourselves. I think it best that we all meet in the Robin-- or at some of YOUR homes, next time, in SMALL GROUPS. Two and not more than three at a time.

Here is a thumb-nail of you-all as I saw you this summer:

Joe--the brainy  
Ruby--the balmy  
Ginny--the beauty  
El--the baby  
Brown--the brawny  
Ed--the bewildered

Howver, twas nice to have you--this once. All my love.

*John*



Sept 3, 1944

Dear Children

Soc is pressing me a gain to 'put in'. Of course he is right and I shouldn't have to be pressed - but his methods are so Simon-begone. The truth is that I am the one who should have the whip.

It is hard to believe that the summer is over - and that the robin must be on the wing again. The best week of the year was the one you all were here. It would be wonderful if we could <sup>have</sup> a month like that every year. After that the summer began to go - I hardly know where.

You all know that Gin went from here to New York. There we did everything but sleep. We even read a mystery story as we walked the streets. We tried to buy stock but found that we were too-small-a-fry. As soon as the dealers found we had no acquaintances with Duane and Brodstreet they closed



1946?

the doors in our faces. They will open them yet - you will see. We didn't let it spail our firm - just went on eating and going to the shows. Harney was about a crazy man and nabokit - suited me fine. Most of us are crazy - I see no excuse for hiding it. I even got lost on the subway - tried to persuade the man at the information desk that he was wrong about where we were going. By and large the value of the trip was on the firm side. We got some ideas for the shop.

After we got to Bowling Green - we tucked our heads and really worked. Sam and Soc Wilson really payed off. Without them there would be no Tot Shop. And that really is some thing to be proud of. We may not get rich but we have a pretty shop. The books. Elbow - were one the biggest sellers. You made an excellent selection. The other stock was not quite so high class. Any way the first month was better than I expected - hope we continue to do as well. Jack got to Bowling Green in time to aid and abet Ray in riding head on us. We've decided that we married right. Ray keeps us financially strait and Jack takes



Care of publicity - general advice - and keeping the spirits hoisted. Va. is the stone-keeper and me Tim here and there.

Back in Slippery Rock we worked night and day getting the house lined up for moving - moved Mr and Mrs MacDonald down stairs and I sobbed up. What I don't know is where the time went. We hardly had time to see our friends.

The first thing we did after getting back to Wash. was wash our faces and go hear Soc on his nation-wide hook-up. It sounded good to me - and I knew what they were talking about all the time. The question was - Shall we get out of China or stay and keep Russia away. Soc being chairman didn't express himself - just kept the others expressing themselves.

Sack and I have kept ourselves so busy and have rested so little - that Joe has been sick for three days - even lost his voice. And I have decided to take to teaching again for the rest. I don't think it will last very long but teachers are so hard to get and I really haven't forgot how.

This letter is too long

Love  
Ruby



Sept. 4, 1946.

Dear Robins -

Every body in the house got letters written by last night, but I never could get to it. This morning is the dead line. (a la ~~last~~) so I'll dash off a few lines which I'm is getting ready for school.

I imagine most of the most interesting items have been covered in the other letters. I'll repeat how glad we were to see every body in July and hope we won't wait 8 years for such another get-together. We missed Miss Jeffries and hope she'll be with us next time. In fact, we want you up here soon, Miss Jeffries. We've planned it all summer, but have waited for cooler weather. So start planning on it.

We are having unusually cool weather, so my next door neighbor says - and she's been here 24 years - but still doesn't call her-self a Washingtonian!

We are still finding interesting things to do. She says have learned the way to the



Zoe & walk over several times a week.  
There's a new baby giraffe over there but  
they missed it when they went to see it. Ruby  
was over there later & saw it and says it's a  
beauty.

I've taken the boys to Smithsonian since they  
saw the same building that we did when you  
were here and were crazy about it.

Virginia - the 20th that sounds just right.  
And think you're done fine. August is a  
slow month, but you're as well as I  
thought you'd do in an ordinary month.  
The boys have enjoyed the books you sent  
by Ruby & Sally insists on sleeping with  
her doll! Thanks ~~very~~<sup>ever</sup> so much. I'm  
sorry you didn't get the flowers for opening  
days. I should have sent directly to the  
florist for them for I wanted to you to  
have them. Continued success to the shop!

Ruby & Joe are about ready to take  
off. My breakfast dishes are waiting! so  
I'll stop. Love to all,

Lettie.



Miss Eleanor Ray  
Springfield, So. Dak.

59 Oak Street  
Oakland, Md.

September 5, '46

Dear Folks,

Far be it from me to hold up the Robin! It came this morning and it will leave Oakland tomorrow morning. The reasons or excuses for the delay seem enough for me.

The penmanship was very much improved by use of the new pen. Do you suppose my misspelled words would look better if I had a 57?

It's up to you who have to look at these



aforsaid words to make  
up the several dollars and  
send me one. The words look  
alright to me anyway.

I also suggest that Jack  
start with a and go thru  
the alphabet in the thumb-nail  
sketches of the Ray clan.  
There are some colorful and  
expressive words that begin  
with several other letters.

Saturday —

Here fine teachers came  
to get some information  
on books for the school  
library and I spent two  
hours with them. Therefore  
the robin was delayed  
but I'll get it off this



Miss Eleanor Ray  
Springfield, So. Dak.

morning.

Oakland is alright  
but it is as dead  
as a doornail. The  
people are real mountain  
folk and are proud of it.  
We have not got a building  
yet but some friend gave  
\$10,000 for the starting of it.  
The bookmobile is in  
the distant 'offing'. The  
library is shaping up  
and the people seem in-  
terested.

I am glad the  
shop has done so well.



and I hope it will keep  
up.

