1960 Ray Family Papers

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Dear Folks: It's raining and blowing here, but a mild 50 degrees. A good day to catch up—hence the Robin. Ruby came back from Ky. having had a good reunion, with tales of little Sam with the dog pulling at his pants, shopping gabs with Virginia, Ray looking better than she has ever seen him, Uncle Jim's good—and Emily the Hollywood entry from the family. It does her good to get back to the Old Homestead, which Virginia and Ray's house seems to be.

We came back the day before New Year's for it seems we haven't had a minute for weeks, what with this Holiday House business, then Christmas at both our schools with lots of things, then our Christmas and the trip. My folks generally good. The only thing is—my sister Louise insists I see all of them down to the second cousins every time I go home, which means something of a rat race.

We had our own Christmas here; then Ruby's school stuff and my school stuff; then gifts at home; another set at New Castle where we had the family dinner; and Ruby another in Ky. So five Yules in 1959 was something of a record.

Joe has been Jesse Stuart-ing me with rare poesy, but he's so gifted I have a hard time replying. How did he like the picture, Jettie, and was it a surprise? I think it was one of Ruby's best. Joanna it was good to hear from you—and I'm glad to get the info on "Anatomy of"—for it was a fine movie. Ed, have you read the book on the Eskimos yet—and do you feel it's all true? A terrible situation, I'd say.

Tomorrow we take off again to our respective schools—and the long haul till spring. But we're fairly cozy here and I'm feeling much better—so we have much to be thankful for. Hans is eyeing the keys of the typewriter—can't figure why I'm hitting it. Best
Jan 3, 1960

Dear Children

It was more than a month ago that we wrote last. The delay was partly due to the season. If we had sent it to you before then she got it, we would have had it no sooner - so she kept it until I could bring it here by hand. Which I did several days ago. I am sorry.

My trip to Ky. was wonderful and much easier this year. Of course it was too short. How - ever I did see all but Brown and his family. We talked him out of coming, maybe because I was so cross with him last year. On the phone they sounded gay and happy. Brown, Audrey and Sylvia all said they had had a wonderful Christmas. Audrey had just received five 8's for her semester's work. I think, it was a semester's work - anyway it was 5 As, and that is something. She told me that Brown liked his teaching - science - in Ohio much better than in Ky., so that she is going there after another year at Montréal. I do t I could have seen them. We have never seen Jack's namesake. I hope Jack will feel like going
Dorothy called me just before I left for camp and said she is expecting me in the 15th but my experience with that news is that it is not always accurate. We have not heard from her since.

Yet if Penny's little finger was hanging by the prettiest of her parents' dainties, I don't see why her parents don't swallow a peel when she and their children reach town.

Our next generation is suffering from the Selectivity, and I don't see why her parents don't swallow a peel when she and their children reach town.

When I first heard of the Thoroughbreds, I was shocked. I knew them. I knew them in the 1930s. They have been offered a good price.

I wish you would let me know if they are coming. They are not a must. If you would let me know if they are coming, I would be very happy.

I think you are right. I know the Thoroughbreds. They are the biggest and the best.
Dear Kay,

 Kimber is asleep. The little girl next door just left after having dinner with Sam. Daddy gone on a house call, and Grandma Ed isn't due back for a couple of hours. This is the quietest it's been around here all day. Dad came at noon on his way to make a speech at Holland. He'll be back to spend the night. He left the hotel, and we enjoyed reading about all of you.

Little Susan Kimberly is our biggest news. She was 8 lbs. 9 oz. and 20 inches long. That translates into a short, fat little girl. She isn't as pretty as Sam was, but does have hair (which Sam didn't). I thought she was darned neat, but perfect until she kept me up for a couple of nights this week. Bill finally sent me upstairs to get a good night's sleep, and she didn't wake up until 6:00 A.M. That night, morning. Last night Sam joined me at 3:00 A.M. to feed the baby. A bright, chattering three-year-old is a little facing at that hour of the morning.

Sam is very happy with the new baby. Grandpa stayed the whole vacation, and Sam never had it so good. She hasn't seemed the least bit jealous of Kim and had really been a big help to me. She saves me a thousand stead a day by bringing me things and setting things away for me.
Dear Raye,

I was ready for school at 7:15 this morning when the principal called to inform me that there would be no school because of ice. It was too dark for me to see the glaze on top of the snow, and I hadn't stepped outside. Everything would have been fine if Ed hadn't been in Ludington. He had a speaking engagement in Holland yesterday and drove as far as Ludington for free lodging and a second look at Susan Kimberly, born Dec. 30. I called to warn him of the hazardous driving conditions, and he did wait until late in the afternoon to come home. He said that it would have been absolutely impossible to get here earlier, and he thinks it will be worse tomorrow. I was disinclined that he took the risk. We are not having school tomorrow. It was even impossible to walk without cleats today.
I had a very good time with Pammy while Barbara was in the hospital. She is a good child, but she can make a mess of the house as fast as any. She got a record player for Christmas and within an hour she knew how to change the speed and needle for the different size records, and before the end of the day she knew the records apart. She still don’t know how she identifies the records of the same size and kind, but she can quickly find the one that she wants. She gets up early and plays records for an hour with the volume low so as not to wake her parents. She feels pretty big sometimes and refers to Barbara as “My ma.” She asked me, “Did my ma tell you about me going to the hospital and getting my finger bleeded and didn’t even cry?” I asked her if I might have some of her milk for my coffee and she said, “No.” I took some anyway, and she said, “All right, next time I won’t answer you.” Ed said that she was helping Barbara with the baby very effectively today.
I talked with Emily tonight. She had taken an exam this morning and had walked in the snow this afternoon. She will come home Jan. 29 for a few days between semesters.

She talked with Barbara last night. Kim is all right except for colic, and they had changed her formula and were hoping she would get more rest. Bill is very busy, and between the baby's crying and the telephone calls, they are not sleeping enough. Barbara tried to sleep when the two little girls take their naps but Pam's friends in the neighborhood ring the doorbell and wake all of them.

Ed is playing poker with two men from Lansing and my uncle and our grocer.

Bill and Debe Stewart are coming over tomorrow night to pay us a farewell visit before setting out for the sunny Southland for three months. I just read that it is 81° in Miami and wouldn't mind being there myself. This county loses a large part of its population to Florida about this time every year.

Love, Joanna
Ruby, Aunt Lena died soon after Easter. She just got weaker and weaker, and, of course, had no medical attention. We stopped by to see her when we were at home Easter, and I was not surprised when we heard of her death. A woman had been staying with her during the day, and Lyda had been alone with her at night, but they knew that she was worse on the night that she died, and the woman stayed. A few nights earlier Lyda had called Lonella out to stay with her, as she was afraid Aunt Lena couldn't last through the night. Linda flew home and stayed a week.

I thought that I wrote this in the Robin and also told you that Lyda told Lonella at the time that she had been dating a Hodgenville man for years and was considering marrying him. (I guess I just meant to tell you!) Nobody in the family knew that she had this friend. He is an army engineer, doesn’t smoke or drink, has a house in Hodgenville, and is interested in antiques. He is about Lyda’s age and has never been married.
Dear Ruby,

Ed failed to get one page of my Robin letter when he mailed the Robin, and since all on the page was addressed to you, I am sending it on to you.

We have received much snow in the last fifteen hours, but it has practically quit coming down now. Driving was no fun either way today. After I got home, I could appreciate the beauty of the landscape, though. I have never seen a prettier snow. It has clung to the trees all the way up the trunk as well as to the branches, and our back yard is a fairyland.

Yesterday Ed and I walked for nearly two hours in the snow-covered woods. Sleet of last week left a crust on the previous snow and we didn't sink down very far. We couldn't walk far tonight. This is semester exam week, and the week-end will be a rat race.
Dear Folks,

I found and that I wrote a note. I am asking for Joe to remove it and replace it with a new letter. Because of this, I am writing another note.

The Robin was very interesting, but then, it always is.

Yes, Jack, I read the "Desperate People." It was a book that I heard about it. I read up on the "People of the Dear" in the former book. Now, I read about the book that they were moved out of the country where they lived and never saw any. I had decided that they were fictional. Then I read the book that explains that they were moved out of the country to the Freedom Bay area and are now in factory work. The country where they lived was a miserable place to be in summer. The change of climate migration is a matter of record. Thanks, Billy and Jack for the book you couldn't have given me anything that I enjoyed more.

We got a card from Millie and nothing written on it. Perhaps she is sick. The "mean old fi"
It was when I read one of my comments on him in the Robin, he, I sometimes wonder if he is ever realist enough to see himself as others see him. He has many desirable qualities, but it seems that I always emphasize his bad qualities. It's just that I would like to see him change his attitude and approach so that he could play in business.

Jim, I think you are hypercritical in your comment on the pictures. I've seen and read they seemed to me to be the best I've seen. I show you that I believe that I'd like to have a copy for my family pictures.

I'm already nagged down with requests for writing engagements. I've thought last year the requests would diminish but they have increased to the point that I can't do them all. I have no price for the thing but groups pay me all the way from $10 to $50. The last doesn't sponsor the program, obviously, you know, in order to streamline my commitments and slide the lecture into the upper bracket. There are some groups that are asking about paying 500 for the evening program, which would make great work if those big planes fell around.

I'd better get this on record.

Love.

Bob

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Ed's letter on back of '0's old one: Yes, Jack, I have read the Denise at People and thought it very good. I had mentioned 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 I've flown over much of the area they are supposed to have lived. The reason I questioned the fact that they lived there is I never saw any evidence of them as nobody lives there now.

Joe, your sleet storm has been duplicated here but not so bad. Imagine a sleet storm here in Jan.?

Keep the Robin a couple of days longer so Baba could read it.

Good to hear from everybody. Love, Ed.
Chillim:

The Robin is a pretty good this time — although I guess a Robin containing a letter from Barbara telling about her arrival would be a good Robin any time. All is well here. I left it back at Bloomington after a good visit there for Christmas. David Kelly has just completed their final exams and have a long weekend off. We are confident that neither he nor the world will die, but they’ll be all right, I suspect. I’m down at the office this afternoon trying to write this letter and watch a recent baseball game that took place sometime last summer, so, if I get this all mixed up in time, you’ll understand. Christmas is growing like a weed near the house and has a hundred ways to keep you being occupied.

Gimme that Christmas and letter you got in the Robin was hard to follow. I know you and Miss Lily had yourselves a fine time during the Christmas.241112 Apple acknowledge our Christmas cards and Roby’s was a good one. I’ve always thought our little Ike Emily was the cream of the crop. By the way, Gimme, put Je Wilson’s street address on the Robin. I don’t think I have even had it. I’ve wanted to drop him a note to write and address. This is a fine one too.

Enjoyed your letter, Miss Lily. Wish somebody would give me a full report on the WB keep. This Ohio and dendroid business confuses me. So is B still living in Ky. and teaching in Ohio? Are they still living at Bloomington. I don’t know why I want to know, because even if I wrote WB she wouldn’t answer and I would not know whether he got the letter or not. Guess if he doesn’t care enough to write we shouldn’t either. Share your enthusiasm for little Ike. It’s not surprising the Martin farm bought so much — the city will sure all over it. This doctors orders to have a baby in June. Little Dolly by Danes.

Nice to address you, Frank Jack, without having to write one more. I know what you mean about seeing all the things in the
trip home. Same for me. Thanksgiving at BG lines Virginia just 3-
leashed with me and we went round here to Aunt Katie's Uncle Jim's. My
apologies if I haven't written about the picture. It's a real beauty. Lo-
ated right in front of me in my office. I have a beautiful black kar
doll called "The Falcon" sent to me by an old friend in Japan who used
work for me. It is lined in ten green and red. It's sitting on top of the TV
in front of the picture, and they go wonderfully together. One of these days I
get a color picture taken to show all the fault that all of the office is.

Jo, your letter ended without a signature! I wonder if there was
none on a second page. I'll bet Pammy is really the one and that you
did a real time with her while he "was in the hospital.

Barbara, it was indeed a delight to have your letter and to hear
all about Susan. Kimberly. I can imagine how jarring the change of
3-year old could be in the middle of the night. I've been once told to the
child repeatedly just before the baby in the dead of night without waking up - I recall
listening to it at all afterwards. Please muzzle Kim until the few for her Uncle Joe

Gina, I forgot to say that I found out in Linnville that I knew
But Comb when I worked in Davenport. He was just a few years
older than I. I knew him, but not well. I remember him playing tennis
match for the Davenport city championship. He was very fond of himself as
you thought he was a little too dandy. First state gov. I knew from your

Edland. I copied your fragment to your son Jo's old letter of on the
envelope 3x5 card. You are to be highly commended for keeping the
Robin getting Barbara's letter in it. That clipping you sent me is now
under the glass top of my desk - just so folks will know.

Better end this of. Love to all
Jo
Dear Robin:

We must mail the Robin as we go to church, so I'll get mine ready. It was such a good one this time, we don't want to keep it and should not have kept it this long.

We were relieved to know about Kim's arrival as we had been a little worried as we had not heard from anyone since the last Robin. I know she is sweet and is a lucky baby! I have a niece who has a little girl about three who is named Kimberly. It seems to be getting to be a popular name. I like it very much. And Susan is one of my favorite names, too. What will she be called?

We have had snow for over a week and it is frozen so hard I'm afraid it will be with us until Easter! My washer is in the garage and the water pipes out there freeze, so I've not been able to wash, so things are surely stacking up. I took inventory yesterday to see how much longer David and Joe could go with out clean underwear and socks. We decided we could make it four or five more days and if it is not thawed by then I'll have to take the things to a wash and dry place. The sun is good and bright this morning, so I'm hoping I can put out a few washes today.

Our Christmas was as good as ever. Although, I guess there are most-to-count the ones when the children are small. Last year David was away for Christmas and this year Sally was. So it may be a long time before we have them all here for it again. Although, we had all three under the roof for the same time for a week this year. Sally went to Dallas on Wednesday before Christmas and came home on Sunday after. She went down with her boy friend's father...the boy friend, mother, sister and brother had gone down earlier. He has two sets of grand-parents there. Sally stayed with my sister-in-law, who lost her husband, brother, the Friday after Thanksgiving. We had planned for some of us to go down to be with her some during the holidays. So this worked out fine, for Sally was with her over the Christmas weekend. Then I had a ride down on Mon. after New Years and stayed until Friday. It was a good project. She seemed to enjoy being there and we accomplished several jobs and projects. She is so alone. Their only child is a daughter, married to an Air Force Captain in Japan. She is working at a department store, which helps during the day, but the nights are very lonely. I have another brother in Dallas and they have done all they can for and with her, which has been a good help. My niece will be home in March so if she can make it until then, it will make it much better.

I'm much in favor of a reunion. Sally is talking Shequa and won't talk anything else. It says it is too far and too long a time to be gone. If he could take some of all of his vacation, fly up and join us there for a couple of weeks, visit with Jack and Ruby...we could have a weekend at Shequa on a change weekend when the campers are out, if everyone could get there.

I've been asked to head up the Women's activities in the Johnson for Pres. clubs of our senatorial district, which I plan to do. Our best friend, Byron Skelton, is the national committeeman, although I was asked to do this job by local men. I've always thought it would be fun to do some party work on the local level when the children were older, so this might be a good time to do it. I was not too hopeful for Johnson at first, but as time goes on, I
feel better about his chances. I'm more for Sam Rayburn than I am for him, and I don't think Rayburn would have ever started promoting him if he hadn't had things pretty well sewed up for a good chance. I really think we could do much worse than Johnson. Of course, at heart, I'm for Humphrey!

I'd better get my bath and get ready for church. Ruby, Urma and Bob will be in N. Y. next week. Glad you and Jack have such a good Christmas. Maybe you need a vacation from each other! I think... rather, know, Joe and I do ever once in awhile, so his little trips give us a change!

With one month almost gone already, I still wish each and everyone of you a Happy New Year!

Love,

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I forgot to tell you that I have become a GREAT, GREAT aunt! My oldest brother's boy became a grandfather, at 38 just before Christmas, making my brother a great grandfather at about 60 or 62! He says he expects to be a great, great, grandfather by 80!
Dear Robin:

The biggest news around here is the bank opening, and all but Ray down in bed with Pneumonia. I have been sicker than for ten years, the second time I have had pneumonia. The first time was the first year I ran the shop and the ceiling would not hold heat, and we had to spend over a hundred dollars to heat the place. I have been in bed, or bed-fast for over two weeks, and am still weak.

Joe has had one set-back after another since Thanksgiving, and finally had to go to hospital and is still under oxygen tent. Before I was strong enough to be up all day, Wilma went to bed with pneumonia, and I had to keep the baby, and she was so good, took his bottles and took his naps morning and afternoon without rocking. I called Ruth to come and help me, and have been getting along fine, but have not even been down to the bank for the grand opening. Katie Wilson also has been real sick with flu. We have had it here almost epidemic proportions. Wilma's sister kept Sam Ray today, but I am going to take him on tomorrow until Wilma gets a little more strength. Ruby, I ordered some of these vitamin you gave Ray, and believe they will make me get on my feet again. They were $6.00 a bottle, but Ray needed some more also.

Aunt Hettie has been real sick, and finally Lucille took her to the Dr. and she was x-rayed, and Dr. said she had an abscess in intestine, and sounds serious. They were giving her medicine to dissolve it, and they hope will not have to operate. Uncle Jim had a cold and Lucille was bringing him to the Doctor Saturday. She said she was having a time with her two children. I am worried about Aunt Hettie. I am afraid it will be malignant. She has had these sick stomach spells for a long time.

Our mother's first-cousin, Ruth Scott Lett, has been visiting here, and she spent one day with Aunt Hettie & Uncle Jim, one day with Aunt Kate, one day with me and one with Louise. The day she left here Louise picked her up and brought me all kinds of medicine, anhist, fruit juice, etc. and went home and had a bad spell of flu herself. I took her medicine, then Ray called the Dr., and he sent some strong medicine that really got me up in three days.

The day Ruth Scott spent the day with me we went up to Kentucky building and looked up all old records on the Hickman family. Grandfather Reuvel Scott, married Virginia Hickman, daughter of John Hickman, Schoolteacher in Warren County in 1850 and 1860, and he had six daughters all of whom Ruth wanted to trace, and we worked on it all day. We found this Hickman family to be fine folks, John Hickman's mother was Virginia Adams, for whom I was named, and cousin of John Adams. Grandmother always told me this, but until I read the Adam's family tree I never knew how it came in. I will get this line all worked out and send it to you all. I am working on a big chart, which I mean to give for Christmas next year, working back eight generations on both sides. It is some work, but I enjoy doing it. By the way, Joe I am still working on this Dr. Ray of Shetliff College, and will write you a letter for your friend or inquiry soon. There was a college by this name, and Dr. Ray was teacher on faculty, but can find no record of a Ray book he wrote. I am going to refer him to Worth Ray's book on the Lost Tribes of North Carolina, which is full of Rays. Jim Ray wrote me an eight page letter on the Wren's of South Caroline, and tells the connection with Abner Evans who came to Warren Co. from Pennsylvania in 1700 and took up 400 acres of land on Three Springs Road, and part of the Wren place was the Wren Place. Her name was Jane Evans, and she married Joseph Wren, whom our father was named. This Joseph was father of our Grandmother Sarah Catharine Wren, our father's mother. Jim always said she was a fine, aristocratic lady. I check the names at Kentucky Library, and he is just right, and that will trace the Wrens back 8 generations.

When I get it all worked out, if I live long enough I can have another DAR Bar for Wrens, Hickmans, Garrisons, Rays, Callias, Posey and Cox. I am making progress on this Cox name now. A Cousin, Mary Cox, of Sanderson, Texas, has done some research, and sent me all her records. She is descended from Coleman Cox, brother of our Nancy Cox, who married Posey.

To make first things come first, I should have congratulated Babs and Bill on their new daughter. I am so glad she is another nice little girl. We never seem to have any luck getting little girls in the Harman family. I am anxious to see her, and hope she gives you as little trouble as Pamela, and is as smart and sweet as she is.

I should have mentioned first also, Ruby, that I did work a whole week on forms, and Dr. affidavit to send in for Service Induced Claim for Joe and wrote our Senator Bill Hatcher, and he has promised to get on it, and see it through. Joe had to give up his (over)
Gerard Bradley job. The Louisville Specialist and Dr. Russell here say he will be idle for three months, just can't expect to work but that these shots and treatment they are giving him will cure him in three months. We will have to bear their expense and Ray talked some about having them move in with us, but I would hate to see that on Wilma's account, I did tell Ray I would be willing to move up to Uncle Lewie's and let them have our house until Joe is up and about again.

Brother Lewis is now in the hospital with heart attack and they tell him he can't go up stairs any more, and will have to have some body with him, and that seems the best arrangement, but nothing has been settled. Joe's rent is paid until the 17th of February, and we may not mention it yet. He will be in hospital two more weeks and maybe three.

Waife Motley just called, also two other friends, and they said there was a mob down at the Bank at Open House this afternoon, estimated four thousand people on three floors; more than four thousand were served coffee, punch and cakes yesterday. Another time of it from 2:30 to 5:30 tomorrow afternoon, but the employees will be working. The wives are supposed to show the visitors around at that time, wives of employees, but doubt if I will feel like it. Ray does want to take me to the reception for an hour or so Tuesday night, and I am saving up for that.

I called up and sent up two or three suits for Ray to do all these honors in and he picked out a beautiful black suit, with a basket weave which kept it looking shiny black, and he wore his pin-tie shirt and Lilly Dache tie.

