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Chillun:

The unpardonable has happened. Not only have we kept the Robin for a week, but we now can't find it high or low. We have had a pretty hectic time during the week and a half of Christmas past, but that's now excuse.

Scott got home for Christmas; we were mighty glad to see him. He loves Indiana University. He left Friday night on the train to go back to Bloomington. David left a week before Christmas for Montana and isn't back yet. The friend with whom he went telephoned home night before last to tell us that the sub-zero weather had them weathered in and they did not know when they could come home. We tried to talk him out of going, but no soap. His Mom tried to get him to take along his long-john underwear, but he left it at home -- guess he has regretted that.

Mr. and Mrs. Ledbetter came up from Austin to visit with us, and the bad weather, snow and sub-zero weather here, and they stayed several days longer than they had intended. Last night the thermometer registered 11 degrees below zero, the coldest it has been here in eight years. It has snowed two or three times, but all the snow was off the highways. The Ledbetters took off a little before eight this morning.

Yesterday, Miss Jettie took off like a whirlwind and took down all the Christmas decorations and we chopped up the tree and burnt it in the fireplace and put up all the decorations. Also she bought me a snowshovel, which we couldn't find for sale last year, and I cleaned the sidewalks. Then Mr. Ledbetter and I went out for a drive to limber up the old Chevy that had been sitting out while his car was in the garage, and we found that it had been frozen up and it, boiled over and lost all my anti-freeze and we nearly froze smack dab to death with no heater and trying to get it fixed. Had to drive home with our breath frosting all the glass and no defroster to melt it down. You all can see, we have really been living fancy. In addition, the disposall sink is clogged up and plumbers are booked so far ahead they won't even promise when they'll come, and the brakes are gone out on the Buick.
Please don't get the idea from all this rigorous living that things are impossible here and that we are wasting away. Yesterday morning I weighed 198 pounds. Jettie and Scott were stuffing me like a fattening hog trying to get me up to 200, but I didn't make it, and now that the company has gone I am on the way back down. The most I ever weighed before was 195 when we moved to Alabama, and I haven't weighed over 180 in several years. I've been working on the 198 ever since the first of November -- Ginna, I got some of it at your house.

We took a roll of movies of Aunt Kate and Uncle Jim's folks. They didn't turn out too good, but they are worth having. We meant to take some of the Ledbetters, but it was too bad to get outdoors.

Incidentally, if you all hear about Jettie and me yelling at one another (more than usual, that is), don't get excited: it's just that Mrs. Ledbetter's hearing aid was broken for six days and we had to holler to be heard. Mr. Ledbetter is 78 and Mrs. is 76. It was a real joy to have them with us. They had never seen any real snow and sub-zero weather was a first for them also. Two or three years ago they spent several weeks with a friend in Cuba, and here while they are here the revolution comes, Batista decamps, and we are completely caught up on Cuba.

On top of all the rest, I have had to work nearly every day during the holidays, because the College is calling a bond issue election for January 31, 1959, and this calls for a lot of work to get ready for it. I'm going to have to speak at about 30 luncheon clubs, or at least attend them, during the month of January. This is going to make reducing a real chore.

Still hope I can find the Robin, but if I don't I will send this on tomorrow without it. Please excuse for holding up so long.

Love to everybody

Forget to tell you that Sally has her own telephone now, her own number with no holds barred -- She doesn't talk any more than she used to, but the rest of us have a phone.

Jettie says she won't write this time.
Dear Robin:

As I remember the Robin did not have too much in it, and there was not much lost, Joe, but am I glad you lost it instead of me. You can have so much to say about such an unpardonable thing happening. Glad to hear all about your Family and your nice Christmas. My guess would be that the Robin got burn during this whirlwind Miss Jettie took off like.

We had a nice Christmas also, and I never remember enjoying another Thanksgiving and Christmas as much as this year. I was so mad at myself for getting sick during Thanksgiving, and felt just fine all during Christmas, taking no blood pressure medicine. I could think of so many ways I could have made our visitors more comfortable after they had left. If I had it to do over would not have let Ruby give up her bed to Brown and sleep in the hall. She took the same beating that Jettie took out there in Grand Central Station as Ruby called it on another occasion.

My hand-painted picture was by far the nicest gift I got, and I have it framed just right and hanging in our kitchen, the only picture in there. Thanks again Ruby for the picture, and I think every day I will check on telephone you paid for and give you back what you paid difference.

I am filling the Robin up with the Genealogical Reports on the Garrison Family Line. I have filled out my papers and sent them in, and if these papers pass it will open the gate for all to go in the D. A. R. under my number. But, Ruby, they say for you to wait until I get it all proven and passed, and then it will be much easier for you to use my number. It will cost just the same, $14.00 now, your local chapter will keep $2.00 and send in the $12.00. It used to be $10.00. Look on these sheets and keep the ones with your name on them. Ruby I am sending you some clippings in my recorde of your marriage, etc., which you may return to me if you have copies of same. If you do not have these, feel free to keep what you want.

Joe, Ray got the Texas hat and is crazy about it. Only one other person here who sports one, Joe Davenport, who really can afford a $15.00 hat. He says he is going to send you a check, because he knows it was too much for a gift.

Our Grandbaby is just getting outer by the day, and we have him every Sunday for dinner. Jettie, we all did enjoy our Christmas decorations. I made one for out at Aunt Kate's and Mary Jane with leftovers., and helped make our Christmas. Love Va.
Rudy; sent me that pattern of your housecoat. There is nylon quilted material—\becomes sale—but I can't find a pattern like it.

To All: These copies of the Genealogy Filled up the Reich with; be kept, whatever you want. I have a description on it, and sent it to National or R at Washington. I will let you know when the is a night to submit it—about a month.

Re: want time to see the Old Field stone home of Neechel Alexander where our Caroline Harrison were born. I would like to see in Point B.
Ruby: Pheno called me last night and said Aunt Kate was pleased as punch that you and Jack called her on her eightieth birthday, and she told me you and Jack are fine in snow, etc.

But we have a bare snow just covering the ground this morning and 19 above, cold for here. The dog smelled the air and backed off from going out, strolled back to the kitchen and read this paper. Roy thought that was smart. I bet after you left, and they warmed him and he is seeing her leg now and runs better. I wish I had sent him while at school. If I were here, he would be out. We always have in the house. When spring comes, he will be lucky to look in the doors of this house.
My Dear: I went along with the gag and
inured you back about the painting. It
isn’t sure there is not that much rush
because you may not get paid until the
first of March when my disability Social
Security begins. I am supposed to get a
February check, but may need that one to
pick up odd and end debts like Joe’s curtain
or refinished chairs etc.

The pictures of Joe’s apt and bly
were good, don’t forget to send the
negatives. I sent you the finished pictures
of the houses and negatives in the package.
Did you get that package? Wilma thought
the red socks cute and he will need
them in summer with his density.
I think he needs socks on now, but she
generally puts them on him, says he doesn’t
like to wear them. She doesn’t, and guess
she thinks he doesn’t either.

Now read all this family information.
So you can tell about your line if you do.

Join the D.A.R. Some time when in Philadelpia.
Read the D.A.R. magazine; all the signers of Mecklenburg
Declaration in Vol 86-1957, in the Historical Library there.
Do you have a chapter there? You might form
one, but wait until my papers are accepted
before much about it. Could be there is a lost
generation in my papers. Our Regent, Mildred
Hardcastle thinks they will pass. Read upon Alexander.

Kenscl Visked
John's daughter, Nancy, fell in front of an open fire Friday morning and suffered third-degree burns across her seat and upper leg and is in the hospital. Will be for 6 or 8 weeks grafting skin on.

She had black-out spells and had no doubt rushed around to get the house straight before going to school and was changing her clothes before the fire when she blacked out and fell with back to hot embers, so lucky it was not her face. She had to lie on her stomach all the time. I have not been up to see her, but Phena says she has loads of flowers and gifts, lots of that family and Nancy was a favorite. She was driving the car that killed her mother and the Dr. said since none of the others were hurt it could have been a heart attack with her.
I'm going to work on the wreath next.

The Harrisons O.bypassed to get to the Alexanders more colorful, and we could also belong to the Colonial Dames through Hezekiah Alexander.

Lucille says she still has not given up on the Cot line.

It does look like the Posey line has no Rev. connection. John Posey's father Humphrey was too young and his father too old. Jackson B. Posey mentioned in Perin History by Warren B. Page 917 was a brother to our Great Grandmother, Sarah Posey Callis; and they were children of Humphrey Posey. Benjamin Posey (1749-1846) could have been his father. His half-brother. It will take some research to find out.
Dear Folks: We’re having our first snow outside, which means we’ve been very lucky in this area. This one, they say, will end during the night with an accumulation of only 2 inches. Suits me.

Joe’s account of that Amariklo winter made me chill—and we’ve been hearing of the below-zeros up in Michigan. This state has been getting it, in the western end with floods and heavy rains—but here, so far, it has been an “open” winter. Last year we had 13 major snows here—and now it’s only a week till Groundhog Day.

Ruby is finishing a big painting for Virginia of the old Harman house in Settle, Ky. and she has done a swell job, I think. Had to see it go out of the house—it looks so summery and comfortable.

We went to New York last week end; had dinner with friends, saw “Auntie Mame” at Radio City and a play on Sunday afternoon—Joseph Cotten and Arlene Francis in “Once Over With Feeling”. Good. This yesterday week end, we had a couple down from New York—built a fire in the fireplace, had Hans on his good behavior, and enjoyed a very pleasant time. These two are good company and we’ve known them for a long time.

Hans, who weighs 57 pounds, will be 6 months old on Jan. 30 and is still a bouncy puppy—never a thing wrong with him except boundless energy and wanting to romp. Ruby and I have begun taking him for a 30-minute run each day out at the school camp where he can stretch his long legs and race till he’s exhausted.

We’re thinking of Europe for sure this year and hope to go in the summer when the weather is nice. It’s always tough for me to get away then because of our annual big conference with the ensuing editing and publications (which now include Spanish and French translations)—but somehow we’re going to try to make it. Ruby still talking about her trip to Ky. End of page, end of me. Jack
Dear Children -

I am ashamed of having kept this so long. I was busy on the picture and couldn't stop. And then as Jack said we had company for whom I had to clean a bit. We call that May-Ha-yi-ing the house after one of Jack's very clean relatives. When someone is coming I knock myself out May-Ha-yi-ing and then after they leave I find a lot of cobwebs and such that I did not May-Ha-y. So much for that - here's the letter.

I did have a wonderful time.
in Ky. at Christmas time. The only way it could have been better would have been for all of you to have been there. It was such a blessing that we were all well — all except the puppy and he had worms.

We were on the 'go' most of the time — eating. I was awfully interested in hunting down the ancestors. These were so far back that no one remembered who was an harve thief. Won't Uncle (about five greats) a noble brave soul? Wonder how he would probably get on that rocket to the moon. I admire him and I'm glad for what Va. is doing about it. I'm sure it is all true even though if the DARs want accept it. I was glad to meet the Garrisons in Scottsville and to see
that lonely old house. The inside is utterly charming — very much as it was a hundred years ago. That old bed which has been in the same place since it was made by one of the Garnessons is very much like the one Emily has. I feel sure he made it — I will try to get a date on it. I wonder where he got that 'fiddle back' maple?

I also enjoyed seeing Uncle Jim and Aunt Kate in good health. Uncle Jim is the sweetest one but he had had a rather bad and unusual accident with his teeth. They were bothering him slightly so he took them out and put them on a table.
came along and being dainty wrapped them in a knapkin. Then
Aunt Hettie came along and being heat wrapped the old used knapkin
threw it in the trash and burned it.
Uncle Jim said he stirred the ashes
found some stray teeth and walked
away. So!

We also had a Cousin's Party. We
had so much left from her Christ-
mas dinner that we stirred and mixed
it together and had a really good
meal and lots of fun.

Brown came down a few
days before I left and we had a
good visit and he took me back to the
airport in handsome. I think he is do-
ing all right. Even with coaching his
team is winning and the captain of
his team is a Negro. He does still have
family trouble - Audrey's mother.

Love,

Ruby Catherine?)
This is the next morning and I find we bragged about our weather too soon. We had snow last night and we are having rain and snow now which makes our streets stick. It is 8:30 and Jack has done a day's work in expenditure of energy having taken Hans for a walk or run that is - swept the walks and put out the trash.

I hear that you Ed are going to a meeting in Texas in August. How about it? Settie suggests that we try to have a reunion there around that time. It sounds wonderful and I would love to go if I can.
hitch a ride.

Jack has told you that we are going to try to go to Europe this year. Edith's bank check was very large this year so she has sent me the money for a trip. We would like to go in June if Jack can manage to get away. He has to pay his own way. Don't some of you want to go along? How about Emily (Catherine)?

I'll write you more as we get more plans. I don't want to go without Jack. He will get more out of it than I.

I'm awfully pleased that it was Joe who lost the robin. Why didn't you write, Settie—and you, Joanne. Jack is being deserted.

Brown might make the trip this summer in his station wagon. We talked a little about it.

Love, Ruby Catherine
Dear Uncle Joe,

We were glad to hear from you and to know Aunt Jettie and the rest are doing fine.

We have been here in Livermore since the middle of July. The weather here is quite different from Tennessee or even Texas. The winters are green and the summers bone, it's all a matter of rain. It just doesn't rain from May until late October. The summer nights are a real pleasure, in the 60's every night. We still haven't gotten used to the cost of living here but I guess we will in time. Livermore is about 40 miles due East of San Francisco and this means we are about 450 miles
from Los Angeles. We would certainly like to see you and Aunt Jetie when you come out but I knew it would be a good bit out of your way.

We had planned to stop by and see you on our way out to California but Jim Ed told us that you and your family had left Amarillo for the summer so we didn't stop. We are planning to take a trip home next Christmas and we thought we would stop by and see you all then.

I am sending a picture of Steven and Michael. We couldn't find a group picture of all of us but we are going to take some soon and will send you one if you want it.

From the Californians,

Bill and Family
JOSEPH ALEXANDER - undoubtedly born in Ireland - he must have been in America several years before his purchase of the "New Master" land in 1714 to have "for some years past possessed and improved that land." Wife probably Abigail McNitt.

Children mentioned in will filed 3-9-1750: Son-in-law Elias Alexander
   Daughter, Sophia
   Son, Francis
   Daughter, Jane Mackey
   Daughter Abigail Olaham
   Son, James.

JAMES ALEXANDER - First Wife Margaret McNitt b.12-26-1697 d.between 1736-1745 m.1735-14
   Second Wife Abigail probably sister to first wife m.after 1748.

15 Children: James b. about 1690 - D. 6-17-1772
   1. Theophilus b. 3-13-1715-d. 1768 Oeol Co. Md. M.Oberline Falkie d. 1775 Mecklenburg Co.
   2. Jemima b. 1-10-1718 d. young
   3. Edith b. 1-10-1718 d. young
   4. Kesia b. 5-9-1720 - no record.
   6. Ezekiel b. 6-17-1775 D. Young
   7. Jemima b. 1-9-1727 d. 9-1-1797 m. John Sharp b. 1727 d. 1759
   8. Amos b. 1-13-1729 d. 1780 m. Sarah Sharp b. 1732 d. 1802, buried Oeol Co. Md.
   9. John McNitt b. 6-6-1733-Oeol Co., Md. D. 7-10-1817 m. Jean Bean 1762, d. 3-16-1799
   10. Margaret b. 6-1736 died young
   11. Elizabeth b. 11-17-1746 d. 8-1-1822 m. John Sharp d. 1791, aged 55 years
   12. Abigail b. 5-24-1748 d. 9-23-1817 m. Capt. Francis Bradley d. 11-14-1780, killed by Tories
   13. Margaret b. 5-30-1750 m. McCoy or Ezekiel Besty
   14. Josiah b. 8-3-1752 remained in Oeol Co. Md.
   15. Ezekiel b. 10-21-1745 died after 1832, Wilson Co. Tenn. m. Jemimah Sather McCoy

HEZEKIAH ALEXANDER - Paymaster 4th Reg.N.C. Troops in 1776 - m. Mary Sample d. 5-17-1806
D.1-10-1801-Mecklenburg signed Mecklenburg Declaration of Independence 5-20-1775
Burg. Co. N.C.

Eleven Children:
   1. William Sample, d. 10-20-1826 aged 70 years m. Elizabeth Alexander, first
   2. Silas b. 1759 d. 10-27-1831
   3. James b. no record
   4. Hezekiah
   5. Esther m. Samuel Garrison
   6. Mary m. Charles Polk
   7. Amos b. 1769 d. 1-25-1747 m. Wildred Orr. b. 1772 d. 1828
   8. Joel b. 1773 d. 5-17-1825 - 9. Kesia d. 1819. - Oswald No. record 10th
   11. Joseph b. 1776 d. 1851 m. Elizabeth McReynolds

ESTHER ALEXANDER m. Samuel Garrison at Charlotte, N.C. 3-14-1786 lived Charlotte Town


B.9-28-1762 Samuel Garrison d. 5-27-1833 - 71 years old
D.9-12-1829 Samuel Garrison's Service No. 31049, served in Col. Chas. McDonnell Reg. and
Capt. Jas. Barie, Butler's Brigade at N. C. Battle of Stono; Maj. Anderson was killed.

Nine Children:
   1. Caroline A. Garrison b. 1-9-1787
   2. John Milton Garrison b. 10-4-1788
   3. Hezekiah Alexander b. 2-5-1791
   4. Mary Garrison b. 1-31-1793
   5. Hannah A. Garrison b. 9-15-1794
   6. Samuel Young Garrison b. 9-21-1797
   7. Calvin Garrison b. 4-1-1800
   8. Esther A. Garrison b. 2-22-1802
   9. Cynthia Wilson b. 4-19-1804
Lineage continued #2

Warren Co. Ky.

OLIMA ALEXANDER GARRISON (m. - 1814 - Page 218 Marriage B.A) to WILLIAM RAY

b. 1-9-1787 d. 4-7-1841-65 yrs - 10 mos. 27 days

Eight Children:

1. Benjamin Ray b. 10-24-1816 m. Louisa Chapman 1839
2. Samuel Alexander b. 1820 - Unmarried
3. Hettie Ray b. 9-23-1824 married Joe Fallen 1845
4. William Ray b. 5-4-1831 m. Louise Satterfield 1852
5. Young Garrison b. 3-13-1834 m. Mary Jane Wren - 1855
6. James McWarter Ray b. 7-22-1822 m. Sarah Catherine Wren 2-21-1859
7. Mary (Mollie) Ray b. 6-26-1839 m. Calvin Sears 1852
8. Caroline (Carrie) b. 12-29-1842 m. John Ham 12-29-1868

James should have been listed as 3rd child.

JAMES McWARTER (m. 3-21-1855, Book E, Page 205, Warren Co.)

b. 7-22-1822 d. 11-5-1899

Eight Children:

1. William Benjamin Ray b. 8-16-1860 m. Janie Pitchford
2. Alva Jane Ray b. 1-10-1862 m. Bradford Kinslow
3. Carrie Caton Ray b. 9-8-1863 - Unmarried
4. Joseph Ed Ray b. 9-20-1864 d. 8-18-1915 m. Vivia Jane Scott
6. Margaret B. Ray b. 10-16-1868 m. Jim Smith
7. Hettie Ray b. 1870 d. 1887
8. Laurie Ray died 8 years of age.