We are having lovely  
fall weather, and I hope  
the Washingtonian will  
come over sometime soon.  
Of course I should be  
glad for any of you to  
come over or up. Miss  
Jiffies must come by  
here when she goes to  
Washington. There are a  
great many nice walks  
but they are all climbing  
which I don't do.

I'll have to hurry  
to the library.

Love to you all

Eleanor



George Long, Commissioner  
Benton

Earl Wallace, Director  
Frankfort, Ky.

W. D. Armstrong League V-Pres.  
Princeton, Ky.

First District

## Division Of Game And Fish


EDWARD M. RAY, Wild Life Supervisor

Phone 3761  
BENTON, KENTUCKY


Oct. 3, 1946

Dear Folks,


After two month's delay the Robin finally got here. The saddest news it brought was the information that Jack had lost his voice. I can imagine nothing that would punish him more than that. How did you manage all of you conferences with the "Big Wigs", Jack? If I had had advance warning, I would have delayed my visit to coincide with the said condition. The reason why I appeared bewildered to Jack was that I was wondering all the time when he would run down and how he managed to keep in high gear without blowing a fuse. Of course, the condition was probably brought about by the racing his motor. I mentioned the possibility of something like that happening to Jack. I brought the subject up under the heading of whether it would be better to be a big frog in a little pool or a little frog in a big pool. I don't think he gave much thought to the matter for he was talking so fast the the subject never caught up with him. For all of his diminutive stature and big feet he is a pretty good guy and will probably be the second bald headed member of the family, one member having been bald-headed for some time.



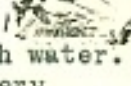
Joe, your excuse for holding up the Robin sounded pretty lame. The Washington atmosphere of passing-the-buck must be catching, that is, to all that breathe it. The special bulletin that Jack put out last month relative to your radio program arrived too late or we would have tuned in. Wish we could have heard it. While we were up there, we didn't get a single political problem settled, and by all means we should have given all of the major topics a going over. The O.P.A. was the only topic of the day that we hashed over. If Ray had been there, I am sure we would have done better. He keeps up with the times better than I do, but of course I have to work for a living, "counting panthers".



Ruby, you have nothing on this branch of the family. Jo is teaching, too. They needed a part-time high school teacher and she, like yourself, weakened under the pressure. She goes to school at 10:30 and is off at 1:45. Doesn't come home to dinner. When I am home for dinner, I act as nurse maid, cook, and bottle washer, also dish out the poop as to who does what. Our house is regulated to a fine point. Every move is preconceived so as to result in no lost motion, which is nothing more than it should be anyway. She wanted to get back into teaching and this was as good a chance to do so as she would ever find. It is by far harder on her than it is anyone else. She seems to like to teach as much as she used to. Worries about the kids not getting the poop, etc. Now if Jetty could get a job of some kind that would take up all of the slack. As a matter of fact, I observed while visiting you that there was no slack to be taken up. She and Joe are the only really industries member of the clan.



The meeting we had last summer was really an enjoyable occasion. We should have one every summer. Some where come Hell or high water. How about you all coming down here next summer? We'll find a place. Every body can relax and not have to dodge taxi drivers and other hazzards. We could hire someone to keep the Tot Shop and if Virginia gets fed up we can put her in a pen to herself, or establish her in a cottage by herself where she





George Long, Commissioner  
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First District


## Division Of Game And Fish

EDWARD M. RAY, Wild Life Supervisor

Phone 3761  
BENTON, KENTUCKY


can listen to the waves splashing on the shore, and commune with nature. That is something that is soothing to the nerves. We'll kill the fatted calf and skin it, too. I won't even mention sending you a bill. We'll go into a huddle recognizing that the Rays have a few characteristics in common such as; all Rays are stenographer-bottomed, all have a big nose, some bigger than others. All but Ruby have a nasty temper, all but Ele have in-laws, and none of the tribe is burdened with brains. We'll even deal the three in-laws in. I have thought the matter over and have come to the conclusion that our in-laws are laboring under heavy burdens. Jack, of course has some personal burdens in addition to being saddled with the Rays. My heart goes out to him. I wish there was something I could do for him, besides swapping clothes with him. 

Ele, I think your little town is nice, and the country around it is superb. I'd enjoy the scenery and not worry about whether school keeps or not. You are only a hop-skip-and-a-jump from the big boys who dish out free advice and can put you next to things.

Elew in on Ginny the other day at the TOT SHOP and she was as busy as a hen with one chicken. Had the place spotless and wore a smile from ear to ear. In the short time she had had the shop she has developed a poise and a chatter that is nothing short of amazing. I am sure that if she can get the stock, the company will go over big. I forgot to ask her if Ray is doing better since she has been operating the shop. I would think that his little heart would overflow with joy at the sight of so many toys. For years he had to content himself with spools, used one spool for over two years. 

Another good thing about meeting down here is we could have M' Jeffries with us. No Ray get-to-gather is complete without her. If she had been with us on the way up to Washington, I am sure Va. would not have had to gulp the buttermilk and get bloated, as she did. Do you work in the shop while full of buttermilk, Virginia? I'd think you have ceiling enough to venture a sample now and then. Haven't heard a peep out of the "Organizer". Wanted me to produce him a buffalo the last I heard from him. I now know how it can be done, but I don't know where the "Organizer" is.

Babs and Emily are O.K. Both engrossed in school. Emily wrung top-notch grades out of her teacher. Babs hasn't received her grades yet; she is in high school and gets grades only ever six weeks.

Jack, thanks for the pictures. The ones of Auntie and Uncle Dave were the best I ever saw of them. I surely am glad to get it. The others were good, too. Sorry that you were not in it. 

Love,  




Oct. 11 1946.