Ruby, the skirt and shirt came a day or two before I got sick, and I did take out the stitching of blouse and it fits fine, and I like the shirt and all you sent much better than the the skirt you took. I am well pleased with the exchange, and believe I got the better part of the swap. I also got the book on painting, and may make some progress when I have time.

I do wish you could paint the Alexander house for me hanging in Kentucky Building. I have found out that it belonged to James Alexander 1790-1772, father of Hezekiah, 1722-1801, whose home the Mecklenbury DAR Chapter restored, but his father Jamee lived in Cumberland Co. Ky. This Mr. Cooney called me and told me he had seen both places, and wanted me to help him on his Alexander connection. All I had to do was direct him to the 1952 DAR Magazine which had all children and births and deaths since 1690.

I would like to see the painting Joe has hanging in his office. From your description, I do believe it must be your best, Ruby.

Monday morning.

Well, I think now we will all live, unless another night of showing off the bank kills Ray off. They overdid the opening, three days of it, and a Reception Tuesday night at the Country Club with cocktails, and all fancy doings. I am going to try to go to that, but plan not to stay too long, and Ray will have an excuse for bringing me home.

Wilma thought she could take care of the baby last night, but I went up there and saw she could not, still breathing hard and coughing so hard. I slept with the little man, and he kicked me all night; spent the day and night out at Aunt Jacel's and Pat (12) and Mike (15) played with him so much, he was nervous, and slept fitfully. Wilma got up this morning and is staying with Sam Ray for his morning nap, and I will go back up there and fix lunch for us.

I went up to see Joe, and he is doing fine, slept out from under the tank last night and they say he may come home by Wednesday. I know Wilma will be well enough by then to do for them with my help.

Ed, I am sending you these awful pictures for your picture album. I did intend to go out to Lov'e and get the one they had framed on show there for you, but got so busy during Christmas. Later I will send you the double like I gave Ruby, Joe and Ray's sisters. When we get straight, and can fly right again.

Love to each and every one; and did have more comment for Jettie and Joanna, but will have just to make it Greetings and go see about Wilma and little Sam Ray. I am feeling better today, thanks to Ruby's vitamin pills.

Virginia.
Kentucky Governor Speeds Road Plans

Sit in the executive chair, Mr. Combs's plans call for the earliest possible construction of the $10,000,000 highway he promised entirely with state funds if necessary. Very little federal assistance can be expected, because traffic volume is too light in the mountains to qualify the project.

Consultants Hired

Gov. Combs's desire for speed was so overwhelming that he hired consultants to map the route and suggest engineering features even a month before his election. Smith, Polk & Associates, a Columbia, S.C., engineering firm, outlined the general plan for the highway. It calls for:

1. A four-lane, divided, limited-access freeway from Interstate 84 northeast of Winchester to Campmont, 41 miles away.
2. A two-lane route with adequate truck-passing lanes and occasional four-laning from Campmont to Prestonburg, the Governor's home, a distance of 52.3 miles.
3. A two-lane route with adequate truck-passing lanes and occasional four-laning from Campmont to Hazard by way of Jackson, a distance of 59 miles.
4. Eventual extension of the Prestonburg arm to Pikeville and the Hazard arm to Whitesburg for dual connections with U.S. 119, a north-south route skirting Kentucky's eastern boundary.

Concrete Paving

The entire project would be paved with concrete, and practically all the construction would be new except for a few reallocations of short stretches.

The biggest question of the hour is: Where will the $10,000,000 come from? Since the money would not qualify for federal funds, it is the reasoning of Governor Combs that its desirability outweighs such financial considerations. Governor Combs realizes that eastern Kentucky's 17,000 miles of roads include 2,700 miles with hard surface and 4,500 miles surfaced with gravel. The remaining 9,000 miles are dirt roads. Governor Combs is assured that the money for the road can be secured with present sources of income, without asking for additional highway fund taxes. He points out that additional construction money will become available through economies in the administration of the Highway Department.

Governor Combs has high hopes that the highway will be in service before the end of his 4-year term of office. If the road becomes a real thing it will give the people of the 32 mountain counties a single, high-speed through highway. Today an average speed of 35 miles an hour has been set for most mountain highways.

The area, rich in many natural resources, particularly coal and forest products, would become open to other parts of Kentucky and surrounding areas. The natural beauty of the mountains would be thrown open to tourists.

All the engineering data and recommendations have been turned over to the Highway Department, which is headed by a road-building former Governor and United States Senator, Earl Clements. General approval of the route and plans has already been given.
February 6, 1960

Dear Rays, Harmans, Hollingsworths, Masons, Sutters and assorted Ubangis:

The Robin is improved. I place the MacDonald stamp on it (Rulers of Land, Sea and Moors). I would rather have had it Rulers of Threadneedle Street. Anyway, I can't see how the Ky. Rays manage to stagger from flu and pneumonia beds to cocktail parties, big bank receptions, country club shindigs to baby tending and oxygen tents and back again--and still keep going. That certainly is a fancy bank and I'm going to wear my morning coat the next time I go in to bash a $5 check.

By the way, the country club across from us is going fancy, under new management, building a big swimming pool, enlarging dining rooms and dance floor, and putting in a three-tier patio etc. Ruby and I have joined--since all the neighbors have--and twill be a close-by place to entertain.

Ruby had the flu but is over it; I haven't taken it, had shots which may have staved it off. Hans is the healthy one--but, like Chessie II, finds a million ways to get attention. We now take him for a walk across the golf course every eve and he runs like a deer--but never runs away anymore. He's a gentle big old hound.

Ruby gets excited when Jettie mentions Shehauqua--which is the camp near here--so they'll be promoting reunion. Joe, glad you like the picture. I hated to see it go out of here--think it's the best Ruby has done.

Ed. I was taking to Steve Spencer of the Statevepost this week and told him about your work in the Arctic. He's going to read "Desperate People" and maybe something will come of the tip to him. He's Science Editor. Wish we could see Kim and Sammy--but undoubtedly will, in time. Weather 56 here today--like spring.

Jack
Folks: Since I wrote this two nights ago, Baby has had a recurrence of the flu - worse than ever. Yesterday - Sunday, she said she had never felt sicker in her life - achy, vomiting, dizzy, etc. I call our doctor - and he got two kinds of penicillin into her ... and today she ate a bit for the first time in two days.

So - she says to rest this morn so she won't feel like vomiting even tomorrow.

We had a phone call tonight that Mary Reed, Hugh Reed's wife in S.F. and our longtime friends, had died suddenly of cancer. A long struggle -- we saw her at Christmas time -- and felt she couldn't make it.
Ruby has been asked to direct the community December in the business section next Christmas -- which has set her up quite a bit. This being a Town of Artists,憨憨 and sick.

This all -- it's midnight. The dishes are washed, Ruby has her cup of tea, the trash is at the curte, and I'm sleepy. Rest -- and this sleepy.

Jack
Chillum:

This is Saturday and I am down at the office shuffling my papers and watching sports events on the TV. I don't know whether I can keep my mind on this Robin letter. Except for Ginnie's poop on the opening of the new bank © our ancestors, and © the health situation in 1874, it was a pretty thin Robin.

Jo, what gives from your viewpoint. We can't depend on Ed alone to give us all the Michigan rundown, especially when he writes only ten lines of love and affection. How's Kim? What's Em doing? What are you doing?

Ginnie, I'm glad as all get-out, but I'm somewhat confused. Last I heard, grandfather Scott was "John Marshall," and now he's "Reuel." And our grandfa would have had to be born before 1850, when they married, seems to me.

Ginnie, what gives with Joe Wilke. Is it pneumonia? How can that incapacitate him for months. I'm sorry to hear about Aunt Hettie. Keep us posted as specifically as you can on all of it.

Jack, thanks for the two letters from Lauhorne, esp. the one on that fancy RMR stationery. Hope Miss Polly is back on her feet. This flu is nasty business. I had it for two days with 102 fever, but some medicine knocked it cold and clean for me. None of the others has have got it yet.

All here are well and happy. No major problems other than that we can't pay our bills, which is S.O.P.
for us. David has some new reading glasses and looks real studious in them. He’s taken to reading a lot, now that our TV is on the blink. I’m glad the thing is out—we’ve got better together as a family without it. Miss Jettie is in awfully high cotton working for Lyndon Johnson for President. I’m sure she’ll tell you all about it in her letter.

Miss Ruby, I’m laying down some law about this Shadagama business. I want them all to have what they want within reason, but I’m not going to be left alone again for three months. If they come, I’m going to resign and come with them. It would be fun, but who’d pay the bills thereafter?

The job gets more complex all the time. You think you’ve got it all laid out and then you find you’re almost lost touch. I’ve been running around too much and have about decided not to take this weekend’s trip to Louisville to the American Junior College Association convention. I’ll have to knock this off and do some other work. Maybe I’ll write some later.

Love to all,

Joe
Dear Robins:

I'm ready for church a few minutes early, so will get my letter written and we can mail it as we go to church. The Robin came yesterday...we will mail it today...Within 24 hours! Maybe, Ruby, should start another prize and it would get around oftener. We all know it is much better if it gets around with four or five weeks.

Ruby and I have exchanged a few letters this past month or six weeks, so most of news will be old to them. Am sorry she was so ill. It didn't quite register with me how ill she was. Hope she is over the hump now. Joe got over his flu the quickest and easiest of anyone I know who has had it. I think it was the right medication and his staying in bed two days. And it didn't go through the family, as I was afraid it would.

Virginia, also, I didn't realize how ill Joe W. is or for how long. I'm awfully sorry. Maybe spring weather will help. Guess their decision as to a move has been made by now. Hope Uncle Louie is doing all right. Joe must write him. He is one of our very favorite people! So give him our best wishes.

As you can see, by the letterhead, I have a job! I've always said I thought women should do more Party work and that when my family got older I was going to do some. This is more sudden or more of a job than I ever had any idea of doing, but when I was asked, (by my kind of Democrat) to take this job, I thought it was my chance to put my words into action. My job is to find a woman to be chairman of the Women's Division in each county (there are 28 in this Congressional District); she in turn will get a chairman in each precinct of her county; they will get Johnson supporters to go and vote on primary day and go to precinct meetings so we will have a strong delegation to the Convention. I've been to the Northwest counties and southernmost ones. This coming Thursday, we meet with the remaining 28 counties in Amarillo. It is a lot of fun and at least I'll learn the 28 counties and county seats!

One of our best friends in Texas is Byron Skelton, who is our national committeeman. He is the one who selects aides and ushers at the convention. I've asked him to get Sally a job and he says he has her name at the head of the list. So if she gets one, we plan to go to L.A. That ruins any camp plans we might make.

Sally turns 16 tomorrow (22nd.) She can get her unrestricted drivers license so she plans to go out after school and take her test.

Missed Joanna. Hope being a grandmother twice isn't that bad on her. I became a great, great aunt just before Christmas. Did I tell you, a nephew of mine became a grandfather at 37?

Must run. Love to all, Jettie
Dear Family:

When I get the Robin in the mail, I usually stop what I am doing and read it through without taking a deep breath until it is finished, but this time I saw that Lyndon B. Johnson, and thought it was from Jettie's Women's Division, and laid it aside for Ray to read. When he opened it, he said this is no campaign literature, but the Robin, and I did enjoy reading it, and for once am speeding it on.

We are all doing fine by now, and feeling better every day in every way.

Joe Wilson gave up his job, and is now unemployed, but is getting better and hopes to start work the first of March with the National Insurance Company, $75.00 a week, and commission over certain amounts of insurance sold. I have always thought insurance a poor way to make a living, but he may be able to make a living at it. Of course all the family will take out their next with his company, and that is right much just here in Bowling Green, and Joe does know everybody in town. The Louisville Manager has been here every day coaching him on an examination he must take the 27th in Louisville.

Ruby, I wrote for that service induced disability, and hope he gets something if only on his eyes. Dr. Rau signed a sworn statement that he came to him soon after discharge and that he had damaged his eyesight while in Alaska, and pronounced his trouble Snowblindness, and said he would have black-outs of sight when he used his eyes with any close work for very long at a time, and this he experienced in Michigan.

Two other Doctors gave him sworn statements that he had Lung fungus from his Alaskan service, and Fungus in Broncil tubes, causing Asthma. He went to Louisville for a physical by Veteran's Bureau, and will not if he gets partial disability for two or three weeks. Ray says he will get nothing, because nothing was on his Discharge. He may get a small disability check on his eyes. Wilma is doing fine, seems tired all the time, but she works like a horse, keeps the house perfectly clean, and does all their housework. Sam Ray is a live wire, in perpetual motion just like Joe Wilson when he was that age. Drops everything he can pick up down furnace or in air ventilators or wastebasket.

Ray has escaped the Flu just like you did Joanna, and has worked twelve hours a day all during the moving of bank, and increased work on all levels. He seems to feel better than any time before in our married life. Hard work agrees with him, I guess. (over)
Elizabeth called me this morning to tell me they took Uncle Jim home yesterday. She said John wanted them to call me and see if I could get them to keep him in the hospital another week, but before they could have gotten me on phone, he was gone home. I would have not interferred anyway. Dr. Toomy was going to be out to town three weeks, and said he had done all he could for him, but he would live longer in the hospital, and suggested another doctor. Beth said Lucille said they could not stand the expense of the hospital and would have to take him home. Beth raved on and on and called both Aunt Hettie and Lucille names, and said she hoped to see them to come to want, she had lived to see them have this bad luck of the barn burning, and the heavy loss, but that was not all she wanted to happen to them. I had no idea Beth could be so bitter, but I guess Aunt Kate is just as bitter toward Aunt Hettie and Lucille. It's just as Ray says they would talk just as mean about me if I should take him out of the hospital when they thought he should be there. Lucille said last night Uncle Jim was watching the TV, but doubt if he knew what he was seeing. He has not been rational, but that could have been the medicine. I doubt if Uncle Jim will live long in any case, hospital or at home. He may hang on a month, and then out there with that open Gas Heat he may take pneumonia and pass out any night. Aunt Hettie would never consent to moving him into the dining room and heating the whole house. That would spoil the pretty dining room. It is remarkable how she snapped out of that Abess, and is out getting estimates on new stock barn, and getting new milking machines put up in the Tobacco barn. I wrote Ruby about their fire, but not the rest. The barn caught from a light they had to warm the little pigs, and burned to the ground before the fire dept. could get out there, burned five young heifers, old mule, two sows, 18 little pigs, and all the feed. They had $2,500.00 insurance on the barn, and insurance on the feed, but nothing on the stock they lost. Everybody tells them due to Uncle Jim's condition, they should sell their 23 milk cows, and rent out the place, not try to have a tenant, but Aunt Hettie keeps saying they are in Business, and have to get the milk check to keep a tenant on the farm. Dr. Toomy had tried to get them to take Uncle Jim to the hospital the day before the barn burned, and they would not until morning after the barn burned. He was so wild they could not keep him under the oxygen and had to have three nurses around the clock, and that with the hospital bill was steep no doubt. Ray paid Joe's hospital bill, oxygen for seven days in the hospital, and his bill was $170.00, and his Drug bill $123.00, which his Aunt Kate paid. I am giving them my Social Security check while they need it.
March 2 and 3 - 1960

Dear Robins -

We are trying not to hold this kind and we didn't last time. Jack sent it on without me. It's the first circulat - I've missed - and none of you or almost none of you missed me. Joe did say it was a little leaner which means I am the head of the family.

Now you know Joe I am not trying leave you alone all summer. Personally I prefer the Panhandle to the Pecos. This may not be the year for a reunion - but I do wish some of us could visit each other preferably here. We will see. The Convention does sound awfully interesting and I do hope Sally will get a job. Also that Settie and her club does get Johnson nominated. I was for Williams until he dropped out. My next choice was Symington - a slow starter. Kennedy is young and very good but I'm afraid he won't carry the Bible Belt. I'll vote for whoever is nominated because he is bound to be better than the Republican's Tricky Dicky. Did he ever get any insurance on Pat - with her desk face? I don't really care.

I want to ditto every remark about Joanne's 'putting-in'. We need more news from that neck of the
We have had three fly-by-night snows. One was on Sunday and I painted a picture of our neighbor's drive. Most of our winter has been sunny and cold. The grass has been greenish all winter.

Va., I do want to help you with this research—only because you are the one who wants it. I will when I can. I can't just run up to New Rochelle any other time. To begin with, I don't know where it is—perhaps near by. I'll have to find out how to go—driving is very hard in that area so I will go by train or bus. I'll go at Easter or later in the summer. Maybe I can spend the night with Dorothy Ray Damiano. Give me time! I also want to do some teaching. We need the money—but I want the quarters for social security. I can also go to the Phil. Historical Library. You have to have a special recommendation to go there but can get it.

I've heard all that Hickman stuff—not so much about their aristocracy. Aunt Kate could tell you a lot. Ask her if it wasn't this Aunt 'Mothy' Hickman who was frightened one night by a man feeling under her pillow? The day before she had sold her apples to a still and they hoped to find the money. They didn't get it. She probably hid in her stocking. The next day she left her little house and went to live with her sister Mrs. Rural Scott. It was Rural's mother who was a bad little girl. She afterward married a Hampton—no more children.
I do wish you could come here this summer. We could find out a lot of things— and make up some
too.

I'm horrified at Beth. She only hurts herself by hearing such talk. Of course she will talk about
any of us — and has and does. Have any of us been hurt by it? Not one. I guess Lucille Jim
was anxious to get home. He would want to see
how they are doing at the farm. And that glassed
-in patch is a mighty cheerful place — with spring
coming soon. I hope. They don't really need the money
I guess by our standards — but that is their business.
If Lucille wants to teach — she should. She doesn't
really like the farm — maybe — teaching is an escape?
In the schoolroom she is the 'big boss' — more so
than at home — with Aunt Hettie running things.
She is a wonder — so is that Aunt Hettie.

Have I told you I've given up cursing and
swearing to keep this fine old family aristocracy?
I'm sure it is all right to continue dipping snuff.
Love and best wishes to all of you.

Ruby.
March 3, 1960

Dear Folks: Now I know what "sick as a dog" means. For three weeks now we've been trying to save the life of our Hans. And it has taken all our time-- we had him to two vets and talked to a third. None would take him in their hospitals because he had flu which is "catching" to other dogs.

So they filled him full of shots and anti-biotics while he got sicker and sicker-- eyes glued shut, eyes itching, high fever and nose stopped up. You may think this is nothing to talk about but I say a human is far easier-- you can dump them in a hospital, hire nurses and doctors and get a night's sleep once in a while. But a dog, you have.

Last night his breathing became so labored while he bled at the hose (in drops) that we made a Vicks steam tent twice-- which seemed to relieve him some. But this morning we were able to get him up and he staggered out in the deep snow and wind (our first) to wet. He'll never do it in the house, although we don't care for we could get anything cleaned.

Ruby has doctored him day after day-- and both of us at night. Today I came home at noon for we were afraid all roads would be drifted shut-- and he laid down beside me on the couch-- and slept hard. A little later Ruby said "Look at that dog". He was up drinking water. We had been force feeding and watering him with strained foods through an ear syringe. A little later he ate about a pound of raw hamburger and some cooked liver. A little while later he staggered out the front door into a drift and watered for three minutes solid. We gave him a whisky egg nog when he came in to stand off chill. We hope the change has come; we hope you're all well (which your letters seem to indicate) and we'll be glad when this flu winter is over. Love

Jack
Dear Sister & Brothers:

Willie Ray called me last night and said Jim Ray died, the evening of the 6th at Masonic Home; his remains at Shelbyville at Funeral Home. The Crowe Funeral Co. will go to Shelbyville today to bring him to Scottsville, and his funeral will be tomorrow, Wednesday the 9th. I will call tonight to find out the hour.

I ordered a $10.00 Basket or Wreath, whichever the Scottsville Florist could make look best, and put on the card, "Joe Edd Ray's Children, Will Brown Ray, Edward M. Ray, Dr. Joseph M. Ray, Ruby MacDonald, & Virginia Harman.

Joe Wilson and Wilma are going to her uncle's funeral at Richardsville tomorrow, and I think now Louise Richards will take me. Mrs. Sara Elizabeth Campbell Kennedy wants to go with us. She is a first cousin our father's, and visited Eleanor several times before she died. She works at Derby Underwear Co., but whenever Jim came to see me he always called her. Jim lived in the Wren home a few years, and she visited in that home many times.

Not more than two weeks ago I got an eight page letter from Jim telling me all about Abner Evans whose daughter, Jane Evans from Pennsylvania married our Grandmother Ray's father, Joseph Wren, and wrote the names of her brothers and sisters, where they moved to and where they died.

Willie said they called them from the Masonic Home Saturday and said Jim was having sinking spells. Could he ever old Jim never did have a good heart. He could never do much work, said his stomach hurt, and it would maybe have been heart pains.

I will write all of you after I go to the funeral, but will not go if it snows again tonight as predicted.

You all owe me two dollars each, but I will pay Brown's because I know he must be using every cent to make ends meet. Love, Va.
March 14, 1960

Dear Ray,

We met the Robins again this week end. This time we were at Higgins Lake. We've had a good time, but someone having to stay home with the little ones slows us down a little. It surely is nice to know phone calls aren't going to be for real.

Join with you on Lyndon Johnson, but Jettie, but would like Kennedy, too. The primaries should tell the story as far as I'm concerned. I have a terrible time as far with all these Yankee Republicans. The only way I can move in the social circle I do is by letting them all think they might convict me in time.

Tim is growing like a weed. She is smiling and cooing all the time. This morning she reached her grandmother, but neither of them seemed to mind too much. Pam likes Tim best when she thinks Tim is getting too much of Grandma Joe's attention.