RAY, JOSEPH ED (m. Nashville, Tenn, 2-21-1893 Bk.10) Vivia Jane Scott

b. 9-20-1864 d. 8-31-1875

Six Children:

1. Ruby Catherine Ray b. 3-30-1896, m. J.W. MacDonald, Langhorn, Penna.
2. Virginia Scott Ray b. 8-30-1897 m. Ray W. Herman 1-25-1922, now Mrs. William Brown, Bowling Green, Ky.
3. William Brown Ray, b. 12-8-1900, m. 1st Martha Whitehouse, 2nd Audrey Benedick, Grovesville, Tenn.
4. Ada Eleanor Ray b. 12-2-1902 - Deceased
6. Dr. Joseph Malomie Ray b. 10-14-1907 now President Junior College, Amarillo, Texas.

Ray, Virginia Scott (m. Warren Co. Ky, 1-25-1922) Ray W. Herman

b. 8-30-1897 b. 5-17-1894

Two Sons:

1. Samuel Ray Herman b. 12-16-1925 d. 12-23-1949

Dear Ruby, Will Brown, Edward, Joseph:

Since I am trying out a new typewriter to see if it makes good carbon! I will write you all a note and tell you what I have been doing. I wrote you, Ruby, that I sent in my papers on the Samuel Garrison Line for joining the D.A.R., but have not heard from them as of this date.

Several of my friends belong to the Huguenot Society and want me to join that Society. So here is me who never have been a joiner joining everything mentioned. I am enclosing the papers I made out for a work sheet, so that you may know something about your Alexander line. Jim always told me that I would have to go through the Alexanders as they had the Military Record.

This is a pretty good portable typewriter, long carriage, Royal Administrator, and they have offered me a good trade-in on my Smith Corona. Ray says the Woman's Society should buy me a typewriter since I spend my time writing for them.

We have had some wet, nasty weather, but today the sun is coming out I do believe. Joe is in again with Virus Pneumonia. He gets it every spring, and a little early this spring. John's daughter Nancy is still critical from third-degree burns across back and leg when she fell - or blacked out in front of fireplace. She may not get well, rectum so badly burned they had to cut a colostomy. I call Aunt Kate every day and she is worried almost sick. All of you write her and John. They are grafting skin on the backside, but she is worse today.

I am at the bottom of page, and seems to be ending on sad note, but into each life some sadness must come. Seems like old John has had more than his share.

Love,

Virginia.
Alexander Lineage

JOSEPH ALEXANDER - undoubtedly born in Ireland - He must have been in America several years before his purchase of the "New Market" land in 1714 to have "for some years past possessed and improved this land." Wife probably Abigail McNitt.

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D.1-10-1801-Mecklenburg signed Mecklenburg Declaration of Independence 5-20-1775

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<td>5. Young Garrison</td>
<td>b. 3-15-1834</td>
<td>m. Mary Jane Wren</td>
<td>1855</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>6. James McWarter</td>
<td>b. 7-22-1822</td>
<td>Sarah Catherine Wren</td>
<td>2-21-1859</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>7. Mary (Nollie) Ray</td>
<td>b. 6-26-1839</td>
<td>m. Calvin Sears</td>
<td>1899</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>8. Caroline (Carrie)</td>
<td>b. 12-29-1842</td>
<td>m. John Ham</td>
<td>12-29-1869</td>
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</tbody>
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James should have been listed as 3rd child.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Name</th>
<th>Birth Date</th>
<th>Death Date</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>B. 7-22-1822</td>
<td>Eight Children</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1. William Benjamin Ray</td>
<td>B. 8-16-1860</td>
<td>Janie Pitchford</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2. Alva Jane Ray</td>
<td>b. 1-10-1862</td>
<td>Bradford Kinslow</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>3. Carrie Gorton Ray</td>
<td>b. 9-8-1863</td>
<td>Unmarried</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>6. Margaret B. Ray</td>
<td>B. 10-16-1868</td>
<td>m. Jim Smith</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>7. Hattie Ray</td>
<td>b. 1870</td>
<td>d. 1887</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>8. Laurie Ray</td>
<td>d. 8 years of age</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<th>Name</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>B. 9-20-1854</td>
<td>Six Children</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1. Ruby Catherine Ray</td>
<td>B. 3-30-1896</td>
<td>m. J.M. MacDonald, Langhorn, Penna.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>3. William Brown Ray</td>
<td>b. 12-8-1900</td>
<td>m. 1st Martha Whitehouse, 2nd Audrey Bledsoe, Crossville, Tenn.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>4. Amie Eleanor Ray</td>
<td>b. 12-2-1902</td>
<td>Deceased</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>6. Dr. Joseph Malchus Ray</td>
<td>b. 10-14-1907</td>
<td>new President Junior College, m. Jettie Hollingsworth, Amarillo, Texas.</td>
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</tbody>
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<tr>
<th>Name</th>
<th>Birth Date</th>
<th>Death Date</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>B. 8-30-1897</td>
<td>Ray W. Harman</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>B. 5-17-1894</td>
<td>Two Sons</td>
<td></td>
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Jan. 30, 1859

Dear Joe, Jettie, and Dottie,

I am wearing the hat, and have been asked what office I was running for.

Thanks a lot and come to see us again.

The grand son is fine and I say he looks like a Hawaiian and Va. says a Ray - surely not (that bad!)

Sincerely,

[Signature]

Bowling Green,
K.Y.
Dear Robin: Joe is aiming for Saturday at getting the Robin on its way. It came in yesterday and we were glad to hear from everyone; although we had had letters from Ruby and Virginia in the meantime; but nothing from Michigan for quite awhile. We'll try to make amends this time for misplacing the last Robin by getting it off in short order. No, Virginia, I didn't burn the Robin...the only cleaning I did was take down the Christmas tree while Joe and Mr. Ledbetter watched the football game and the Robin was never in the living room, that I know of. I think it went to Joe's office and from there...no telling where!

January was a long, cold month and I'm always glad to see it pass. With an early Easter, I hope we are about over winter.

Ruby, what is this deal of "Catherine"? Are you planning to change your name, or have you discovered that it is your middle name, or something? If so, how about making it "Cathy"?

Ed., I liked your stationary. I remember seeing something like the interior ones; but don't recall the snow scene in the center. Is is new? Let us know the exact dates of your trip to Texas and when you will be in Amarillo. It would be a good time for a get-together. We might meet at some resort in New Mexico or Colorado. It is possible now of our "chicks" will be home toward the last of Aug., so we could house all who could get here. You'd enjoy exploring in the canyon near here. Anyway, we are going to count on seeing everyone then.

Joe has a meeting in Austin Monday and Tuesday of the coming week. I plan to drive down with him. Also, he goes to Calif. in March and I expect to go with him. To LA and Long Beach. Won't have time to get to San Francisco. One of the deans at the college and his wife are going with us. She has a sister there, so we expect to sight-see while the men work. We're planning a one day trip over to Catalina Is. And of course, will take in Disneyland!

Jack and Ruby; the trip to Europe sounds wonderful. Try to go before August....the Carl Bodes that you met at our house once are in London....he is Cultural Attache at the Embassy and we'd love for you to see them. Charlotte and Ed McKay, whom you met here....he is the eye doctor...are planning to go in March. The Bodes are coming home in August. All of you have a date in Amarillo in August. Love.
Chillun:

You all let me off real light for losing the Robin. I just don't know yet what happened to it. It's the first piece of correspondence of any importance that we have ever lost that I can remember. Of course, I have a very facile memory wherever my own fault is concerned.

Jettie has told you about the two trips that she is going on with me. The meeting at Austin (we leave early tomorrow morning) is for me and the two deans to attend an annual junior college conference for Texas Public Junior Colleges. The one in Los Angeles (Long Beach) is the National Association of Junior Colleges. It is the one, Ed, which met last year in Grand Rapids in connection with which we got in a visit at Roscommon.

Our bond issue carried by a vote of 3 to 1 and better. Election Day, January 31, was cold and the streets were icy. The vote wasn't big, but it was convincing, and the victory is clearly a credit to us all. I didn't do it all, but apparently I am getting more than my share of the credit. I am having to sit on myself to keep from feeling too cheery about it. Even the cantankerous old ladies on the faculty have acquired a new respect for me. They will simmer back down somewhat, I suspect, when I have to hold back on their grand construction plans for the new buildings.

Virginia, the genealogical poop you've dug up is very interesting. Personal history nearly always is if the person digging into it has any kind of involvement at all. As I wrote you, if we all go back in our ancestral lines to some 19 generations, we will find we have over one million forebears, and there are bound to be some dogs in a crowd that size. Also there are bound to be some of sufficient distinction and with sufficient pride of family to leave lasting records, so we pick out these and forget the others -- but we've got the blood and traits of the others in us just as much as we have the good ones. My citizenship in this country was acquired 51 years ago last October 14 down at 1232 Kenton Street, and I'm proud enough of that, but it's no more than anybody else can claim. I'm glad to have been born of sturdy and intelligent people, but it was no doings of mine. I'm reminded of T. V. Smith's comment that "The night our fathers got us, their minds were not on us." I'm just speaking my own reaction, and I don't begrudge the satisfaction that genealogical searching gives to them as want to play with it.
The thing that pleases me most about the business is the new middle name dug up for the matriarch of our clan. I have taken to calling her and her esteemed spouse "Jackanruby," and it is going to take some doing to get used to writing it "Jackancathy," or "Jackandkaty." It's of the same pattern with learning to call my big brother "Bill" instead of "Brown." I can remember craning my neck to look up at Ruby and Brown, and Bill and Cathy are just two other people so far as I am concerned. I can also remember squirming while they cut my hair and taught me in many other ways to live in this many-sided world. I'll bet the Catherine was for Aunt Kate, and that her name, if you could get her to admit it, was Catherine, too. I remember something from way back to the effect that Ruby's middle name was "Rachel." Where did that come from? Is this "Catherine" for real?

I got a Christmas card from Billy (William B. Ray, Jr.), and wrote him. His reply is enclosed. They live at Livermore, which is too far from Los Angeles for us to visit. I hadn't known for sure just where Livermore was. I saw Michael in Nashville when he was a baby, and he looked just like Billy did when he was a baby. I sent them a picture I took of Billy when he was a baby, just to prove it to them. I hope they come by to see us next summer. It looks now as if my lady love will stay in pocket this summer, especially in view of a possible get-together with some or all of you. I think the picture of Michael in the one that Billy sent me still looks a lot like his Daddy did at that age.

I am still also sending a picture of David taken riding a bronc at the rodeo here about a month ago. He still has his job and is apparently doing well at it. His biggest trouble is getting enough sleep, but it is his problem and he'll have to live with it. He's strong as a bull. The picture was taken, as you see, just as they left the gate, and he landed on his hulas after a few jumps, but it didn't hurt him — nary a bruise. Scott is doing all right at Bloomington, and Sally lives as full a life as any near-15-year-old can. I'd better knock this off and start getting some other things done.

Love to all,

I'm also enclosing a letter from Scott. John is his roommate, who lives somewhere near Indianapolis and with whom he went home at midterm. Shirley is the movie actress Shirley MacClaine who studied at the same dancing school where Scott did, although she was older, of course. He knows her.
My dears:

The Robin came the same day Ruby's oil painting of the old Harman home, and of course that came first, deciding about the frame, etc. Everybody who has seen it thinks it fine, and flattering to the old place. Ruby, I decided to have it framed the entire size of the canvas. You painted within one or two inches of the top. So, I painted the leaves to the top. I am glad Jack was not here. He would have pranced, standing on first one foot and then the other, and have danced a faster jig than he did when he stepped in the middle to two glass framed pictures you had place on the floor that time. He would have rung his hands for fear I would ruin the painting. I couldn't match the blue sky, so left the white at the top of the picture and painted in the leaves.

I have invited the Scotts, Thomases, and the Harmans in for tea Sunday afternoon, and plan to show the picture. Ray called Judge Rhodes in off the street to see if it yesterday, and he thought it was a good enough likeness that he would have recognized it. He said he had seen the place only once, but he would have known it from the picture. The old Judge is getting old, but still spry, walks by here every afternoon, and he and Ray are quite chummy. Mr. J. L. Harman will have the most pointed criticism with the possible exception of Josie.

Ruby, wish you could be here for the unveiling. You are the one who should take the bows.

Now, Joseph Malchus, this "Catherine" in the name of our oldest sister is perfectly "legit" if she wants to keep it. As I remember it, may not be as you and the rest remember it. All of you have very short memories, and argue that I make up much I say about what really happened back when we were younger. But the way I remember it, when Ruby was between twelve and fourteen, she was very unhappy about her name, and tried out all sorts of combinations, and Joe, Rachel was one of them, but Grandmother who named Ruby agreed with Catherine, and for a time she signed it Ruby Catherine, but could not decide whether to spell it with a "K" or "C". The many Catharines in our family were in the Ray line, and Grandmother thought it would be a fitting name; and Aunt Kate's name was Catherine. Dr. Murray named her, but Grandmother had a cousin named Catherine Callis, born and died in Webster County. But she was her favorite cousin, or maybe the only one on the Callis side, and for that reason Grandmother favored the name Catherine.

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I called the Thomases, and they say they are going to Louisville to see Nancy Sunday, but will come some other time to see the picture. Nancy is much better, and they are grafting skin on the burned places. A young doctor here butchered her they think. Cut out much of the burned flesh, and out a place in her side for the bowels, which the Louisville doctors say should never have been done. She is taking mineral baths now and improving. All the skin they tried to graft here did not grow, but dried up, and now the grafting is more successful with the mineral baths.

Jettie, your plan sounds fine, and we might just make it. I am determined I must have an excuse to get Ray out of this town on his vacation. The bank examiners came last vacation, and he worked harder during his vacation than he usually does. Of course he had set up the books for the three bank mergers, and he was the one who had to know about changed suggested by the bank examiners, or talk them out of changes he did not want to make. "Keep Talking", and we may all get there for a reunion.

Yes, Joe, you are right about the million or more ancestors, but the more I search, the more pleased I am with the ones I read about. Of course we shall never know about the rascals, nothing in the History books about them. To tell you the truth I am not proud of the English and Irish in the early centuries. They were barbarians when the Chinese had a very fine culture. As to the rascals; to my way of thinking there were more in our mother's generation than I am proud of, though you may not agree. Our mother was a Saint, but some of the brothers were not, as you will have to admit, nor neither was Grandmother's brother such a Saint as she claimed to be. His own sons did not love him, nor respect him. He was a hypocrit, if not a rascal, all the while posing as Pious, Devout man, leader in his church, always indicting people for even racing their horses passed his home.

As to the Rascals in the Ray line, old William Ray who married Caroline Garrison, was pretty much of a rascal. There was a dispute we were told about the Court House, and old William and his boys would tear it down as it was built until
he got his way. He must have been a mean old man, for at one time he owned much land in the city limits of Scottsville, reaching from the Freeman place, a picture of which was enclosed, up to the door of the courthouse, of some say he gave the land for the Courthouse, and for that reason he won out in his fight to have it built just as he wanted it. He must have been unreasonable and pretty much of a rascal to have lawed and sued everybody in Scottsville until he lost all his land, and we did not inherit what we should have, or our Father should have owned much land if his old Grandfather had not been such an obstinate old scoundrel. The more I hear about our father from the Garrison’s, the more noble he seems to have been to me. He stayed at home and worked to educate his brother for a doctor, and if there was a scoundrel, in that family it was the eminent Doctor Will Ray, though he like Uncle Wash Caliss posed a respectable personality.

After all, Joe, there are good and bad ones in every family. Even in our own family, some of us are worse than the others, but we dare any member of the family to point out the good and bad in us.

The thing that impressed me about these Garrisons and Alexanders they were all leaders in their churches, which denomination was Episcopalians or Presbyterians. Of course the Methodist is a branch of the Episcopalians, and after this denomination took root, not many that I know were leaders in any church. Our father was a church member, and a Deacon in Scottsville, but never much of a church-goer after he moved from Scottsville. Samuel Garrison was so proud of being made an Elder that old Samuel put the notice in his Bible along with the birth of his children. How many Ray’s of today have kept a Bible Record of their family. I doubt if Martha ever did, and did you make careful notations, Joanna, of the birth of your daughters for their children and grandchildren to read a hundred years from today. If you could see some of these old Bibles, I am sure you would hang your heads in shame as I do. I never have kept a very good record and certainly have never owned a handsome Family Bible that will be treasured a hundred years from now.

Ruby, our little dog seems to be coming out of all his troubles, after we had him wormed. We thought he had been wormed, but evidently not, and his leg was not broken, just sprained. He took a running jump off of a high stone wall across the street when I called him, and we thought his leg was broken. However, he is utterly useless and no end a nuisance. I do wish he would follow some one off and I would never see him again. He tracks in mud, and smells. I do brush him, and wash his feet, but he has had this virus and we do not wash him during the winter. I will be glad when it is warm enough to leave him outside. Ray has a big porch chair in the kitchen he keeps him in at night, and a rocker in the living room with a dog pad in it. Nevertheless he keeps the rug dirty, and never knew what an easy time I was having until this worthless little old dog was dumped on me. He is so crazy about Ray and me, that I could never do away with him. But believe you me, if we are ever relieved of this one, never again! He will get run over during the summer I am sure, cars pass here pretty fast, and this street has been opened up to Nashville Road, and we have a lot of traffic we didn’t used to have. Ennis Miller has the brother to this dog, and he was hit by a car, and the Vet’s bill was a hundred dollars, and then he went blind and they had to do away with him.

Joe, is back this week with another setback of Virus Pneumonia, and is real blue, but if the weather would ever clear up, we could all get out. I kept the baby the 12th to give him a little rest, but Wilma almost fretted herself to death for fear he was crying himself sick, when really it was a holiday and he and Ray were having themselves a ball, and he slept over an hour. The Harman’s call Wilma Miss Martha Sarah, someone they knew who was over anxious about her children.

We have had cold weather here, for this far south, began Thanksgiving when Joe, Ed and families were here, and has continued off and on until now, and this week we have had rain every day, cold rain.

I doubt if any of you have read this far, but I do promise to close as of now,

Love,

Virginia.

P.S. Ruby, I did not tell you about the frame I chose for the painting. I tried it in the picture Frame Ed gave me, and did want to use that one because Ed gave it to me, but it was too ornamental. I had Mr. Miller frame it in antique gold leaf, brown flecks, with wiped off white, showing in very small chain around outer edge.
Dear ones;

As you see we are home! Got in about mid-night last night (S.m.) Sally and David were waiting up...watching the late movie. All was well here. I slept late, but am up now ready to get going. Must get to the cleaners, grocery and bank...to cover the many repair checks we had to give on the trip, and to pick-up Chessie. I know she is tired of that kennel...she hates to go there. So I won't take time to write areallatter for we must get this in the mail. It is late now for us but I hope you'll forgive us this time.

love to all, Jettie
The Golden Screw

Please gather 'round and listen to
My story of the golden screw
That in her navel, yes, yonder,
A lady found, and that's the truth.
And when she delved toward the light
The screw head gleamed and glistened bright.
She asked her doctor what to do
And why she had the golden screw.
The doctor said he did not know,
But straight back homeward she should go,
And stretch herself upon the bed.
And wind the screw but, thread by thread.
And wind the screw but, thread by thread.
Well, that she did, I'm telling you:
That girl unscrewed that golden screw;
She stood, and held it in her hand,
And said she never felt so grand.
Then shook her funny, gave a cough,
And her entire rear and fell off.