Dear Children -

Daybreak has just arrived and I'm going to put in a short note before breakfast. If Soc doesn't get his 'put-in' I'll write again. Looks like that Simon Lequec is letting up a little. One reason is that he is too busy and a half sick. The beginning is a little bit of a job - as most of you know. And then he must take on some research from the U. of Ala. By going to bed a little earlier and letting the robin slide he'll probably regain his health soon.

Really - my life is far too busy. I'm tired of this job I took for the rest. The non-teaching part is what wears me out. P.T.A.s in the evening - teachers meetings in the afternoon and conventions on Sat. Honestly the only part of it that



is really hard is the transportation,  
I'm going to try to get out of it in another  
month. Substituting in the city would be so  
much easier.

And now I've learned a lot about  
Maryland - Prince Georges County where  
the Rays landed 1696 or some near  
date. They were fine upstanding people  
and didn't spell their names Rogue as  
Ray heard Miss Minnie say. That's the  
only time he's ever enjoyed her.

We're planning to get acquainted  
with Washington this winter so when  
you come next year we can really  
show what there is. We're also going  
to improve our minds and spirits -  
have tickets to Sunday Symphonies  
and some good shows. We are trying  
to get tickets to see Gertrude Lawrence  
and also to one of the ballets.

I may get to Kentucky in Dec.  
to help in the shop which I'm still  
pleased about. In spite of the fact that  
merchandise is shoddy and scarce. I'm  
afraid Ginny is working too hard.

Must stop. Love Truly



UNIVERSITY OF MARYLAND

COLLEGE PARK

October 12, 1946

COLLEGE OF BUSINESS AND PUBLIC ADMINISTRATION  
DEPARTMENT OF GOVERNMENT AND POLITICS

Dear Folks:

We have set tonight as the deadline for getting the Robin off. I have been as busy as the proverbial three-legged dog with fleas, and have not got around to the Robin since it came. Since there are four of us at this stop to contribute to the Robin, we have decided to allow three days for all of us to find time to write.

Ruby and Jack have the Bauers down from Slippery Rock for a visit. They have a little boy the size of Scotty, and the household is fairly buzzing. Everybody at this end of the line is hale and happy, or at least moderately so. Ruby told me last night that she has told the folks at University Park that she is not going to teach past the first of November. I still don't believe it, because I am convinced that she's just like an old fire horse who jumps and runs when the bell rings.

I am going to Nova Scotia in November to make a speech. (We all used to tell each other to go to Halifax, and that's where I am going, finally). I don't know just when the meeting will be, but it is fixed some time around the middle of the month. Also, I have been invited to do a survey of the city government of Cumberland, Maryland. I have already done a survey of the government of Hagerstown, and have printed it up. El, I will send you a copy of it for your library -- it's just 21 pages -- not much. But now Cumberland wants such a survey, and I will be working on it all during the fall. This is good news for El and me, because Cumberland isn't so terribly far from Oakland. I'll let you know, El, when I can get together with you for a confab.

Jettie's hay fever has been bad, had us all praying for frost; Sally's had a boil on her heinie (she says she hurt her heinie on the sidewalk); David had a wreck some days back, riding down a hill with a big boy on a bicycle and skidded into a tree, skunt and bruised him pretty badly but nothing serious; he's in kindergarten and Scotty in second grade. Ruby quite distracted, with duties as teacher, housekeeper and hostess crowding each other. Jack is still something of a cross that we have to bear. It would seem to me, too, that ole Ginna is something of a cross for them to bear, what with her uproars about the Tot Shop and high class merchandise as opposed to low grade stuff that won't sell but does. None of my business, but when I sit way back and look at that Tot Shop Deal, it seems to me that if you could make money selling old worn-out shoestrings, you ought to stock 'em and sell 'em. You're not running the shop to to prove what




nice folks the Harmans and MacDonalds are; you're running it to make money. If you make more money one way or another, and at the same time escape the opprobrium of bad business practice, then I say go the way the money is. All of this, of course, is entirely a free-will offering on my part; I make no charge for advice of this kind. Anybody who feels disposed to tweak my nose for sticking it into something that ain't my business is welcome to it. Maybe the worst aspect of it is to bring the Tot Shop into the Robin to begin with.

I'd better knock off and get to work. I'll get the folks together tonight, get their letters into the Robin and fire it along to little Amy Eleanor.

Ed, keep on needling friend Jack. Your type of approach to him strikes me as being extremely constructive. I sat and watched him the other night when he read your letter. Once he sniggered, but the rest of the time he was just squirming.

I'm glad you mentioned the pictures, Miss Jeffries. I sent one each for El, Ed, Ginna, and you, and I was deeply cut to notice that no one seemed to care for them. I went down into the basement and chewed my fingernails for a whole evening just in contemplation of the significance of the fact that only you and one nameless other really wanted a picture of me. My self-esteem is still suffering.

Kindest love and affection,

  
Joe.



Sunday night.  
Oct. 13, 1946.

Dear Robins -

at last, our three are bedded down for the night (3 bags!). Ruby + Jack wrote their letters three days ago - I wrote yesterday. Today, everyone has gone around the house giving me "the eye" and saying; "I've written my Robin." So to save my skin, I'm about to get in their class so I can say; "I've written my Robin!"

We are promised a frost tonight - my lay-bener is already beginning to be better. I've finally about got all of the children's winter clothes out or made and ready for wearing. I've a pair of overalls to make for David yet, then I'll be about through.

I glanced over Ruby's Robin and saw that she's telling you about how ole + Jack are taking in the fine concerts, symphonies, etc. Just to let you know that I + I are sticking by the Rays + not getting so high - but I'll let you know that we have tickets to see "Student Prince" Tuesday night; and Ingrid Bergman toward the last of Oct.