Don painting our basement and plan to get till down there when we get home to fill some of the cracks and move some old lumber from. We have
A room down there that has a fireplace, and can be very nice. We have to move some pipes around, and get a ceiling put in before it will be finished. Dad keeps saying it will be an easy job, but the more I look at it the harder it looks.

We had a couple of feet of snow still, can't believe it will last much longer, though. We've had the most beautiful sunshine for a week, but temperatures always below freezing.

Mother wants my junk off the table so she can eat it.

Love,
Bob
Dear Will Brown, Ed, Joe & Ruby:

When I wrote you about Jim Ray's funeral, I said I would go if the predicted snow did not fall that night. Jim must have died Sunday the 7th. Crowe Funeral Home went to Shelbyville to get him the 8th, and his funeral was to be the 9th. Snow began to fall about nine o'clock the night of the 8th, and we awakened to see 22" of snow on the ground, the whole town paralyzed, and of course I could not go, could not get out of our own front door. It took all day to dig out to the street, leaving the snow piled knee-high along our walk, and the car was almost completely covered, looked like a big mound of snow. Then on top of this 22", we had another 2 or 3 inches, the official count was 25½ inches, the deepest for Kentucky since 1883.

Willie called me and said the county grader came and cleared snow from their driveway to the funeral home, and went on out to the Durr Springs church, and to the old Ray Cemetery ground, and cleared a wide strip in front of the grave, and there was a right nice small crowd at the church, and they had a nice funeral. She said the flowers I sent were the prettiest they had, and she was so glad I had the card written, Joe Ed Ray's children, because everybody in Shelbyville knew Joe Ed Ray

Will B. Ray, Edward M. Ray, Joseph M. Ray, Mrs. Ruby MacDonald, & Mrs. Virginia Harman, better than we were known. Our father was well respected in that vicinity. He had been the head of his father's home for so long before he married, educated his eldest brother for a Doctor, and made the living for the family. He was thirty years old before he married. After laying by his own crops he would come to Warren County to work as Joe Fallem's, who married Hetty Ray a sister to his father. It was at Greenhill Meeting house he met our mother and they were married in Nashville January 29, 1893.

Auntie told of the new furniture they bought and she thought they had a fine home across the road, and just up the road from Aunt Kate's home, the old Deering Place as we knew it. Ruby and I were born there, and maybe Brown. Were you Will B.?

Ray came home from the Bank last Friday, the 11th, with Flu, wading to the bank when there were no taxies to run. He was responsible for several million dollars automatically unlocked at 9:00 o'clock every morning, and went down to reset the time lock two mornings when the bank was closed. It reminded me of the time we lived thru a wind storm in Mulberry, Fla. and he crawled to the bank two blocks holding to the curb to keep from being blown away in 40 mile a hour gale. He is still pretty sick.
My dears:

Since writing the first letter, Thea Ray, came and told me all about the funeral of Jim Ray. He said the Masonic Home put aside $600.00 for his burial out of the settlement of the place. He bought the old Ray place in for $1000.00 and wanted to talk to me about selling it. He said he could get a bit more than he paid for it, and it might sell it and move the whole Ray graveyard with the money to a town cemetery. I told him I would not move any but his own father, if it were me doing it. He said he was going to move his father, and buy a good town lot for all of them. Jim's funeral cost $760.00, and the Masons had put aside $600.00 as I said. He had been to town and settled everything.

Now, is your chance, Ed, if you want the old Ray place and can match the cash offer he has, write to Thea Ray, Scottsville, and give him an offer. My guess would be that thirteen hundred each would buy it right now, and that would seem high for the old place to me. If any of you by name wants it and can meet this cash offer I suggest you attend to it right away. I believe he will sell it pretty soon, as he is considering moving the graves. Those buried there are our Grandfather James Monkey Ray, our grandmother, Sara O. Wren Ray, Aunt Carrie, Aunt Hettie, died young, Jim Ray, his baby brother, and his mother Alvia Ray Lineslow, and Uncle Willie Ray.

Thee said his family had all had the flu, but were up and about to attend Jim's funeral. They did not take him to the church as Willie said, but had funeral at the Funeral Home, and buried him in Ray graveyard.

Ray is a little better today, he's set up and talked to Thee a bit about two apartment houses to sell here, one across from the Baptist Church which will sell for $56 thousand, and one next to St. James which has two apartments which will sell for $26 thousand. Ruby, these are too high for us I think, don't you, Sale March 21st. Love, Virginia.
Chillun:

Miss Jettie has gone to Houston to a political meeting from last Friday until next Wednesday, and I'm alone now with the dog. David has decamped for the weekend to go over and help a friend of his run his Motel, and Sally is out rounding up a picnic party to Palo Duro State Park. I went to church by myself this morning, about the second or third time I have done it since we came to Amarillo. Last night I went to the Coronation Ball at the college, all dressed up in my tux -- alone there, too, since Miss Jettie has got to be Lyndon nominated and elected somehow. She and the preacher's wife drove to Houston, about 600 miles, on Friday. The parson told me that he heard from Houston last night and that they made it by 5:30 p.m. after having left here about 6:00 in the morning.

Things are really starting up on me at the college -- more to do than we can get done, but that's the way I like.

Miss Ruby, we did too miss your letter out of the Robin last time. I know it is true in my case, and I guess is true of all of us that when we sit down to write in the Robin, our minds go blank and, in striving to think of something to say, we sometimes overlook mentioning the thing that is most important. Glad you are at last straightened out.

Miss Virginia, I don't think you should draft Miss Ruby to barge across country digging up poop on the more or less dear departed, because, in the first place, it is obvious that it takes all the time she and Jack both have to take care of Hans and, secondly, nobody but you could possibly be interested enough in all that pap to spend money and days of time to dig it all up. I'm just popping off, of course, speaking mostly for myself. If you want to do it, Miss Ruby, more power to you.

Sure hated to hear about Jim Ray's death. He was just waiting for it. My heart went out to him when I saw him last, a poor pathetic little fellow, worrying about his next bowel movement and with not mind enough left to do that properly; he told me that the doctor there told him that he had used so much junk that he had entirely destroyed any possibility of natural bowel action. When we went to see him two years ago, we noticed that all the people who ate at his table in the dining hall had napkin rings, and when we got home Jettie sent him a little carved wooden napkin ring that I had brought back from Europe. When I went to see him in December, he showed it to me in his dresser drawer; he hadn't used it because it was so nice he didn't know whether Jettie meant for him to use it or not. He was thoroughly miserable with all his worries, and I guess it is best for him now to be at rest. Within the narrow scope of his life and his abilities, he was a good man. I doubt that he ever in his whole life did a single important thing that he thought was wrong.

Sorry Ray had the flu. Hateful as the business is, it does run its course, and I know he has recovered from it by now. I think I am the only one here who had it, although Jettie felt low once for a day or so. And the bad weather appears to be over here. We have sunshine most of the time, winter and summer, here, but this winter has been miserable. Some of the people here in the construction business are about to go to the wall, what with so much bad weather that they have lost from 90 to 120 working days. Today is fine. I have been out in the backyard throwing the old tennis ball for Chessie to chase. We have a big fenceline back yard, and she runs like a turkey after the ball and bringing it back. It's the best exercise she can get -- much better than walking, which is the only other choice here and has to be on a leash because of the traffic. Jack, she's never had a sick day; guess we are lucky.

Glad Joe is straightened out at last. Hope you all don't do so much for him that he won't come to stand on his own feet, but I'm a fine one to be expressing opinions on how to handle one's offspring; the longer I live the more I become convinced that there is no good answer to anything and that what answers there are become apparent to me much more slowly than to almost anybody else. I've got a feeling that Joe is a natural for life insurance selling; hope it is so, anyhow.

Ginna, in the Robin or in the letter about Jim Ray you asked about a picture of Papa. I had a big one, but I don't know what became of it. Maybe Jettie will know; I'll check it with her when she gets back.

Your little brother isn't such a slob any more. I've been reducing again and am now down to 175 and feeling fine. Not too hungry any more, but have to watch the diet all the time.
It was fine to hear from Babs. Do you agree with her in support of Lyndon Johnson, Mr.? Last I heard, you thought he was an evil influence; or do I recall incorrectly? We know here how it is among the Republicans. This neighborhood, in the circles we run in, is peopled with people who can be characterized by what one of them said to me not long ago: "I'm a democrat, but I never have voted for a democrat; I just can't understand it." The community is democratic, but it's us white collar people that vote republicans.

Little Eddard, you've got something in that Pammie, and you don't have to go into a song and dance about matching Jack's enthusiasm for his dog to tell us stories about her. Tell us more. And on that suggestion of yours about writing character sketches of the contributors to the Robin, we all live in glass houses, so who will chuck the first pebble? How about you? I figure that I am the only one in the crowd who is nearly perfect, so I would have the least to lose.

Love to all,
Dear Robin Bays;

I returned from Houston yesterday afternoon. The Robin had come the day after I left last Friday, but Joe has held it for me. I'm glad he did for it has been fun to read. Shows a little more life and spark this time. It takes Virginia to get on the Thomases to make good reading!

Sorry about Uncle Jim's troubles, but hope he is feeling better and able to enjoy life a little longer. We have some wonderful movies of all of them that we took a year ago Thanksgiving. I hope all of you will have an opportunity to see them sometime....

Jack, you and Ruby have done a wonderful job of doctoring your Hans. He probably would not have made it without you. Dogs are like children in that they can recover so quickly from illness. Thess Chessie amazes me at her digestion! She can eat and digest almost anything...and what she can't digest she gets rid of and then is as perk as anything! She is a lot of fun and has the cutiest personality I ever saw. She seems to have so much fun with all of us!

Ed, I'd love to see Pam and Kim. Her comments are worth repeating and I hope you will continue to share them with us. I still quote Babs remark about her Daddy marrying the meaniest and ugliest women she had ever seen! So Pam is keeping up with her! Tell Babs I'm really glad she is for Lyndon....I always did think she was smart! I like Kennedy, too, or any other Democrat and will vote for whoever is nominated. I'm afraid Kennedy will have a harder time beating Nixon. And I know my work in Texas will be harder if he is nominated. I hate to admit that a lot of people are still anti-catholic. But I heard a good remark the other day by an eighty year old retired Baptist minister...his daughter, who knew he is a devout Democrat, asked him if he would vote Democratic if Kennedy is nominated and he said he certainly would....that he made a mistake in 28 and voted for Hoover and would never make that mistake again!

My trip to Houston and points south was wonderful. A friend and I drove to Houston last Friday.....Uma Skinner...whom Ruby and Jack met. It is almost 600 miles...we drove it in 11 hours. We fixed sandwiches and didn't stop to eat. Made only three stops for gas. She visited friends there and I visited my brother, John and Gussie. I went mostly for the meeting of the State Executive Committee that I'm on. We met all day Saturday. Mrs. Johnson came for it. We really got a lot done and I feel things are moving right on schedule so far as getting Texas organized for Johnson. There are 22 Congressional Districts in Texas. There is a woman chairman of each district of the Women's Division. of which I'm one. Mrs. Johnson has invited us all to their ranch near Austin at Johnson City for our April meeting for an overnight visit! I'm really excited about that and hope I get to go.
Our friends, the Skeltons were in Houston, too. He is our National Committee man and was on the luncheon program. He has a brother in Houston, whom he and Ruth visited until Sunday afternoon. Then he went back to Temple and Ruth came over and stayed with me at my brother's Sunday night and Monday. A friend in Beaumont, Louise, came over Monday and we had a good visit with her and supper with her at her son's apartment. Tuesday morning we left off Temple by way of Austin, because Urama had never seen the capitol and the University. We had lunch there at the University Tea Room then on to Temple for the night with Ruth. We left Temple yesterday morning and got home last night. So you see, it was a wonderful trip. It is more wonderful to get home, though, and fine all well.

My niece who's father died in Nov. is enroute home from Japan. They landed in San Francisco Monday or Tuesday. We're going to drive down to L.A. to show Disneyland to their children, then drive to Dallas. They are going the Southern route so as to see a brother of her husband's, so will miss Amarillo. But I hope to get to Dallas to see them during April. They expect to be there about a month before they go to San Antonio, where he is to be stationed. She has some silks for her mother and me.

Guess this is about enough for this time. Hope all is well with all of you. Wish we could have a visit with all of you. Ruby, I wish you and Jack would start planning to spend next Christmas in Amarillo. Don't you think that would be fun? And any and all who can get to Amarillo this summer...we promise nice cool nights with the days not too hot. I hope to go to the Democratic Convention the 11th of July...otherwise, I'll be home all summer. Byron says he can get Sally signed up as a Page or Aide at the Convention, so she may go too.

Love to all.

[Signature]
April 11, 1960

Dear Family:

Never have I found so many excuses for putting off writing the Robin. First, I was sewing for Samuel Ray. His footed sleepers were too hot for him, and I was making him three pajama suits. Also, I made him a pair of short pants and 5 little shirts to match. Wilma’s sister gave him a long-pants Easter suit, and another one a short-pants sailor suit, and our little man is all dressed for the summer. The Doctor says August for the next baby, but Wilma says she expects sooner than that time, more likely first of July. She is doing all her work, and Joe is working every day, and pleased with his work. He is doing unusually well for a start, and gets a salary of $75.00 a week for the first year. I am enclosing his newspaper add. This is not as good as the first ones. I tried to find a better one, but couldn’t.

Ray is back at work and taking a new vitamin Nutri - Bio, food supplement. One of the bank employees talked him into trying these two green and one yellow a twice a day; one is a vitamin, and one mineral with copper. He thinks they give him more strength. Joe is also taking them, and he thinks he could not keep going as he is without them.

Ed, your grandchildren sound just right, and you still have a chance of Emilie’s children; while this other one is probably all we will have. I am wondering if you will make it home for Easter. Call me if you do, and come on down if you have time.

Ruby, forget the Garrison’s until I can come and we will make the trip together. Ray says for me to stop writing in the Robin about the dead and gone; that Ruby could not be interested, having no posterity. I disagree about that, however. Down through the ages perfect records have been kept by the old maids of the family. I think of Eleanor, and Lucille how interested they were, and Lucille still is. When school is out we plan to go to Posey, Ind. and Webster County, Ky. and Henderson.

Uncle Jim looks awful, but comes to town; Aunt Kate’s family doing fine now; Aunt fell and broke her hip, and is still in hospital, St. Thomas, Nashville. I never hear from Will Brown’s family. They both must have decided to cut me for life because of the letters. He said it was all caused from something I wrote. Too bad, Well love you both, and miss you at Mass.
Dear Robins: Personally I think the whole outfit is cracking up.
This last letter was a whindinger: Ed wants to do character sketches of the Robin writers (That's strictly hot war talk and would alienate the closest kin). Joe keeps citing the size of his belly in every issue (A news dispatch which keeps us on edge until the newest statistic gets here).

And--Virginia-- says: "Ray says that Ruby could not be interested in our ancestors, having no posterity. But I disagree. Down through the ages perfect records have been kept by the old maids of the family." (Now, we say let each man take care of his own posterity and not make cracks about anybody else's. And as for Ruby being an old maid, let me say she has been happily and most fortuitously married for Lo these twenty years which is a thing for you tied-but-chain-tugging birds to think about).

Anent children and dogs: We like 'em both. We probably do more about children than all of you put together. I work in a school for 408 of them; Ruby teaches all over this county. More kids of all sizes stop into our house in a week than get into most of yours in a month.

So cut out this sniping. Ruby did go to New York and New Rochelle to look up these Hugenots--why, I'll never know-- but she did see Mimi and Dorothy (Brown's daughter) who is as charming a girl as you'd meet in a day's travel. Looks like Virginia so much, it's amazing. She came back to New York with Ruby and we all had lunch together.

Did any of you think it odd about Ed saying: --the country is beautiful and I keep indentifying myself with it continually.
Dear Children -

As you can see, I didn't get this done as soon as Jack did. He doesn't deserve too much credit because writing is his business and comes easy for him.

Your suggestion - Ed - about the character sketches might not be such a good idea. He might like it too well to the point of overdoing it. I guess not - at that because he does love and admire all of you. I am the only one of us to give him any trouble. But I do think you - Ed should start the project to set the style. What is your plan? Would you want to do them all? Or would you assign one character to another? Or let each of us do a sketch on every other one. How ever it turns out I have more to lose than any of you - having lived as we,
implies— in sin with Jack for twenty years.)

What is the definition. Our old maid—old I am—
It is a good suggestion and I would love to see it started. So from me you the
'Get-Crooking'.

But before we leave the dead and
gone let me report that I have researched
a little on them Hugenots. When I got
to the records of the old Hugenots in Rocah
I found them all done in French which
I can't read. I found a family of Allaines
which might have been the beginning
of our Alexanders. I doubt it because I
couldn't connect him with the group in Eng-
land. I found also that our Jacob Isaac
Garrison came from France and that
his wife was naturalized in 1705. These
records are in Albany NY. Of course we
are not sure that this Isaac is ours. I am
going to work on it again soon. Of course
I did waste time in New York, by checking up
on Mayflower records. From what I read
it looks like almost any D.A.R. can get on
that boat—by marriage—that is—ad with
issue. When school is out I am going to
follow that up. When you said I was a boat.
Belmont Plaza

Did you mean the Mayflower?

Far and away the best part about this experience was my visit with Brown's Dorothy. I wish all of you could visit her. To begin with she is the 'spit ten' image of Va. Jack and I were just dumb when we saw the resemblance. I spent the night there and she brought me in to Big City and we took her to lunch. She has a lovely family. Her husband is a big tall fellow - both good looking and smart. The three boys are just precious. The second one looks like a 'Ray' with brown eyes. If that is possible. The baby was having some rash trouble but Dorothy thought he was improving. Her house is very well organized and peaceful. The older boys wanted me to help them out with their prayers. I did fine with the 'Now I lay me' but was no help at all with that cross business. Dorothy came in and straightened us out. She is a Catholic car
Andis interested in joining the D.B.R. - which I think would be a good thing for her. They have bought a very nice new house in a good location - and are furnishing gradually and in good taste. I had a very happy visit.

I do enjoy Barbara's contributions. Couldn't send this on to her if she wants it. I am flattered that she reads and writes as often as she does. Pam is very like her when she was her age. Tell us more about her.

I must wind this up, because we have a house guest and I must dust up the house. We don't know how long she will be here because her son is not well. He is a senior at George School near here. The sort of been his telephone contact for his four years there, because his family moved to Washington State after he entered George School. Now he has some eye trouble and she has come to read to him. It is a sad thing. He is a fine smart boy.

Love to all of you.

Ruby
Sunday afternoon.

Dear Robins:

We were about to decide the Robin was never going to get around again. But it is good to hear from everyone and know that all is well every place.

These past two months have been such busy ones, I wouldn't have had time to write even if I had got here, for I've had so much letter-writing to do for LBJ! Which has paid off with a successful primary day, yesterday. Most all precinct conventions went strong for him. Amarillo is a bi-county city, so the two local counties were very important for we have more people here than in all of the other district. We lost two precincts in one of the counties and they were both in the precincts one of the county chairman who said to me, "Why did they both have to be in my precincts"! We have county conventions next Saturday; then State the 14th. of June. I'm a delegate to county and hope to go to State. But do not if I get to go to national as a delegate. We have only 5 from this district and I'm too far down the line, but Johnson gets to select some "at-large", so I may get to go.

Sally went to a band festival in Enid, Okla. last Thursday. Got back last night about 10:30 exhausted. But she reports a wonderful time and fair success for the band...first place in concert and marching, but second in sight-reading.

David has been under the weather for about two weeks. Started with a bad cold that infected his sinuses and the sinuses drained into his throat and gave him a terrible threat. After two weeks of drugs, I hope we have it checked.

Today is a peaceful and happy mother's day for me. David has his girl friend over here watching T.V. Sally and a girl friend in her room playing records. I've cooked a roast and the trimmings and everyone eats as the motion strikes. I'm sewing, writing letters, etc..... Joe is back on his skim-milk diet!
Virginia, your announcement about the "next baby" was surely a surprise, but a pleasant one. Know you are all pleased and anxious for another one. Joe should make a good insurance salesman and I liked the picture. Did I tell you that Elmer Charles House came by to see a few weeks ago? Joe was out of town, but Charles came out and ate hamburgers with the kids and me and we visited for awhile. He has certainly changed...for the better and was very interesting company. He lives in Dallas and I hope we can see him oftener.

Friends back from around-the-world tour have brought back topaz earrings and aquamarine ring for me...both very beautiful. The ring is not quite as large as my topaz, but as beautiful. They were my Mother's day gift!

We have felt so badly for Ruby and Jack about the loss of Hans, for we know how lonely you feel after losing a pet. Even if Ed thinks anyone is a "goof" to become attached to a dog, I still have a lonely place for our other Chewzie.

I missed Joanna...I need "in-law" company, gal! Jack and I have trouble with all of these Rays! But I'm sure we can hold our own, eh? Jack!

Wish some of you would come to see us this summer?

Love to all.

[Signature]
8 May 1960

Chillun:

I don't know how long I can write at this moment, but I'll get it started. Matter of fact, I probably won't have much to write about now that Jack has proscribed talk about the size of my front. Really, this hampers my performance no end.

No, Jack, I hadn't noticed Ed's identifying himself with the beauties of nature. I'll agree this takes quite a bit of doing, but it could be that this is the attraction of opposites. I'm in favor of both of you old codgers. I thought of both of you yesterday when I read about the baldy who asked the barber if he shouldn't get a cheaper rate because of the sparsity of his locks and the barber replied, yes the actual haircut is less, but the price goes back up because of the amount of trouble in finding the hairs to cut. I've been trying to figure out why it was that I thought of you two and never once thought of old Silent Harman -- maybe because he hasn't even got any to find.