The West's Most Western Hotel
Dear Family:

I have had this Robin for two or three days, and am determined to mail it today with what I have time to write.

Our brother, "Will Brown Ray, Little Man" has been here, spent the night, and went on to visit Jim Ed and his family on the way home. They live not far from Burkesville, Salina, Kentucky. I feel like a bird out of a cage, as he took the little, old dog with him. When we got up this morning, we were sitting in the living room talking and nobody noticing the dog, and he wanted to get out, and had an accident on the run. It took me thirty minutes to clean up the rug, and Ray told Bill to take him home with him and leave him outside all the time. That way he may get well. I never was so glad to see any little pest leave here. I am not sure how Ray will feel tonight when he comes home. He may light out to get him. I told Bill to take him before Ray could change his mind. I have been nursemaid to this little sick dog for a year now, and the Vet told us he may never be a well dog, but if so, it would be hot summer before he was well. We have had no hot days up to now/ We have had a real cold, damp spring, although the sun is warm, the wind is real cold. Bill looked fine, and says they like the new home, Flemingsburg, much better. They have a bathroom, but living expenses are higher there than any place they ever have lived.

Why the red ribbon? The black one wore out, and this one can be read.

Than, too, I always try to ape Joe, and do what he does, and he wrote part red and part blue.

We have just finished painting the walls and wookwork inside, and all curtains washed and waiting for warm enough and settled enough weather to wash the windows outside, and then my spring cleaning will be done. After Brown left with the dog, I borrowed a Electrolux sweeper from my neighbor, and really got a gallon bucket full of hairs out of the rug. I have a Singer sweeper, and it is not much force, and will not take up dog hairs. Well, the red got dim, and the black is better at this end of the ribbon.

Ruby, I sent you some white costume ear rings and bracelet, and doubt if you like them. If not, send back to Jack Russell, and order those pants you get there, or something you can use for your birthday. I tried three time to please you with costume jewelry, and should have known better than to try again. You have everything you want, and it is hard to think of anything you can use. If I could have had access to a Art Store could have selected something for you to use painting, but nothing here. Anyway, Happy Birthday!

I have daffodils, forsythia, and the Japanacu bush in bloom, and have cut some of the "burning bush" and the daffodils and have them on the dining room table, and they are real pretty.

I have been thinking about changing the wall paper in our dining room but can't decide on anything, or can't find anything inexpensive that would look better than what we have.

Our Grandbaby is getting almost too heavy for me to lift, and strong as a little ox. He weighs 23 pounds, and I got him an Easter suit 1½ yr size. I also got him a musical rabbit at Stewarts, not an expensive one.

I went to Louisville for the day the 23rd, and attended a luncheon of the Huguenot Society. I put in papers on the Alexander line, and they accepted my Garrison line, or the Regent said our Garrison's came from Rochelle, N.Y. and they would rather I used that name as they were sure that name was of that faith in the 1600 century. I never met with a friendlier group of women and men. They seem to be more proud of that organization than the women if anything. One of these days I want to go to Rochelle, N.Y. Everything I read sounds interesting.

Well love to all of you, and I haven't answered any remarks, but doubt if my come-back to any would be worth-while, and promise a better letter next time.

Love, Virginia.
Sunday Afternoon. 
April 5, 1959

Dear Children:

I note that spring may or may not be at all the weather has been too chilly for me to do much in the yard. Things are beginning to green up a little — and the forsythia is beginning to bloom — also crocus.

They say cherry blossoms in Washington are blooming this year of their own accord but the time set for the Festival last year it was cold and no blossoms in sight even with hormone treatment. Did you hear that on Good Friday we had the deepest snow of the season — winter that is. Personally I didn’t care because I have no new clothes because if we go to Europe I’d rather buy them there. For my age and looks I have plenty.

April 6th, 1959

We have made a stab at cleaning. One project was something like Ed’s. When we moved in here Scott and Charles Taylor helped me paint the dining room which we did over the paper and of course it began to crack at the seams. So we decided to do the job right. When we tried to get it done they wanted $100 for that little room. The outcome was that the roomer and I did it. Plaster came up with paper — such a mess. Jacki B.P. went up and I got a bladder condition —
The roofer was fine and brought through beautifully. We plastered up the holes and painted the wall with Sears Roebuck's Sevo-Tex which has a rough surface and looks good to us, that is. It is about the same color it was, you perfectionists might not like it.

I am sorry about Ray's dog because he did love it as much as Jack likes Henery. He kept me in trouble with the gophers the other day by crashing the door and running over the whole course. I went after him with leash and silent whistle. The players yelled 'Time' and decided to help me when they saw how white my hair is. So he and I came back winded but happy. He does have excellent health due perhaps to the fact that he had all the shots the Vet could think up. He never needed warming.

I haven't heard if the Mich. Rays were in Ky. at Easter. Joanna thought you might be! I would have loved it but can't afford the money! Tell us when Barbara is in her new house. I am making her a luncheon set rather finishing one Eleanor had started. These too we want to hear about Emily. She will graduate this year, won't she? Tell also about her fellowship. I keep forgetting which sorority she belongs to. I guess her grades are as high as usual or she wouldn't have got the fellowship.

Now, Giny. I want to know more about their Hungarians All I know is that both men and women can belong and that they were a French Protestant group. Am I wrong about that? Anyway I am glad you are among them. How expensive is it? Some of my friends
here belong. One friend joins her grandchild—
when they are six months old. Maybe I am wrong about
that because she also belongs to the Mayflower Society.
I had a real fine big birthday. Thank all of you but
them in Mich., Va. the jewelry is just right—a will go ever
so well with summer clothes— if and when. I was also glad to
get the telegram. And your letter—See was very much ap-
preciated. Thank you. Jack gave me a very pretty silver
tray and his sisters sent money which is what we all ex-
change on birthdays. So you see I had a big time
—but cold. A friend is having a birthday dinner next
Sat. Maybe Sue and Settie remember her. Helen Neale who
painted that portrait of Jack. Her husband is head of the
Public Health Dept. of Bucks Co. and they live in Doylestown.
I also got some real fine note paper from the Rays
who went to Cal. I'll write all of you soon as I have
something more to tell.

That trip to Cal. sounded awfully good to me. We hope
that will be our next trip after this summer. There
are so many places to stop on the way that we will prob-
ably never get that far.

Please some of you come to see us this sum-
mer. Brown said they might come and then Lucille
and Aunt Hettie thought they might bring Uncle Jim.
We do hope so. We are going to miss the Texas Rays.
Try to find an excuse for coming because we love
you.

Ruby
May 7, 1959

Dear Folks: I'm writing this at the office at the end of the day. Have just finished reading proof on a new 57-page catalogue which I designed, wrote, etc. with 103 pictures. It's a beauty. After weeks of work

But a letter from Miss Hill Horvath today, in Michigan, and the news spring has come there at last—which makes me not as sad for Ed and Granne and that "3 inches of snow still left". The bacon-frying job could happen at our house and almost has except that I cough at the slightest grease-smoke—which worries the cook. By the way, Miss Hill Horvath thinks Emily a very nice girl.

Penny and Peg: If you think your dog was trouble, you should have our elephant. He's 70 lbs. of healthy muscle and fun--nose into everything and is ready to rough-house at the slightest sign. We love him--

Juran: Enjoyed the picture and it cost the

Rounds at White House. Story about that $170 worth of car trouble; turned up my Scottish

In the the rush of our big annual conference--

April 7, 1959

Best—

Jack
Chillins,

I have been running around like a chicken with its head off for the past three months. I got back last night from Austin, the seventh time I have been there since the first of the year. The legislature is in session and the junior colleges are trying manfully to get a larger slice of the pie. Also, I am on a commission appointed by the Commissioner of Education, and it has held three meetings studying the high school curriculum in the state. But I have seen all I want to see of Austin, and that one sixhundred-mile trip I would just as soon not make again.

Guess I'm sorry about the freeze. If you could just be as lucky as we have been & get one that's truly lovable and almost perfect - some are completely perfect. From the way they write, I believe Jack & Paul have such a one.

This is designed to be a real hugging day. We are giving a class over television. We have closed circuit to on the campus and this semester we are microwaveing the class from our campus to one of the commercial tv stations for a half hour a day five days a week. This morning the dean gave a breakfast for the crew - the program is called Seminice Classroom and is on from 6:30 to 7:00. The breakfast was at 7:00 o'clock, and old Clay wouldn't start and Jethie had to cover up.
I r not home now. Desiring desirable and bring me five minutes late. Then I will have a day fiel at the b. I should have been done while I was gone to-night. Had meeting that will last just bedding. I'm going to get myself a nap this afternoon, but chances are it won't go. Don't get me wrong. I love it and I'm throwing in it. I never knew before how much it does for a man to be working at a job that he is convinced is just right for him.

The kids seem to be doing fine. Sally has just about become a young lady. Now is helping her to learn. David having his usual trouble getting enough sleep, but still on his job. Just got turned 20 and planning to work all summer in some theatrical production either in St. Louis or Chicago. May not even get to come home.

Ed, how about this summer. Are you going to the arctic this summer? If so, when? Are you still planning to attend the meeting at Eagle Pass Texas if that's where it is? Real lucky about Eni's scholarship—she the finest she got about.

Glad you had a good Birthday. Missed you. We observed it but don't count it. Seems time gray hair ought to be good for something, even if not to get golf players to help you castle home.

I'm cheating on the job—get to get to work.

Thanks, mama, for the word on old W. B.
Dear Robbini:

Joe wrote his letter yesterday and I promised to write mine today. It is almost time to go pick-up Sally, so I'd better get this done. Today, like almost all of the days is full to over-flowing!

Sally has grown so much since last summer she can't wear anything of her last summer clothes...and she didn't have many since she was in camp clothes most of the summer. But this summer with summer school and no camp, I am snowed under with sewing for her. I've sewed every spare minute for the past three weeks. And I'm about to see day-light! She made a pair of Bermuda shorts, a skirt and a jerkin in a home-making project.

Tonight is Church supper night...as is every Wednesday. We nearly always go. Then afterwards...an Art exhibit at the College.

We can't seem to get spring weather. We still get below 32 at night! I've lost lots of plants by putting them out too early. Even marigolds have frozen. I'll wait hereafter until May 1.

No one ever says anything about a get-together. Ed, will you be coming to Texas? If so, do you know when? We have a friend in Temple who has a summer place on a creek that is most pleasant. We have asked for it for the first two weeks of Aug.

It is a good place to loafs and rest. If you are around during that time that would be a good place to go. If you are going to be coming later, we can take care of all who will come here.

We are awfully pleased about Emily's fellowship....but not surprised! In fact, I think she should go on for a Ph.D. Anyone with her brain and ability and interest in higher education should go all the way! We need a female Ph.D. in this clan!

Happy May Day to all.

Love,

Jettie
John was operated on last week, two operations were needed for more and one from throat, and well being improved third day or more.

Saturday, May 2, 1959.

My dear:

I have had the Robin since the first of the week, but am just now making myself get it out. Our immediate family fine, but some sadness in Aunt Kate family. Little Nandy died while I was at Hopkinsville Annual Meeting. John Thomas is in Vanderbilt hospital, and they say it is brain tumor and probably malignant. He may never come home, and doubt if they will operate. Aunt Kate does not know how bad it is, and told me Thursday they had not finished tests, and they really didn’t know.

I doubt if this will be readable, as I have the T.V. on to see the Ky. Derby when it comes up, and never was smart enough to do two things at a time. However, there is just a ball game on now, and my mind is not on that at any time.

I started this and had to stop and go down in the yard and get out the screens for the yardman to wash off and put up. It is just that hot today for the first day. Now I have the screens all up and washed off, and the house is getting cooler.

Everybody mentioned the dog, and I can’t remember what I wrote, but believe it was that Ray gave Bill the dog, but the next Sunday we went after him, and he has not been in the house since only to go out the other door when he squeezed in. That was the agreement that he would from now on be an outside dog, and that will be fine until winter again, and then I hope he will have passed on to dog heaven. Brown went by Dale Hollow to see Jim Ed, and Ray called him that night and said he had decided he wanted his dog back, and to leave him with Jim Ed and we would drive up there and get him, and that we did. He is getting better.

I have been cooking a pound of liver ever week, and mash it up with a fork in about a quart of the water cooked in, and mix it with his KennelMeal, and he is getting better, outgrowing all the virus, and is getting to be a real pretty dog. Just about the time I finish working him into a healthy dog, a car will get him. He stops traffic on this street every day, defying the cars and taking his time across the street. I am enclosing snapshots of Jim Ed’s boys, fine boys.

It is almost time for the Kentucky Derby, and for that I will have to stop. My favorite horse is Silver Spoon, but I doubt if this horse will win, First Landing is to be ridden by Eddie Arcaro. Well, it looks like Tom Lee won the race, but at this point Bill Boland has challenged the jockey riding Tom Lee, claims he fouled, and we won’t know how until the pictures are finished, and the TV will show them. Gov. Chandler is monopolizing the mine and is waiting to give the silver cup to the winner, but I bet he is pleased pink to have this delay to be in the limelight.

My horse, Silver Spoon, a Whitney filly, and she was just too polite to push by those rude racing horses. It was a great Derby, more horses than I ever remember, sixteen. Too bad that much money couldn’t be used for some good humanitarian cause. I never bet on a horse in my life, but I always pick one, but never have I yet picked a winner. It is a very good thing I use words and not money.

I guess Audrey wrote everybody as she did me that our big brother, Will Brown has been in the hospital, a double hernia operation, and that little Glenn had the same kind and stayed in the same room with Bill, and he looked after him.

I have talked to Audrey, and she says they are both home and doing fine.

I am enclosing a letter from Jim. He was to have another operation, and guess he got through it all right since I have heard nothing to the contrary. I wrote him at Vashon.

Ruby, Mary Marks had a brain concussion on her trip to South America, and missed out most of the cruise, came home and was two months getting her baggage, and recently heard that her only nephew, Edward Marks, a young doctor in Marietta, Ga. was drawn fishing off Florida coast. He and two other doctors were fishing when a storm came up and drawn all three. He has three children I believe, one boy 14 or 15 maybe, and a fifteen month old baby. Write to Mary. She is alone at home, living all alone, and very sad.

O, yes, the Hugenot Society, and your idea of their origin is correct.

The way I got in was through the Garrison. Our Great grandmother, Caroline Garrison’s father was Samuel Garrison, and his father was John, and this John’s father was Isaac who moved from Cecil County Maryland to New Rochelle, N.Y. and married a French wife, Jenny, or “Jennie”, he called her Jenny. This is really the organization I am proud of, and if any of you want to join I shall be glad to give you all the names and dates. It is only $5.25 to join and $4.00 a year, and they are the friendly people. The men seem to be more proud of this organization than the women, and they stand up and quote their ancestors with more pride, two reported they were descendants of John Alden. I am to prove this Jennie’s maiden name, but think I can. Love, Virginia.
May 11, 1959

Dear Children -

We are at last getting the summer weather we've been hearing about! It was 90° all afternoon and is 70° right now at 11:00 PM. I just turned 'Jack Paws' off so I can get my mind on this. As you know I don't have too much of a mind - not enough to do two things at once - so Jack Paws will miss me tonight.

I want to say that I am glad Ray still has the dog. Outdoors is the place for him. Our 'vet' says he would have no business if people would keep their dogs outside more. I did have to let Hans in out of the heat today and in winter I let him in out of the cold. He sleeps in the shed and takes walks with Jack morning, noon and night that Jack walks while he runs. And you can see by the picture he helps me dig.

Our yard looks beautiful right now with red asters and other flowers blooming. It has never looked so good. We try to keep things blooming to bring in the flowers from now to Feb. I do have to push and force some. I don't like to cut asters or

Please return the pictures of Henry, Inc. This isn't just a little spread.
Ginny you certainly had bad news in your letter. I'm sorry most of the things you told me too. Will write to Mary and Simon tomorrow. I have sent him several cards but I guess he doesn't remember. Mildred didn't seem to think John's operation was much. Rena had written to her. Where was Nancy when she died? Sad as that seems it was probably a blessing. Audrey wrote that Brown was home from the hospital bond was resting a lot but that Glenn acted as if nothing had happened to him. I suppose they have about reconciled. We hear so little from them.

I've read Jack's letter — and he is telling us off with character? I do thank Settie and him for their loyalty. Personally I think their letters are always good.

Ed them two have as much trouble with their Rays as Joanne and Ray. Wouldn't it be fine if Joanne & Ed would come back and write a nice long letter — pictures etc.? I know the school photographer has been around. How about Pammy Girl? I can't remember seeing a picture of Barbara's Dr. Bill — nor Barbara for a long time. I wish you could beam that classroom to Phil. I'd listen to it. I've tried that science one but cannot understand it. May be I should know what undergraduates are talking about.

I loved all your letters — big and little. And I love all of you. Ruby
Tuesday, May 12, 1959

Littles Ones:
Personally I think most of the last Robin was a dud. Ginny was the only one who took time to say anything. I get tired of "So rushed, will try to write more next time" and "We're well, hope you are the same." We could save postage by having printed postal cards and check-list. This Robin as I once knew it had some personality; now it needs a dose of Geritol.

Ed Ray, who squawks the loudest when it's late writes practically nothing; Joanna not at all for months. We're as busy as Ed and Joanna; probably busier. Joe and Jettie write short sketches on some sort of alleged runs which shows lack of time management. Observation: Every top person I've ever met never seemed rushed.

Now let's cut this out and get down to business or quit fooling with with a nothing!

Ruby and I were in New York over the weekend. Went mainly for clothes for we're down to stuff even the cleaner wouldn't take. We managed to squeeze in Radio City and "What's My Line". A crackpot ran across the stage, out of the audience, at the TV show yelling "I made it!" -- then disappeared through some back entrance. We heard later they had caught him and carted him off the St. Elizabeth's. But he got on "What's My Line" briefly. John Daly and Milton Berle talked about it afterwards.

We're going to Slippery Rock next weekend for my 40th class reunion at S.R. College. Ruby and I will throw an afternoon coffee and cake break for the forty or so expected back while we catch up on how bad the years have made us look. Luckily I'm down to 162 so won't look fat-- only a bit tottery. We're taking Hansy-Bo in the car across the turnpike, his first long ride-- and hope he'll be able to take it.

Yours (not really) sincerely (not quite)---
Dear Folks,

The Robin came in although a little late. The cherry blossom was a big one. The thing has degenerated somewhat over the years. This may be a reflection of our aging. Well, getting to the point where family life don't mean as much as they used to. We perhaps have grown as much as they used to. Well, I maintain that I'm bought all that, that is. I maintain that I'm bought all that. I don't mean to say that I'm bought all that. I don't mean to say that I'm bought all that.

I maintain that I'm bought all that. I don't mean to say that I'm bought all that. I don't mean to say that I'm bought all that. I don't mean to say that I'm bought all that. I don't mean to say that I'm bought all that.

I maintain that I'm bought all that. I don't mean to say that I'm bought all that. I don't mean to say that I'm bought all that. I don't mean to say that I'm bought all that. I don't mean to say that I'm bought all that.

Well, we are also bored with living as long, and there are now new arrangements to explore, one's ascension, pretty much determined these things for the individual, and it is hard to break out of the rest one is in.

Things here are going along in even stead.

And not much fan exciting nature is in.

And not much fan exciting nature is in.

And not much fan exciting nature is in.

And not much fan exciting nature is in.