Now, why did you desert me? Now I'm the only "non-bread winner" in the clan. So will you ever get the type of work



you like at such convenient hours. Ed,  
your snits down sounds good. You'd better  
not be sticking your neck out, for we may  
take you up on it.

Mrs Jeff - we don't want to talk about  
your visit. We must make definite plans. I  
had hoped for slunkgiving, thinking Ed  
would maybe come over then, too. Ruby  
says she may have to go to B. D. then.  
So maybe you could come back with  
her. Plans to stay long enough to see lots  
but not have to rush!

We have some picture of the children  
that Jack took last Sunday. They are  
pretty good, so we'll stick some in for  
any body who wants them - or wants to  
break at them. I wish Ed would stick some  
in of his gub, for it's been a year since  
we saw them and I know they're grown since  
also - Va. you know, I haven't seen Sam, so  
would like to have his likeness. Also J. W.'s  
Va. I'm getting the bug to start my book  
now, so I may be harassing some patterns  
soon. I'm about to decide on a 6 x 9 in place  
of a 4 x 12.

Der Joe turns 39 tomorrow. I asked him the  
other day when he was going to start acting so.  
He's kinda sweet even tho he acts so moody the  
time!  
Gather. Love to all Ray & in-laws - especially in-laws!!!



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# Garrett County Free Library

MISS ELEANOR RAY, Librarian  
 Garrett National Bank Building

Mr. B. O. Alken  
 Mr. W. J. Glenn  
 Mr. B. I. Gonder  
 Mr. P. J. Getty

Oakland, Maryland

October 28, 1946  
 49 Alder Street  
 Oakland, Md.

Dear Folks:

This is the fourth time I've started this letter. The robin's been in Oakland for almost two weeks. (Counting up on some of you- that's not too bad.) I had set aside yesterday afternoon as time to write a long, interesting, well-spelled letter. You know what becomes of good resolutions/

About eleven yesterday morning, A Miss Darby came by with fried chicken and such and asked me to go on a long ride. We went down into West Virginia all the way to Mouth of Seneca. The entire trip was about two hundred miles. and we got back about four but I was too tired to write the letter. The West Virginia mountains are still beautiful even this late. We went through Thomas and Davis which are real coal mining towns. They do strip mining which was very interesting to me.. We also went through Harman, W. Va. The view is all there is to that town though because we saw only one store.

For several weeks now the mountains around Oakland, have been gorgeous. The trees and shrubs have been a riot of color. Sometimes you marveled at the beauty. There have been several big frosts lately so the colors are somewhat subdued now.

It was too bad that last weekend was foggy and rainy because Joe, Jettie and the children didn't see the county at its best. I was mighty glad to see them because I was just about fed up on this stuffy town. I am afraid they didnt have such a good time but they saw some of the beauty.

This town is just about the dullest joint in seven counties. The people are satisfied with themselves and want to let things be -- and they be. I suspose I've been around colleges too long. Some of the natives think they and the town are just about tops. One woman said the other day that she looked forward to the day when girls would come to her door begging for work. This, like many small towns, is bridge ridden. I'm glad I don't play because I'm sure there would be some hair pulling if I heard such wishes as the above expressed often. I think I can stand twelve months of Oakland. At least, L'll try hard.

I sleep under a crucifix every night but it hasn't seemed to improve my disposition. The people I live with now are Catholic and very lovely folks. They have a little boy about two who has to be let down from the cable every morning to tell me goodby.

I was so glad to see the Joe Rays last weekend. The childern seemed quite a bit taller and I think the boys fully enjoyed the trains. I hate them because they are so noisey and dirty. The engines are extra large because of the mountains. The folks didn't get to see much of the beauty around here but they got an idea of what it really is like.

The library is moving along slowly (it seems to me too slow for any good.) We are taking over another room as soon as the carpenter who started the shelves gets well and finishes. We have 13000 dollars for a building. but that will be after my day, I hope. It really will be three of four years, I'm sure. Every thing is so stacked up that the work is doubly hard. Since we haven't gotten the bookmobile, I've been sending books out to the schools. There are about fifty-two schools so you see what a job that's been. They are about finished but I've been so tired at night that I've done nothing but rest.

I am expecting to go to Baltimore and Washington this weekend. This is the first time I've been out of Oakland for the night so I may paint the



towns. There is a state Librarians meeting in Baltimore on Saturday and I'll spend that night in Washington if the third floor bedroom isn't filled. Miss Clark has asked me to spend the first night with her. I will leave here Thursday evening ~~and~~ spend the night in Cumberland. You have no idea how hard it is to get out of this town, but they say it's harder to get into. I was brought in by car.

The Tot Shop seems to be coming along too. It looked very attractive from the pictures Jack sent. I'll get some more books when I'm in Baltimore this week. Virginia, maybe it wouldn't be so confining if you would go later in the morning. I hope Joe is back in school and didn't find himself too far behind. I also hope Sam has gotten settled in school and didn't find the settling too hard a job.

I wish Miss Jeffries could be in Washington this weekend. I don't know when I'll see her otherwise. I'm sure she has a good roomer and boarder who can take care of her self for a little while.

I haven't heard a word from Brown for a long time. I sent Dorothy some p.j.s. in July but haven't heard if she got them. She is in Memphis in nurses' school.

Ruby and Joanna are too smart for words. I hope neither one over does, however. Maybe when Jettie starts the tearoom, this will be a working-out family.

I want Joe to know that I kept one of the pictures and kept it out on my dresser until I moved. I am very glad to get ~~one~~ because I think it's good.