Miss Virginia, we got to wondering who kept the Robin so long, and the dates add up that you had it in hand for well over two weeks. Now, you've got to admit that's too long. I'm with you, hon, on this question that it's usually them without issue that think most about family and ancestors. Basically, it's the matter of not having anything else to do, or even enough to keep busy. As to the question of whether Miss Ruby is a maiden lady, it seems to me that Jack's testimony is the best available on the issue, and we all ought to accept it without quibbling further.

On this character sketch business, I figure I live in a glass house, and I ain't about to cast the first stone or epithet or whatever type of brickbat would be involved. I will venture just one thought in that direction by attempting a fragmentary type of characterization of my good brother Ed: He's the type that is foolhardy enough to bump for character sketches of Robin contributors, when nobody wants really to see himself as others see him.

We had the Democratic primary yesterday (Saturday) and with one or two minor exceptions all the right people won. At 7:30 last night Miss Jettie hauled me off to the precinct convention because "...if we lose by one vote and you're not there, I'll come back home and skin you." Not only won, but with no dissenting votes at all. Instructed to go to the county.
convention next Saturday and vote for Johnson, elected Miss Jettie as secretary of the precinct convention, as delegate to the county convention (along with about 15 others), and adjourned all in about 10 minutes. Apparently went this way thoughtout the whole state.

Glad to have the word about Dorothy Damiano. Sure would like to see her. Last time we saw her was in Alexandria, Virginia when the Rays, MacDonalds and others had dinner with her and some folks she was with on a trip, maybe eight or nine years ago. I always thought she looked like Miss Virginia, although she was sorta homely as a child and anybody would hesitate to say she resembled someone. But she looked like Ginna even when I saw her last and was getting real pretty.

Miss Ruby, about them Hottentots or Hugenots or Forgetmenots or whatever they are. Seems to me almost sinful to spend real good money chasing across the map after such tripe. Of course, if includes visits with kind, then it may be worth the trouble.

Little Eddard, you're entitled to your views on the man who is going to get the nomination, and I suspect you're closer to what actually will come out of it than most people believe. But two things: if you don't vote for the demo nominee, if he's someone you don't like, then you are voting for the Tricky one. Another thing: that old republican talk about "socialistic trend" and "sheer weight of taxes" is the stuff that the big money-owned newspapers have dinned into us so long that we've all come to believe it. Whatever the people of this country want is what we will have, shibboleths to the contrary.

I'd better knock off. Miss Jettie will write soon, I hope. Somehow she's going to have to get all the politicking out of her system. Now the primary's over and she's got it all laid on except some talking next Saturday, you'd think she would be over with it. But it appears that the more of it they do, then the have to take twice that time to talk about it and gloat over how they won. She's on the phone now. I'm not complaining. You can look at me and tell I haven't missed many meals -- Ooops there I go again, Jack.

Love to all,

Joe
Dear Ones:

Before the month of May is gone, I am setting myself the task of writing the Robin, because I am afraid if I keep it until June I will be dropped like Will B. from the Round Robin.

How I do get myself involved I never understand, until I am in head-over-heels and have to put in time and work to get out. I got involved in a State Meeting of the United Church Woman, by being Local Bowling Green Council Treasurer. We entertained 150 delegates in three churches here, and the planning and the actual carrying out of all the meal and entertainment, took too much of my time.

I am always involved during the Month of May to speak, or give the Pledge Service to many small societies over the Bowling Green District, because I am District Treasurer of our Methodist Women's Organizations of 45 Societies, giving over twelve thousand a year, and I have to post all the giving by quarters for each society, and then report the total by quarters, by societies, and the year. Report at Annual Meeting which this year was at Broadway Methodist Church, a modernist New Church building out the Scottsville Road. The old church building is almost demolished, and when any of you next see that spot, it will be a Filling Station.

Then, I am daily involved with our grandbaby, Samuel Ray, and have spoiled him no end walking him down here twice a day to take him off Wilma, who is getting along pretty good, but has had complications this time, and has not been as well as before. We hope the baby is born in about two weeks, instead of August as her doctor thinks. When that is over and everything running smoothly, I may not have so much pressure. However I am expecting to have to almost take over the 22 months old one when the little one comes. Wilma is such a perfectionist, she just cannot take care of him also. Ray is looking forward to the time when Sam Ray will just move down here, but I doubt if Joe and Wilma will ever let that happen. We are giving them trouble enough spoiling him. I would never recommend any baby living close to his grandparents. Joe found a house he would like to buy, but turned it down until he is getting better salary out of his insurance company. It is the Northwestern Insurance Co., but Ruby, he could not sell anyone out of the State of Kentucky, and soon other agents will be trained for other places in Kentucky, and he will be restricted to certain sections. He is on salary of $75.00 a week now, and commission at the end of the year. So far, he has sold more insurance than the $75.00 a week, but does not get the commission until end of year.

All this to explain why I have kept the Robin two weeks, and hoping you will continue to send it this way, and after the month of May I will not be so involved with outside commitments. In telling all this I forgot to say I conducted a Bible Study, "Luke's Fortieth of Christ" at our Church. I asked different ones to give one Session, but I was involved every Tuesday morning during May. Louise Lashlee, or Louise Puckett of Broadway gave first Session, Mrs. Gobel Good of Scottsville the Second, Mrs. J.Y. Barbee Third, and Mrs. A.C. Johnson, the last session. In exchange Scottsville and Broadway were two of the Societies I gave Pledge Service for. By the way, Ruby, Mayma Puckett, what? I forget, is in T.B. Sanitorium.

Ruby, I have not yet had time to Study all the data you sent me on the Garrisons, and Alexanders, but will go down to Mrs. Ferguson's, a Genealogist here, with all you sent, and try to figure out what you found. If I can't prove anything about Garrison or Alexander connection with Huguenots, I will give the Callie connection a try. I have heard Uncle Al say that his family came from Gailla, France, and that they were Huguenots. My name is down in the Kentucky Society of Huguenots, and they are expecting me to prove it. It may be cheaper, after all, to pay a Genealogist to prove it.

I was interested in your visit to Dorothy Ray Damiano. I am sure Dorothy would not like to hear you say she is the spitten image of me, and I hope you did not tell her so, even if you and Jack were dumbfounded. I would like to see the three boys. The second one is no doubt a throwback to our mother who had beautiful brown eyes, but I guess Dorothy's husbands people are all black-eyed. I am surprised that Dorothy is a Catholic convert. I am glad to hear she has an orderly and peaceful home, the only happy way to live. I always feel sorry for boys who marry girls who will not keep a straight, or unlitteled house. If Dorothy wants to join the D.A.R. I will send her all the papers she needs, her fathers connection to my D.A.R. No. which is #464,940. If she wants to read the proof, she can find it in D.A.R Magazine 1952, Volume 86, p.413 which proves Ethel Alexander daughter of Hezekiah Alexander, and I have bible proof that married Caroline A.
proof that Caroline A. Garrison, daughter of Esther Alexander and Samuel Garrison, married our great, grandfather, William Ray. However, she would not need to show all this proof, just that she is daughter of Will Brown Ray, and use my number. I will fill out the paper for if you will give me her address. You say they have bought a new house in very good location, and are furnishing gradually and in good taste, but did not give her address. The address I have is, 23 Bowhill or Bowhill Road, White Plains, N.Y.

Ruby, I was delighted when you wrote a card saying you would write every week if I liked it or not. You have always been more faithful to writing than I have, but I still get home-sick spells to see you, I have just had one of those. Strange, I never get these blue and dejected spells to see any of the others; I guess because we were more like twin sisters. I want to see the other brothers and sisters, and am always overjoyed when that is unexpectedly or any way, but just don't get the blues over not seeing them. Now, that remark may bring a blast.

Ed, I thought they misinterpreted our saying in the last Robin, or twisted our meanings, didn't you? I am all outside about the remarks about character sketches, and Ruby might be right, it would not be such a good idea, because I believe we all hope our brothers and sisters think better of each of us than they really do. For ever all, they know us better, and have known us from childhood. I didn't read any other reference to this character sketching, but Ruby. However, I am all for it, if you want to undertake it Ed. In fact, anything you would say about my character, I would not take it too much to heart, because you know my character more as a child and young person than now, and I do hope by the Grace of God, it has improved over the years. I do know that there is still room for much improvement, and my greatest sin is my tongue, and I often read the Third Chapter of James, repent, but invariably commit the same sin again. This tongue of mine is most certainly the unruly member of my body with which I have the most trouble.

Joanna, I do hope you have time to write next time, and send through the Robin a picture of the new grandbaby, and it will be sent back to you if you so request.

Ed, I just re-read Joe's comment on this character sketch, and think he has something there when he says nobody wants really to see himself as others see him.

Jettie, we missed your contribution also, and hope you have time for a few lines next time. I doubt if your political activity will let up until after the nomination, and I am sort of like our son Joe, if Aunt Jettie, thinks this Lyndon Johnson is Right for the nomination, I hope he wins. However, Ray says he cannot win. How does it look from inside the Lyndon B. Johnson Headquarters by now? I am enclosing a clipping that is me all over. We had the Democratic Primary yesterday, and Keen Johnson won over John Young Brown, but Ray says he cannot win over Cooper, in the fall. Jettie, I missed your letter because thought it was Joe's until I turned it over and read the back. I take it back, you made a fine contribution. Elmer Charles House must have dropped the Abner. He was here about a year ago on business for his company, and I too thought him much improved.

No chance of a visit to any of you from the Bowling Green clan this year on account of the new baby, but would be pleased and delighted to have any-one visit us. We are expecting Will Brown and his family when school is out. I have not seen the children for a year now. Bill was here early spring, and we enjoyed him, but never a word from them since that time. I know Audrey is going to school and busy as a bee, but I did tell Bill I was sending Audrey the pretty orchid dress, beads and earring to match Ruby gave me, and if she didn't write if she liked that dress or not, I was through with her for life. I liked the dress myself, but that color did not compliment my ruddy complexion. I guess she did not like it, I have not heard,, may have been insulted, but the Dress had never been washed. Where did you get that dress, Ruby?

Now, Jack the old-maid I was referring to in our family was Lucille Scott, and she has done more research on the Cox line, trying to connect Nancy Posey to Phineas Cox with no success, than any other person, and has spent money traveling and Researching. I had to smile at the expression "a thing for you tied-but-chain-tugging birds to think about. For your information, I can keep up with you in this blood pressure count. When I do anything but relax mine runs 120, and then I can do nothing a week and it will be 169 to 179, which I think is good for me. My doctor says STOP DOING SOMETHING THAT YOU ARE DOING. Do not lift your Grandbaby, do not typewrite any at all, and look what I have been doing, boring you with this sitting. So, remembering my doctor, who is very nice, and who threatens to Have Nothing More to Do With Me, if I don't change, I am knocking off. I am Taking one Smell, I Perpetuate, I Expressions, just like Taking Writing. I have any Love to one and all, activity at all. If worst half my time, do very little, they work fine.

Virginia
Every time I find myself ringing doorbells asking for money for a fund-raising campaign, serving coffee and orange juice at the local blood bank, or starting in to address postcards for a local candidate I've promised to help elect. I get to wondering: "Why they call this kind of thing 'volunteer' work?"

* * *

So far as I can remember there have been mighty few times when I have ever volunteered for any kind of job. And yet, through the years, I've done just about every kind of "volunteer" work there is to do.

It usually happens like this:

A charming voice on the telephone asks me if I won't give "just a little" of my time to a worthy cause.

Vainly I fumble around for an excuse that will get me off the hook, but nothing I come up with impresses my caller.

She has a ready-made answer for every dodge and every conceivable excuse, probably because she has heard them all before many, many times.

* * *

So the call ends with my agreeing reluctantly to "do my share," and I'm hooked again. And the mail starts coming, giving me last-minute instructions, packets of work material, and so on, each letter beginning: "Dear Volunteer Worker."

I'll bet the country is full of women just like me who are running themselves ragged doing "volunteer work" they wouldn't have volunteered to do in a million years.

We are probably marked as women who can't say "No" to a good cause or to the persuasive voice of a do-gooder. Workers we are, but "volunteer workers" we definitely are NOT.

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Dear Robinettes:

Seems this is about the first minute we've had in days-- Ruby teaching regularly; I at the end of the school year with programs and dinners practically every night. Besides we took off last week end and went to a wedding clear down to Raleigh, N.C.

Went down by train-- the Silver Meteor, a Florida train-- and drove back with another couple of Connecticut, on Sunday. Son of these long time friends of ours, Bert and Barbara Schmickel was marrying an N.C. gal (he's finishing his M.D. at Duke). All drove back as far as Richmond on Saturday night-- and then the Schmickels announced they were going to Europe this summer in late July and want us to join them for part of the time.

We haven't had time to talk it over or go into our finances, but I'd like to go. I'm afraid by next year things will be tenser with less travel, what with Mr. K. and Red China working on Cuba and other South American countries.

Another thing, we want to go while we're still ambulatory and, as of now, we can still walk up a gang plank or into a plane without being wheeled. So we'll see what we shall see.

I have a feeling for Symington for the election, somehow doubt if LBJ will make it despite Jettie's good work. What worries me more is this increasing "fast buck" morality all over the country-- payola, Antibiotics Welch, so many Congressmen chiseling on their travel vouchers, deliberate falsification of fund raising reports from March of Dimes, Heart Assn., Cancer drive, etc. with few dollars reaching those the money raised for (factual NIB reports) -- looks like we're fat cats fiddling while U.S. burns-- and sadly no one really seems to give a damn. Otherwise we're relatively healthy and doing okay.
June 11, 1960

Dear Children —

This is early Saturday morning — 6:30 to be exact.
Maybe I should have stayed in bed a little longer —
— some of our neighbors down the street have a
device that wakes me and scares the birds
from their cherry trees. It starts at sunrise and
a gun-like noise — just loud enough for
the birds and me to hear it. It pops about every
two minutes now, but will get faster later. They say
it is very effective. Any of you have a fruit
orchard?

Any way I don’t care because it is a perfectly
beautiful morning — cool and sunny and so
new and fresh. The flowers are blooming —
and promise to do better so as of this minute. “All is
right with the world.” — on this half acre that is.

When I think of what has to be done today I
know that even here there will a struggle and
some pushing around. This is my last weekend
that is jammed full of plans. School will be out
on June 17th — and all these volunteer things
will be on the shelf for the summer — and for
me — Queena. I do not intend to spread myself
so wide — again. That note you had planned
to your letter was so right. It is not that I am not interested in those and all things. If I compliment a friend on doing a good job at some dance etc - she grabs my arm and says, "You are just the one I need." And there I am without the courage to say, "After all it wasn't worth your time." Such a plight!

This year - coming up - I am not going to work for Y.W.C.A. or The Yardley Art Assn. I'll paint what and if I can also when. And I am not going to help with the library's fund-raising Book Fair. My part this year was too much for me. Our library is bankrupt so we have a big all day fair with entertainment and selling books. My stint was to get up a Book Fashion Show. Clever idea - not mine. We chose five well known books - dressed a character as she was at the time of the story and another to show how that person would be dressed today. It was interesting and some fun - but some headache! We had Caesar - toga etc - whose counterpart was the Yankee idea of Southern politician - Panama hat - string tie etc. We also had Reuben of Sunny Brook Farm - the 'Kate Greenaway Child' - Come with the Wind, and The Empress' lady. Her counterpart was our Chinese friend as Mrs. Chan - in one of her own perfectly gorgeous costumes. At the last minute I had to be Mrs. Josephine because Angie couldn't back in time. Now! That was really a show. At the last minute also Jack had to help with the lighting and almost every thing else which didn't improve his disposition.
Selkie - I compliment you on your work on h.B.S. I'm sure you have tied him up for the party - handle and some other places too. Even Sack will vote for him - he always helps out with volunteer projects. Gately and I wore h.B.S. buttons in h.C. last week-end and that state has at least sixteen of their votes for him. h.B.S. is lucky to have you. If he doesn't win the I hope Sumptown will.

Lo - you have done a grand big job as treasurer-secretary and the Really 'Mrs. Methodist' for the hanisville Conference. They really do need you. You have also done well by the D.A.R. - the letter-tots and all. I congratulate them for picking you.

Zoanna - We don't know what your volunteer jobs have been. I know you've had the ad that they are fortunate to have you with and for them. You too have done well.

Ray Ed Sue - I don't know how you have volunteered to help society, but I know you've all done many fine things and that society has been improved and cleaned up - by your interest. Keep on! The country needs you. I guess like Sack - you've helped out with other projects - at the last minute. And like him you're crossed and swore some. You are smart boys all of you.
I've gone all-out in these congratulations because I know you've done fine and I also know none of you will grab my arm and say "you are just the one I need. Don't touch my arm, I have volunteered."

We do hope some of you will come to see us this summer. Please think and tell us when. Isn't this the summer Bab's and her family are going to come East. I do hope so. Dorothy is coming sometime during the summer. She can't decide just where. Her husband has summer classes, his brother is getting married etc. Her address Va. is what you have 25 Bowhill Rd. They moved there last Sept.

As you see Jack has hinted we may go to Europe - I don't know. We will see. I would love to go with Schmickels.

I get awfully homesick to see you all of you, because we do love you. Give all the kids - big and little some kisses from me.

Whiting's
Kwick K. Bond
Aug. Cont.
Chillun:

This has turned out to be a real summer, with all the trimmings. First, Jettie made a deal with David that he would paint the woodwork on the outside of the house, and he agreed provided nobody would push him. Then we are all home for the summer together, I believe for the first time in Texas. Then comes the offer of the presidency of Texas Western College at El Paso. And it has been uproar ever since. David has a job that pays him cash money instead of slave labor for his Mom painting the house trim; he is also going to high school taking a full summer course trying to get enough credit to graduate. He is so taken up with his work that I am afraid he won't get credit in the work he is taking. Sally has a job as all-day baby-sitter, making $25 a week; she is also taking a typing course at the college, along with the college students, but she likes it, I think, and is sticking to it very conscientiously. She's developed into a real young lady. And Scott is doing his usual thorough job of making dough without working very hard for it. The other day he taught little girls to twirl batons by lying in the hammock (my gift for father's day, but I have to argue to get it sometimes) and telling them. When I twitted him for lying in the hammock for three hours and earning six dollars, he protested that he wasn't in the hammock over two hours of the three. It's a godsend, though, that he is not fully employed, because he is doing a real yeoman job of helping his mom get ready for the move to El Paso.

I am at the office tonight after a brief meeting of the Amarillo College Board of Regents at which I submitted my resignation. They also took action to organize to select my successor. Amarillo College is a junior college; it has a little better than 800 students in the fall term; Amarillo is a city of 135,000 people. Texas Western College is a senior college and offers master's degrees in three or four fields. It has about 1,000 students in the fall term; and El Paso is Texas' fifth largest city (after Houston, Dallas, San Antonio and Fort Worth) with a 1960 population of 270,000. Of the some 35 public junior colleges in the state and the 20 state senior colleges, Texas Western is the only one that is directly under the Board of Regents of the University of Texas. I was offered the job by the Chancellor of the University, and he will be my boss. It is the sweetest situation one could want. There will be problems, of course, but nothing that common sense and work can't cover. I'm delighted, of course,
as we all are, with the possible exception of Sally, who has misgivings about moving away from her boy friend. We may have to dispose of her dog, also, since there is no place to keep it in the President's home in El Paso. The house is real elegant, one floor, Quarry limestone, four bedrooms, den, maid's room with separate bath and two other baths. It's just over a year old, about two miles from the college, up on the side of a mountain. It is mostly furnished, with a color TV, piano, and all such stuff. Also it is completely air conditioned, and the college provides for the manpower to keep the grounds. Enough of this; Jettie may tell you more. I report on August 15.

I am enclosing a clipping from the Amarillo Globe-Times which brags on me real good. I went down to see the editor yesterday and complimented him on turning out a real fine edition on the day this editorial appeared.

I am also enclosing some clippings from the Messenger, the Texas junior college teachers association magazine. I have been contributing doggeree to it, off and on, and clipped some to show. The poem about Fowler, Rouse, Measle and Fell; Danny Fowler is the lad with whom I hoboed to Florida and California in 1927. He is now the senior member of the firm named above. I've always liked the sound of Fowler, Rouse, Measle and Fell, so I came up with "Drei Grosse Esel." All the foreign language lines in the poem mean, "It's three big jackasses and Bell." I got Danny's permission to print it before turning it over to the Messenger for publication. Danny's law firm is in Lexington, Kentucky.

Ginni-ah, hope the new grandchild is there by now. Since it's expected of me, I'll blast on the score of your not getting the blues for not seeing me. I'm sick and tired of it, and I want you to start getting blue for me right this minute. Give us whatever report you can from the will P. Rays. I was reminded, while reading about old Hezekiah Alexander and such in your letter, of a crack that Norman Thomas made at Austin once when I was a student. Someone in the audience where he was making a speech asked Norman Thomas what he thought of Thomas Jefferson's comment on this or that, and he said, Jefferson was a fine man, but he's dead and he's been dead over a hundred years. Same's true of old Hezzie, ain't it? I think you and Ruby are both right about the Ruth Millett clipping about getting involved in volunteer stuff. Jettie is the same way.
Miss Weebie, I heartily endorse your staunchly conservative attitude, where you say on that bright early morning when you were writing, "All's right with the world -- on this half acre, that is." That's the spirit; let's not overstate our case. Thank you for dragging on us. You women folks make me a bit ashamed, because, although I work pretty hard, I've always been real hard to rope in on anything that wasn't part of the job. Hope you all do get to go to Europe. I am at present scheduled to spend a three-week stint in Spain this fall helping survey the schools there for the Strategic Air Command, -- first three weeks in November. I may not go, but I think it is laid on. If I go, I'll fly from Maguire, AFB, which is not far from Phila.