And not much fan exciting nature is in.
There's not much to report that wasn't stated in the last letter. This graduation is the big event coming up June 13.

Jo and the girls and Pamie plan to go to NY the week before graduation. Doubt if I will go. I was down there a couple of months ago.

Love,
[Signature]
Dear Folks:

I've had the Robin several days and am ashamed I don't writing sooner. I've had some sort of mental block on it - deriving, I guess, from Jack's comment that the thing has become stale. I agree with him. But now that it comes my turn to write something that's not stale, and I'm baffled. I've got to write, at least, something to say that's worth saying.

Maybe we can liken the Old Bird up with some talk of politics. How does Lyndon Johnson shape up in your part of the country? Do the Democratic nominee, for never thought he could get the nomination, but now I'm beginning to wonder whether this is correct. I would prefer others, but think his religion would hurt Kennedy, so that does not show we may feel individually as on. Can Rockfeller overtake them? Standard Republicans apparently don't want him to, but I think what it takes to win and Nixon almost certain does not. I hope Nixon is nominated because then the voters will have a clearer choice and the Republicans will realize more clearly after the election that a warmed-over Republican is not what this country wants. There, Jack, that ought to clean things up a bit.

Ed, do you still think Lyndon Johnson is a crook? I'd still defend him as a pure-I-D politician for whom I would settle in decided preference to the father-image and political bankruptcy that we have in the present administration. Incidentally, our Dean's wife is a niece of Justice Hugo Black, and the Justice and his wife were recently here overnight. We had a three-hour evening with...
Then, this is a real live old boy. One thing he said was, in 

explanation, I think, that he would make some county a fine probate judge, but that was about the limit of his ability.

I think Johnson and Dixon, although greatly different personally, are much alike politically in that each personifies the political spirit of his party, and would make excellent opponents. I am willing to settle for a young doctorian in the absence of genuine like Roosevelt or statesmanship like Wilson or Lincoln. At least, in such a case, we would have a clear choice of the rival camps. I'll argue vehemently on any of this. Step up, boys.

all well here. Apparently, all Seattle professional job chances fell through, and it looks as if he will be home next week with his job. Dave is still working pretty well. He hates it, but that is with it like a man—growly most of the time from loss of sleep. Recently had a wild hair about going to Maryland, but the thought seems to have simmered down from lack of funds. Fall grown up and having dates. Finished junior high except for math. I must take this summer—a casualty of the move from Maryland, where the Maryland math was almost a year behind the level in Amarillo schools. Yet he is saving up a storm for fall who has outgrown all his clothes—also knitting sweaters. I hope one for me. She says she won't write in the Robin this time.

Ed, are you coming to Texas this summer or not? We're vacationing the first two weeks in August, I hope.

Love to all,

Joe
Dear Family,

I make no apology for keeping the Robin two or three days, and paying very little attention to Joe's lashing out about everybody writing and sending it on the very day received, and if not time to send it on. Too much of that sort of a thing. This is a family letter, and if I choose to keep it four days, read it over twice and take time to make notes on what I want to write about. I do just that.

The first thing I want to write about is our son, Joe, Wilma and the baby. They have moved up on 13th St., in the next block, Ethel Hunt's House, just a block from where we lived on 13th St., and I am having a grand time seeing the baby for a stroll every afternoon around the block, and it is almost enough walking and is just as content with me as with his mother. When he gets in front of the house, he begins to jump in his stroller, and want to get out. He is just like his mother does and slaps all over your face. She was once been andseen her mother and can correct them all as she can. She did teach in a private school in Huntington W. Va. for years, but this Bay City school is a Junior College. Ed, it could be that a Junior College would not come to your camp, but she was not, sure if you are ever in Bay City, look up the Miss Ann Elkin, and introduce yourself. She is a very fine person, and reminds me of Eleanor many, many times.

And now, my dear brother, Ed, I beg to take issue with you about your remark about 'family ties not meaning as much as they did.' I find as I get older I have kinder thoughts and more affection toward you all than when I was young and indifferent to anything but getting the same with all of you. Come to think of it, I don't know how Joanna pute up with you anyway, exploring frozen horizons, indeed. Here you are old enough to die, and when the family knows you physically unfit for it, exploring in any region, you worry them to death either planning an expedition, or music going on you have no business to think about. Joanna is an angel anyway, or she never could have put up with you this long, and it looks like me she may keep it her marriage vows until the end. My two children are all situated at the ends of the earth. Joanna, I talked to your mother the other day, and she seemed to be fine, and said Mrs. Mason was about as she was when you were here. De bring our brother, Ed, to see when you visit your mother, because I do verily believe he would never come if you did not insist, so little regard does he have for his family. However, I must give him credit for being the grand beast when we do get up that far to see him. We never had a better visit with any of the family than our visit to Kansas, and I am sure how we were not such a treat as guests. If Je and the girls came to Kentucky the week before graduation, they must have been gone. Sorry I missed them if they came, I was out of town two days last week, one day at Scottsville, and one at Munfordville. I am enclosing a copy of the financial report I make annually for the Treasurer of the hold in District, just to show you how much work I do, pesting in ledger three small amounts four times a year, and making a yearly report to all local societies. I am proud of this work, because Ray thinks so little of my ability with figures, he was are should have not accepted the job, and he would have to do it for me, but he never has.

I have not written Jim since he was operated on the second time, and now intend to do it today, and Ed, I do like that sentimental side he shows in coming with his family. I do declare I don't know who you take after concerning your indifference unless our father's old maid sister, Aunt Carrie, who was forever yelling at some member of the family until our father could stand it no more and told her to get the things he would take her home. She was much worse than you ever were, however, standing in front of the grate, eyes snapping, laying it off with her hands and all. I doubt if you remember her, and could be, I get some of her disposition or I would not be railing on you at this writing, when there are many more things you would prefer reading and I doubt if you will pay any mind to this, as I have scolded you before making no impression.

Perk St.

Bowing Green, Kentucky

June 8th, 1959.
Jack, I thought your letter just what we need to make the Robin more worth reading, but your next letter may have some comment about what is proper to be said in a family letter. When I think how much time my grandmother took writing, drawing out by script every word, I wonder we get any communication to each other at all as we get ourselves wrapped up in so many different interests.

I wish Ray could ever think our clothes were down to stuff even the cleaners wouldn't take. He thinks clothes never need mending, and I wish you could see the patched warm wool robe I sent to the cleaners, and I love it as much as I can wear it again this winter, that type all wool robe so hard to come by any more. Everything is nylon, and I hate the stuff, and especially those three nylon shirts I have to wash for Ray.

John Thomas is getting steadily better, and they are talking of taking him home the last of this week. Mary Joe is out at home and plans to stay with her family all summer. The doctor says this type of brain cancer has been cured before, but I doubt if he ever will be as active as before. He looks fine they say, has even gained weight. The abscesses on his throat were not malignant, and I understand they have used some new radiation on the brain, and give the family hopes of recovery.

Ruby, answering one of your questions. Nancy was in Louisville when she died. She had been dismissed from the hospital, and was staying with her brother William who teaches at Fort Knox, going back and forth to the Catholic hospital for mineral baths. A liver disorder caused her to turn yellow, and she lived only a few days after this setback. John has only one son at home now, Jimmy, about fourteen, and works on the farm like a regular hand.

Your dog is really a beauty, and from his pose seems more able to dig than you do, Ruby. I know your flower beds must be beautiful. They were when I was there, and I know must have improved as you work on them so faithfully. Our little dog delights walking over the flower beds, and I have nothing but roses in the beds this year, and not a very fine variety at all. I do get enough blooms for a few vase now and then. Our baby is going to take this dog away from us. He goes back and forth more than I do, and lays oh the side porch when the baby is out in her pen, but they never let him in the house, neither do I. I wish you could hear that little dog when Ray comes home, it is pitiful how they tried to talk, and you would think a car had struck him he gets so loud, whines and takes on so much. Ray is not well, still does too much work and no night drinking and has a throat ailment, and sometimes I think it could be serious. We will never know as we will not go to a doctor. He thinks it is cigarettes, and has changed to a filter brand, Marlboro, but goes back to Phillip Morris as they taste better.

Ruby, just as I was writing on this letter, the postman dropped the box and I could not think what it could be until I opened it and found the coffee pot to match my dishes. It is beautiful and I am delighted, but you owe me no gift. How much? I am going to write that company to send me another eight cups, and what else did they have in this pattern? I have only seven cups, one got cracked, and 8 more would make a enough for serving any group I would have. I wish my cream and sugar were a bit smaller, but I doubt if they made two sizes. I was really so home-sick to see you after the picture that I would like to make you a visit all by myself this time, but I realize Ray is not well enough for me to leave him, and may not go anywhere this summer.

I wrote to London England about our Alexander being a Huguenot, and was asked for two Guinea to trace our Alexander, and have not heard yet, but believe our ancestor was a Isaac, father of James' father who was John, and James was father of our Hezekiah. This Isaac married a French wife, Jeannia, and took up her faith and became a Huguenot preacher, lived at New Rochelle, N. Y. That's what I read is quite unique, and if ever I do visit you again I want you to go there to see that town, only an hour from N.Y.

I am enclosing a letter from Sylvia, and I thought it very well written. I am writing her to come and visit me any time that suits her, and hope she will make it soon. I am all through with my gadding around, and plan to stay put all summer. Joe and Wilma are still planning a vacation and not at all sure they will not make it Michigan when Jeanna's school is out, or they thought of a camp on the lake if before her school is out. They don't know yet when it will be, no definite plans just talk. They will go to Bay City, Michigan to see her sister and stay some place it would not be feasible for us to go.

Joe, I haven't left much room to answer your part of the Robin. We hear that our Democratic nominee, Bert Combs, is tied to Lyndon Johnson, and was elected over Waterfield because of that connection. I voted for him, but was stuck off both of them before the vote was cast, and cared less for Combs than Waterfield. I am copying your letter to send Brown he is a Chandler man. Your report of the children sounds good. I gave your insert to Brother Lewie to read, and doubt if I get it back. Send Ruby one. Love, Va.
June 11, 1969,

Dear Children -

I am afraid Jack has just ruined this letter by "speaking up." Why can't we among family & friends say what we are thinking without being slightly "miffed." Now! I know from my long teaching experience - that you can catch more flies with sugar than vinegar. The letter's this time reflected it. Ginnies was very good - because he built her up.

So! I am going to try a little 'sugar treatment.' Nothing I don't believe - mind you. Just what I like I about you - and what I don't like I shouldn't mention. I'm going to do it chronologically. Could be that I and seeing the best for last.

June 18th

Sorry to hold this up - but some how I aren't going even though I had excellent material which I will use later. I can really lay on the sugar-think - when I get around to it. Just now I am
a little low. I don't by any chance hold
with Vo's idea that Joanna is lily-white
or that Ed is Jet-black. Draw the line down
the big middle and you will get a beauti-
ful silver gray which is right and proper.
for both of them. They are independent and
may be a little rugged in a refined way.
I love and admire them.

We did miss your warm good letters
Settie. Don't ever do this to us again - no
matter how many stietchings - church and
community affairs take up your day.
We need you. And see you can't let
us down. You have been the un-nerved
of this circulation since its beginning.
I'm glad Scott is home. He too needs
you to keep his lid down a little. We
do miss you. Rays not being in the East.
We may hope to lease a little toward
the West.

I'm glad Ginny put Sylvia's letter in. Don't
she write well? I hope they are all doing
well. We haven't heard since Brown and
Sue Adam came home from the hospital.

Love Ruby
Dear Jo,

This is where I slept the first week. Could have slept in the city, only I didn't want to waste a free night. As a result, I showed up at the airport one hour early. From Fort William, we flew at 16,000 ft. but it was dark most of the time. We took off at 6:00. Waiting now at Edmonton for a connection to Yellowknife. Get out there at 9:15, get yellow, arrive at Yellowknife at 3:00 P.M.

We did have an airplane to eat in cafe & cookies the same time as the other squad. Weather is good.

Would send this home only afraid that you would break it before it arrives. Well write in yellowknife.

Remember I love you.

Thanks for driving me up. The air part of the trip was good. Trip home.
June 17, 1959

Little Ones:
And so he gave a big blast about too-busy people and then took off to the doctor who said his blood pressure was well over 200 and in the stroke area and that he had some liver dysfunction, on top of it, and that he had to "go easy" and take lots of medicine right away. The Dr. said he'll feel completely miserable for at least two weeks and then things will begin to level off.

Anyway, I'm in the midst of it and it ain't pleasant. Fighting BP and holding a pressure job at the same time is tough. I'm taking this week off for I'm too dopey to work-- so will lose one of my vacation weeks-- voluntarily. And I couldn't care less at the moment. Guess Ruby and I have been well too long with no major devilment-- and I'm hoping I can get something that will control this. Trouble is-- it seems-- it's a strange business and what works for one, doesn't for another. I've tried about five of the new drugs-- and they just put me to sleep and don't down the BP. The one I'm on now may do it-- at least I have a highly recommended medic who thinks it will. I feel pretty good in mid afternoon-- that's now-- and am groggy in the mornings and evenings. This is one of the non-groggy periods, & can't you tell.

Won't know the outcome of this round for another 10 days-- and then will have to decide whether to blow up, give up, or change the job routine. The Dr. says something has to change-- or else. I've always said my mind is too big for my body. Do you agree?

Jack
Dear Joe,

I'm back in Yellowknife waiting for the weather to clear over the tundra so we can fly in. I'm going back to practically the same place I was last year. I'm by myself but will join a party in camped in the tundra. This will be for a short time three weeks at most. I flew up and will fly back. It's a long way up here even by air. Have 800 more miles to do to get to camp.

There has been very nasty weather over the place for the past three or four days. The place where we'll go is in a low pressure center and likely has fog which is unusual for the high arctic. I couldn't afford to fly in if we couldn't refuel on ground for we couldn't get back. We would have to refuel twice in and out. It approximately 800 miles from here and nobody lives between here and there as far hundreds of miles around the place. Gas has been stored at the refueling stations.
I'll join the survey on Caribou, at this I'll be concentrating on taking samples of moose stems and doing photographic work. I want to take some more pictures to complete my movie of the tundra.

The moose stems will be used for study of increment/yearly growth to reflect the climate over the past 150 years. Some of these moose stems are no larger than 2 percent yet live hundreds of years old.

Some years one year's growth is 15 times that of another period. In other words, growth in a block of 15 years would not be as much as one year at other times. The climate there is terribly erratic. Nothing is known about the climate of the place beyond five years ago when the survey started. I could stay all of July by joining a party of fisheries people doing research, but I have only my annual leave time which will stretch out to about a month.

Expect to come out of the tundra the first week of July as that is the time that the Caribou study for this season ends.

Will be back home by the middle of July.
Didn't get the Robin before I left. It will be delayed when it comes to me. Somebody has already held it up. Joan is in school at Ann Arbor and how she will Robin wouldn't be forwarded to her.

Wonder what you and your family is doing this summer.

June? Yellowknife is a modern little town.

July 23 - alone in the tundra.

Prevere could mail this I got notice that the weather over the tundra had cleared and to be ready finished around eight o'clock and get ready but that to wait two hours before take off but I'll pack this letter. Come out here on a big plane with wheels and landed on ice. Another small plane met me and brought me out 5 miles away on a small lake. The first few days were packed with excitement. We were on the Go day and night it warmed up and ice become dangerous for planes to land on it. We had 1600 worth of gas wasted on the ice which had to be moved to shore. We worked two days trying to get it ashore and succeeded got but half of it there we wanted it. We did move it 8000 feet across the melting open water around the margin of a big lake called Bear lake. The wind was against us and wanted not change direction for five days. Finally, I suggest making a raft from empty drums and and building it plane up to the edge of the ice shelf and setting the prop wash where the raft bounces to the shore. I'll move on the raft lowered scope to be anchored on the shore. Then the wind blew from both to the ice shelf. It worked beautifully far (over)
Half of the drums but the other 6 drums were lost miles down the lake. Because the ice was too rotten that area we couldn’t use the plane to push the raft across the open water. We worked all night and finally had to abandon 9000 worth of gas and fuel drums. We had with me was not equipped with floats and had to go back to YELLOW KNIFE. In as much as they needed another plane with floats in about a week I decided to stay alone in the tundra until this plane came to take the drums. The other three guys including the pilot took along with 5 booby walkers and a dog took off yesterday, leaving in a tent 500 miles from the nearest town. As one lives for hundreds of miles I have never been here. This is the only wilderness area where the bow of the freezing place I have ever seen. I took lots of pictures but I movies and still while the plane was here. I chose to do on the ground. The well stocked with fuel oil and gas for heat and I have food to last for a month. In addition I have gas and will finish this on the way out.

June 27

It rained yesterday and its been doing the same thing today. Yesterday morning it proceeded with it would clear up but I want to take more pictures.
Alone on the Tundra
June 23, 1907

Dear Ruby & Jack,

I'm writing this by the light of the midnight sun and it is almost midnight. I came to the tundra June 19 and every minute up to date has been packed full of events. Today has been much quieter because there is no one within hundreds of miles of me.

Springbreak up came early this year and the plane stationed with our party had to go into Yellowknife as the ice here is rapidly getting too rotten to safely land a plane. I would have gone home after only four days in the tundra which I didn't expect when I came up if we had been able to recover some gas stored on a large lake near here. We worked all day and all night the 21 & 22 but couldn't get six drums off the ice to share. There was 250 ft of open water between the ice on which the gas was stored and the shore; we had no boat and the wind was in exactly the wrong direction to do any good. We made a raft of 6 barrels lashed together and backed the plane up and pushed the raft across the open water against the wind, anchored the rope on the shore brought it back to the ice and established a trolley by which we got 6 barrels across. At last we got gel stored on the ice 550 miles from base of operations (Yellowknife) we burned 850 gal but couldn't use the same technique on 6 more drums down the lake two miles far the ice was too rotten to work the plane on it. We worked all night on the six drums but couldn't paddle the raft to shore against the wind. It was decided that
The gas was worth sending a plane with floats to recover it. We left the drums floating in the water after working with them almost 16 hrs. We were all exhausted, cold and hungry when we abandoned the gas.

After checking over food supply, fuel and having been promised a gun I decided to stay in the tenders alone and wait for the plane with floats to come for me which we were promised to send within a week.

The next day after the battle with the gas drums the two other men guys packed their stuff back down two tents, leaving me to eat sleep and look in at two. I had plenty of room and was eating high up on the hog. Had three skeins, ham and vegetables, everything but bread. Out that before the boys left the stuff the boys took out totaled food tins, scientific equipment, assortment of cooking utensils, bedding, five Carson Babies a dog and three men. The baby Carson were penned here and a study was run on them to determine infant and child mortality.

The day before yesterday we traveled 90 miles past a lake near the north end of it. Photographed some lake birds for several hours. One caught a baby Carson which was only a couple of days old and brought back to join the others. We had a lamp. The whole town was out at the Edmonton Zoo. Poor little devils! Their fate is a hard one. I photographed a mass of the cattle operation and
also a baby caribou that got lost from his mother. This little fellow was two weeks old or so. He was a beautiful wild creature expected and disturbed by being lost. He would run all over calling to his mother. She had flushed off my photography and he got separated some way. We will likely never find his mother and will die by predation. Cows charge a herd to separate the calves from the herd since they can't catch adults. Nor could they catch a baby caribou if he knew the danger. I called the baby near me in 30 feet of me and he would come close to any moving object searching for his mother. He'd make a fatal mistake with a wolf.