One good intention was to write Jack a very special letter with all the words looked up but time is too short. He will have to close his eyes while someone reads this letter to him. I believe anyone who has read it over once could translate fairly well. Jack, you will be glad to know that the library has a brand new unabridged Webster dictionary. I don't have time to use it much. Especially when I write these letters.

Ed wrote a good letter but I missed Joanna's contribution. Joanna, don't let so much work keep you from writing. The ~~girls~~ <sup>cut</sup> are getting old enough to do lots for themselves.

This is a new typewriter but you'd never know it by the way I'm typing tonight. Anyway, I'm a selfmade typist so you can't expect much.

This is election week and as there are two Republicans to every Democrat in Garrett, the going is interesting. Of course, I can't vote but the girl across the hall is running for Recorder of Wills and is a Democrat. We have ~~lots~~ lots of fun because she has very little hope of winning.

I heard a man at the next table in a restaurant the other day <sup>cut</sup> that there wouldn't be any more shortages after the Republicans got in. One thing I do wish had happened was for the government to ship in loads and loads of meat from Argentina when Mr. Taft had all the meat held up. It's about time for the other party to get in so they can start piling up another depression. Every thing is so high around here that I use up all my check each month. I do wish controll could have stayed on until things could have been adjusted.

I should like to keep all the pictures but it isn't fair to the others.

It is getting so late that I'm afraid to stay in this building by myself any longer so goodby and do please try not to keep the robin longer than I have.

Love,

Eleanor



FROM: Jack

TO: Ginny... Sure, you say if you have the Rays around one day you've had enough of them. But what about me? I wake up to them every morning and I come home to them every night. That, my good girl, IS an endurance test.

TO: Ele... Child, your spelling certainly has improved. I can now read your letters without a shudder. This last one had no "wrong" words so now we get to keep that box of old felt hats of yours for another year. Why don't you come over?

TO: Ed... You surely are a humorous, Ed. I tossed back my raven mane, only slightly streaked with gray, when I received your letter-- and I still have lots of hair. I certainly don't have to "fluff" it like I catch you doing when no one is looking. But I feel nature will take care of you-- your personality will develop as your hair goes.

TO: Miss Jeffries... We are certainly looking forward to seeing you in Washington-- and enjoy your unbiased quips in the Robin. Why you ever took this outfit on is more than I can fathom. The set-up here is inundating me.

TO: All... Joe just got another invitation from a Maryland city to "survey" its government. This time Cumberland. Ruby and I had our yearly physical check-ups Saturday-- and it's horrible how healthy we are. However he didn't examine minds. Jettie works like a horse but seems to thrive on it. The youngsters are all well. Took their pictures on last week end and all turned out well. Joe may send some around. Ruby still teaching and yelling it's killing her but the M.D. said she was never better so I'm keeping her at it, just to collect her pay check. If you don't get Joanna's, Ed, you're nuts. Don't come up here next year. We're coming down there. Love--

Jack





Nov. 12, 1946

Dear Children: Ruby and I just came in from "an intercultural workshop, with leaders in the field (Oh, hell!)" doing the business. In other words, "Coach" Ray and I went to the movie to see Claude Rains and Bette Davis in "Deception". After which we gathered in the kitchen with Ph.D. Ray and Ph. D. Morgan ( who also lives here) for a let-down.

When I think of you two, putting on airs-- when I've seen you both streaming at the ends and heading for West's store to dig up another meal, I variegate into vertigo-- as itx were.

I see by our dream child, the NEW Robin, that Odille is still tired and getting tireder and that Althea is having trobble with her sag-points. Which of course shows no change, no progress, from 1929, Pa.

Us, we're different. We have come into the thing we were meant for-- city life. I'm cosmo, she's metro. (The first is not a flower, the second not a movie star). I come in, vibrant in the evenings, and she says: "Whither, White One?" And I say: "To the clubs, my fairest." And that's how it is.

Ruby has a new chic ( pronounced sheek in the embassy sets) and you two would hardly know her. ( I don't know her myself in the mornings. In fact, I can't bear to look). She has cut off that old black and gray coat into a new suit and you'll be surprised how well she looks. Somewhere between Mrs. Nightwine of Water St., Slippery Rock and Hattie Carnegie of I don't know where. *Me - either.*

All of which goes to say-- we miss you both and wish you were nearer. I spent the three-day week end turning out my first yarn in a year. Ruby sewed. We had a birthday dinner for Jettie on Monday night, Armistice Day. We like our household here. It is easy. When you come to see us, it will be easy for you. All my love, such as it is.

*Jack*



Nov. 12

Dear Girls -

It's fun to get your letters.

I'm awfully disappointed about your books. Odille Ginn's displayer in Baltimore told me the story but I hated to write until you had told me. I'm sick about not seeing the books and sicker about

your not visiting us on your way there or back. Mabel and I were making big plans for it. Can't you come any way? Our guestroom will be emptied

Nov. 25th for the rest of the winter. Mabel and Wilda want to come while you are here.

We haven't heard much from Mabel. She is waiting to hear from me about you - Odille. When Sach was when his mother broke her arm she was visiting Mary Peane at Allegheny. Wilda has a new boy friend and doesn't miss me as much as she used to. He is someone from Phila.



delphia whom she had dates with before  
he married. Of course his wife is dead  
and he lives in Kittery. Has a son  
in Military School somewhere. I've met  
him and like him but she is a shame of  
his old beat-up-car.

I still want you to send someone  
to take this job out at University Park. It  
is not as bad as it was. I've found a  
way to relieve the — of my services  
as coach. My only qualification for that  
job was the ability to blow the whistle. And  
I never knew when to do that. If you don't  
send someone this job will settle on me  
— and — I — don't — want — it. I'm tired

One thing I want you to see is my new  
rigg. It really is a beautiful thing with  
three stones almost carats ~~are~~. I don't  
have any other new clothes — yet.