Jack, I ain't no "Robinette." Indeed, maybe I won't be a robin at all, possibly a pouter pigeon, huh? I'm a pigeon, that's a cinch. I'm not with you on Symington; I think it will be either Johnson or Kennedy; in other words I'm betting against the dark horse. The convention will be over by the time the Robin gets around again (if it's as slow as it was this round, could be the general election will be over by the time we see the old bird again). It's hazardous to guess this one, but it does seem that Kennedy will not get the nomination on the first ballot, and if he doesn't, he may not get many more after that. One thing that most people aren't paying enough attention to is that in the tight fighting in a political game, Lyndon Johnson is the grand daddy of them all, so if Kennedy doesn't get it the first or second ballot, LBJ has the edge. Jack, I think you and Miss Ruby should go on to Europe. I have a feeling that as of the moment you all have more money than is good for you and that you should splurge with some of it.

Little Eddard, I'm not with you on the fact that the world's morals are going to the dogs and that this country's ethics are coming apart at the seams. The fact is that moral and ethical standards have always been one of the principal concerns of mankind and that maintaining them is a front line effort down through the ages. Your assumption that venality in Truman's administration was a brand new type of thing that served as a prologue to the real unbridled corruption of the present administration just won't wash. Men have been out for their own pockets ever since the race began, and high-minded men have had to keep a weather eye out for their more greedy compatriates. History shows that many of the giants of our political past, such as Clay and Webster, worked for their own pockets. Frankly, I think Ike is motivated much less by high principle than he is by expediency, and I have thought so ever
since the Dixon-Yates deal. This deal was worse than Teapot Dome because it was much more blatant in execution. The boys in Harding's administration were stealing from the government and they knew it and they tried to hide it but got caught. In the Dixon-Yates deal, Wenzell was placed on salary inside the government while he was still on the payroll of the New York outfit controlled by Dixon-Yates, and he was assigned to no work other than working out the Dixon-Yates contract— a contract which later, much later, was thrown out by a federal circuit court in its entirety as being against public policy. And when Ike held his press conference, obviously after complete information on the steal was available to him, and was asked what he thought of Wenzell's being in the position he was, Ike said very blandly that he didn't see anything wrong with it... As a student of American government and politics, I submit this is the nadir of presidential integrity in the whole course of our history.

But back to the main point: the world isn't going to pieces; you're just getting old. And it is characteristic of oldsters to think that the world is going to hell.

Glad to know the herniotomy worked so well. Mine did, too, but we Rays have tissue trouble that we just have to watch. A Maryland doctor told me that varicose veins, hernias and hemorrhoids usually all three come to the same person. When he knew I had two of them, the latter two, or had had, he asked about the varicose veins, and I showed him some. He said he had never known two of these to afflict a person but what the other was also present.

You tell Jo for me that I am worrying about her not passing her work. And kiss that sweet little old Em for me next chance you get.

Love to all,

Joe
June 29, 1960.

Dear Robbins:

Joe has written such a "booklet" and told all of the news items, I don't know what I can add.

He is real excited about his change of jobs; everyone here is so kind and generous with credit to him for the good work he has done here, that he will probably get the swell-head!

We are getting this house is good shape for putting on the market. Had the kitchen papered Sunday...I washed the work-work Monday and Tuesday. It looks wonderful. Had the carpets cleaned Monday and Tuesday and they look like new! The house in El Paso is furnished, but can absorb our good pieces...I'll have a rummage sale soon to sell odd tables, chairs (including the wing chairs) etc. that we don't want. We hope one and all of you will get out to see us soon.

I had a wonderful time at the Democratic State Convention. It was a thrill to watch Johnson and Rayburn win over everyone there. I hope it was a rehearsal for National. I still think Johnson may take the nomination...Kennedy would be my choice for second place, although it is possible that Meyner of N.J. will get it. I've given up the idea of going to Los Angeles. I hate to miss it, but with so much to do here, I couldn't enjoy myself for thinking of what I should be home doing! If Johnson gets the nomination, I believe he'll be elected, and I'd rather go to Washington for his inauguration! So that is what I'm planning right now!

Ruby and Jack, it was wonderful to talk to you the other night. Just wish Joe had been home. And ever since I've thought of so many things I should have said, but nothing would come to me at the time!

Ed., I'm real proud of the new Masters coming up! But wish Joanna would help out the "in-laws". Glad your operation went so well.

Glad to hear from everyone. We were just wondering where the Robin was. Love to everyone, Jettie
Dear Beloved,

Nice June celebration, don't you think? Every time ago in one town has married this June. Friend have so many weddings, or maybe the crop fused to sell clothes to all although to marry this summer.

Ray and I came over here last night, left home at two o'clock after Ray and Margaret Martin got off from the Bank. They close at noon on Saturday. Margaret Martin is Ray's favorite employee, and we both like Ralph. He was from Bucyrusville and was just enough County in him to one feels at home with him. Margaret and her daughter Linetra dress fit to kill, but I came along with what I have, bought only house shoes and a robe. Wilma wore out my house shoes, my good ones, and Mrs. Daly borrowed my only good robe. She is wearing steel brace and hellock, and although went shopping for her a robe she didn't want any of them. Because they were not long enough. I told Ray she could have offered to buy one for me since she announced she would just keep mine. I found a money near Navy Haily and Roman striped house shoes,

Wilma is still up and doing all her own house work, ironing for a shirt every morning and keeping her home spotless and the baby clean and happy. They went out to an Insurance dinner Thursday night and Sam Ray spent the night with us. He gets up on his mother the night with six. He gets up on his mother's bed and goes to sleep, but he would not get up in mind, said no! No! Home! Home! When I told him his mother and Daddy were gone off...
The car and he could have a bottle either on my bed or outside in my lap. We took my hand and said "Ours!", and dropped off taking his bottle and pointing to lightening bugs. He notices every thing, and has a manual for turning off the air conditioner and that was the thing. Joe put in an Air Conditioning and they have to turn it off. Milva says he just wants everybody to notice it. Little old "Er" or Dr. Tom Russell told Joe to get one for his Asthma, and Joe says it worked. They would rob a Bank if Dr. Russell told them to. I wish he would tell Milva to stop wearing shorts. She has such ugly legs. It just hurts Ray up for her to wear shorts, and smoke, but Mother-in-laws have to be careful about even making suggestions. They try to clean backward to not criticize a thing they do. So far the belief it has paid off. She tells the close friends she could have never found a mother-in-law like she could have never found a mother-in-law that the greatest! The "Grandpa", etc. Hope it lasts so long as we both do live.

Ray and Ralph have gone down to the falls but too many steps for me. My blood pressure would go up to 220 or maybe 240 if I did that. I am learning how to take smell mines, and still take my medicine which keeps it down to 178 or 65 depending on my activity.

Ralph is good company for Ray and it would be good for him to take a trip like this ever week, etc. the drinking legs. We are going to have another local option in Sept., and I honestly think legal is best. Than Ray only drinks beer, too much, but better for him the bottle.

M. J. F. Harman is much better, talking and laughing and grasps my hand and arm with both hands so hard it hurts. He would like for Ray and me to move up to his house and give Joe ours to live in until Ray and Laurel can put the money. He just may not be able to ever do it. If you write him a Post Card and tell him it a clipping about your new job.
I gone the Park City Daily news the one plane
sent Ruby and you never saw such a new.
They edited it until it read like, Male High
and the Business University was your only
education. Miss Mattie Hatcher called me
and said, Virginia, Who ever put that kind
of printing in the paper and it did not
do our free credit for what she had
done. Several others called Gordon Wilson,
Jane Robinson, Mary Lawrence, my neighbors
Mrs. Goodwin, Ruth McHennis, and Josie Homan
was most indignant.

Wander if your newspaper would loan
me a cut to put in and I am going to make
then run it again and at least mention your
degree worth in such a position

Ray is terribly proud of your new job and
talks to people more about it than she. The
furnished house sounds grand, but Oh! In
Far Away. I made a copy of the clipping to
send to Ed and Brown.

I have not heard one thing from Wilb
since he was at home early in the spring. He
and Audrey are sure of me for life. They blame
me for what I must have written to bring on
all that comment and Brown must have all
but given Audrey a beating for telling me all
of their troubles; for he said: "Joe, Ed told
him his mother cried and told Aunt 'Kin' all
kinds of things. Bill did say they were coming
when school was out. I wrote and asked if the
children, Sylvia of Joe Adin wanted to come
next year, but no answer," so I guess not. Later
when the little girls or boys arrive, just what the
heat beat is a girl or boys. She is awfully big
but has not gained much weight still takes
her meals. Children from transportation the
prescribed, but I can't say so, Mr. Russell is so right.
Dear Joe,

We are pleased to hear the good news of your new job. More power to you and the rest of the family. Seems that you no more than got organized and rolling that you move to another better and more important job. I'm awfully happy for you and only wish you and the family could be spared the job I'm moving. But this is an item that will be soon forgotten.

Next October I will be in A.O. Spring on a committee meeting on which I'm invited by the Conservation Foundation. To work and policy on conservation education for NW. There are only 8 from NW organized for this job. Now I get invited I don't know. I don't even know who the other seven are, but a good deal of force for preceded the invitation. My way after it is in answer as before it starts I may head your way to pay you a short visit while this out is tidy.
want to harvest an antelope or two and dress my new gun which is
made by order for such a job. One only has to get an antelope's address
in order to make a harvest. Added to this is the fact that I can handle
the gun like Daniel Boone could handle a squirrel rifle. Where the
antelope is killed, the body is shot or hit with the butt and shooting
exactly at the right spot to cause a piece of flesh to fly off and kill the antelope
thus doing no harm; I would have to try to reach splinters with the antelope,
which is not sure I could do this but I
can try. If it doesn't work well
home to resent to shooting them
directly. I'm wondering about it to the
south roads in Texas. The lead
doesn't work. The roads may defeat
the rebellious plan I now have.
It's been a long time since I was
in the Paso. But this is an interesting
place steeped in history and the
twist of many generations while
Man and even more generations
Indians behind him. This was
the cross roads of many cultures
and relations with the east
and commerce came this way. Even
copper native copper from Michigan
with this way. Several hundred years ago
and in no doubt right into...
Settled Oklahoma and Wisconsin came by the Pan Am. If you have time to do it, you should read "Conquest of Mexico" by Prescott. This reads like a travel book and much of the background to modern history is based on this action.

Down and nixing Jo and Sue, they have a nice little apartment and work like little cousins. Jo is working on a paper dealing with Chinese literature in which she is trying to prove that the Chinese socialists to the welfare state, longs for natural resources and educational techniques as surrounded by Confucian philosophy, is remarkably modern. Yet, the Chinese found many ways to prevent adoption of his philosophy, in spite of the fact that his philosophy, like many others, may have been put to practice.

In this holiday atmosphere Jo and Chief Van and battles waste, he is writing a book and is taking it easy growing fast and incident.

Go and send greetings to your family.
July 18, 1960

Dear Eds:

We are still high on the change to El Paso. We do not leave here until the 15th of August. I agree with you that we seem always to be moving. The basic justification for it is that they always pay me a little more money somewhere down the pike.

We are delighted at the prospect of your coming to see us from Colorado Springs in the fall. I am much concerned for fear your visit might conflict with an engagement I have to go to Spain for three weeks starting in very late October or early November. As soon as I have any definite dates I will send them on to you. When is your committee meeting in Colorado Springs? One advantage of the new job at El Paso is that, as president of a senior college, I will go to more national meetings and will doubtless end up sooner or later at Chicago, which will give me a chance to visit you again in the north woods. This has no particular relation to anything, certainly not to your coming to El Paso. We will have a wonderful house to live in and are looking forward anxiously to your visit.

I shall try to find Prescott’s Conquest of Mexico.

I fear there is not much antelope hunting in El Paso, as there sometimes is here, and that even if there is an open season there, it will be so severely restricted that a man arriving on a time of his own choosing will not be there for the day or two a year on which antelope shooting is permitted. I gather from your letter that you are really a hot shot with your new rifle, but I recall that all my life I have had to discount your bragging, so I won’t believe this business about Daniel Boone until I see it, and I am not likely to see it if it involves strenuous excursions to the great outdoors. I still prefer to lie on my satchel and read.

We really are all pepped up at the prospect of going to historical El Paso. I read somewhere yesterday that white man put in an appearance at El Paso one hundred years before the pilgrims landed at Plymouth Rock. Just who, then, can get excited about the Lodges and Cabots as he casts his glance along El Paso del Norte.

All my folks send their best to you and yours. Give us a little more poop in the next robin about the new baby in the Sutter household.

Sincerely,
Lucille just said, "Aunt Kate,_bhove Beth, Rhoda & Louise drove down to Nashville this afternoon to see Aunt Guelde. Loik was out there and said he would not have gone if they had invited him right after the car was full asked if he wanted to go. Oh, yes, John also went, five in a car, but afternoon like this..."

"Ed, Maybe you had better send this one to See. I hope you have sent the Rebekah. Rebekah.

It seems strange to think of you and how you decided to come here. I'm sure glad you did. You're really starting to the book."

"Did you read the letters."

"Yes."

"In the oven?"

"Yest."
Nothing of the studying. It is the hardest subject I ever ran into against and may prove to be my "Achilles heel." Time will tell. You see I'm trying to cram every time I can get into as short a time as possible. I already have 32 hrs. I'm going back to school this fall if I possibly can.

It was nice of you, Virginia, to send me the pretty lavender dress and I did appreciate it, but I was unable to wear it even after I worked on it. It was quite a bit too large around the waist and too short for me. After I took in the waist, it was entirely too short even though I let out the hem also. I was so sorry because it would have made a lovely school dress. I think Bill will be coming to B. Y. before long and I'll send it back to you. I'll send back the jewelry that went with it, if you
want me to, but I wore them (the only necktie & turtleneck) a lot with the gray suit that Ruby gave me years ago. Please don't think that I don't appreciate those clothes that are given to me, because I really don't know what I would have done for the last 13 years without them. Almost everything I have now are things (coat, shoes & thread) that you, Ruby & even Eleanor gave to me.

We were all pleased with Joe's new job & we happy for them. It's really going places. The nice their new home will be!

We have a garden this summer & are having plenty of beans & potatoes. Next week we can have corn, I think, and the tomatoes will soon be ripe. It's nice to live in the country where we can raise our own fresh vegetables & have a lovely place for the children to play. It's a good thing to know that Bill has a job this fall, too.
We wish some one would come to visit us, but have about given up hopes of that.

I know how Wilma must feel & I'm sorry for her. It seems only yesterday since I was going through the same thing. I'll never forget how kind & sweet you always were to me. She's certainly fortunate to have you to help her. We'll be anxious to know about the event.

So sorry to hear about Mr. J. F. Harmon. So hope he is better.

Also hope you & Ray are well & enjoying this cool summer. The children would like for it to get real hot so they could go swimming. This may be like the summer of '51 or was it '50 when it stayed cool all summer.

Love from everybody,

Audrey.
The night before our arrival in Nashville we were to be at the hotel. We arrived on time, and I was surprised to see how much we had missed. The hotel was very nice, with many rooms and a large dining area. The food was delicious, and we enjoyed ourselves very much. After dinner, we went for a walk in the park nearby. We saw many people, and it was a pleasant evening. We returned to the hotel late, but we were happy to be in a comfortable place. The next day, we went to see some of the sights of Nashville, and we were impressed by the city's history and culture. We visited the Country Music Hall of Fame and the Grand Ole Opry, and we enjoyed the music and the atmosphere. We also went to a concert by some of the famous country music artists. It was a fantastic day, and we were very happy to be in Nashville.
Dear Virginia,

We all started to the lake to jump in as per your suggestion, then decided we'd try asking your forgiveness first for not writing and if we didn't get that, then we'd finish the job. I'm not going to make any long-winded explanations. I'll just say that if you ever try to take care of a family of six (four of them completely dependent males) drive 70 miles a day to school and carry a heavy college load (18 hours) you'd understand. As soon as school was out, I began a correspondence course in physics, which requires hour upon hour of writing. To say
nothing of the studying. It is the
hardest subject I ever ran up against
and may prove to be my "Achilles
heel." Time will tell. You see I'm
trying to crowd every hour I can get
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We were all pleased with Opa’s new job & so happy for them. It’s really going places. How nice their new home will be!

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Also hope you & Ray are well & enjoying this cool summer. The children would like for it to get real hot so they could go swimming. This may be like the summer of '51 or was it '50 when it stayed cool all summer.

Love from everybody,

Audrey
Brown did not see Alice. She has joined the Catholic Church and moved to the St. Joseph Hospital in Nashville.

Jim Ed said he had lived there two months and had not seen her. However, she called him and told him she had $75 in the bank she could loan him if he needed it.

Mary and her husband have moved from Nashville. The selling Drug Store supplies, but Brown says he is a sick man and will not live long. Have forgotten his trouble, but bone-brain. They have one little boy.

Aunt Audie is in Paris all the time from brother, and I guess enjoying her affluence and naming the number of doctors she needs.

Sunday afternoon 7/11/1960

Brown came to call. I went to go to Bardstown to see the Foster play. We went on and he went to Nashville to see Jim Ed, who has been transferred to a Federal Office in Nashville, and has a fifteen hundred dollar raise, as Cumberland River Receiver Manager.

River Receiver Manager which is the Engineering Corps of Cumberland Lake, Wolf Creek Dam, Gilbertsville Dam, and the others I can't name just now.

Write them about a location for Gift Shop. He knows all these and may have pretty good idea. His address is at his mother-in-law in Nashville, 1145 Shelton, Nashville, Tenn. They are expecting another baby soon. I don't expect to look at her with Martha mother until after the baby comes. They went to Red.
Dearest Beloved:

Nice June salutation, don't you think? Every teen ager in our town has married this June. I never saw so many weddings, or maybe the crop used to sell clothes to all folk to marry this summer.

Ray and I came over here last night, left home at two o'clock after Ray and Margaret Martin got off from the Bank. They close at noon on Saturdays. Margaret Martin is Ray's favorite employee, and we both like Ralph. He lives from Burchville and has just enough Country for him so one feels at home with him. Margaret and her daughter Anetta dress fit to kill, but I came along with what I have, bought only house shoes and a robe; Wilma wore out my house shoes, my good ones and Mrs. Daly borrowed my only good robe. She is wearing steel braces on her back, and although I went shopping for her a robe she didn't want any of them. Because they were not long enough. I told Ray she could have offered to buy one for me since she announced she would just keep mine. I found a Men's wear navy jersey and Roman striped house shoes.

Wilma is still up and doing all her own house work, ironing Joe a shirt every morning and keeping her house spotless and the baby clean and happy. They went out to an Insurance dinner. Thursday night and Sam Ray spent the night with us. He gets up on his mother bed and goes to sleep, but he would not get up on mine, said no! I'm home! Home! When I told him his mother and Daddy were gone off
Ray and Ralph have gone down to the falls but too many steps for me. My blood pressure would go up to 220 or maybe 240 if I did that. I am learning how to live with nurses and still take my medicine which keeps it down to 178 or 68 depending on my activity.

Ralph is good company for Ray and it would be good for him to take a trip like this ever week end. He drinks less. We are going to have another local option in Sept. and I honestly think legal is best. Then Ray only drinks beer too much but better for him the bottle.

M. J. S. Harman is much better, talking and laughing and grips my hand and arm with both hands so hard it hurts. He would like for Ray and me to move up to his house and give me a place to live in. Ray and Laura Renz are considering it. Laura is not sure she wants to send him to the nursing home but she just may not be able to swing it. If you write him a letter well carry it and he might just have a clipping about your new job.
3) I read the Park City Daily news the one Jello sent Ruby and you never saw such a neat
type. I read it until it read like, Male High and the Business University was your only
education. Mrs. Mattie Hatcher called me and said, Virginia, Who ever put that sick
in the paper and it did not do our Joe credit for what he has
done. Several others called Gordon Wilson,
Gable Robinson, Mary Lawrence, my neighbors;
Mrs. Goodrum, Ruth McNemis, and Josie Hanner
was most indignant.

Wonder if your newspaper would loan
me a cut to put in and I am going to make
them run it again and at least mention your
degrees-worthy, such a position.

Ray is terribly proud of your new job and
talks to people more about it than the
"Far Away". I made a copy of the clipping to
send to El and Brown.

I have not heard one thing from Bill
since he was at home early in the spring. He
and Audrey are sure off me for life. They blame
me for what I must have written to bring on
all that comment and Brown must hate all
of their troubles, for he said Joa Adin told
him his mother cried and told Aunt "Gen" all
kinds of things. Bill did say they were coming
when school was out. I wrote and asked if the
children, Sylvia and Jo Adin wanted to come
with us, but no answer, so I guess not. Later
would have to practically take Tom Ray over
when the little girl, or girls arrive; just what the
Dr. said. Wilma didn't sleep that night he said.
The heart beat was a girl or girls. She is awfully big
but has not gained much weight, still looks
like meals. She lives from tranquilizers, still loses
prescribed, but doesn't say she is doing as right.
Joe, I did think of saving your letter for Dr. J. to read, but he may not be reading when I get back and it would delay the Robin too much.

Aug 15 will be here too soon. That is the date Dr. has set for our new Grandbaby. Ruby, I am doing needle points for Wilma's chairs. Foolish expense. They need other things worse, but it is fun doing it, and those millions of dollars. They think it all right to save those millions of dollars honestly.