It snowed and seemed all day but began to clear off at night. I'm going to hit the trail and finish this later.

June 24

Still chilly but much warmer. Most of the snow is gone and ice in the lakes is melting fast. Went for a walk of about 2 hrs to study plants. Saw many interesting things including several plume grass, they still have white feathers even the the snow is about gone. About 20 caribou, a big bighorn came near to investigate me. Saw my first musk today. I saw black flies. We've been looking for bumble bees but I haven't seen none. They are apparently still in hibernation here although I saw them earlier last year.

I heard you before I left that you are not going to Europe because Jack is too well enough. I'm sorry to hear that. Hope he gets on the mend.
I visited Virginia and returned just before I left. The train apparently has been late so some one has it. If it comes while I'm gone it will have to stay there until I return for there is nobody at home.

I plan to go back home the first week in July, when and if I get out of the tundra it will take only one day to get home provided I can make connections. I flew up in 15 hrs. of flying time but had to lay over at 9:30. I couldn't get back home. I left from Sault Ste Marie on the Soo Line. Susie drove me up. Susie came for Hen's graduation. She was going on to visit Paul and Bill. I'm going to work 2 weeks with some select science students in Marquette, the top H.S. Students from all over the country are meeting there. She's applied for the job and got it. It pays them $300 per month and room and board. She was going to drive the blue goose my eleven wagon up to Marquette.

Go is in Ann Arbor. She helped her find an apartment at 901 Oakland Ave. Arbor. It's a nice little place and I think she will be comfortable in it this summer. Don may go down to be with her the last part of summer school. I'll fly directly to Ann Arbor and not go back to the Ood. It looks shorter on the flight map. I'll go to Minneapolis and then to Willow River air port.

I'll write you another note when I get home.

Love

[Signature]
Dear Folks:

This is a special edition of the Robin. Get this letter from Ed way up in the north country. One of the best letters I ever read.

Nothing to a special edition of the Robin except to send it on promptly. My guess is that the Robin will still be at Ed's by the time this edition gets there, so he can send all letters, regular and special edition on along to me. He'll be so busy when he first gets back he won't send the old one along right away.

All well here. David still in Maryland on a wild junket spending all his money. Won't stay there very long unless he has found some kind of job. Scott at home, making fair money teaching Latin to little girls (and some big girls) but loafing most of the time. Sally going to summer school but living a real full life. Jettie's 12 year old niece, Linda Hollingsworth from Dallas, has been with us two weeks.

Dinner, send this on promptly to Ed, Jim, Jim, Ed Ray's wife's little boy came through here a week ago from 3 p.m until 9 the next morning with us. He's a fine young man, his wife Therlie is a good one, too, & those goatees are the best I've seen in some time. He was on a vacation trip to Livermore, California, to visit Billy's family. He works as a ranger in the Columbia River Valley at Cadahia (over)
Tennessee for the Army Corps of Engineers. Seems to be doing O.K. His degree from the U. of Iowa is in geology, but no demand for geologists when he graduated. He likes the work he's in. They were camping out on their trip, towing a trailer.
July 4, 1959

Dera Folks,

It's now a long time since I got out the new typewriter to write my beloved brother and sisters. A year or so ago I thought I needed this thing but the fact is I haven't used it much and Em has pretty much taken it over. Jo keeps saying that she is going to learn to type but I doubt if I will ever see the day when she does. I'm visiting Jo in her little aptartment in Ann Arbor. She has a cute little efficiency aptartment with all of the conveniences and is just right for her. This is my second visit, Ginn, having flown here from the Arctic last week end. She hasn't hinted yet that she was thinking of driving me off.

I meant to write while still in the Arctic to intercept the Robin some where, but didn't get around to it. I was there a little over two week and it was unquestionably the most interesting two weeks I ever spent. Travelled almost 10,000 miles and saw a lot of things and new country. We were up as far north as one can go in the Arctic and stay on the continent. Saw great droves of caribou and some very interesting country. The biggest thrill was seeing a musk ox. Got a picture. Took 900 ft of movies and about 150 slides. I have just got them back and I am well pleased with them, but I haven't seen them in a projector yet. I left them to be developed last week end when I was here and they have just been returned. Since I don't have projectors here, I'll have to wait until tomorrow when I go home.

The Robin seems to have come to life, Jack. I'd been thinking the same thing you expressed. The Robin did have a tired tenor. Right here and now I'd like to go on record and say that I am not tired and I am yet full of vim and viger in spite of my advanced age. Ginn, I believe I have a lot of milage left in me even tho I am "old enough to die." Any one is old enough to die.

Ginn, don't you think it is a little remarkable for a guy with a broken back, broken neck, and an ulcer to be able to stand the gaff of the High Arctic? Any one in poor physical shape couldn't take it. I might add, that it is rougher than you think. It's cold and miserable most of the time but the country is the most interesting place I have ever seen. No matter how many times I hit back it would grow more interesting as I learned more about it. I am sure you would not understand why I would want to go there, but it is basically a desire to know something about a country that no one ever lived in and few people ever get in to. It is the least known country in the North American Continent. The fact that it hasn't been desecrated by man makes it an aluring country. This is one of the few places left on earth where the law of "tooth and claw" is still in operation.
Aside from seeing the rarest animal in N.A (the musk ox) the most interesting thing on the last trip was the five days I spent in the tundra by myself hundreds of miles from another human being. It is a long story as to how it happened that I camped by myself so I won't go into that. (If any of you want to read my diary I'll send you a copy) When I got to the Tundra the ice was already breaking up in the lakes and our plane was equipped with skis to land on ice. We had to change to wheels so that the plane could land back at Yellowknife as the ice had already gone at Yellowknife, but we had some gasoline that was worth about $3.00 a gallon stashed on the ice on a large lake. It would surely go down the river if we didn't get it to shore. We could not get it ashore without a plane with floats. It was decided to send a plane from Yellowknife to save the gas. It would have to come out within a week. After checking over equipment and food supplies I decided to stay in the Tundra and help the pilot with the gas. I think they were a little worried about me for they sent the plane earlier than I had expected.

All told, I stayed in the Tundra 9 days and did a lot of things. I really did every thing I said to do. I didn't intend to stay but three weeks as this was all of the annual leave I had. As it turned out I had leave to spare. The most amazing thing was the rate at which I came out of the Tundra and home. In 30 hours after I left the lonely camp in the tundra where six ft. of ice was still on the lakes and one still waded thru snow, I was in Ann Arbor. Twenty-five years ago it would have taken a year to get out of the tundra and overland it would have taken two months to get from Yellowknife to Ann Arbor. That was the most rapid change of climate based on latitude I ever made. Of course, one can do the same climatic changes by climbing a high mountain in the west.

Jo is working like a Turk on two library courses she is taking but seems to be well adjusted to both her husband and the courses. Em is in Marquette working as a councilor as the Science Institute for a select group of high school science students. We've had one letter from her. She seems to like her work very much. Next fall she will take a fellowship job at U of M. She will be teaching undergraduates and working on her masters degree. She wants to go to the Arctic with me, Ginn. Should I let her some time? She may be a chip off the "old block" (head).

The Robin came while I was gone and I held it to take to Jo. She may have time to write a word.

Love, Ed
An ugly day. The thermometer was about 90. An
unpleasant day. The sun was very hot and caused
us to feel very uncomfortable. We had to
wear a coat and hat to protect ourselves from
the sun. We arrived at the hotel and met our
friends. We stayed there for a few days and then
left for the railway station. We boarded the
train and arrived at our destination. We had a
good time and felt very happy. We stayed there
for a few days and then left for home. We had
a good time and felt very happy.
AMARILLO COLLEGE
AMARILLO, TEXAS
Saturday Morning
11 July 1959

OFFICE OF THE PRESIDENT

Chillun:

The Robin came Thursday night and I received a telegram from the President of our Texas Public Junior College Association to come to a hurry-up meeting at Austin, where our Legislature is embroiled in its second special session following the regular session, trying to agree on new taxes sufficient to pay the rising costs of state government. I left here at 7 a.m. on Friday, attended the meeting at noon in Austin, warred my assigned legislators and came back on the evening plane, arriving back home at 10 p.m. Austin is nearly 600 miles away, so you see I covered ground yesterday. Now comes today, and I am writing my Robin letter --

We are going to be out of Amarillo from about August 5 to August 15 or 16. If you aren't going to come by here, where will you land?

Ginna, keep us informed on Jim Ray. I haven't heard anything from since his operation, either. I've written him a couple of little notes, but no response. Thanks for the letter from Sylvie. What grade is she in at school and does anybody ever talk to her about going to College? I'd like to pin ole WB's ears back on Chandler for president. Chandler's a clown, so far as I'm concerned. If Kentucky wants for Governor, that's o.k. with me, but I would just as soon have Ole Earl Long in the presidency as him. Incidentally, Jettie read to me from the paper this morning that Ole Earl's relatives, or one of them, was quoted as saying that Earl is no crazier now than he has always been.

Jack, I definitely do disagree on the point of your mind being too big for your body. It's your head that's too big for your body. Your mind is a wee, teeny peanut sort of thing, the way I've got it figured. Sorry you're having such trouble. I've had just a slight taste of your trouble and know that it must be awful. Miss Gina would know, too. Hope you have got straightened out physically and employment-wise too, by the time you get this. Seems to me that this trouble of yours ought to be charged to sick leave and not vacation leave. Any fair boss man would so figure it, if it were called to his attention. This bloodpressure trouble is not just something you dreamed up to cheat your employers -- you developed it in their service.

Miss Weebie: who's miffed? And all this sugar and vinegar talk. As we grow older, each of us gets more set in his own pickayouliar ways, but at the same time he becomes more firmly convinced that he's got to make allowances for others. This is especially true of his kinfolks, because he's got them whether he wants them or not -- he can't just shuck them off and pick up something else. And kinfolks are nice, comfortable things to have, even when they are as balmy as Miss Virginia: upbraiding brother Ed for not loving his family -- Ed's got more of the capacity in question than any of us. He's just the epitomization of (over)

Ed's letter from the north country came and I sent it on to Ginna with the suggestion that it pass on. Maybe it hasn't got much past Langhorne by now and all of the stuff can be combined. If not, Ed can send on the whole passel of stuff when it gets to him. I much like that going to the tundra -- for Ed, not for me.

Eddard, you gonna come by to see us in August? If so, give us some word soon.

As for Miss Ruby's regret at Jack's comment on the quality of the Robin -- I think you're wrong, gal. Jack's comment was right on the button. The dang thing was getting dead, and in one issue it came alive. Miss Jettie agreed with his comments and hardly thought it worthwhile to write, since no news was passing and nobody would pass a comment or answer a question put to him directly. Anyway, I liked this Robin better than most.

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idiosyncrasy, Miss Virginia. In other words, he's just as nutty as you are, Ginna, only in different ways, and we've all got to admit that this is not saying much for either of you. I submit that anybody that has to spend all his vacation going to the far north to count caribou and frost his own tailbone has got a few screws loose. But, to illustrate my point, I make allowances for him: he's my kinfolk, I love him, and I want him to be happy, and if it takes frost on the tundra, I'm with him (in spirit, only, of course). There is evidence of other balminess in the tribe, but we were talking only about Ed and Ginna. We could speak of me in this connection, but I believe I'd rather not. I am, I must confess, somewhat idiosyncratic, but all my peculiarities seem to me so utterly rational that they combine and add up to a thoroughly integrated and altogether admirable character; and, as a consequence of this, these little screwball facets of my personality dwindle into insignificance and need therefore hardly be discussed. Could be some of you disagree.

I love you all, whether you're nutty or not.

Joe

Joe,

Joanna, it's good to have your letter. You must get it a letter every time. I imagine it's not the same at Ann Arbor when you don't have a daughter there. I remember the Miller House well. We got in some good visits there. Thanks for the word about Ed's trip to Alaska—he never would have told us.

A letter came from Jim Ray, and I'm enclosing it. He seems to be doing all right. Sally has two new baby cottontail rabbits about as big as your thumb—I beg to do freeing them. David still in Maryland, no word since he arrived, which is far from the course.
old Masons's home of old.

Neckland, Ky.
Mr. Joseph ell ray
Dear cousin will
I am not well but I am
up and going I walk
to the road and some
times I walk 3 or 4
hundred yards toward
town and back the boss
made me break up beans
for at clay and at half
this week they are
putting them in the
green to keep them
untill they get used
up I haven't heard
anything from ed my
of your brothers or
Sisters for a good while I want to write in part of them soon if I can.

I haven't heard from you since you wrote to me that you were planning to take a trip to California this winter. Early March 59, and in April I got a get well card from you and your wife, if I got anymore they got lost in their hospitals. Well I am nervous so can't hardly write at all write home when you can from James Ray Reachland Sky.
Thursday, July
23rd

Dear Robin:

I am having my hair waved and am determined to write in this while they are drying.

Dane also having brick laid under my back porch for patio, and am having hard time planning it. Louise Jr. has laid a lot of brick and is coming by at noon to help me plan.

Brown came by and spent the night before last on his way to Hopkinsville to look about a teaching job. Audrey wants to go to school near there. Austin Rose or Bee, where she went, they were at Trenton. I don't know how she is going to manage it without her mother keeping the boys, and Brown can't get along with her.

I am not sure Bee will get a job. This time. He can't get along with teachers on the board. Any place he has been for the last five, Audrey thinks he might be able to teach, if he can get a place, but has nothing in mind yet.

The children are fine, but talk cross and mean, probably what they hear from their parents. If Audrey could make a living I believe she would leave Brown. They have gotten on together more
since her operation, Rosey just doesn't have the same respect for any woman who has had a hysterectomy. When they invited us Audrey talked a lot about how Bill talked to her and how mad he gets and his ungoernable temper, and that he really did strike her once, etc. She didn't tell me anything about her own nothing and even describe her self as a 'shrew,' which life with our eldest brother has turned her into.

They had a big fight before coming about another second hand car he had obligated for making $40 a month payment on. She has no job.

He is selling World Books and gets 20% every set he sells. Any body want to buy a set the list price is $49.00. On the set he gets more. May have to buy a set, but haven't yet. Audrey says people do make a living selling these sets. Did know it. He says Bill can come where she has tried and sell a set. He is a good sales especially selling himself too bad his education was never up on John. Hughes and he did not train himself to teach because he is a good teacher. He just hasn't been school recent enough to teach science. The subject he insists
Jack: I hope you are better by now. Go to another doctor and see how you are faring. Or better still stop all blood pressure medicine three days and see if your blood pressure doesn't go down and you feel better. I know no two are alike but if there is no organic trouble I really believe it is best not to tamper with it, and which has taken doctors time on the market and knocked out more times than on top while different doctors experimented with me finding nothing wrong but liver, and nothing works like NeoColan for my trouble. I am out of that now and what get more. I feel fine taking one Dime tablet and one NeoColan at night, and my blood pressure reads 168 over 90 the last time that it checked about 3 months ago.

I am disappointed you and Paul are not planning to come to NJ while you are on leave, but understand how far off we are, and how hard the trip is. Joe & Millie are still planning to take off for Michigan the 1st of August, and will go by Corva's first, so do not to miss Ed.
To glad you are back Ed. safe and sound. I know it was a great experience and can understand how you enjoyed it. and am glad Joanne understands you and still loves you.

I really didn't mean half I wrote before, just wrote a lot of drivel to get up an argument and change the subject matter.

Joe & Wilma love the little house and cook out in their back yard every night after the baby is asleep. Joe is getting to like a pretty good cook on Bradley Joe's Brayer Hill. Date supper with them the night the enclosed picture was taken. Wilma was suffering with her ankle and tooth ache.

I am going home and will mail this.

Greetings to the Joe Boys.

Wish I could see you this summer. Wish you could come while I am feeling this good. I was so sickified. Since last visit when I got sick and was taking blood pressure medicine.

Love,

Va.
Dear Folks: It's hot here this morning—will go up to 93 degrees with high humidity—so we're starting early. Having guests for lunch, a young couple we know who are having a hard time, with an 82-yr-old mother who has had a stroke. They have a day nurse, so can get away in the daytime but never at night or over the weekends. On these hot days—about 10 in a row now—we get up at 6 a.m., get Hans exercised before the traffic begins to roll and then eat breakfast on the patio.

The days go fast. I'm on vacation, as you know, till Sept. 1 but each day there's lots of work around here—trimming, hedge-cutting (150 feet), spraying, painting (inside and out) etc., but our place looks nice and we never seem to get done. My BP is coming down—but slowly—guess it took years to get it up to 260 over 110—so six or seven weeks isn't long for the rehab that does matter to me and I know it would have to—adjust to it

I'm not sure yet what I'm going to do. I don't want to go back to the Woods Schools, if possible, but will if it's a case of eating. The push there in fund raising, public relations, employee relations, group relations (visitors and organizations) is constant pressure. I'd rather work for less and have a somewhat easier time. My M.D., an internist who teaches at U. of Penna., advises it for he says no one pays your bills but you—no matter how many cards they send or how sympathetic they seem. I'm going to New York tomorrow on an interview with the Child Study Association of America. They been dickerin' with me for a long time (long before this illness) and it has finally come to a head. The Public Health director of this county also wants me to come with him beginning Oct. 1 for he needs writer-editor. We knew him and his wife in Washington. I also want to investigate Philadelphia for I know a number of PR people there—and I still have five weeks before I have to make the decision. Ruby is going to do substitute teaching this year—and we'd like to stay here, rather than going into the job of selling this house which is three-fourths paid for—and in good shape. But we will do it if a job in New York or elsewhere looks good.

It was wonderful to have Joanna into the fold again; now if that chick from Hill County, Texas, can get her ballpoint to work, we'll have a full breasted Robin. Ed's letter were exciting to me. I would like to have been along. I can see a full blown magazine article with photos of musk ox, caribou, ptarmigans, etc. about this last frontier on the continent. I'd try to write it for him if he'd send the notes and some photos. We're all proud of Em and the way she's getting along, Give her our best.

Ginny, it's seems that you and I are the ones who stir up the trouble. It's because we both have BP and being a bit caustic goes with the pressure. We'd love to get down to BG this summer but have to watch the cash we've stashed away for the bills and mortgage still keep rolling along.

(over)
I wish you could pry Ray loose from the bank long enough to come up here. Another thing—don't worry too much about Brown and Audrey. It is apparently their nature to battle and maybe they enjoy it that way. Brown will undoubtedly get a job of some kind but it's too bad they're all on one year stretches for it's an expense to move anywhere. I admit I'm no great brain; that I ain't too pretty, but I have lots of cute ways which endear me to those who get to know me well. Undoubtedly you have personal feelings against you, for Ruby keeps assuring me that you are bright, kindly, with general good feelings toward everybody. So let's keep it on that basis—for everything irritating that you write affects my head and cut my wisdom

Joe, I feel it's a bit unseemly for you to attack me in my weakened condition. I'll admit I'm no great brain; that I ain't too pretty, but I have lots of cute ways which endear me to those who get to know me well. Undoubtedly you are well adjusted—which has come about by the continuous blowing of your top to that poor mouse; Jettie. I can still hear you yelling on the Michigan vacation at the Dunes, which was the peak of all family screaming, and a turning point in your vocal career, for you've been less noisy since. I want you to know that I have no personal feelings against you, for Ruby keeps assuring me that you are bright, kindly, with general good feelings toward everybody. So let's keep it on that basis—for everything irritating that you write affects my head and cut my wisdom.