I shall stop and write more an-  
other time — had to write Ginny. She's  
working too hard in the shop. We are  
still pleased about the way it is go-  
ing

Happy Birthday to both of you. I'm  
sending little packages. Love, Ruby



First District

## Division Of Game And Fish

EDWARD M. RAY, Wild Life Supervisor

Phone 3761  
BENTON, KENTUCKY

Dec. 9, 1946

Dear Folks,

At last I am at it again answering the Robin. Even tho I have held this thing some time, I don't feel badly about it for we have all seen each other and that will suffice for one round of the Robin. Besides, I hope somebody besides Virginia does say something about my holding the Robin so as to give me a chance to read the riot act.



The saddest thing that has happened to the Rays since they were little was Auntie's death. I am sure she meant more to Joe and me than any of the rest of you altho she has touched all of our lives deeply. She practically raised me until she went to live with the rest of the family. Needles to say, if it had not have been for Auntie the little Rays would not have been able to make the grade. She held them together and showed them things to work for. She constantly drilled into me the idea of making something out of myself. I respected her definition of right and wrong more than any other persons. The strange thing about Auntie was that she was always sure what was right and what was wrong. No amount of argument would ever convince her; you just didn't argue with Auntie. Mostly, I took what she said at face value. Maybe it was because I knew her so well, but I always thought Auntie was one of the strangest of people, and I think yet she was. I never could explain why she didn't marry when she was young. She certainly had several chances, and yet she treated the subject lightly. This was the only thing she would take teasing about. Her life with Grandmother and Uncle Alex was everything but happy, yet she stayed there for years. I have never understood why, for she could have made a better living elsewhere. She loved Grandmother with a love akin to worship. Maybe that is the answer. She knew Uncle Alex was a regular Devil, showed him little respect, rarely spoke to him. Yet for years they got along smothely. I never heard her give him a harsh word. One thing I remember that showed her implicit faith in Grandmother's word and her disregard for Uncle Alex happened when Auntie was in the barn loft letting down a sack with two bushels of corn in it. Uncle Alex, with his peg leg, was about half way on a ten foot ladder ready to lower the corn to the ground when he had shouldered it. Grandmother was standing some distance away watching. When Auntie had lowered the sack as far as she could but yet couldn't reach Uncle Alex, Grandmother yelled to Auntie to just go ahead and drop it on Alex's shoulder; "That you couldn't hurt Alex anyway." She forthwith rolled the sack off on Uncle Alex and knocked him off the ladder.



She was Puritanical about most things and very liberal about others. A few things she hated with an obsession. Liquor, movies, dancing were her pet peves. She never reasoned on these things, she preached. Yet she was willing to forgive any of her kinfolk for any sin they committed, and whatever they did it was still "Little Virgil, little Jim or Little Edward!" She never called me Ed in her life. She didn't like our father as was the case with all other in-laws. She merely tolerated some more than others. She remembered little details about them all and when she had occasion she would read the record on them, all the mean things they had ever done were laid bare, yet she rarely showed any bitterness toward them.





George Long, Commissioner  
Benton

Earl Wallace, Director  
Frankfort, Ky.

W. D. Armstrong League V-Pres.  
Princeton, Ky.

First District

## Division Of Game And Fish

EDWARD M. RAY, Wild Life Supervisor

Phone 3761  
BENTON, KENTUCKY

She would even forgive them and go on for years as if nothing had happened, then when something snapped there was the record to recount. After I was grown, her code of ethics amused me, but I was never able to explain her likes and dislikes. With her, things either were or were not, there was never any grounds for doubt. Yet she was broadminded about a few things.

To me she has always given color to the definition of faithfulness sacrifice, trust. When she thought it was her duty to sacrifice any personal pleasure there was never a question with her, the sacrifice was made and she never mentioned it unless she thought you had forgotten it or did not prove worthy of it. Then she read the record to you in no uncertain terms. Made you feel small enough to crawl in a rat hole or want to change places with a skunk. The torrent of words that fell on you made the burden too heavy to bear and forced you back into the beaten path. She never spanked me that I can remember, controlled me with her tongue. Always after I had repented my reward was a friendly pat and a sweet smile. As a kid I could never understand her, as indeed, I couldn't when I was grown. She would tolerate a lot, then all of a sudden she would explode in my face. It was only by interpretation of the explosions that I steered clear of them. I soon learned how far I could go and no further.

After she married Uncle Dave, she seemed to me to change a lot. She became more even tempered but relaxed none of her pet peeves. Her disposition became as sweet as anyone's could be. I doubt if she ever had a minutes happiness until several years after she married. She transferred her faithfulness to the young Howells and did for them much the same thing she did earlier for us. Even ~~the~~ she was old she never lost interest in the young, and lost no opportunity to admonish them to "Be Good". If there ever was a person who followed and lived his code of ethics it was Auntie. The thing she believed in needed no explanation. She lived what she believed. And I am sure that all of the Rays, as well as all others who knew her are better by having known her. She and Miss Jeffries has had more influence on me in my developmental period than all other people combined. Her memory will always be dear to me. To them I owe a debt that can never be paid.

Love,





Sunday noon,  
December 15, 1946

Dear Folks:

I'm in such a sweat with all the things I have been trying to do that I suspect I'd better write my letter now if I am to do it any time soon. I am about through with the manuscript of the study on the administration of natural resources in Alabama - a hangover from the old Alabama days.

Everybody here is well. I'm a bit worried about Jack, because he's spending so much money on clothes that I'm afraid he won't be able to meet his  $\frac{3}{4}$  of the household obligations on January 1. I don't know what we'll do, because Jettie has just about strapped me what with her Christmas present and all the others. Judging by the bills, Santa ought to be here with all his bells on.