Jettie, I still hope your mans wins. The more I read the smarter I think he is, and we do not need these rich men running our country. They already have too many iron's in the fire, and are going to do all kinds of shady things...

Ruby: I kept yours and Jack's letters out to use his envelope. I have one more if yours to send to Joe after he gets moved.

Sorry I bothered you with shopping. I never did get home with a baby and left it in the other guys car.

Don't know why anybody would want to go to Europe to be stationary. I would rather stay somewhere where people like me.

They are having so much trouble with Uncle Jim, smoking and drinking again. He does it out of boredom. Aunt Nettie say she is too young to fight it any longer.

CUMBERLAND FALLS
COBBIN, KENTUCKY
Boys and Girls: We can't get away from the Democratic Convention long enough to write the family letter. Kennedy kept us up last night; tonight it's Jettie's Johnson for V.P. To me, these things are the best of television, which we watch rarely except for news and weather.

Joe: I'm glad to know about your varicose veins, hernias and hemorrhoids as well as your new job. It's a little tough on me for Ruby keeps bragging about "now, my brother Joe says etc--and he's president of Western Texas University--yes, it's in El Paso and we're going there for Christmas --" ad infinitum.

Jettie: You musta done some good, for second is just after first.

Ed and Joanna: It was good to see Emily and we like her boy, Hank Finger. Had a nice evening with them. Congrats, Joanna on the Master's-- and thanks, Ed, for the philosophy. I don't spend my time worrying what might happen and think we're better off than in the times of Genghis Khan, the Black Plague, or Geronimo; I'd as leave be blown apart as split from stem to gudgeon (what's a gudgeon?)

Va. and Ray: We had a good day with Joe Wils. I think he looks good despite the fact that he says he has breathing troubles. He should be a good insurance salesman for he has a lot of easy-going gab and a genial presence.

As you possibly know, we had planned to go to Europe with our friends, the Schmickels, from Connecticut. Then my cousin, Rachael Hays, died at our house in S.R. and made me the executor of her estate-- so we have to go there in August, with what remaining vacation days I have left-- to sell off her chattels, etc. and get the apartment ready to rent prior to opening of college in Sept. Seems augured that we don't get to Europe. However, we're well-- and that's most important. My b.p. is 124-over-80; thass good! Best--
July 14, 1960

Dear Children -

We have kept it too long again. I am sorry but there is more to tell them than before. I'm always proud of the way Joe and Settie get to the business of writing this and some day I am going to do as well. I am the one to hold it up, not Jack.

We are very happy about Joe's new job. I believe that boy has found his niche. He must belong to be the president of a college. In my opinion the college that gets him is the lucky one. I only wish these Eastern colleges had been the lucky ones. I think that family could and does make any college interesting. I'm proud of the kids - all of them money makers. - wish I were making twenty five dollars a week as Sully is - and David about to buy his dad's old car. Scott has always been in the big money. Most of the youngsters twist for fence but he does it for fence and money. It doesn't seem possible that he will graduate next year from college.

Settie I must tell you that I am disappointed in the cut came of the connection. It has turned out backward for me. I wanted Johnson and Kennedy - not Kennedy and Johnson. As far as I can see they could have settled the
White thing by telephone. By and large it was a good conversation. Gov. Collins managed as well as Mr. Sam. Of course there was nothing to argue about. Mrs. Roosevelt is really good speech not too late. It was all stacked by that time. I kept wishing we could see you and Sally. We hope to see you all at Christmas time in El Paso. Jack is the one who brags about all of you. Ruby's brother this and Ruby's other brother that.

Me! I like the off springs. It was such a pleasure to see Joe Wilson in Atlantic City on Saturday. I enjoyed the little shopping spree with him even if we did get all the wrong things. Sorry he lost Sam's hat, because it was the cutest one in Atlantic City. I'm glad we got the sheets for Wilma. She doesn't wear them to show her legs but for comfort which she is in need of now—just before the twin girls are born. Let's name them Livia and Iris. I do enjoy your letters Va. Keep them long. I did have some trouble finding where to read in this last one.

On the next Monday Emily called us and came to see us. She is so sweet and smart. I wish she had inherited both from the Rays - er is that family tree - Gafficans, Alexander's and what not. Where ever she got them - I'm glad.

Mr. S. Harmon was so pleased with her last
Christmas. He said he was surprised there were girls like her these days. We miss him. He was such a fine man. I hope you will have some newspaper clippings about him to put in the next Pocahontas Va.

It is good to know that Uncle Tim is better since you wrote Va. Vitamec B12 is just what he needed along with those old age ones I take and told him about. I hope Lucile won't teach next year. He needs her attention.

I am taking capsules of Vitamec "A" for my ears. Odille was going to buy me a hearing aid - so I went to a good doctor for an examination. He said I will never be able to use one. My condition is caused by premature aging. A hearing aid would make it worse. I must learn who each is talking and see what they are saying. No remants! I know I'm as old as the hills. When I ask you what you've said - don't yell big - loud - just look at me and say it again. Thank you.

I've just finished a family tree-painting - on the kitchen wall of haugard's old mill-house. Mrs Panny wanted only eight apples on it - with two doxies at the bottom. It was a pleasure to know such people as they are - even the grand children. Good Quakers.

Yours, Ruby
July 28, 1960

Dear Rays,

Ed sent the Robin down to Emily and me. It is good to hear from all.

We are excited over the new job for you and the nice home you are moving into.

Emily left for work before 7:00 to make up for leaving work early to go swimming yesterday. She usually worked from 8:30 or 9:00 until 6:00 or 6:30. I have classes at 9:00, 11:00, and 1:00 and spend the rest of my waking hours in the library. I have one final tonight from 4:00 till 9:00 and am so glad to be finishing a course that has taken far too much time on busy work. I am not so serious as I should be about the final. I want to see a play—"Picnic"—last night and shopped for an hour yesterday afternoon. Wednesday night we went out.

After my exam Emily and I will drive home. I am anxious to see the place again. This is my second trip home in the 24 weeks. I am even missing the commencement breakfast to go home. After
Just finished summer, I am pretending that I don't even care that I am getting my degree. Ruby and Jack, Emily enjoyed the visit with you very much.

When Emily and I got home three weeks ago, we were surprised and pleased to see that Babe and the little gals were already there. We had a wonderful week-end. Pammy is at a very cute age and gets so much fun out of the simplest things. Him is not very pretty but is very sweet. I know you wouldn't expect her grandmother to think the latter. I have 2 or three after summer school, and they are coming over again to stay several days. I hope that Ed and I can take a short camping trip in the N. Pales. For I would like to go antiquing in Canada.

I must go to the library and spend the last day on this course. To do more work, I'd hate to work as hard as I already have and then get a lower grade because of a silly test.

Love,

[Signature]

[Signature]
Dear Mr. and Mrs. [Name],

I sent these letters to one with in instructions to send them on to you. It is good to know that Brown and Lucy are more secure than usual. Then, they can serve a salary, I know she will be welcomed.

I have a shoot from 7 to 9 this week, and then Emily and I will drive to Steadham. I will be very glad to be through with this class which has been taking far too much of my time. I will have only two classes left, one of which is Spanish and the other, which I just have. I'll never know how I let myself get packed into a busy schedule. Well all the tables I could decide how much. I am sure, comes like this. We two more when they are education will be completed, at least that is the way I feel now.

I just called, he is fine.

This paper isn't wide on the paper, as you can see. 20.
Saturday, July 30, 1960

Dear Ruby, Ed, Joanna, Joe & Jettie:

We have a brand new grandbaby, a 8 lb. boy, and is just plum pretty. He was born the 28th, and we were so worried for a while I couldn't write. The baby was injured in birth, little head injured, and Joe has gone to Nashville today to see if injury did any harm to brain, and may leave him until Monday.

They named him Joseph Edward Harman, for his two uncles and his great grandfather Joseph Edward Ray. However, I am never sure our father was anything but Joe Ed. Anyway, this little fellow has the full name, and now we have two of same name as we started out with thirty years ago, Sam and Joe. Joe Wilson did not want a Junior, and settled on my father, since Wilma's sisters had used all the names in her family she liked. Hollis, and a few uncles whose names she did not like.

I kept Samuel Ray two days and nights, and then Wilma's sister, Mrs. Harry Ashby, took him for Saturday and Sunday. I will take him back Monday, and his mother will come home Monday night.

I would have liked to have a little girl, but Wilma wanted a boy because she had left over boy clothes, and would only have to buy baby gowns and diapers. Joe is picking up four dozen diapers today, and he will not need sleepers until fall.

I am doing fine, just came from Doctor and he said my blood pressure was better than three months ago, 210 over 90, and he was not surprised it was an account of worry that it stayed up, just continue on medicine, increase a little was all. I am taking two Diuril, four Peritate and little Barbatol.

I am writing on Joe's typewriter, while washing machine going, and hope you can read it. Love, Virginia
Dear Robins:

I agree with Joe that this is the best Robin we have had in many a day. It must have been your contribution, Joanna...see, I've been telling you we needed you.

Virginia, we were sorry to hear about Mr. Louie's death but appreciate your writing us. The Robin telling about his illness had not got here, so we didn't know he had been sick. He was one of my favorite people and we will miss him.

It was good also, to know about the arrival of Joe Ed. I think two boys are best for a good beginning! I don't expect Ed and Joanna to agree with me and I must admit they did mighty well! I do hope they get some grandsons, though. We are anxious to know what the trip to Louisville told as to the birth injury. Do hope all is well and in this time and day with doctors able to do so much, he'll probably be all fixed up by now.

Joe told most of our news. And he wants to get this mailed later today.

It was good to read Audry's letter. I really admire her determination to get her degree. I just don't see how she has done so much. Joanna, you can appreciate her work more than any of us, probably. I know you must be the perfect English teacher. Will you do any library work next year, or all teaching? Do wish you'd come to see us with Ed. Can't you manage it? It could be a wonderful vacation...seenew and different country as well as visit us. We could go over into Mexico.

I've run an ad in the paper today and yesterday selling some "stuff" we don't want to move. It is going right well. I have the old wing chairs up, Virginia, the ones we have alike. So far, they have not sold at what I'm asking...$60. for the pair...but several have offered $50. so I might let them go at that. I hate to give them up, but I don't need them and we are trying to cut down our weight in moving so as to get moved within our allowance.

Guess this is all for this time. We are so thrilled over Ruby's and Jack's plans to come to see us. Hope all of you get over before too long. Love to all
Chillun:

This was a real good Robin. I don't have it down here at the office, so I can't answer or respond to all the items in it, but I will get started on the letter and then add to it after I get home, if there is something to add.

Please note our El Paso address. We will move on August 15 and 16. I have to be in Austin on Monday, August 15, and so I will fly to Austin from here and then go from Austin by air to El Paso by air on Tuesday. Meanwhile, Jettie, Sally, and the boys will help get the moving loaded up, with old bossy pap out of the way. Then they will load up in our new Dodge Matador and take off for El Paso. We will converge there on Tuesday night. It had to be this way, but you've got to admit it is as neat a way as you can find for a guy like me to get out of the moving chore completely. I'll have my hands full boxing things up before I head for Austin.

Our new street name is not hard to remember. It's Donnybrook. A donnybrook, in case some of you don't know, is the name the Irish give to a free-for-all fistfight. And since Miss Jettie and I have been involved in a donnybrook for nigh onto 27 years, the name is quite appropriate. 4312 Donnybrook.

Last night the Board of Regents and the faculty who are in town and husbands and wives gave us a farewell dinner at the Country Club. It was a real nice affair and some of the best people I know bragged on me and Jettie. The faculty gave us a silver water pitcher, and the Board of Regents gave us a silver tray about 30 inches long and 12 inches wide bound around the edges with a little border, about one inch high, beautifully engraved with "To Dr. and Mrs. Joseph M. Ray, with Sincere Appreciation, The Board of Regents, Amarillo College." It was really quite the time, with Jettie wearing the gardenia corsage they sent her and I the gardenia boutonniere. No, I had the gardenia, and she had a magnolia or something. Shades of the time I tried to to describe Joanna's dress at Babs's wedding. Jettie, you will read this before you write, so you set it straight. I wash my hands of the whole mess. The occasion wasn't a mess, I don't mean that, what I mean is that I got into a mess trying to tell what kind of flowers were in Miss Jettie Pearl's corsage.

Jettie is going to have a sale of left-over furniture and stuff that she figures we won't need in El Paso. Could be she
she will be so busy with her surplus property disposal operation that she won't be able to get to the Robin.

Jack and ruby: sorry you got beaten out of the trip to Europe. I have a feeling you like the time in Slippery Rock quite as much. Hope to see you in the fall when I come East to take off for Spain, but somehow I still have a sinking feeling about the trip -- that something may happen and I won't go. we shall see as we get closer to it.

Jo and Em: much pleased that you all are winding up the tag ends of the degrees. They're hard to come by and awful comfortable to have. You expressed some concern lest you make a poor grade. As I recollect it, B plus was a "poor" grade to you. I'll be surprised if you didn't make the customary A's.

Eddard: I know what you mean about spending a summer with your folks gone. Frankly, I just don't believe any payoff the ladies can get from such sojourning can compensate for the misery and loneliness of a middle-aged man at home for long weeks, alone. Be glad you got the old gal eddicated at long last.

Ginniah: Your letters are always loaded to the gunwales with poop about how things are going. Thanks for the letter from Audrey. All your talk about getting marked off somebody's list was to no point. Her letter was a good one. It trailed the Robin around and caught up with it at Jo's at Ann Arbor and was in the Robin when we got it. Since it was to you at first, and since it has been all around and is such a rare one, namely a good long letter from the W&B's, I am going to keep it with the Robin letters.

Our house hasn't sold, and it now looks like there is going to be a substantial delay in selling it. The market isn't good right now -- there are more houses than there are buyers. We're still hoping that we can sell it without taking a real beating on it. Haven't found out yet what to do with the dog -- but I think Jettie is going to try to sell her in the sale.

I'll W knock this off and maybe write some more when I get back home and get to read over the Robin again. Love to all.

[Signature]
1253 Park St. Bowling Green, Kentucky.
August 6, 1961.

Dear Family: Robin Letter

I have been gathering up newspaper clippings so I would not have to write so much, and am writing in Joe's style. Seems to fill up faster, and like not writing so much.

Our Ray Reunion was the very hottest day of the year, and the first soother we have had in these parts. However, I was real proud of our first real reunion, and wrote it up in the local paper. If there is anyone who does not like it, then that one should have done it.

I was glad to hear from Ruby on Tuesday night, and could hardly believe she drove in home that quickly, and Ray was sure she had just had to drive some at night. You left your stripped beds. Ruby and a double blanket in the basement I shall send on. Why didn't you take your three preserves stands. I just never thought of it again, but I thought you would take them. Was it because I never urged you just before you loaded.

Jettie, I am real pleased with my fine Mexican bakeware, and am waiting for an occasion to use it. It did seem that we saw very little of you and Joe, but there was so little time.

I never was so worn out when we got home from the Cave, and got the house cool, I flopped on the bed and slept until dark.

Next day, after telling Company goodbye I always feel so let down and empty, I spent the day painting Coats of Arms. I copied the Ray one from Miss Minnie Ray before I took it home, and the Scott one from Lucille; then next day drew off two more free-hand, and painted those two without knowing the colors, just made them up. I plan to hang a wall full of them bound with Masking tape like Aunt Hettie does, but want to copy Lewis Jr. Harman one before I make the frames. My neighbors thought they were so good I should study the art and begin doing them as a profession. I do intend to get Burk's Peerage, first edition published 1826, and published every year. I learned a lot on Heraldry from World Books, Parts of the Shield, the Wreath or Banneau, the Field and the Charge, and the emblems which mean to the ninth son of. I might even send each of you a Coat of Arms for Christmas. The Mantling on the Scott Coat of Arms is very impressive, and I can do that one real good, so may make up several of that one. On Raya side I have the Hogan and the Harman, and am going to look up the Woods in Burk's Peerage. I copied the Alexander one from small History book, and the Cox, but don't like that one, two roosters, and not very impressive, the Motto is "Always on the Alert" or Cook of the Walk. It has two roses, the Mark of the Seventh Son. Put in your bid now, or better still study the different connections we have and decide which you like. Of course, it wouldn't make much difference if you are descended.

I have heard nothing from Will B. and family, and do hope it found a teaching job, but it is going to me hard. He hasn't been to school for 36 years, and his methods are just not modern, and I don't think he tries to be contrary as Audrey tells, he just knows nothing new except what he reads to tell, certainly knows no modern teaching methods. The only miracle is that he has held a school this long with his antiquated education.

I noticed, Jettie, you were giving Audrey all the credit for her schooling which she should have had before she married. It's a different picture the way the children and Bill tell it. It is a matter of "What Price Education", or a matter of children and father educating the mother at what price!!! Going to school is escape for her. She leaves supper on the table, rushes off to school, leaving Sylvia the dishes to do, and Bill the lessons and beds to fill with clean enough children to get up and go early the next morning.

Ray and Ruby kept saying Sylvia was home-sick, and I knew she was not, and would like to stay as long as she was allowed. Ray asked her one evening if she was home-sick, and she said, No. Indeed! She was sick of HOME! I could understand that, with a Daddy who thinks housework beneath boys, girls work. She has said many times she did wish she could live with me, but I always told her it is not possible now, but maybe when she goes to High School, it could happen. I am sure they live a very miserable home-life. Not enough to live on has turned her mother into a shrew, and they all feel the lash of her tongue, and sugar will not melt in her mouth when out in company, and the children just look at her in amazement. All four children are more found of their Daddy, and he learned on the first family, and is making them a fine father.

Now, just why, why did I get started on writing such, and I went to church this morning and took Communion, felt my sins forgiven, and truly I am chief of sinners with my tongue, and this innocent typewriter is not to blame, so condemn it not.

Changing the subject, let's have another Reunion, and a few days at resort, where we have not a morsel of food to prepare. We could all save up, and share Brown's expense, as he will never have money enough, not even when Audrey gets her certificate. Let's not wait ten years as we may not all live that long. Let's plan it for next summer, and when Ed and Family can come also. We missed Ed this time, but our brother Joe missed nothing with the heat and all. Son Joe, said he did not feel sorry for Uncle Joe driving home in his air-conditioned car, but he did feel sorry for Aunt Ruby driving that distance in the heat.

Ruby, I promise you our next visit shall not be shared by Sylvia. As much as I love her I crave a visit with you without her distraction.
Ray Reunion Held
At Mammoth Cave

Descendants of the late Joseph Ed Ray and Dr. William B. Ray of Scottsville held a reunion last Sunday at Mammoth Cave National Park. A basket dinner was served in the wooded picnic area.

Relatives from Scottsville attending were Miss Willie Ray, Mrs. Sallie Ray Calvert, Mr. Jesse Calvert and son, Rickie Calvert.

Relatives of the late Joseph Ed Ray family present were Dr. and Mrs. Joseph M. Ray, Scott Ray, El Paso, Tex.; Mrs. Edward M. Ray, Miss Emilie Ray, Roscommon, Mich.; Mr. and Mrs. J. M. MacDonald, Langhorne, Pa.; Mr. and Mrs. William Brown Ray, Miss Sylvia Ray, Joe Adin Ray, Ray Glenn Ray, Jackie Ray, Flemingsburg; Mr. and Mrs. William B. Ray Jr., Michael Ray, Stephen Ray and Timothy Ray, Huntsville, Ala.

Mr. and Mrs. James Edward Ray, William Mark, John Keith and Gerald Paul Ray, Nashville; Mr. and Mrs. Ray W. Harman, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Wilson Harman, Samuel Ray Harman, Joseph Edward Harman, Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Scott and Miss I. Scott of this city.
Dear Ruby and Jack,

We have good news for you. Both Bill and I have a job teaching in Ohio and we will move there next week. Bill will teach science in the Beallsville High School and I will teach the 1st and 2nd grades in a small school nearby. He is getting an increase in salary over last year and I will make more than he did when he taught in Frankfort.

We have been up there for the past two days looking for a place to live. We found an electrically heated, lovely house that we rented. We are both delighted with our new location and our jobs. I believe the Lord is looking after us because when we got here we found your letter and check which will enable us to move without borrowing money. You just can't know how much that you have helped the in our time of need. Bless you both!

We did so much enjoy the reunion - wouldn't
have missed it for anything. But it was through
your kindness that our enjoyment was so complete.
The night spent at the cabin was exactly what we
needed after the long trip to ready us for the
fun the next day.

We enjoyed Scott's ride with us back to Burlington.
He is a fine young man. Bill thinks so too now after
being with him.

I have never seen Jackie take to anyone so quickly
as he did to you, Jackie. He talks about you every
day. I hope it won't be such a long time again
before you see each other. Actually, we will be
only about a 5 or 6 hrs. drive from Logan when
we move. Beaverille is about a 45 min. drive
from Wheeling, W. Va.

I'll write again when we are moved and
settled. Thank you again for your wonderful
helps.

We all love you.

Audrey
Aug 15, 1961

Dear Joe & Jette: What little we saw of you was nice, and you did make a quick trip home; so did Baby. She called me about six o'clock and she drove in before dark. Nice night.

Congratulations, Grandpa and Grandma on your new grand baby! Know you are going to be doting Grandparents.

Will B called me Sunday night and said he has a teaching job at Beallsville, Ohio, a small school, but new, and a salary increase, and Audrey will teach 1st and 2nd grade. The principal has a house for them that they haven't seen. They are moving this week. Jackie will go to school also.

It does seem the Lord takes care of his kind, for who could keep on teaching at his age and hasn't gone to school for 40 years.