Hans is now nosing the typewriter keys, for he wants to go out for his second wet—and I need to shower and shave in readiness for the noonday guests. Love and kisses...
July 29, 1959

Dear Children - All so new but me.

The letters are so good and I am so happy about them that I just may explode except I do miss your letters - Settie. Do get started again.

We've had those most interesting Arctic letters for weeks. They make the best conversation! When anyone comes in we just reach back and pass them out along with a glass of ice tea. We were very pleased to get oak for ourselves - but we are sending it to you Joe for the files. Our friends They may contribute to our claims to fame. Our friends are so impressed that one of them Dr. Heelmann a Yale may call on you - Ed. They have gone to Canada and I gave them a marked Michigan map.

I'll give Emily a boost to go with you next time provided you go before it's too desecrated by other humans. You're probably muddied it up a little; your self? Me! I'm not going until it gets real black - dirty - because I just love desecrations like washers & dryers - and above all a disposal for watermelon rinds. Don't you have one - Settie? Two in the family! Another claim-to-fame!
And there is that marvelous 'gimmick' Blood Pressure. It's wonderful - get it if you can. Everybody stands back to let you have whatever you want when you want it. Jack has been taking this snake/poison-dart-anti-yelling-medicine. His disposition is much improved. Sometimes I wonder if he has had a frontal lobotomy operation. We are having a good vacation - which is helped by those who drop in.

The Grimhams from New Orleans are coming Friday afternoon - Mr. & Mrs. What will we talk about now that the pieces are in the mail.

We would be so happy to have some of you come to see us. A sight of blood-kin is might good for us. Louise and Hete were here for two days last week. We went to New York for the day and saw a show. The Wonderful World of Suzie Wong. Which was very little to have a show about.

Those comments about back yard eating on 13th St., make me homesick. We used to have such good times in Oas' back yard. Remember? Those were good days. Thanks to Oa. and Ray.

All of you tell all about yourselves - children and grandchildren.

Love, Ruby
Lonely, Mysterious Places Lure Man Whose Daily Business Is . . . Crowds!

It's a long way from the jackpine plains of northern lower Michigan to the caves of Kentucky. . . and a lot longer way to the arctic tundra of Canada's Northwest Territories, but all three are "home" to Edward M. Ray, superintendent of the conservation department's Higgins Lake Training school. On the job, he deals constantly with crowds. Comes time off, he heads for the kind of isolation and activity few men would relish as vacations. . . or even think about!

Here's one of the camps on the arctic tundra, hundreds of miles north of Great Slave lake in Canada's Northwest Territories, from which Ed Ray—alone or in company with researchers from Canada's fish and wildlife service—studies plant and animal ecology as a hobby.

This is the entrance to Ray's favorite cave in Hardin county, Kentucky, where, several times each year, he spends days digging for relics of prehistoric man. He has been making regular trips here for 19 years.

Animal and bird life is greatly restricted on the tundra. One of the species which thrives there (but hasn't managed to survive in Michigan experiments) is the ptarmigan or arctic grouse.

One of the projects of Canadian researchers in which Ray has helped is caribou welfare. In the last few years, the caribou population has taken a terrific drop. Why? These calves, with others, were fed well but kept fully exposed to the terrific spring winds for several days to determine whether this might be an important mortality factor among the very young animals.
Curious and Caves
They and the Things That Go With Them
Share a Busy Man's Time Off

By Jim McKenna

Higgins Lake—That man with the pipe who grins at you across the check-in counter at the conservation department's famous Higgins Lake training school is an amazing guy.

The thousands of Michigan men who rub shoulders with him year in and year out merely know Ed Ray as Ye Genial Host, in his official role as superintendent of this unique gathering place for groups of teachers, sportsmen, bankers, conservationists, department personnel, garden clubbers, bird watchers, editors, oil men and so on.

His "Double Life."

And genial host he is, of course. He'll dig you up a good partner for a rubber of bridge, take you out and show you deer, introduce you to a brand new poker game you never even heard of before, or get you a cup of late evening coffee if you like, Host, yes. But it's his "other side" that amazes the few who know about it.

Try following him around and the first thing you know you'll wind up hundreds of miles north of Great Lakes in Canada's Northwest Territories, right smack in the middle of the treeless arctic tundra.

or crawling around by lantern light in a cave in the hills of eastern Kentucky. If his spare time happens to be strictly limited at the moment, he may take you no farther than an isolated spot in the woods of nearby Missaukee county, where he and some friends already have found evidence galore of a spot much used by a race of men now vanished.

"Ologies" Galore.

Ed Ray's interests fairly ooze with "ologies." Like zoology, geography, archeology, paleontology, and anthropology, to name a few. He has a broad interest in and knowledge of botany, too. It all adds up to an indescribable natural curiosity, seasoned with things he learned at S tanford University and the University of Michigan, about the effect of environment on all forms of life— including changes which are taking place and those which have taken place.

The arctic tundra fascinates him because there, he finds, the environmental chain is far less complex and hence much easier to observe and to pinpoint. He went there first on invitation of the Canadian government and wildlife service to accompany the Canadian government research party seeking the answer to the sudden serious decline in the caribou population. He stayed more than two months—and the "bug" got him. He goes back now whenever he can (last trip was just this spring). He flies via Salt Lake City, Minneapolis and Edmonton to Yellowknife, gold mining community on Great Slave Lake and joins up there with Canadian government men on their plane-borne research expeditions to areas hundreds of miles beyond.

"My yen for the north started a long, long time ago when Jack London's 'Call of the Wild,'" Ray explains. "I switched into a bit of London when I did finally get there, but 'the call' is just as strong for me."

Lure of Kentucky.

How does he account for the fact that a couple of times a year he lights out for the Kentucky hills near Hardin, to prowl around in caves?

"Well," says he, "I grew up in Bowling Green, Kentucky, and as a kid I collected all kinds of the more common Indian relics in that area. I knew there were caves in Kentucky where some prehistoric race had lived and one time when I was visiting in the Hardee area I stumbled onto one that looked promising. It was OK with the owner of the land, and I've been exploring ever since.

That was 19 years ago. In that time, Ray has penetrated the cave floor to a depth of 11 feet, with his pick and shovel. A few of the findings: copper tools, arrowheads and other artifacts of the cave dwellers, he has collected, res- t, adjoin ing the training school building, sandwiched in among chunks of copper ore and various other mineral specimens from Michigan soil.

Books—Maybe.

Ray's experiences in both the caves and the tundra would fill several books, and someday he just might tackle that project. Right now he's too busy. And that brings up this question: How does a man find time to explore plant and animal life in the arctic, probe the middle of vast blank pages in Kentucky caves and still run a place like the Higgins Lake training school?

The answer is fairly simple. In the rush periods, from spring to late fall, Ray works a long day, day after day, with a capital "D" to keep things running smoothly without him.

The Unending Quest.

In whatever day-to-day spare time he has, you'll find him poring over books like "Soils and Man," "Grass," "Water," "The Wolves of North America," "Lost Worlds," "Man in Search of His Ancestors" or "World Population and Future Resources." Or maybe he'll be spending an odd hour at his microscope, examining fossils or roots brought back from the tundra—or bone-fragments from his beloved caves.

But if pretty Mrs. Mary Margaret Planck or somebody else on the training school staff tells you that Mr. Ray is away for a few days...

Well, you'll never know where to look for him!
Dear Folks,

The rabbi was left in Fiddler's Town with Bobie and she mailed it back to Ruby. I got it back the next week. I forgot to get it when I left.

I am enclosing an article on myself and I'm a little hesitant to do it. I don't usually mention this kind of thing in the rabbinic Talmud since so much of the purpose was in the rabbinic Talmud. I thought it'd make you really sick of it by including the newspaper Sunday comic last slipping. It went all over the state in a syndicated article.

I'm sorry to hear about the difficulty well Dr. Wad has had. However, I don't think that something else would make it any different. If he were smart enough to see that his difficulty is in his own mind some changes would occur, but since he evidently can't there's nothing that can be done about it. We will be in even more difficulty the rest of his life than he has been up to now. It's a hard thing to say but it is evident. I would help him financially but that would only compound his troubles. I know he feels better with me because I haven't but I just don't think it would really help him.

The summer is almost gone and it feels like I've missed it. If there were so many things she wanted to do that I didn't take time to do. I'm planning to have a good time this fall, going to do some traveling and roaming around quite a bit when the goes to home. It seems that she's been gone a year. She's been down to New Orleans several times. She's coming home Friday. She's been here a week. She's told of New York.
Thursday Evening 22 Aug 59
3229 Travis, Amarillo

Chillun:

The Robin was here when we got back from Salado, down near Temple, and I have been so busy that this is the third day back, and I have just now read it.

I think this is one of the best Robins yet, what with the rich haul of stuff from the Tundra and the article on Ed that was clipped from the newspaper. Eddard, that's a lot of barnyard stuff about not wanting to send that clipping to us. If you hadn't sent it, you would have cheated us of the tremendous boat of reading about you. What the devil else is the Robin for if it is not for just such poop as this? I want a copy of this clipping to show my friends here. Ed, can you send me one? I have already held up the Robin three days and can't keep it any longer and have to send the clipping along with the Robin. Send me one; and no false modesty, you hear me?

We got a good appropriation from the legislature that was nearly $40,000 higher than we had hoped for, as a minimum, so everything is lovely and the goose is hanging high. I must leave early tomorrow morning for a final trip to Austin (I hope because that place is next door to Hades this time of year). I am traveling with another college president from Borger, and we are going to stay over in Dallas and see the Baltimore Colts play the New York Giants in a pro football game. It will be so hot they'll nearly kill themselves, but it is one of the rare chances we have to seeing the really first-line stuff in these parts. Then on to Austin for meetings all day Saturday and home early on Sunday morning.

The vacation, for my part, was the best yet. We spent nearly two weeks at Byron Skelton's camp. It was wonderful. For three days after we left I was afflicted with a mysterious itching of the knees — just had to scratch them all the time. Finally figured that it was Britches-leg itch — I hadn't had on pants for two weeks. I am like a horse and have a paunch on me that is about as handsome (from the point of view of magnitude) as any I've had. Miss Jettie is back on a diet, but I figured no use starting one until the trip to Austin is over and I can eat at home. It's hard for me to hold back my appetite with Scott here, because he's always home at mealtime and we concentrate on food, and I've got to get my...
get my share if I bust a gut, which I nearly do.

About a month ago when the summer suits went on sale, Miss Jettie bundled me up and took me down to buy me two new suits. I took one of them on the vacation and trip and, the best we can figure I left it hanging on the fence down at the cabin in Salado. We telephoned the Skeltons from Denton and they checked, but the suit wasn’t there. I’m still depressed by the news that it is gone, along with two new shirts and a plastic suit bag that wasn’t three months old. It-grips the fool out of me to pull something that stupid.

Scott is still at home, although he must leave before very long to get to the band camps they have at Bloomington. He’s making good money teaching baton twirling in a variety of ways -- he has a glass, and he has special students. Making more money that he could at day labor and still has most of the day to drape his long frame along the sofa and watch tv. David writes from College Park that he is doing all right, but not saving anything -- that he is going to finish high school if he ever gets home. He’s to be best man in a wedding on 5 September and will then come on home. He’s got himself a job up there on a construction gang. Sally doing all right, we left on the vacation the day after she got out of summer school -- took along on the vacation her boy friend -- a pretty nice kid -- they’ve got a desperate case of puppy love a-working. We played hearts all during the vacation -- morning, noon, and night.

I ain’t much good for writing the Robin tonight, but must write or hold it up until next week. We’re hale, happy, and not many clouds on the horizon.

Chesny got killed by a trick out beside the house. It was like losing a member of the family. We still can’t help but miss her. I look for her everytime I open the door to come in. I never knew an animal like her.

Ed, I think you’re right about money for W. B. He’ll just have to make it some way. Of course, as Ginn says, you can’t be in her place and stand by and see those kids in need. It may be cruel, but he dug the hole he’s in, with some substantial help from Audrey, and nobody could help in any way but temporary relief that really undermines the reality of their situation and in effect makes it worse.

Love to all,
She told Bill to bring back anything that to share for her to wear to school. I sent a black dress, the silk only that and I took a skirt and blouse a black full suit, none of it much what she will need for school. So, if any if you can spare sweaters or skirts send her anything you have. She is smaller than usual would wear a 14 or 16 with alterations please. Ruly loomed your shoes over she loves your flat shoes, but hot much use for real high ones with her gone leg.

It seems like a very close budget they are going on, and I bought Joe a little Sam a set of World Books $15 down and $20 a month for the rest of my life. He plans to sell a few sets of World Books to make both ends meet. They said she had worked in tobacco cutting at 10 a day for five days to pay Andrew's tuition and he had to borrow some until his first check comes in. He's too old for that, but

By the way, Ed, dumb me, had forgotten all references in the Robin to N.B. himself and he read it! I never thought of why he was demanding to see my letter (which lucky for me) Joe had taken out I and he took it back and he said he was going to write Ed and give him "Well" and write that square of a Joe and give him "Well" for always agreeing with that "mean-minded" Ed. Furthermore, he wants the Robin sent to him and promised to mail it on the next day if he didn't write said he was going to have to write in it to defend himself. Shall I send it to him? I can't see that he will have any time to write driving 50 miles a day to reach and selling enough World Books to supplement his salary.
Sweat as far as C.D. #7 with him and got the children paper, crayons, and paper for their school cards & chewing gum. Glenn will be in first grade, but doubt if he will be as smart as Joe Aidan and Sylvia. They both make #5s.

Brown said Aubrey had made Sylvia several pretty dresses and the boys shirts. Sylvia wore one of her school dresses and they really were stylish and as well made as Jet's clothes. I'm sure clothes look stylish, but while Joe was in Michigan I made eight new shirt collars, and he thinks they are grand, but he thinks anything his mother does is just right, true or not.

Ethel Hunt who owns the house They live in promised to paint their woodwork when they were on vacation, and when I called her brother, Robert Hunt, he said Ethel couldn't afford to put on paint lint would dry all Joe would put on. So Bill Harmon and I painted all the woodwork, and it did change that house.

Painted all baseboards and Bill did the reaching up places. Thanks Ruby, for the beautiful, Hand made, Maderia blouse. It must have cost a pretty sum. The first one you sent me was pretty enough and now with the Navy I am all supplied. Thanks also for stationary in remembrance of my 62nd Birthday. I thought I would live to this ripe old age of Wilma coast a birthday for me, and asked Mary Jane, and we all enjoyed that meal.
Ray got me stockings and that was my birthday, all the rest I hope to forget. I never expected to remember a single one after 35, but too many of you to remind you. I thought the article in the paper was good and I want a copy if you can steal another one for me. I know Cindy will keep this one for conversational purposes. Mother, Sue, and all others who came in thought would be interested.

I have not seen Sue for yet, but talked with her over the phone. She seemed tired and had two or three teachers meetings. I know her trip abroad was something to remember. Sue Jr. has been and will come home tonight.

Jack, I am glad you are back at work. Sue says you both look fine and your home is beautiful. Nothing worse than a sick, contrary man around the house. I will be glad to see Ray back at work. He has suffered with the heat. Aunt has been too sick to be very cross, and a little scarred too. Hope this experience reforms him.

Everybody in the family well as usual. Aunt Tate seems to be a bit more feeble every time I see her. John Thomas is having trouble again. Worked half a day succumbing tobacco as this face is swelling up, or one ear. Doubt if he will ever be active again. However, Elizabeth & Rhona took him to Frankfort & Lexington last week and they said he stood the trip fine.

If you have stayed with me this long, Bye! Bye! Virginia
P.S. I forgot to tell you how Stone worked on our place this summer.

First I had half of the basement concreted, then put down a brick patio under porch, extends out to end of steps, put up posts and two-by-two rafters to run that Western Vine on to shade that part not under porch floor, made a flagstone walk on the Daly side of house, a driveway on downtown side, a retaining (wall of rock and three wide steps down to the patio, and a gas light or iron post at end walk corner of patio, lights up back of house and can be seen from street.

The Driveway is two wide concrete ribbons, grass between and makes our yard look larger. I am real pleased, and altho I paid too much for all this work, it cost only $250 and improves our place more than a thousand dollars. I have a table on patio and brother Lionel, Hickory Cane rockers. 8 of them. Come and see for yourselves.
Ruby: I am delighted with the watermelon colored dress and can wear it by making it a little larger. I thought how pretty it would look on Audrey, but want it myself.

The orchid dress is a bit tight in bodice but believe I can relieve that by moving buttons.

The navy blouse just what I need for my rose and navy dress suit. I was so thrilled at 62 to get a package as at 25.
Sept. 15, 1959

Little Ones:

Ed has a double in Hatboro, Pa. We went to the Peace Fair (Quaker) on Saturday, to see Norman Thomas and others -- and Ruby kept following this guy around till his wife spoke to her, saying: "I think we ought to know you" -- and Ruby never asked their names. I was in the auditorium, listening to Norman Thomas at the time -- but I saw the man and his wife as we were leaving -- had to pull the car out a bit to go round him AND the resemblance is uncanny!

Didn't know the good Lord had the courage to put two such people on one planet.

We've been having considerable company but it will taper off now that school has started -- and today day is over -- and everybody back at their jobs.

I'm back at work -- in my third week -- and don't know what to expect. Some days, I feel okay but mostly I feel like a dog and have to force myself to do everything. Yesterday was
Murder all day -- so I went to bed at 8 o'clock and slept 12 hours -- today I'm good again.

My BP is down but my "Get up and go 1st thing" -- and I can't seem to fend out why. Took a metabolism test this week when one M.D. suggested I might be short on thyroid. Exhaustion sent my natural state and it's hell to fight against. Maybe I'll find the cause by the Sept Robin flight.

Otherwise, well okay. Ruby's life is a bit dull, I fear, for she keeps the whole place as well as Hans and me operating -- and I can't get up enough energy for week end trips or evening shows and the like.

Jimmy and Ray -- Joe and Jette -- all sound "in the groove" -- and that's good. I thought the Robin this time was very good -- and I slowed El's clipping -- proudly -- all over the World sprints. God speedcakes --
Sept. 15, 1959

Dear Children -

Summer has come and is going — no sign of kith and kin did we have. I did all need you. By and large the summer was not too bad. We stayed all but three weeks — did a lot of resting and some putting. Both of us look ten years younger. I could have said twenty because none of you will come to see. However, we don’t feel that much younger — so why look it. Jack is having an awful push to get back to work. So far I have not taught.

I’m impressed with the newspaper clipping and am going to keep it as you suggest. I’ll send it later to Joe eventually. I want a picture of the artist’s beard. I do wish we could all get together and hear more about that country. Now the claim to fame is realized. We are a famous family. One of us can’t be without the other. I’m really glad that clipping got in.

And Joe why don’t you put some in. It’s wonderful news about the appropriation. I’m glad it is in such good hands. Tell us how you will use it. I’m also glad you have finally
taken a vacation—even if the main diversion was hearts. It was improved by the fact that you found the suit. Where? What kind of vacation was that for you—Settie? Three meals a day for some or five hungry 'ladies'? Come east and we will lay around big and awhile.

On your back side sounds wonderful. And those walks from the front—no more red clay. Me! I'd like to see some real red clay. The price doesn't seem too high to me. I'm glad you liked Odilee's clothes. I will send some things to Audrey. What I can spare are fewer and fewer, and almost all my things are given to me. Even so I hope more than I need—nothing even wears out—but they do go out of style.