Had the trip to Nova Scotia since I saw you all. It was a nice trip - a wonderful place and people, and I got four good days' work done on the train - two going and two coming.

Interested in Ed's comments on Auntie. He saw her so differently from the way I did. I don't remember any of the stuff at Grandpa's. I remember the fannies she gave me as a wee tike. I remember how much she looked like mama, except dressed up. How she used to sit in the front porch swing and comb her hair and say she was losing her mind when the cheeks weren't on time from Ruby and Virginia. How tyrannical she was, making me stay in the yard



to ~~have~~ her worry. How she gave me a "thraiting"  
at home. Every time I got one at school.  
How that ~~is~~ Bill Lee dared me to come  
out in the street to fight - I said Auntie  
wouldn't let me leave the yard and dared  
him to come into the yard. He came & we  
went at it and I got him down and happened  
to look up and see Auntie descending like the  
wrath of God - thought I was a gonner, but  
she grabbed me off, picked up Bill and gave  
him a worse paddling than she ever gave  
me - for coming into my yard to fight.  
The time she called me in for bed ten  
times & when I finally came she smacked  
me on the jaw and knocked me over on the  
bed - only time I ever saw synthetic stars  
and only time she ever smacked me  
anywhere except on the back and I was her  
little young'un. She was so gentle and trusting  
- especially when I got big enough to do  
right. Then in the later years either I grew  
away from her religion or she became more  
fixed in it - perhaps a share of both.  
I never wrote her as much as I should  
have. I'm deeply appreciative, and I think  
we all should be. For the good 'life' Bradley  
Howell has helped to give her in recent  
years. I wrote him so.

Love to you all - a merry Christmas  
and a happy new year to all of you.

Joe



Dec. 16, 1946

Dear Folks:

It's a week before Christmas-- and despite the rush of work which comes to us the same as you--WE'RE getting the Robin off within three days. Ed kept it exactly one month and 9 days.

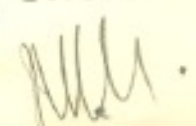
That would never have happened in the MacDonald family. Not that I feel we're any better than the Rays in lots of ways, but we just have a feeling for getting things done.

I am probably the best and most noted writer who contributes to the Robin but I refuse to waste my efforts on news that is three months old and that has been told in individual letters previously. If this happens again, I shall resign-- and not only that, but I shall take small sadistic digs at all the Rays I come in contact with-- mainly Joe, Ruby, and Eleanor.

Ruby and I were mailing Christmas packages tonight and writing cards. Joe came in from the university where he had been working and sat awhile; Eleanor is coming for Christmas. At that time, I will line them all up and tell them off about this Robin. The only one I can't reach is Ed-- the worst procrastinator. Ginny does well and so does Miss Jeffries. But Ed-- counting catamounts and basking in the reflected glory of his brother and brother in law--let's the world go by.

However since the Christmas spirit is in the air-- I want to go on the 1946 record as wishing you all the best things and hoping you will visit us in the coming year ONE AT A TIME-- and not in a body. You may be very nice people separately but in a group, it's beyond human scope of understanding. My love-- mildly-- to all of you,

Jack





Washington D.C.

December 16, 1946

Dear Children —

We have just finished wrapping packages to mail tomorrow. It wasn't much of a job with Jack "putting the final wrapping on - so they will be sure to get there without - 'hell' - falling out of the boxes."

It makes me sad to send one off to Uncle Dave. He will be so lovely this year. Ed - your letter was a good one. I think too that Auntie's last years were her happiest. She really came nearest living what she believed the most of us. She and Uncle Dave seemed so contented and well-suited to each other.

Auntie's last night was a spiritual experience. You know how



she was for hours with almost no change. I expected her to last several more days.

Louise and I had spent most of Saturday afternoon alone with her. Beth and Rena came in about six and Beth began to fix the house as if she was preparing for something. Soon after seven friends began to come. One that I am so thankful came was Mrs Vadie Motley Bright. She seemed to know how things were and just what to do. She didn't think Auntie would last beyond midnight. When Aunt Hettie Uncle Jim and Lucille came after ten I couldn't still see any change. Jeff had brought Aunt Kate back. She had hardly left since Auntie first got sick. Rena and Beth did more than any of us. Soon after ten I per-



suaded the \_\_\_\_\_ to lie down with Aunt Kate. With the understanding that I could call the \_\_\_\_\_, Uncle Dave wouldn't leave the room but lay down on the daybed. I had rested earlier. All of us were getting ready for something at midnight. A few minutes before twelve Miss Vadine told me to call Aunt Kate. When we got back into the room I could see that there really was a change. Auntie was going. Somehow I had the feeling that there was something holy and majestic in that room. We all stayed there until the end Auntie had gone. Her whole life had been a preparation for this. Rev. Ogles said a few days later that "She had over



Come the world!" Her death was  
like ~~the~~ ~~Dance~~ her life, gentle  
and noble. There was no struggle.

Uncle Dane was wonderful all  
through it - kind and thoughtful  
of all but himself. I wish we could  
do something for him - I mean  
Jack and me. You - Virginia  
- Ed and Brown will - but we  
are so far away. Even so  
I miss Auntie.

Love and sympathy  
for all - at you.

Ruby



Dec. 13, 1946.

Dear Ray -

As usual - Joe comes in and says; "Jack, Ruby & I have your letters in the Ratins, can you get yours written this morning and in the mail." I promised so here goes -

The boys are up at the crack of dawn every day but do try to be a little ~~quite~~ quiet - but this morning there's a light snow (light one to the Yankees - but heavy to us Rebels) so they had the whole household up. He sat a record in getting dressed - did no fussing about overbush and were out in the snow all of the time I was fixing breakfast.