Thanks again Audrey for the fancy baking dishes and Joe for the tea coaters if they aren't worth a cent, they are worth keeping as souvenirs. Thought you might not be as smart as I am and call all these children's names and am sending you newspaper clipping. Few people saw the in paper and asked about you.
One was Joe Lee, a paint contractor working next door, and another was the Claypool girl who lived across the street from us on Keaton and was just about your age.

Also Miss Mattie Fatcheller called and said she would have liked to see the whole family. I suppose she is the only one left of that training school faculty who referred to us as the "Deserving Ray Children."

Aunt Nettie's electric skillet has not arrived yet. I called Elizabeth about it and she said she had received the glass top, and had called about the other part and should get it in a day or two.

John Thomas is back in hospital for more Cobolt treatments on his head. He may not live very long. May not like to see their estate settled.

Uncle Jim seems fine, better than last summer if anything.

Ray is not well, and we have having Dr. tomorrow, indigestion? Can't eat, dehydrated, may have to go to hospital for glucose, could have any trouble, diabetes, gall stones or none. Love Virginia.
Dearest Sisters & Brothers:

This Robin came here August 7th, and I haven't held it too long to drive myself to contributing my part and sending it on. When I know I must write and send it on, I begin by finding many other things to do by way of putting it off. I am not slow when it comes to reading it. I drop all else and consume every word of it before I put it down.

Joe, and family, by the time this gets to you will be all located in your new home, 4312 Donnybrook, El Paso, Texas, and hope you all like it as much as it sounds you should. I am taking out of the Robin the pictures of faculty and one of you with horns, and clipping about Academic Standing of Amarillo College for Miss Marjory Helm to use in her scrapbook about you for the Kentucky Library. I felt flattered when she called me and asked for the original clipping I sent to Park City, as she thought the one in our Park City did not do you justice, and I am going down to Park City office and get that one for her, and if you have anything else that would be to your credit in such a scrapbook, please send to me when you get all settled and have the time. I know you, Jettie, will have no trouble adjusting to new place, and hope Scott, David and Sallie get to like it there soon also.

This new edition of World Book, our brother, Will Brown, had sent here in my name (I am not sure I have not had another fast one pulled on me, as I may have to say for them) gives El Paso, 130,435 population, and 60% Mexican. I hope your school will not be 60% Mexican, but that may not matter with you; and Texas Western has an enrollment of over three thousand, five hundred, and co-educational, a much larger school than Western here.

Today is the 15th, and you are no doubt in Austin as I write this. It seems so much further away, I doubt if I ever get that far.

Ed, glad your days of bachelorhood or batching as we say are over, and know you can appreciate Joanna more than you did. Must have been a wonderful homecoming with Saba and the little girls there.

Joanna, I enjoyed a visit from Louella and Angie here looking for a room for one of their friends, or Angie's pupils who wanted to come to Western, and was 201 on the list to get in. Ella said my front porch was the coolest spot she had found, and would wait for them to do some running around looking for rooms. Nobody here wants to keep girls, and they are building two new dormitories on the Hill, they say they would fill this fall if the had them. Ray was home sick when they were here. He had just had a doctor who began fixing him up for low blood pressure, and virus he had at Christmas, and came back on him. He was home a week, but back at work now, and he has had so many Vitamin B12 shots and Liver Shots, he looks much better. He has not had a vacation yet, but will not talk about one. He will have to take a vacation, but wants to wait until it gets cooler.

Joe and Sallie are doing fine, and the little baby is all right now. He was injured at birth as I wrote all of you. Dr. Russell says it happened before he got hold of him, but I looked too much like an instrument injury to me. His eye was all bruised, and skull bone mashed to lop over between the eyes. Joe had to take him to Nashville for Dr. Meachum to perform a very delicate and expensive operation, but he is fine now, and seems to have plenty of control of his hands and legs, and cries plenty, eats and sleeps all the time. Joe put in a new air conditioner, and I think they keep the little baby too cold, but I never have said so. Ray says I should give Joe a talking, but Joe is the one who wants it cold, and would say no attention to anything I could say.

Rudy, Ray told me about four o'clock Sunday afternoon that you had called, and I tried to call you back, but no answer. I really don't know whether to mail this to Slippery Rock, or Langhorne. I may hold it, and call Sliippery Rock again tonight.

I went to church and Sunday School, and was invited out to dinner at the Parkeest, and did not get home until 12:30, at which time I warmed up Ray's dinner of corn butterbeans, cornbread, tomatoes and cantaloupe, fresh peaches. He had a good dinner but a bit late. I called Sliippery Rock several times Sunday afternoon, but no answer. Then last night I called you again, and you answered at Langhorne. I didn't realize Jack's vacation was over so soon.

You asked me last night about the Ohio Valley Project, and the only one I know of is at Paradise in Butler County, near Central City & Evansboro, and is the $100,000,000 TVA steam electric-power plant program, and will employ a lot of workers for building this huge plant, but surely that is not the one you meant, as it has nothing to do with Green River. Then I wondered if you could mean that Reservoir job near Lexington, the 10,000,000 Rough River Reservoir project, which has been shifted to the Army Corps of Engineers at Fort Knox. That project must be in Kentucky River to be near Lexington, a 127 foot high dam near Falls of Rough.
I just called Lucille and she said Uncle Jim was still in hospital at $40.00 a day and has been there a week Friday. They hope to bring him home this Friday.

He is taking two gallons of liquid a day, glucose, and had had a bladder infection while he was in hospital. First week they had "Mertie" Aunt Hettie's concerns, and she wanted to be entertained; would not stay a minute by herself while Lucille or Aunt Hettie changed shifts. They say he is better, but his Doctor says he is in bad shape.
Once again, the day was mostly sunny. I went to the park and
enjoyed the weather. I played with my dog and had a picnic with my
family. In the evening, I went for a walk and watched the
sunset. It was a beautiful day.

The sky was clear and the air was fresh. I felt rejuvenated and
energetic. My mind was at peace and my spirit lifted. I was
grateful for the simple things in life.

Overall, it was a great day.
Dear Children,

I am sitting on the coolest spot in Bock's Co., and I am under one big maple with the breezes from the golf course blowing on me. As the hours advance, the breezes do get warmer. We need the cool breezes because we are having our longest hot spell of the summer. We not only have hot humid weather but very hot hours.

I suppose you have received the announcement of David's marriage. Of course we were surprised and stunned. They are so young! But who knows—they are older there and more mature, maybe than many older people—and at the same time young. My observation of many years is that a young man is safer married. I give them my very best wishes. We will see.
It appears that this kind of thing happens often and everywhere. I guess we all have an insecurities feeling.

Since we wrote we have spent three weeks in Shippensburg where Sack began the settlement of Roeback's estate. I think I'm writing you all about it. Sack inherited a piano and I got another set of old Hawaiian and a black & white fox neck piece - both just what I need. We hope to have the business settled enough so we can afford to go to El Paso for Christmas. That will take the place of our vacation.

I hope you Joanna and Ed are in the Northern Pennsylvania to avoid this heat. You are now on your way to begin another years teaching. Don't work too hard - do try to 'put in' more often. I had a letter from kinder saying she is lonesome and wants visitors. She was so glad to have hyde, luella and one of Ann's boys. I suppose you know she is going to teach in the University this winter. How about some pictures of the girls in Hearington!
I was told that Brown and family had visited her. The children have grown up and are very well behaved. Audrey wrote me that Sylvia is quite a little lady—vice versa helps make her own clothes. Right after they had left she had a telephone message for Brown. It was a death message which they thought was Mary's husband who had been at the point of death. Dorothy told me he has had an incurable condition for a long time. I suppose I will hear from Dorothy again soon.

I am so glad the baby boy in Bowling Green is doing so well. I am a little surprised that little Willie Russell made
Dear [Name],

As I wrote before, I am very well pleased to hear all of your...

The truth is that I have not written to you, and I am honestly very... 

This silence is purely due to a lack of time. I am honestly very...

get some much-needed rest. My clothes, I may

only be a starting point. I'm glad. I'm sure you'll be...

The same goes for you. I'm glad to see you. I'll...

and lose. I'm sure that I'll be back in your place...

I'll be back. I'll be...
Dear David and Sharon:

Enclosed is the letter that gives my permission to your marriage. I am sorry that I was not able to get it to you in time, but you waited too late. Your letter to me did not arrive until September 1, and that meant, of course, that I could not get it to you. As a matter of fact, I got the letter when I went home from work yesterday and am now writing at the first opportunity.

One thing which is important: when you write to us hereafter, address the letters to both me and your Mama. Dr. and Mrs. Joseph M. Ray, 4312 Donnybrook, El Paso. And inside the letter address it "Dear Mom and Dad." Your Mama got her feelings hurt a little bit because you are just writing to me and not to her, too. Don't tell her I said this to you, just address us both next time. Or, if you want, just write to her and I will get to read it, too.

Anything you did in relation to buying a car is all right with me. Of course, I would not have given you that much money except for the purchase of a car, and I would have hoped that you would use for the purpose for which it was given, but once I gave it to you, it was yours to spend and I won't judge you or criticize you for what you spent it for. I do hope you got one that will continue to run, but you are real handy at fixing things, so I fully expect you will keep it running. An old car is a continuing expense, so you should be real careful to have a little money ahead all the time to take care of emergencies involved with it.

I am a little bit worried about how you are going to get your mail. The Post Office people were told to forward all our mail to 4312 Donnybrook, and if I write you there at 3229 Travis, I fear the mail will be sent back to me here. For this reason, I shall send this letter to the address where I wrote you the last time, and they will send it on to you or call you to come and get it.

About staying in the house: I can't see any good reason why you should not stay in the house, except that if you leave things all messed up it will make a bad impression on the people who might come to see if they would want to buy it. Keep your stuff in good order, and don't leave the bedroom or the kitchen all messy -- if you do it might cost us some real money. This is one of the things that you should be real careful about and that you should write to your Mom about.

Thanks for calling Mr. Boyce at Armstrong about the card table and chairs. Glad things are going so well for you all. It's real quiet here, with everybody gone now but Sally, Mom and me.

Love to you both,

Dad
TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN:

My son, David Peter Ray, age 19, has requested my permission to let him be married. I hereby give that permission.

Joseph M. Ray
4312 Donnybrook,
El Paso, Texas.
Aug 24 '60

Dear Dad,

Will you please write a letter giving your permission to let us get a liquor license. We have to have it before the 1st or we will have to have another blood test. It will have to be witnessed.

We got a car '52 Chevy for $250 wholesale and $325 retail. I hope you don't mind.

We have to go back to Pennsylvania after we are free. I got a raise $1.25 and he is paying the $50 a day for expenses.

When we are there we are staying at 3229 Sauer and plan to open a store if it is alright.

We have a few more things so I think we will make it.

Love Always,

Sharon & Dave
Delighted that Miss Ruby and Bro Jack are still seriously thinking of coming to see us for Christmas. I have been bombarding them with warnings about El Paso -- hope they will find time to read some of it. We do have quite big things for the Sun Carnival, capped off by the Sun Bowl Football Game -- we lost our first football game, and it thus doesn't look as if our Texas Western team will be in the Sun Bowl -- but it will be a good one just the same.

Awfully sorry, Ed, that you may not be able to make it. I am thinking of going to Chicago for the meeting of the American Council on Education on the weekend closest to the sixth and seventh of October -- I don't know the precise date -- wish I could come on to Roscommon, but I'm too busy on this job to be taking off extra days from it. I hope to be to Chicago sometime around March 1, and maybe I can find time then to come on up to Roscommon. We shall see.

I may have written one of you that Jettie and I went to see the bullfights in Juarez across the river once. They usually have them in the afternoon on Sunday. Some are a little squeamish -- we have been debating whether Jack would be willing to go. No question there is a lot of bull blood and they are killing six of the animals while the men in the ring are in real danger. But for me, I had a good schooling for such business when I was a lad and watched Uncle Alex and his men slaughter calves, goats, and hogs on the farm when he was peddling fresh meat into town in his little screened spring wagon. Indeed, I remember once when he had a calf to slaughter and asked me if I wanted to knock it in the head and cut its throat. I think I got my basic training as a college president on that occasion, although I would hate for my colleagues here at the college to put that interpretation on the toughness that a president sometimes has to show.

Jettie is going with me to Austin primarily to attend the wedding of Sandra Welton at Temple. I am going to attend the meeting of the Board of Regents, although I have to get up to Temple for the wedding Saturday evening. We will drive back to El Paso on Sunday, although it will be a very long drive. It's even further from El Paso to Austin than it was from Amarillo -- nearly a hundred miles further, about 470 miles.

Miss Ruby, I will take your suggestion for sending the clipping on to Miss Virginia. I am somewhat threatened by the way everybody hangs on my every word. On two occasions here when I was introduced, the audience stood up to honor the position I hold. Makes a feller feel funny and sorta inadequate and then makes me do better whatever it was that he was standing up to do. Also it's an inconvenience. I got up a couple of good speeches even before I left Amarillo that I was going to use at luncheon clubs over and over since the people never belong to President's Club, but the concerned newspaper reporters made such thorough reports on the speeches that they are no good for second delivery. It's going to work my satchel off to have to get up a new speech for every group that wants to hear the new president out at the college.

Cinnah, thanks for keeping us posted on little Joe Ed, Uncle Jim, and the doings of the YBR's.

Love to all you fine people,
Dear Robins;

Someday I'm going to write my Robin letter before Joe does, so I'll have something to say!

Anyway, it was a good Robin and we enjoyed it. Ed., try to take out a little more time next time and tell us more about yourselves. How was your trip to the U.P.? We are real disappointed that you won't take enough time to come on out to see us when you are so near. I can't believe anything is more important than a visit to kin more often than you do it. At least to visit us. You visit Kentucky kin, but never us.....we are all loosers from it. Virginia, I'd appreciate getting back the clipping after you see them as they are all I have. The one about registration has not been around so leave it in.

Also, the blotter is in for the first time. But the one of me and the family were out in at Rudy's last time, so they have all seen it.

We are all enjoying El Paso very much. It is a very interesting community. I guess there's not another one quite like it!

Sally is staying very busy and fairly happy away from Russell. She goes to school from 8:30-1:30 and works at an department store from 2-5:30 everyday and all day Saturday. She is in the D. E. (Distributive Education) program. She spent a couple of week-ends running around with other girls, but this past week-end she "branched" out and got interested in a boy! I wonder how long her "faithfulness" will last for she does like to date. Russell brought her a diamond ring when he came just before school started, but it doesn't seem to keep her eyes from wandering!

David and Sharon seem very happy and getting quite settled. David is working hard and making right good money. Sharon is finishing high school...taking the D. E. program and working in the afternoons. They plan to come to see us Christmas.
Are very good about writing. Even wrote us a "thank-you" letter!

Scott left for Indiana a week before Band camp at I.U. to visit a friend, I.U. Band drum major and pres. of the band. Scott is secretary. Between them they think they run the band. And I imagine they do! They are registered now and things are well underway. He is working again at the Snack Bar in the dorm and earning spending and clothes money. I can't realize it is his last year there.

Ruby and Jack, we are counting big on your coming for Christmas so don't change your minds! Hope Ruby can get here by Dec. 10, for the installation of Joe at the college. Jack, too, of course, if he can be away that long, but don't want them to miss Christmas week here. But the installation promises to be BIG doings!

Jack, the recovery of your coat is unbelievable! Just shows you live right! Your trips into the City sounds wonderful to me. I envy you. Going into the City is fun, but most of all, having your lovely home to return to is the best part. I love a city, but don't want to live in one.

Virginia, it is about time to put in a picture of little Joe Ed, isn't it? Also, Sam. As it has been a long time since we saw his likeness and Joe Ed will change so fast, he'll be a big boy before we see him again.

I must get out on some errands. Joe wants to get this on its way. Hope everyone else does, too, so it will be back within a month.

Love to all.

[Signature]
Sept. 28, 1930.

Dear Robin:

I have started too late to get much written before Sam Ray comes down for his morning visit. He comes down and spends the morning with me every day the weather is good enough for us to be out. I am supposed to walk a mile a day, and he leads me on. We walk up and down the block, around the block, and stop to visit everybody who notices him. He throws kisses at the ladies and gives the gentlemen a stiff salute, much like Hitler with all fingers spread. Everybody on the block thinks he is the cutest little fellow they ever saw. The Daly's are crazy about him, and spoil him, give him something every morning. We have a Wonder Mare, "Horsey" on springs, one of the neighbors loaned us for use on my patio, we also have a swing hung on the banister of patio, and we swing and swing, ride "Horsey" and sing; Eleanor's Mother Goose Song, "This is the way the Ladies Ride. This is the way the Gentlemen Ride, and the Farmers Ride, etc. I enjoy the little darling, but I never know where my morning has gone. I do no housekeeping, very little cooking. There is usually something to take up my afternoons. It seems to me I am just idling my life away, but Wilma does do all her work and it helps no end to get Sam Ray outside while she bathes the baby and does their washing and cleaning and cooking. She is a good mother and keeps the whole family clean as pins.

Ruby, I got your letter yesterday, and am returning the clipping as I think it should go in the Robin. I am real proud of my artist Grandmother Moses sister, and talk to all our friends about your painting. I shall send you the picture you have given me of the Green pitchers, and anything you do to it will please me, for it is after all your work, and whatever touching-up you do will also be your work. Would you also like to have the Grandfather Harman home. I will wait until I hear from you, and would be glad to send both if you want them.

Joe, I enjoyed reading the clippings but Miss Helm wants nothing about your family, just the accomplishments of one Joseph Malchus Ray who is a Bowling Green, Kentucky, boy. I have written the Globe-News Publishing Co. for clippings, and making some photo-copy at 15¢ each & have just about gotten together what Miss Norrie wants, but nothing on your other teaching jobs. Please give me the names of Newspapers I might get photo-copy from for this scrapbook of Miss Helm's for the Kentucky building. After all, it is not so many who make history in the Kentucky Building, and I want her to get all she can find. I too, think Sharon looks like a real sweet girl. I haven't sent them anything yet. Ruby what are you going to send? Joe Ray thought the blotter quite clever, and remarked they never do anything like that. Mr. Willoughby is retiring at the age of 76, and Fred Spires will become President the first of the year. Ray could retire, but says he doesn't want to, and won't until Joe gets to making more money. He makes salary of $75.00 a week, and we have to help them make both ends meet, that is Joe. Ray makes five thousand a year.

Ruby, Ray just will not take orange juice or any citrus fruit, but I take enough of all kinds. I once went on a diet of Orange Juice, or Grapefruit every three hours, either whole fruit or juice, and I lost 10 pounds the quickest I ever lost, and may do that again soon as I need to lose more than that. I weigh 147 and Dr. Gilbert complains that I have not gotten down to 130 or 135 he finally agreed on, but that I am not gaining, and that is good. The B-12 Vitamin shots helped Ray.

Our dry spell finished off all our flowers, and my Farn-Wall Summer, Louise Richards planted for me has not bloomed yet, but will later. It is against stone wall, and is really pretty. We are having wonderful, bright, blue October weather here in Kentucky, and Sam Ray and I are enjoying being out every morning.

Ed, Ray appreciated your note of sympathy, and also those of Joe and Ruby & Jack, but this one later he sent to his sisters. Miss Jo is has had a tumor removed from the Thyroid gland, in fact one about size of egg, and one on other gland about size of grape, removed all of one Thyroid gland and part of the other. She is home now and doing fine, not malignant.

Jettie, Aunt Hettie is sure Sharon's mother married one of the rich Boyd's from Scottsville, who went to Texas and got rich. Is this Mr. Boyd rich? The J.S. Scotts are carrying on as best they can. Uncle Jim weighs only 109 pounds, and stays in bed all the time now; doubt if he will live through the winter months. Aunt Kate has been in the country all summer, and I haven't seen her.

Bottom of page, Love to every blasted one of you, Virgiana.
October 11, 1960

Boys and Girls:

These seem to be busy times for us. I have a new job, right in New York City with office on Times Square. Actors Equity Building next to Edison Hotel on West 47th Street-- in case you remember N.Y. It's a newly created position of Public Relations Director for the National Federation of Neighborhood Services (community centers, youth centers, settlement houses, neighborhood centers-- 300 affiliates throughout U.S. with an aggregate of 8,000 board members.)

It pays well and duties consist of editing their monthly publication, editing the booklets and brochures they produce over the country (and sell at $1 each or so), editing training pamphlets, assisting the Fund Committee in writing up foundation presentations and other fund plans but not personally soliciting funds, etc.

We don't want to sell this house-- so Ruby will get someone to "room" in our back room-- probably another teacher-- and I'll go to N.Y. on Sunday night or early Monday a.m. and return here on Friday night-- it's only an hour by train.

Eventually, if all works out, we may move to N.Y., renting this house or selling it. We don't know as yet. Ruby has sold the other picture she had in the Yardley exhibit and has prospects of selling two more. If she gets good enough, I won't have to work at all.

I'll start up there on Nov. 7 but have told them we want to go to El Paso for Christmas-- and feel it will hold. Ruby teaching rather steadily and working on "yuleing" this town in all her spare time-- will have cut-out elves hanging from the buildings and trees, etc.

Love to all --

Jack
Jack M. MacDonald
National Neighborhood Services
226 W. 47th St.,
New York 36, N.Y.
Oct. 11 1966

Dear Children -

This is a short one from me because Jack has the big news and will tell all.

Another reason is that I am not doing much to write about. I am chairman of the Christmas street decorations for haugharne. We are working hard on plans today and everyday so they can be up by Dec. 3rd for our 'Holiday Houses'. I hope the streets will look pretty - not just stringing of lights. You will see by the papers.

Who ever calls me 'Grandma Moses' - 'shut up'.