If you boys know what's wrong with Brown—why don't tell him and then tell him what to do about it; he just might listen. Seems to me we ought to do something—he just can't be all bad. He does seem to think he knows all the answers—but who among us is different in that respect. I do believe he is more so than the rest of you. I will write to him personally as I often do but I vote with De. not to send him the robber. It is too slow now.

All of you write—Settie & Joanna too—and don't skimp on the family news. I am ashamed that we missed Daniel while he was in Washington.

Love, Ruby
Dear Folks,

It seems a long time since this thing made the rounds before. Somebody must have held it up, but nobody admitted it. But it was worth waiting for.

Glad Jackson is back in the saddle again, being short of energy though isn't too appropriate to Jack's temperament. Maybe you ought to work at taking it easy. If you would I'm sure there is a lot of milage left in your creaking old bones.

Joe, I'm glad you agreed with me, for I would have caught Hell sure enough if I had been left out on the limb in the statement I made about Will B. I'm evil minded because I stated what to me is an evident fact. Ruby, I'm sure modern medicine could snap Will B. out of his state of mind if he would acknowledge that he is not normal and seek help. He would also need psychiatric help neither of which he would consider. His endocrine system has never worked properly and there are ways of treating such cases now. Even if he would use a few tranquility pills occasionally they would help, but he needs more than that. He's been in a stew all of his life and he knows nothing else, therefore he, most of all, cannot analyze his problem. If Joe or I were to tell him this his sure reply would be that there never was a better man than himself and we are the ones that need psychiatric help for suggesting such a thing. I've seen many people like him. In fact, I have a friend here in Michigan who is a dead ringer for him. His whole life pattern is the same. They are both interesting cases but next to impossible to do anything about.

There just doesn't seem to me to be any news about this area that you would be interested in. If we get Kruescheiv out of the country without getting him killed we can count it as lucky. I, for one, expect no change in the Soviet approach for years to come. The dictator is really bargaining and jockeying for position. He's smarter than most people give him credit for being. I'd take him over Stalin any day. His own people will liquidate him within a year. I'd bet on it. Whatever leader they have we would have trouble with them. I think their main or big problem is economic and their system will never correct it mainly because there are too many Russians and too little fertile land. Technology may eventually solve this problem, but when this problem is solved there would be no further need for socialism. We are being forced slowly into the socialistic sphere because of the state of the rest of the world and because of our own population pressure. The future doesn't look bright with only standing room left. There will probably always be an Arctic, though, where one can go to be alone for it's too miserable for most people to live there. I didn't mean to get off on this line. Sorry I didn't get to Texas this year, Joe. Had too many things to do here. Coming your way the first chance. Watch yourself, you'll lose your pants too. Ginny, I'd like to see your improvements. Enjoyed Joe's and Wilma's visit. This little Sam is quite a kid.

Love,
Sunday, Sept. 20, 1959

Dear Rays,

We have had a rainy, gloomy day—just the kind for a good rest, and we have used it for just that. I hadn’t done so little in six months—did cook a fairly good dinner and wash a few clothes, but that is all I accomplished.

I left at noon Friday to drive 175 miles to attend a library conference at a camp similar to the Training school. The librarian from Nauvoo Lake went with me, and we had a very nice trip, arriving home at 11:00 that night. The keynote speaker was a Ky. gal, a graduate of U. of Ky., and a former member of the staff at the Louisville Public Library, who now is on the staff at Purdue. She made quite a hit, as she was very attractive in appearance as well as an able speaker. Others commented on her accent but I told her that she sounded exactly right to me.

Next Saturday I have to go to Mt. Pleasant—65 miles distant—for a meeting. I am very thankful to have a woman who comes one day to clean and iron.

Next month the voters will decide whether we will get a $385,000 addition
I am so glad to hear our new package has arrived. I hope you had a wonderful weekend...

...and I look forward to some good reading and catching up on your progress. The new package contains...

...and I'll send you a summary of what we covered. It includes a chart with a...
their employer. Anyway, they were quite happy to get the money.

Kay married in April, and both she and her husband dropped out of school. Emily is quite disappointed in Kay's choice of a husband.

Jack, we hope you will soon be kale and puppy again. I hope Ray has recovered, too.

We had the hottest weather anybody in these parts can remember while Joe and Wilma were here. I hope they didn't get the wrong impression of the North Woods.

Love,

Joanne
Chilliw.

3229 Davis
Amarillo, Texas
2 October 1959

I got the Robin on Monday afternoon before a trip to Austin took it to Austin with me. Back Tuesday night, but too busy since to write until today. I've had time, really, but it seems to collapse along toward the slack of the day and isn't good for much. Then last night I sat in front of the TV like a dope until I staggered off to bed. I'm glad to know that friend Jack is back in the harness. I certainly wish we were closer, so that we could at least have dropped in and held his hand when he was so lonely. Hope you get straightened out real soon, Jack.

Edwards, Diana, I don't think we can afford to let W.B. back into the Robin. For over thirty years he's shown he doesn't act conscientiously with the Robin. Every time he sees it, he feels left out and wants back in. This is only natural and would be true of any man or anybody else. But we've kept him out for good reasons, and the reasons are still good. Maybe he'll feel better, Diana, if you just don't show him the Robin, even when he and the Robin are there together. I'd feel better about it if tell him the news as if the Robin had already gone. It is too bad that he saw our comments about him, but any one person is capable of the oversight you were guilty of. I know I am. More than once I've let people read letters when I should not have. The thing that
hoics me in that W. B. blames me as an echo of Ed's unfairness to him. I'm always getting off light from blame by being characterized as the well-meaning Ed who was misled by some evil-minded bloke. Sometimes it is convenient to be able to duck, but in this case it is unfair. Ed has been much more hearted with W. B. than I have and has helped him time and again while I stood back. I think in fact that I have persecuted Ed more than he has me in this matter. It is not always wrong to help people who need it, but I honestly think it is in W. B.'s case, because as soon as he has got help he has come to rely on it. Every tub should sit on its own bottom. I can't forget a time when he chewed on Miss Polly for trying to run his affairs just after she had given him some real help. I don't know where this leaves us as regards his Legcy, if he should become incapacitated, but we must face that if and when it comes—so it surely will if he keeps on daring them until he is seventy or seventy-five.

Zimna, your letters are always good and new. Sounds like the new things done to 1253 Park Street are real nice. Hope old Ray gets straightened out and back on his feet. I'm sure he doesn't want your feet at home any more than you want him. And thanks for the news of the Thomes. I guess we're all going to come unstuck as time goes on. I can't quite see you in a watermelon colored dress, Miss Virginia, but if you're happy with it, that's what counts.

Jock, I agree with you that one physiognomy of the general contour of little Ellades is quite sufficient. Don't ever show this
guy's picture to Ed, however, or he'll get really rough on the inadequacy of your scalp flock. I'll bet 50 people in recent months have told me I look like Dave Garaway, the TV guy. I present it for several reasons. First, he's unpretty; second, since I'm older and more dignified and more important to me, if there is a resemblance, then he looks like me, and not the other way around. I've heard it so much that the other day at a meeting when we were asked to rise and tell something about ourselves, I stated my name, rank, station, and serial number, then removed my horn-rimmed glasses momentarily to say, "You can see for yourselves that I really don't look like Dave Garaway." As for resemblance, Jettie insists that I currently look more nearly like a kittening hog than any other human.

I don't know what reminds me, but I saw a cute thing in the Saturday Review, somebody turned a cartwheel about his child.

Poor Ethel? No, he's just a sun. Cute, isn't? I'm inclining a copy (dittied) of a bedtime story. It takes some work in translation. All the words are in the dictionary, but none used for their usual meanings. You have to read it aloud to make any headway in translation. The translated title is "Little Red Riding Hood" and the first three words mean "once upon a time."

Miss Bill, I'm much impressed about you and feel looking as much younger. I'll give a chummy fit for a three-day visit with you-uns. Please don't forget to send me the clipping. Ed, I can't show it around here, which I did not have time to do last time. I don't get my picture anywhere but in the school paper, and it takes for a fellow to publicize himself in his "house organ." You
doubtless are aware that Jack MacDonald's name, pedigree and like
ness are conspicuously absent from Woods Schools publications. This
is only I can't get in clipping file. I shall try to remember to put in
this Robin the clipping of you that came in letter while the Robin is here.

Incidentally I found my lost suit. It was left hanging on the
fence at Jetts' Brothers' house in Dallas. I'll leave my Lab some-
where if it were fastened on a bit closer. And we have a boxer
puppy named Cheesie - now about 3 months old. She jumps the carpet
ten to twenty times a day, but only David seems to mind. The favorite
spots for defection are in front of my dresser and my closet
door. Thus far I've avoided slipping there at the wrong time
unsupervised, but the law of averages will get me eventually. I fear
Ed, sorry you didn't make it to these parts this summer. We'll
look for you when we see you. I don't agree that Krumacher will
be liquidated. I think he'll last until his powers begin to fail and he
currently seems to match as strong as an ox. You're too pessimistic
for the world as a whole. The lack of satisfying human wants still
will take a lot of doing, but the world is in better shape in that re-
gard than it has ever been before, and will continue to progress
Jo, I hope the health issues pass. They don't always pass, of
many factors affect the decision besides program need. Delighted
to home the news of the prospective grandchild. Tell Em that if
she can't find uses for the $125 windfall from New Jersey, we
might find a use for it down this way.

I'd better knock off this letter. You've all doubtless seen too
much of this scribble, anyway.

Love to all of you.

Jo.
Wants pawn term, dare worsted ladle gull hoe lift wetter murder inner ladle cordage honor etch offer lodge dock florist. Disc ladle gull orphan worry ladle cluck wetter putty ladle ret hut, and fur disc raisin pimple cauldron Ladle Rat Rotten Hut.

Wan moaning Rat Rotten Hut's murder colder insets "Ladle Rat Rotten Hut, hearsay ladle basking winsome burden barter end shirker cockles. Tick disc ladle basking tudor cordage offer groin murder hoe lifts honor udder site offer florist. Shaker lake, dun stopper laundry wrote, end yonder nor sorghum stanches dun stopper torque wet strainers."

"Hoe-cake, murder," resplendent Ladle Rat Rotten Hut, and tickle ladle basking and stuttered oft. Honor wrote tudor cordage offer groin murder, Ladle Rat Rotten Hut mitten anomalous wool.

"Wail, wail, wail," set disc wicket woof, "Praeceans Ladle Rat Rotten Hut. Wares or putty ladle gull goring wizard ladle basking?"


"O Hoe!" setter wicket woof, "Heifer blessing wokes." Butter taught tomb shelf, "Oil ticker shirt court tudor cordage offer groin murder. Oil Ketchup wetter letter! End den, O bore!"

Soda wicket woof tucker shirt court, and whinny retched a cordage offer groin murder, picket inner widow end sore debtor pore oil worming worse lion inner bet. Inner flesh disc abdominal woof lipped honor betting aid a rope. Zany pool dawn a groin murder's grunt kaip and grunt gun, any curdle dope inner bet.

Inner Ladle wile Ladle Rat Rotten Hut a raft attar cordage and ranker dough ball. "Comb ink, sweat hard," setter wicket woof, disgracing is verse. Ladle Rat Rotten Hut entity bet rum end stud buyer groin murder's bet.

"Oh, Grammar," crater ladle gull, "Wart bag icer gut. A nervy sausage bag ice."

"Buttered lucky chew whiff, dolling," whickered disc ratchet woof, wetter wicket small.

"Oh, Grammar, water bag noise. A nervy sore suture anomalous noise."

"Buttered small one whiff," insertor woof, ante mouse worse waddling.

"Oh, Grammar, water bag mousy gut. A nervy sore suture bag mouse."

Dase worry on forger nut gull's lest warts. "Butter teacher whiff." yellow woof, end oil offer sodden, throne offer carvers end sprinkling otter bet, disc curl and bloat Thursday woof ceased pore Ladle Rat Rotten Hut end garbled erupt.

Mural: Yonder nor sorghum stanches shut ladle gulls stopper torque wet strainers.
Dear Robins:

I just ran across the Robin in the living room. Joe wrote his letter Saturday and I'm sure meant to take it to mail this morning. I'll dash off a few lines and put it in the mail as I go for Sally after band practice.

Joe tell about all there is to tell about us. I don't know how anyone stays as busy as we do and still accomplish so little. At the end of a very busy week, I always think to myself.... "so what".... no good seems to have been done!

We had our fall reception for faculty and students yesterday. Had an unusually good crowd, especially of parents, in suite of the Series. From here out we are having it a week later to avoid the conflict with the Series for every year it is this way and I don't want to miss the Sunday game again.

We have sunshine today for the first time in four or five days. We always need the rain so, I never complain about rainy days. But it does seem strange for the sun not to shine.

The Ed Ray's grandchild is welcome news. I know they are all very happy about it.

Sorry Ray has been ill. Hope he and Jack are both back to par by now. So far, we are all fine. I've had hay-fever this fall for the first time in four or five years, because I got careless with my shots and didn't get my immunity built up before the ray-weed pollinized.

I've sewed up a storm all spring for summer things and am now busy as a bee with fall and winter sewing. I've also knitted myself a silk ribbon suit... it is at the dress-makers now being blocked and put together. I'm eager to get it. Hope and expect to get lots of wear out of it. If you have not seen a ribbon knit, take a look at some the next time you get a chance... they are lovely.... very expensive to buy... even the machine knit ones are $200. The hand knit are $300. and up!

The ribbon for them runs around $50. They are fun to knit and go rather fast. I started mine the week we went to Salado. Did it in about five or six weeks.

I'd better run to get Sally. Then back to fix supper... so goes my days.

Love to all, Jettie
Joe:  Oct 4th

You're breaking your sister's heart. She got a letter yesterday and you never mentioned the handsome painting of "Spring Lit -- Little,ky." -- which she thought you might hang in your office. "Artists" must have recognition to live -- so say something, anything! How can you be so blind about the "cultural."
Dear Robin:

Before the beds are made and the breakfast dishes washed, I am determined to write this Robin. I like to keep it two or three days to read it over and give Joe time to read it, but have kept it longer this time. However, no longer than the others from the time it takes to get around.

I can get more things started and work harder than any other retired person alive, I am sure. The days are not long enough to get done the things I plan to do. I have made little Samuel Ray four overall suits, solid colors with plaid shirts, and he looks cute in all of them but the brown one, which is really too large. He is walking everywhere now, toddles all over the place, and walked all the way down here the other day holding his mother's finger. He will soon be running off, and his mother will pass out for sure when that happens. He is the craziest little thing about his "grand da da da", laughs and wiggles all over when he comes in sight. He calls me "gand ba ba" and calls his mother Ba ba. Uncle Lewis took the whole Harmon clan out to dinner last night and he stole the show, walking all over the dining room, peeping in the kitchen door and moving the serving racks. We were in a private dining room, and he had the run of the room. I am enclosing a picture, the last one of little Sam, for Ruby & Joe.

Ruby, I think you had a much more distinguished look in the newspaper picture than this Mrs. Lorna A. Gibbs. Lucille said she had a letter from you and that you were beginning your substituting this week. Sorry you are not planning to come Thanksgiving, our weather is usually pretty then. However, last time Joanna and Ed came, it was terrible. Ed's said when he was here, they probably would not try to make it this year, if Mrs. Mason stays well. We enjoyed Ed's visit, but missed Joanna. Sorry, Mrs. Mason was in the hospital.

I just called Aunt Kate Thomas, and she says they are all fine, but Aunt Hettie tells it differently. She says John is doing no good at all, and that Elizabeth is not well, legs swelling from standing on her feet so much, and Rhena has ulcers of stomach. They both work too hard, Elizabeth at home, and Rhena goes out to John's every night cooks supper for them, and leaves enough for them to eat during the day, and drives in to work. They will none admit that John is past farming, and he drives a tractor and does everything he wants to, and of course that's what the doctor wants him to do as long as he can. Aunt Kate says she is feeling fine, but no account.

I have not seen Lucille to talk to her very much yet about her trip. She has been so busy with school meetings and starting school. The burden on teachers is getting heavier and heavier each year seems to me; so much training for the job and set-up meetings.

I, too, am delighted with Ed and Joanna about the prospects for another grandchild. I have always heard life just begins with grandchildren, and there is something to it all right. I sure do kill a lot of time entertaining mine, and doing for him. My friends say I am doing his mother wrong to sew for him, but she would never get it done keeping her spotless house, and perfect care of her child. I can remember that my family suffered neglect whenever I sewed, and she seems so happy for me to do it. We are planning for her to make one overall suit soon.

My patio and all walks are finally finished, but the iron railing down the drive-way steps yet to be put up. I am pleased with my summer's work, and even though we can't use it this summer, we can next summer. Everybody come next summer, and we can sleep in basement and give up the top floor to visitors.

Joanna, Joe & Wilma still brag about how much they enjoyed their visit with you, and their impression was so good of the north woods. Joe talked a little about moving up there, had an offer I believe. Dove, Vr.
Little Ones:

Ruby practically slept around the clock--for here in Atlantic City there are no committee, no garden club, no next-door neighbor who is entertaining Carl Sagan tomorrow night--and now every five minutes to borrow dishes, silver, cherry table, rug, etc.

And no Nancy-Bs who is to money he has to help with everything. (We left him with his favorite words teacher change for the day). Well now with the Boardwalk, have an easy lunch and be home by 3:30 p.m.

I'm feeling much better but would like to get out of the Works School fund-raising rat race. It's too damned competitive--and pressure-ful. Like Margaret Mead said at our conference this year: "It's nice to be a psychologist. You can never tell when they're working." But you can use Public relations man or Fund Raiser--for the results are seen by everybody.

However, mine going along without too much desolament--and Ruby now has her Grand and Hallowin show--and it should be easier for her. She'll go to my at Christmas, tell her to scheme with my new family at S.T. line and be to all of you.
Atlantic City
Nov. 1st 1959

Dear Children

It is good to be writing to you all again.
The letters were so good and to have Santa in Fiji for Christmas. The letter to the cute one? And doesn’t his grammer do a fine job of dotting- i gand to a ba that is. I don’t blame her. I would be worse. Neither do I blame Wilma for be’ not happy when you make the overall suits. Shows she has good sense. I doubt if it hurts you to do it.

I do wish we were nearer to some of these grandchildren. Brown’s are the only grand children I’ve had a chance to know. They are big now with their own children.

We had a nice letter from Barbara yesterday. Little Edward will home two soon. Barbara wrote because I had sent her the Grand mother pin Eleanor gave me. She was pleased and honored to have it. I also sent a luncheon set Elmer or had not finished which I had finished while watching television. I told her that you had worked some out. Da? Didn’t you?
The only news we have or that I have is that I am teaching full time from now until late Jan. It is hard because I am sad and rusty but I am enjoying it. My job was created by an overcrowding of third grades here in lunghorne. It seems that third grades over the country are overcrowded this year as second grades were last year. It must have been around ten years ago that the fashion for large families began. It certainly is expensive for tax payers with new school building becoming more enormous each year. I do hope you will get yours soon. In any case I'm glad reading is still stylish and that libraries are so popular.

I am ashamed to be sticking in newspaper clippings everytime but this tells about the tour our house is in and as I have said I'm flattered. All of you have prettier and better homes but you just don't happen to belong to the Four homes End Garden Club. The purpose of the tour is to show unusual ideas for decorating. That is why it is early. I am also enclosing a picture Selkie cut of them at the reception. Don't they look young and beautiful? Woe, you may keep it. I have another.