We are enjoying the usual uproar & confusion of pre-Christmas. 2<sup>nd</sup> lots of work & worry - but so much fun. We expect to put up our tree Friday - one of Ruby's pupils is getting one for us. This will be one of our best Christmases so far as the Santa myth is concerned - as both boys still believe in him & Sally is big enough to get a kick out of every thing.

We are glad to be with some of the family for Christmas for we have not had that pleasure often. And to me, Christmas time is certainly family time. We are so glad Jack & Ruby plan to go to S. R. the week between Christmas & New Year, so they'll be here & we expect Eleanor



over about Monday.

Both boys are in plays at school or Sunday schools so I've had lines to teach Scott & a costume to make for Harrod.

Now I'm on my Christmas cookie baking. I feel like a brute fighting the family off of them, but have to do it as they'd all be gone before Christmas. I want to get a box of ~~from~~ Cookies off to Uncle Gene & Bradley. It seems strange not to be thinking of what to get Auntie. It's hard for me to realize she went in Peabody Dr. She was the most sincere person I've ever known. And lived up to what she thought was right more than anyone. She did a wonderful job by all of the boys and I'm grateful for having known & loved her. I'm sorry



Tuesday Morning,

Dear "children"

That is what Mr. Jim Scott  
called you yesterday. I was  
in the store. He was very  
talkative, "How are the chil-  
dren? What do you think of  
Brown? How are the others  
now?" I was rather evasive  
as to what I think, otherwise  
you'd have a good report, but how  
he rustled around and found  
me a stick of butter and  
a dozen eggs. Lucille is  
teaching in the rural school  
(at the college). Miss Clark is ill.  
Met "Aunt Kate" on the street  
yesterday. She looked so nice and  
seemed glad to see me. Said Rena's  
over



operation was "nothing".

Virginia was here Sunday afternoon. We had a visit and lunch together down town Saturday. She looks well. She brought the Robin and I am to take it to her when I get mine (my letter) finished. I tried yesterday but was interrupted all the morning - had an engagement for the afternoon and a "drinking spell" (sleepy) last evening so here I am on Tuesday doing what should have been done Sunday evening. I sometimes fear that I'll be late at the party gate with no reasonable alibi. It has rained, drizzled, since Sunday - but the vegetation seems



to live it. <sup>2</sup> Bowling Green is beautiful,  
I drove across town yesterday  
day with a friend.

Mary Marks has been asked to  
move to make room for the daughter  
of the owner of the apartment  
building. The girl has recently mar-  
ried. I feel sorry for Mary she  
was promised indefinite pos-  
session. But the daughter wants  
it so what is a promise?

Ruby, we thought that teaching was  
finished and you were coming to  
Kentucky. Johnna has been teaching  
too. I heard she went to the R.E. &  
I had an invitation to Lena Logan's  
wedding.

Jack, I'd like to have you say  
you just "wanted to write so you  
did" but we are glad you are  
so done like George Washington  
over



Really I'm glad you had a good  
birthday, when you are 74 you  
will like to sleep, I did.

So glad Jack is better - now  
follow this prescription, I found  
it works, "Eat plenty - not too much,  
Sleep plenty - not too much - drink  
plenty (water only) can't drink too  
much." Western Almanac 1880.

It was a Prescription for longevity.  
Yes Eddie will power and the U.S.  
Army can force a Roy to Sleep.  
I'd love to help out in family  
arguments but you know this  
is the day of youth. However  
these Roes don't seem to realize  
that they are now as old as  
I was when they were "youth" So



3.  
Now when the "Kids" (to you) begin to  
take over, remember your eyes  
when you become set in thought  
and let them take over, you  
might as well. It is lots of  
fun to sit on the sidelines  
after you once decide to do  
it. Like the old drakey who  
had "jit a heap," and was  
now ready to "sit a heap")

Eleanor, I'm sorry for you, why  
not go back to Georgia where  
there aint any Republican?  
Really, I do hope you can get  
a place more congenial and  
more lucrative as well, you  
deserve the best of everything  
and if I could, I'd see that  
over



You get it.

Yes, I know what it is to be the  
Custodian of Kids and house for just  
a few hours. Beyond every week two,  
then three, then you, then five younger  
sisters - then the nieces and nephews  
come along, they are sweet things,  
I have the Nursery once a year  
at the church - an abominable  
custom if you ask me. The poor  
kids don't know us and we don't  
know their names - Well you  
can guess how it is, they are scared  
and not interested in folks they  
don't know.

We hope the dress turned out all  
right, Jettie, you surely are a  
hustler - don't see how you  
get all the things done.

Eddie Antiques have gone up,  
and, of course to the killing of O.P.A.  
So we can be patriotic by not  
buying them - See?

For "Godness sake" put your scientific  
knowledge to some use and stop  
Lindsey Yourself. I'd like to know



something about <sup>to</sup> your plans. We hope  
you can come to see me, I am  
alone now - there's room here and  
I still can "rustle" a reasona-  
bly square meal, - nothing to brag  
on but it is filling.

Jo Anna, "Darling Precious", why did  
you fail us? I know you were  
busy and perhaps tired. Teachers  
I remember usually are.

None of the Masons except Fuller  
will write. I hope they are all  
well. The telephone just rang,  
I was only able to utter a  
weak hello. I was so scared but  
"Wrong number" came back so  
then I was weak with relief.

Time for lunch I'm having  
hush and pie Oh boy! I have  
sugar enough to have pie over.



I'll stop this. I always encourage  
to give you all our endurance  
to it - to date we have survived.

Love

Ja. J. J. J.