We came to Atlantic City yesterday in the rain but it is sunny and mild this morning. It was a good thing we came because I was bushed and would have worked myself down if we'd stayed home where things need doing. On the way we stopped at Hammersley to get me a short warm school coat gray tweed and a funny plaid skirt black gray American Beauty. I may get a black blouse on the Boardwalk this morning. Love, Ruby.
Dear Robbins;

I have a few minutes while we all gather for us to go out and eat in observance of my 50th anniversary so I'll get my Robin letter ready to mail as Joe came in with his written.

This week is so much better than last in the way of deadlines, etc., that I feel like it is a real vacation! It is almost worth turning fifty for! My real birthday gift was a contribution to our Symphony Guild so we could go to a very fancy DALL Saturday night. But this morning there were small packages and surprises for me. Then luncheon and bridge with a friend, who didn't know it was my birthday until I was ready to leave! But tonight, Joe, Sally, David, and a young married couple, friends of David's, and I are going out for steak dinner. Then Joe and I will go to The Little Theatre to see "Time of the Cuckoo"...the girl who has the lead is the wife of a man on the College staff. I hope you follow me! Anyways, I'm happy to be fifty! I've had much attention. Many notes and greetings... much more than I deserve! From here on out, I'm like Jack Benny...only 37!

We are very excited about the U. of Texas football team. If they win from T.C. U. next Saturday we expect to be in the Cotton Bowl New Years day seeing them beat someone!

This is a real football town, too. Sally's and David's team has a chance of winning the district championship. Sally has had two out-of-town games to go to with the band and has enjoyed it to the hilt.

Virginia, sorry I can't come to Louisville with Joe the week after Thanksgiving. We had such a wonderful trip last year, but it will have to do for a while. Wish Ruby could come then in place of Christmas. But maybe you, Ray, Joe W. and Wilma and Sam can make it to L. to have a visit. We are glad to have the picture of Sam. Thanks. I agree with Ruby, Wilma is lucky to have you and you are lucky to have her.

Would we could see your House, Ruby and Jack, for the garden tour. I do love that place and hope you never
leave Laughorne. It is one of my favorite spots! Is
the Riggs mentioned in the tour, Sally Riggs, that our
Sally knew?

Sally is taking Life Saving at the Y. W. C. A. We will
leave her there tonight after we eat.

Chessie II is doing fine. Joe has taken 150 feet of movies
to show her growth and development to Scott. awfully
cute and she is lots of company.

Wish some of you could get to Amarillo. It is a wonderful
town and the weather is out of this world! In spite of what
you might hear it is the best I've ever seen. If the sun
fails to shine for two days the people wonder what is wrong!

We did have a tragedy this past week-end. Three teenagers,
al living within three blocks of us, were killed in an
auto train accident Sunday night. Sally knew them all.
We are all still stunned. But I hope it will sober the ones
left!

I must go. Love to all, !

...Jettie.
I have a feeling, the way things are developing, that I won’t find time to write a decent letter this time.

This is Miss Jetie’s birthday. She’s rounding out a half century today. She had apparently resolved to make the world come to her. Thereafter instead of going out to meet it, she’s the world to come to her. She’ll not have either the patience or the inclination to make such a resolution stick. She’s the original one about whom the phrase “grasp time by the forelock” was written.

The thing that occupies me most nowadays is what to do with a handsome old mansion which the college has leased. We are building a science building and a parking lot in the back yard, but it is really a headache to decide what the house should be used for. It’s in good shape but is entirely too grand for a president’s home, and it would require a brand new maid service and furnishing that we couldn’t begin to finance. Thinking of converting it to administration offices, but the cost would be quite substantial, what with walls to build, etcetera.

I’m going to Kentucky to the Convention of the Southern Association of Colleges at the Brown Hotel in Louisville on Nov 30-Dec 3. I have written Virginia to see how we can get together. I’ve already written Jim Ray that I’ll try to come to Vacheland to see him if I can. I guess I shouldn’t have told him because he will look forward to it. I planned the day down to Sunday, Nov 29, so he won’t have so much expecting to do.

We’re all whole and happy, really deeply involved in the S. matter. David not studying enough to pass his work, but long since past any bull dogging from his old man on his half century old mom.

Good to get the old Robin bird around as promptly, I shall try to do my part and send it along.

Love to all, Je
Thursday, November 20, 1959.

My dear:

I thought for once I surely would write the Robin the day I received it, but I idle so much with our grandbaby these days, I never seem to get anything done. His mother brings him down just before lunch every day and after he wakes up from his nap in the afternoon. Ray has been home on vacation, and he goes for him some days and gives Wilma a chance to get something else she wants to go finished while he is out from under her feet.

Joe got his a Toy Terrier dog for the baby, and they are all over that house from morning till night. I was keeping a potted rubber plant for our neighbor, Mrs. Pearce, while she was away, and when she came home said she would have to let it die as she could not handle it; so she gave it to Wilma, and she was thrilled because they have very little furniture in their dining room. Ray tells she has her hands full with Joe, Sam Ray, the dog and that tree to take care of.

Ray is really getting a rest and is doing just he wants to, staying at home and resting. I have not nagged him about going any place. We did think we would go to Brown's, but it has been so cold, and our car heater is not too good. All this week it has been about ten above zero, which is cold for us, and we are comfortable and willing to stay in.

We are thrilled about Joe coming the 27th, and Joe, Wilma, the baby and I are planning to go to Nashville and bring him home with us. We can see the bright lights and do a little Christmas shopping. I am doing very little this Christmas, and am warning all of you in advance that it just may be a Christmas card from the Ray Harmans; mailing is more expensive than any gifts I would be able to select. We are trying to get pictures for Joe's Christmas gift, but have not succeeded yet. They show too much how really awful we look.

Ruby, your house sounds like it will be beautiful. Wish I could be with you and copy some of the decorating ideas. I have what Jettie made for us last Christmas, and will probably put those out again. They were pretty last year, and I may just freshen them up a bit.

Of course, we shall be delighted to have Scott as long as he wants to stay, but know we would not be much drawing cards, but his daddy should be, and maybe he remembers Wilma's niece, Marjorie, he ran around with last year. I will try to think of some one else if he writes he is coming. Jettie, maybe you will change your mind if Scott comes. We will have room, and hope you do.

Ed, we have been wondering if we should expect you and Joanna since you are expecting a grandchild around Christmas. Hope you can come, and we are thrilled about Ruby coming, wish Jack were coming also, but we understand his family looking forward to having him.

Love, Virginia.
Dear Folks:

It has been good to be in New York--for it's the only place for a good rest. At home we're always seeing things to do--or someone is coming in or the phone is ringing etc. But here, you can really put the back.

We got here about 7 Friday night and had dinner at The Waldorf Coffee Shop (across the street), then rushed out for 8 Hours. Because we both had had a big Friday--then went to see "Anatomy of a Murder" at movie in Madison. That is a good show--and we really see movies anymore. If it comes around, don't miss it.

Yesterday we practically cleared off our entire Christmas list, including cake, gifts for lady, young ones and my staff group. We'll hit for home about noon today and get there about 1/2. I then have to pick up some who "broke out" with me of the school chauffeur, whom he likes and who likes him. We are quite attached to this big gray driver although he takes considerable doing--for 2 chairs to
Miss him morning, noon, and night—but he hasn't had me sick day.

Ruby is in pretty good shape for her "Holiday Home Tour"—and I guess it was good for I rushed all the needed painting inside and out that I would probably have put off till the snow—and then it came too late.

Well take this back to Virginia to mail for I want to include a close poem for the Joe wrote for my "Late" birthday. He spent time on it, I know, for he couldn't back off such a work of art.

Ruby will bring back the family news from Bowling Green, as well close this note with good wishes for a Happy Christmas. Love and all that——
Happy and healthy Christmas, dear. The best to all that means a lot to you.

Love,

Jack
I do not know but only heard
When comes November twenty-third
That my good friend from way, way back
Surname MacDonald, first name Jack
On evening, afternoon and morn
Observes the date when he was born.

I'm also told, but can't be sure
Since his own word's not Simon pure
That he's arrived at this late date
So far in years as thirty-eight.

The thing that bothers me the most
And lingers with me like a ghost
Is once upon a distant time,
With neither reason nor with rhyme,
The years that Jackson had attained
Before veracity was strained
Were full and rich and numbered high.

Why thirty eight? I've wondered why.
I think that as the years accrued
And each new year concern renewed,
He chose, despite the growing fact
That he'd not add, but just subtract.

"A screwy thing," I hear you say,
"No man can keep his youth that way."

My answer, ringing true and strong,
Is, "Even if his years are long,
I know no younger man at heart,
Nor one who can with jest impart
The cordial friendly zest for life
Than him to whom Miss Ruby's wife.
And if it's done by dropping years
And not by moans and shedding tears
Then let us all get on this track
With ever youthful, younger Jack."

From: J. M. Ray
Amarillo, Texas
Nov. 23, 1959
1959 -- Reply

My candle burned thru pious years
At just one end. No double flame.
And thus youth stayed a longer day
With me than those who show the maim.

If you will pause for one reflect
And not stray off in mere conject
You'll know to pray and meditate
Is better tea than "seek and sate".

And that is why the years I'm shed-of
Makes me appear a bit ahead of
Those who jest by rhyme and verse
(For though I'm old, it could be worse!).

J.M.M.
Nov. 29, 1959.

Dear Children,

We will move the parkin arc from here where we came for a rest. Before coming we finished all the jobs we can do to the house to make it ready for next Fall. Tour. I do hope we will have good weather - so far it has been wonderful. The lowest temperature 28° and no snow. KY must be moving north.

This Thanksgiving holiday has really cooled with us. We were invited to have Thanksgiving dinner with friends so I spent the day ironing the upstairs organdy curtains. Jack painted everything he could lay a brush to cleaned the yard etc. Then on Friday I washed the downstairs windows outside. They look good but me I look at least 90. It really wasn't bad - the day was mild and spring like. Anyone who might have helped was either going to a football game or shopping. The windows had to be clean so they
can hang those nelsonia wreaths in them. I was not hurt and I may look ten years younger than ninety. You will see.

After that clean-up spree - we gave the key to the carpenter to fix a place in the floor and come to dry. - to rest. We've shopped some - Christmas cards - little pocket books for my school children - perfume for Jack's office help - an electric blanket for house, Pete and Clint to give me. We got it at a wholesale place. The surprise is that I have not seen it. We also did other shopping. It was a very good day. We also spent some of Jack's birthday money. He likes those drip day shirts at 1/3. Alton's so we got two.

Why am I telling all this stuff?

I am planning to be in Ky. as I've said but may not get there until after the 20th, since my vacation doesn't begin until the 23rd. And then I like to spend that holiday with Jack. He can't go to Ky. with me because he has too short a time to do what he needs to do in S.R. and then go to Ky. Rachel - on our 2nd floor is less and less at herself. He may have to get some one to stay with her.

I do hope the Mich. Rays come to Ky. But I guess you will have to see how Barlawn is. Love, P.
Dear Folks,

The Robin made it around despite the fact that I had written it off. It contained some slightly rusty belabored wit that made it a little hard to digest but with modern technological developments in soothing medication I made it! The big news seemed to be that Miss Jett turned 50. Welcome into the ranks of the antiquated, Sister! It's the last hundred years that is the hardest, they say. And I wouldn't doubt that you will like to be 150, what with all of the new exciting discoveries in cause of aging and with the beginning of spare parts use by the medics. You see, I am unusually grateful for these developments for otherwise I would have been pushing up daisies for at least three years. Now since I have been living on borrowed time I don't really care whether school keeps or not and I have crammed a lot into those years, a lot of very interesting living. Certainly, people and dogs never had it so good. The new statistical dope on dogs is that there will be as many dogs in the U.S. in 1970 as there are people. I can't wait! Incidentally, I'd like to report that I am fresh out of dogs as somebody did me the service to steal my coon dog. Although that has been only a short time, I have never enjoyed life more since I have been relieved of the job of carrying for "man's best friend". It's true that dogs don't ask questions and they think that their master is the master of all creation; yet I manage to get along without these expressions very well.

Expectations are running high in this neck of the woods as we prepare for grandparent-hood again. Only Pamnie has put in an order. I asked her whether she wanted to have a baby brother or baby sister and she replied promptly: "baby sister." Then she was asked what she would do if it happened to be a baby brother. Her reply was that she would "flush him down the pottie."

Barbara has taken a great shine to antiques altho when she was growing up she declared that her house would never be furnished with impractical antiques. She bought a chest of drawers in Wisconsin and shipped it home. It was tiger maple and had an awful old paint on it. I refinished it for her when we were there last week end and found that it was just the thing we need for an antique bed that I got from Canada a couple of years ago. This bed is really something! As is the chest. Bab said if she sold me the chest she would not charge me for the work that I did refinishing it. I've come to the end of the page and I note that Jo is writing, she can wind it up. MERRY XMAS!
Dear Joe Grety:

We have your sleat and it has been helding on three days. This is unbelievable for this time of year. So far we have had a very mild winter.

The included letter is Joe's contribution in the Robin that I failed to get in when I mailed the Robin. Please take out the old letter and place this one in if you have not already mailed the thing.

I have been intending to ask you Joe, what size shoes you wear as I want to repay you for the beautiful hat you sent me. I remember the size but not the width. I think I believe you wear 10 1/2, is that right? Now if you fail to tell me you will receive some shoes by Guess and it will only cause you trouble getting them旖旖.

Do you need dress shoes or Casual shoes? These are special shoes you know. They can't be purchased on the market.

Come to think of it I have a Robin.
But on the back of Joe's old letters I'll include another note which you can include with Joe's new letter.

Joe is back in school today as the roads are passable again, having been salted several times. She said she doesn't like how she would have caught up with her work if she had not had these two days off. However, it will only mean that she will give the kids all the more written work.

Please say hello to the rest of the family. It seems to me that we should have another reunion come summer, why don't we work out some tentative plans? I'd sure like to see the gang together again.

Love,

[Signature]
December 7, 1959

Dear Rays,

Winter set in in earnest here much earlier than usual, and it already seems old stuff. A week ago I had my worst drive in years, and since the bad weather continued all day and word kept reaching me of the pileups at Dead Man's Curve, I decided to play it safe and remain in Roanoke for the night. Ed was not at home, and for the first time in seven years I didn't try to fight the elements; I had a safe and comfortable evening in the hotel instead.

The like the picture, Virginia.

Jack, did you know that the author of Anatomy of a Murder is a Michigan Supreme Court justice— or was until he resigned last week to devote all of his time to writing? You know, I presume, that the murder really happened at Big Bay—about 15 miles from Marquette, Michigan. Barbara was there in Sept., and she said that they have changed the name of the inn in which the murder was committed to "Thunder Bay Inn" and have a big sign to inform visitors that it was the setting of Anatomy of a Murder. The picture was made there.
The Jack, I have read the Desperate People and thought it very good.
I had questioned his People of the Deer
and this book explains the situation.
Much better. I was in the area north
of where they lived, in fact quite far
over north of the area they are supposed
to live in. I asked the Reservation.

The fact that they lived there is never
seen any evidence of them as nobody lives
there now.

Do your deer season have been
challenged here but not so bad. Imagine
a deer storm here in Jan.

I kept the rabbit a couple days
longer as Bill's could read it.
Good to hear from everybody.

Love,

A.D.
Jack, I'm at least beginning to see what's involved in gates. By the time you've faded six months you've got a big investment in them. When he gets hurt, and you're emotional about it, you just don't want to lose him. Folks around the area from me I heard have a Chihuahua for whom two broken legs cost $200. Our Cheddar II is about to be housed, thank goodness.

David & Sally o.k. Am a little bit out of shape. David in the making of his appointed rounds of peeling the Amanita streets, but he gave up last night after about two hours of it. Miss Sally went to school this morning in skirt & Blodstrond (One of our local units). She runs a laundry-dry cleaning plant, put a sign on the side of his building reading: "Grandpa's long red boats are back in style." When we left, Miss Jolie was in the back trying to get warm. I went back at noon & the heat was on & the lights, too, guess she got it all straightened out.

Hope all happens for the best in Michigan in the event of Grandma's little sister as brother.

Thanks for the newspaper you sent over to me, Ed.

Guess I'd better knock off and get some work done.

Love to all, you and a Happy Holiday Season.

Joe

Janna, I read the book & saw the movie, too.

Anatomy of a Murderer, I liked both. The deciding factors in the novel were too subtle for a movie script. Drama vs. telling a story in writing change the different.

(Over)
Wednesday morning.

Dear Robins:

I'll just add a few lines on the back of Joe's letter so I can mail this when I get out on errands.

I baked fruit cake and ironed until almost mid-night last night while Joe was at a board meeting. We all overslept this morning so we were all dashing around like mad to get Joe and the kids off to school. It is good to get back to a quiet house! I hope to get many more jobs done today, but I doubt if I get everything done that I hope to by Christmas.

Ed, Fam'd remark is the best yet! I've been telling it to everyone. It should be written into Readers' Digest, Jack!

I hope all of you have a wonderful Holiday Season, with a good year ahead of you. I'm glad to see 1959 pass...it has not been a good year for me. I guess it is to be expected that we loose loved ones about this time of our lives.

Love to all,

Jettie
I, for one, have enjoyed Ruby's Christmas visit. She came the day after Christmas, and we haven't missed a minute of chatter.

Sunday we had our Christmas dinner with Uncle Lunk, Ruby, Lucille South and our Emile. It was not a turkey dinner, baked chicken, brocoli, sweet potatoes, custard and fruitcake with raisins. We certainly have had no Christmas weather, rain and more rain, too warm for the Christmas spirit. Sam Ray stole the spotlight this Christmas. (snicker)

God bless your home this Christmas Day with Christian love, and may joy and peace and happiness be yours throughout the New Year.

Virginia Harman
Dec. 30 - 1959

Joe Nelson has been in bed with bronchial pneumonia for two weeks and was too weak from strong drugs to really enjoy Christmas, but the baby was not too happy with his daddy in bed most of the time. Joe only began to feel better when Wilma took down the Christmas tree in the front hall just outside Joe's bedroom.

Joe is going to Sunnyvale to see a Russian specialist Thursday on the eight o'clock plane, and RUBY is leaving in the morning Wednesday, for Pittsburg where she will meet Jack and go on together to Longhorn.

Jeanaford Ruby has had rather dull time, just family dinners and running up to see Joe and the baby.

We all had too much Christmas candy, a light blue wool robe, hose, candy, Rainier wine $2.99 in a money folder.

Gactive just had no Christmas decoration worth a second look, and my house really needed your ideas. About time to take down all decoration got a bargain in three large cones in gold wreath for next year. Have too much gold in my decorations as next year will have to brighten up with green and red.

Joe you and Jack with your rhymes are real cute. Joe we saw all the pictures you sent over tv before we saw your Hope you had better Christmas weather and all enjoyed the festivities. I'm Sam always glad when it is over.

Joanna we called Enidie tonight to find out if she had any news of Bobe, but nothing. Ruby wanted to know about Hydie & Linda's mother. We told her she died, but she couldn't believe we were right because she had never been notified. I can't remember when we heard it, but seems to me it was some time afterwards when you told us.

Bella says Hydie is still living on at the home.

This is not much of a contribution for the Robin but I want Ruby to take it in the morning when she leaves and send it on. If I keep it longer, I may not do any better.

The End