Love

Ruby
Chillun:

We've had the baby two days, and I have settled down in the family room writing this, and I am afraid that the clutter of the typewriter is likely to make me slightly unpalatable with my manuscript, who is watching Jerry Gone. I fear, also, that my devoted associate is likely to come in soon with some pronouncements on my activities. If they get too critical, I shall remove myself to other sorts of this rambling nonsense on to heck with togetherness and all that sort of thing.

Much intrigued by your new job, Jack. I envy you the chance to live in New York, but I don't think it is for me. I have never had but one chance to go to New York, and I missed it in the bus before it materialized because I was almost certain that it would not be for me.

Miss Ruby, we are truly delighted that you all are coming for Christmas and that you might indeed come a day or two with us for two weeks or more. We are not going to have any big do in the matter of the installation ceremonies. We started off with thoughts of an assembly program and a formal convocation with every faculty member in regalia and all the marching and the laying on of hands, so to speak, but now it is down to a luncheon on Friday, December 9, with some little informal talk by the Chairman of the Board of Regents of the University of Texas System, the Chancellor and me. So it won't be too much of a to-do.

We still like El Paso very much. It is a real fine city, Jettie is getting over much better than I am, but that has always been the case and it nothing new here. I have many of problems at the college, but most of them are here when I got here and possibly will be here when I leave my hold. I say in all of my nervousness because in the community that we don't have any problems that a little bit more money wouldn't cure.

David and Sharon are living in our house in Amarillo. The house hasn't sold, but we continue to get encouraging reports from the agent. Jettie Perl figures we are going to the wall if we don't sell it soon. Sally is doing fine, as her letter will testify. She insists that the schools here are easier than they are in Amarillo, and this may be, but I think the main difference for her is that she is not out courting so much and does her lessons more faithfully. Scott seems to be doing all right at Bloomington, although we don't hear much from him. I fear he is a bit depressed, since Indiana hasn't won a ball game, and that from Marquette. He's all tied up in this athletic business, since he twirls for the band and they perform mostly at games.

Lilie Addard, I was in Chicago on the 7th and 8th of October and wished I could come on up to see you, but I'm in a real sweat on t in new job and felt that I just couldn't take the time. Furthermore, I wasn't sure that I was going until the last minute and didn't have time to make plans or even to find out if you were going to be at home. Other such trips will come, though, and I'll be up in the north woods with you.

We're naturally much interested in the election, although I have to keep my big lip buttoned up for fear of alienating friends and influencing people. Even if a candidate is winning by two to one, there would be those of the losing group who would personify the college in me and hold it against the college. Ed, I think you are right that Kennedy is winning. I am convinced that every day of the campaign makes him stronger and that he will take all of the southern states except maybe South Carolina and that he will take most of the key states of New York, Michigan, Illinois, Illinois, Pennsylvania, and California. I doubt that Nixon will carry more than 15 of the 50 states and that it may prove to be a landside at least in the electoral college. The religious issue entered out as a real issue, except in Kennedy's favor some time ago, even though some of the Baptists will make it ugly just before the election. We shall see. Love to all,

(Over)

Joe
Gonna, thanks for all the news. It's good for an old stiff-jointed gal like you to get out and run after the fast-moving youngsters like Sam. Tell Bess more about little Joe EJ and also any news from the WB clan. And I think myself it would be better if you quit calling Grandma Mac Donald "Grandma Moses." People like to be called by their own names.

Mrs. Jettie says she won't write this time since she's pretty well petered out and we're busy — she is especially with all the downs of our homecoming which comes to a head day after tomorrow.

We missed a letter from you, Joan. Hope all the in-laws — even old 'Silent Harman — chip in next time.
Last weekend I went to Amapillo for a few days. It was really sleep. I was so used to see my peers (Mary's friends) and people. I hope to go again at Thanksgiving. If my boss will let me take the off.

El Paso is a while, isn't too bad but I think I would rather be back in Amapillo. It all takes time.

Well, it's late so I'll close here.

Love to all,

Sally Pay"
Hello!

I'm Here!
I've moved in bag and baggage
And I would like to say
That everyone's so pleased with me
I think I'm going to stay!

My name is Gerald Paul
I arrived on Oct 13 at 1:52 A.M.
I weighed 8 lbs. 8 øz.
My parents are

Jen & Martha Ray
305 Deloraini
Nashville 11 Tenn.
November 6, 1960.

Dear Family:

Every time I read the Robin, I think this time I will write that very
day and send it on for once the day received, but something comes up to change my
good intentions to procrastination.

We are all well, and the boys, Samuel Ray and Joe Edward are growing by
the day. That little Joe Ed is going to be a big boy like his daddy; in his fourth
month and has outgrown his baskinette. Somebody gave Joe a Baby Bed, and he is going
to put it up today. Joe has really been on the receiving end recently. Aunt Kate
just bought him a house out on Cabell Drive, on other side of ByPass in that new sub-
division behind Hunt's Drive In, ByPass. This is a 6 room house, brand new, and they
are moving the 25th of November. They were paying $55.00 a month for the house they
are in which belongs to Ethel Hunt, who lived in it when we lived on 13th St., but
it is about to fall down, all faucets dripping, and can't be fixed, windows rattle
and the heat bill is too much, also water and lights. Joe has weathered a depressing
lack of insurance sales, but now it seems that things are looking up for him, and he
has some rather big deals in the bag, or almost he thinks.

Before they move I want to finish another needle point for their chairs,
and slip-cover the couch, which is not good enough to have recovered, nor
good enough to pay out a lot to have it done. It may not be so perfect if I do it, but it will
cost about $25.00 less, only the cost of the material. Ray is on his vacation, and
I told him he could help me; but he says we can better afford to have it done, then
for me to do it. Don't know how yet it will turn out.

We plan to go to Louiville for a few days, but that may all we will do
for vacationing. Ray just sweats out a vacation; can think nothing to do and wants
to do nothing. He is just like a child always saying "what can I do, mother?"

Well, tomorrow, Jack, I guess you will be in your new job getting the
feeling of it. I wish you would just make up your minds to give up the Langborne house
so Ruby could be with you. Living in a hotel room all week will get to be a bore,
and expensive also. You will never want to work there again, so why not just sacrifice
it now as well as later. The Daly's are getting feble, you may get that one soon.

I was shocked and sorry to hear about Isobele. It is good the girls are
as large as they are, and are such smart young ladies now, as Ruby writes.

Ruby enjoyed Mildred's letter, and am sorry about Marie and her husband,
which is this her fourth divorce? Earl Brashear, Mitchie, William Block, and the
E. R. Merkeon. Earl Brashear is dead now, but Bob's father, Mitchie I suppose is still
living, also William Block, and this Merkeon makes three husbands living, I mean X.
She accused Mitchie and Merkeon of infidelity, but as I heard it Block said he had
had enough she was breaking him up, and wanted the divorce. I always thought Marie
had something, an extra portion of the "IT" we used to hear about, but she has never
been able to hold her man, so it must be some her fault. I agree with Mildred that
no grace grows under Marie's feet. She is a smart business woman, come out with
a little more when she gets rid of each man. Was there another man Marie was married
to, can't name him. Sure wish I had a script typewriter like Mildred's. She sure
does write a good letter. Dr. J. L. Harmen, used to say Mildred Scott and Joseph Ray
were the smartest pupils he ever had in B.U.

By the way, Joe, I sent Miss Held all the material your good Amartillo
newspaper sent me, three pages of photostat copies, and they returned my check
because they said the photostate did not turn out as good as they should. I am
enclosing a card of thanks from Margie Helm.

Selkie, I enjoyed your letter, and it shows how grown-up you really
are, and what a nice letter. 40-47 words a min. is darn good for a summer's training.
I went to B.U. when about your age, six months of hard work I got a gold-medal from
Remington for writing 50 words a minute, and was commended publicly at Chapel, but
your Dad I know was much better on typewriter. Joe, also got a $10.00 gold piece
for writing the best letter of Application when in B.U., and I wrote it with a brown
ribbon, special care in touch and no erasers. I thought your brown ribbon letter
extra pretty, and we did have Kennedy here and did give him the hat, but I never got
close enough to really see him. I was afraid to get in that jam, some fainted, and
a woman died of heart attack in Ray's office. It un-nerved his secretary so, they
had to send her home. By the time you read this you will know who our next President
is. If Kennedy is defeated, he will certainly be the most popular candidate for the
Presidency I have ever seen defeated.

Ed, I am at the bottom of the page, but believe I can say as much as you
did, I enjoyed the Robin, wish I had time to comment, etc. Joanna write up about daughter's
visit to Virginia.
Dear Ruby, Will Brown, Edward & Joe:

Ray is in the hospital and may be there for a month or more, over-worked run down, and too much drinking to keep up strength, and keep going. He started his vacation a week ago Monday, and was in bed the first week. Sunday afternoon he decided he needed medicine, and started taking everything two doctors had prescribed for him for the past year; and I think it was the combination of medicine that made him have a confusion. He had taken a delayed action capsule Dr. Russell had prescribed for him in March, went to bed stayed two minutes and came in living room sat down in arm chair began talking out of his head about piped in music in this room; then he looked up at ceiling spun around in the chair hit the floor like a ton of brick turned over and went rigid, and I couldn't move arms or legs.

Joe came running and called the ambulance and we had him in the hospital before he came to.

Dr. Russell called it a spasm, and said his blood pressure was dangerously high, had been low.

I am keeping busy helping Wilma and Joe get ready to move into their new house, making curtains, and washing out pajamas daily for Ray. He only has four pairs, two good, two worn ones, but I keep them washed because he doesn't like hospital gowns.

I will keep you posted, and Joe and I have seen it coming and glad he is now in hospital having something done.

Love, Virginia.
Dear Folks,

Every morning I would arrive Times Square to work. This is for me. I like the site of a city --
and particularly New York City.

My job has much to offer and I hope to
deal with it. More than 300 community centers,
neighborhood houses, youth centers are affiliated
with The National Association (National Neighborhood
Service, Inc. 226 W. 47th St., New York 36, N.Y.)

In the first public relations director to this
be my main path for the welfare programs
are in mind across the country -- in the
west, in the south, etc. In Hul's House, Chicago,
where I spent 5 days. They have English
courses for veterans, Puerto Ricans, Mexico, etc.
Employment exchange, key card centers for shelter,
community centers, little theatres, many music,
sings, etc. and recreation programs, under the
art, and recreation programs, under the
roof to a whole program of counseling and
social work in urban renewal project, in
cities -- there huge public housing areas where
people are crowded together in "high rises"
with little ground or recreation areas except
helicopters, many fitted up.

The low-rise houses, many white, Negroes in
these and there are problems -- and many of
them -- clothing, mothers with small children, children,
homelessness, lack of understanding of public services,
hidden hunger, etc. That gives you an idea.

Saturday Night, Nov. 19, 1960
We were surprised to hear today from Virginia that Ray is in the hospital. Knowing the sturdy stamina of the Harmans, I feel he'll pull out of his illness -- and it's good he's in a hospital for round the clock care.

Guess Ruby wrote you that my sister Isabel (Mrs. C.W. Martin, Pittsburgh) may have cancer. We flew to Lgh three weeks ago and got her in a hospital with good doctors but she seems to have something in pelvis and in left breast. They will operate in select early next week. We talked to her often on phone, she's remarkably cheerful, but it's a gloomy business. She has 2 girls -- 13 and 16 -- husband is a coach at high school there.

Ruby may go to Texas but I think she'll stay in this area due to Isabel for our family. If she has dropped to four and apparently we're getting fewer, we happen to Joe to get out the new job and pleased with Sally and her letter. Slightly ashamed of "Busy" Ed who has taken to writing notes only in the Robin; glad Virginia continues to hold up the standard of the Robin, as usual.

We don't know what we're going to do with this house -- I don't want to sell it -- so we may try to rent (and hold it) -- we build a small addition on it which we could use when we come down from New York -- and next the part we now live in. Best to set

Jack
Dear Children -

This is bad news we got yesterday about Ray - and yet I am so pleased that he is in the hospital where something can and is being done for him. I am going to call on him later and will add a note.

I was pleased to have a letter from Solly and such a good one. She is right we do need to hear from the young ones. They do mean a lot to all of us. And how happy Joe and Settie are to have one child in the nest! They need you Solly - and of course you need them.

It gives me such a comfortable feeling to know that Joe Wils is with you, and I am also happy about his new home. He is very lucky to have such a nice family for it and a wonderful aunt to give it. Ed do till us something about your practically perfect family. All of you suit me fine. I doubt if I could suggest many if any improvements for you. Who could? Or who would?!

But I do believe I am going to burst out and give some prizes for achievement.
Something for those who have been most faithful and intently. Of course, the In-laws will be Settie and Jack. They have done nobly and I think they have done much to keep this going - and both of them I just love. We did miss your letter Settie. Please don't do that to us again. Va and Joe will vote in the D.A.R. - Hugenot-Mayflower-Rays. Don't anyone be impressed we haven't made it odd why would we?

As for the election - I voted for Kennedy but rather hope had another candidate. As I saw it there was no choice. These weaned-on-a-pickle Nixonors bitized me. I've hung my head over Maynie's skimpy bangs - and I'm glad I don't have to look at that sunken-jawed-Pot. On the other hand I hope Jackie will rest up her hair-do some. I am sure Kennedy will make a better president than Nixon. Wilda thinks he will appoint all Catholics to his Cabinet. Serending is a Unitarian. How about the others? I'm keeping a check. I do know that in many cases - like the candidates - a Catholic maybe the best man.

We are so uncertain about where and how we are going to live - and Isabel condition is dangerous. That I am afraid I can't get to Texas until late. I'll write to you. After two weeks of the new job Jack really looks better. Our doctor said the change would be good for him.

lots of love and admiration too.

Ruby
December 1, 1950.

My dears:

Ray came home from the hospital for Thanksgiving dinner, and Joe and family were here for fried chicken dinner. He had a flare-up with his eye since coming home, had to have it dordurized(?), anyway it was painful, and his head was wrapped like a mummy for three days, and he sat up to sleep one night. It is better now, and he is improving, eating like a houn dog, and has not touched a drop since he came from hospital; he really got a good scare or warning. He has sent his resignation, & accepted the bank retirement plan of $100.00 a month, and gets $118.00 social security, $70.00 from a Retirement policy Sister Katie has carried on him for years, and my Social Security will be $99.00 for life when I get it. We have worked all these years for this security, and now it pays off.

Joe got moved and they are delighted with the house, and it is OUKF as Sam Ray says. I covered their couch in dusty rose brocade, got them new pink draw curtains, beautiful in dining room. I took the Maple furniture, and gave them the twin single beds and dresser in my spare room, no company has ever used. Love, Virginia
Dear Mum and Dad,

Long we haven't written sooner, but we have been busy moving and cleaning. We had a lot of family help before we could move, and after we moved, there was still a lot to do. We took the large apartment in the new at 1412 Washington. It isn't very large but we like it and think it is cute. We wish you could see it now. It should look anything 

You know the trouble we had with our mattress, well, we got $13 off of it and bought one

David will have to write a note and tell you of our plans for Christmas. Because you will

We are glad to hear that you had a nice trip home. We wish Dad could have come too, we would

much to see, but it was impossible so we well expect all of you
next time.

Well I will let David finish this letter.

Dear Mom and Dad,

It sure was good to see you Mom. What Dad could have come with you.

Dad if you want it you can send the money for the bus tickets. If you don't I'm not sure we can afford the trip. I don't know if Mom will go but I'm working for a sheet metal shop for $50 an hour. I'll tell you more about it if and when I get to El Paso. Have you heard anything from Leon? We have a good nice apartment for $20 plus Bills we fixed it up and it looks good. Well I'd better go.

Love,

David
WE LOVE YOU HOPE THEY DO TOO

RUBY AND JACK.
Cherish:

I'm home with the flu, but don't feel really sick, just punk. Sally is at work this afternoon and Jettie is out on the town in one of her multitudes of activities which always result in inquistiating her with the local populace. I wish I could get over in such relations as effectively as she does, but I'll do the best I can and it will have to do.

First, let me say that some of you are confused, judging from the mail I receive from you, about the name of our College here. It is Texas Western College. It is natural, Texans being what they are, to have the name Texas first in our title. Second, we are at the Western tip of the state, so that Western (same word as "Western" Kentucky) is the second word in our title. Any variation is confusing because there is a West Texas College elsewhere and also a Southwest Texas, Ourain Texas Western.

Ginnie, your letters are always full of good news. I wish we could all dish out much full details. How's work? I've heard nothing of where you are from the WB kids? I still don't have their address for them but I have been in touch with the ones that (the addresses) got lost. Delighted with Joe's new home. I know they will love it.

Jack, I'm much impressed with your new job, seems to me the new job and New York are going to agree with you. I know you and they don't like to be separated, but maybe the arrangement will be, if not, it's not, as soon as the trouble in Pittsburgh straightens
It is distressing that there is apparently only one way for it to be settled. We were naturally much disappointed to learn that you couldn't come at Christmas, but I excuse me understanding and hope that you both can come sometime later on.

Glad to hear the Bay W is straightened out and has decided to retire. He needs to find himself something to do. I'd say his biggest problem has been that all he has done is work and now he's going to have to find something to take its place.

Ed, I'm intrigued with the idea of the book on pipes. Maybe there's already a good literature on the subject. Get Em to get the research librarian at the U of Mich to get us a list of books. We might find something here, but a big state library would be better & more foolproof. If you ever get down to it, let me edit the manuscript - I'm an old hand at such.

Looking over my letter, I find I'm a very poor election predictor. I'll really be relieved when all the votes get certified and the electoral college acts. This uncertainty is killing me. The Republicans are haters, and they now have ample quid for their needs for the next four years, & I think they'll thrive on it. This I think will go a long way toward insuring Dirks's leadership of the party; as a deserving boy, he was robbed—and I hope will preclude the nomination next time of Rockefeller, who could run a much better race—and will ensure the basic fact proved by the election that Nixon isn't even beat a Catholic. This latter
is the most significant factor in the robbery affair. Even if Nixon was "robbed" and were counted the winner, it would be by an even narrower margin that the margin by which Kennedy won, and this they consider to be a national disgrace. I look for electoral college reform—we always get such reform when the Republicans want it, and I think they do now.

Ed, thanks for the word on your folks. I'd like to report in the same fashion, but this often has me fretted out. My sons are embarked on their own lives. Scott has a heavy load to graduate this coming June. He's matured much in the last two years or so. I have no misgivings. I'll find his niche somewhere in the entertainment world. He's smarter than all the rest of us combined. David is working in Amarillo. He and his wife Sharon have a little apartment and are doing fine. She's still going to school. He will be 20 next month. Sally is fine—out of the most determined young women ever known. She knows what she wants, has the force of character to get it. Jettie & J are much distressed by her announced determination to marry at Christmas. I still don't think she will, but we shall see. It will have to be against our desires without consent. It will have to be in Mexico if at all. All the three will be here Christmas—so it will be grand to have them. Miss Jettie will have her hands full, but she thrives on such things.

Love to you all

Ge

Dearest Ray Robins:

Joe got his letter written yesterday so I must do mine and get it on its way! We enjoyed it, as usual, but it came right in the midst of this past "lost week-end" so it was Sunday before we got it read well. I'll enclose clippings and program of Joe's installation luncheon. Everything went almost perfectly. We were so disappointed Ruby didn't get here and that she and Jack won't be with us for Christmas as we were counting on it so much! Sorry, I haven't had time to write, Ruby, but let this serve for the time being! We appreciated your telegram. Much to our surprise, we got several, as well as some flowers!

Now we are eager for our "chicks" to get home for Christmas, although, I have so much to do, and so much going, I hardly know the time of day!

We've been reading and hearing about the cold
wave from Washington to the border. Know Ruby and Jack are involved as well as Ed and Joanna, although, the Ed Rays are more accustomed to it, I guess.

Joanna, we do miss you. I wonder how you get by without putting in for I know I'm as busy as you are, if not more so, but I can't resist Joe's pressure. Either you have more resistance to Ed or Joe has more pressure! I find it easier to go on and write in it than listen to Joe ask "when are you going to write your Robin letter!"

Glad Ray is better, Virginia. I hope he does take it easier. Joe W. is lucky to have a home given to him. But know his aunt is glad she can. It is so much better to see him enjoy it while she is around.

I must take Sally to work and want to mail this. Every good wish for each of you to have a Merry Christmas and a Happy and Healthful New Year!

As ever,
INSTALLATION

OF

JOSEPH MALCHUS RAY

AS PRESIDENT OF

TEXAS WESTERN COLLEGE

LUNCHEON

Friday, December 9, 1960, 12 o'clock

Ballroom, Student Union Building
PROGRAM

Presiding:

DEAN A. H. BERKMAN
Texas Western College

Invocation:

REVEREND DONALD E. SCHOOLER
Trinity Methodist Church, El Paso

Remarks:

DR. MERTON M. MINTER, Chairman
of The University of Texas
Board of Regents

Remarks:

DR. LOGAN WILSON, Chancellor
of The University of Texas System

Address:

DR. JOSEPH M. RAY,
"Comments on Collegiate Administration"
Santa's Children: While I'm waiting for our 6-pound turkey to get done, I'll drop off my piece for the Robin.

It's above 30 degrees here today for the first time in two weeks. We've had snow and more snow--and down to zero weather. I came home from N.Y. thinking we'd make it to Pittsburgh to see my sister, Isabel, who has been in the hospital for 3 months--but trains and planes were jammed (mainly due to 11 coal cars over turning on Wed. on the main tracks of the Penna. R.R. which threw all their reservations off and loaded the airlines.)

However we did very nicely--phoning such relatives as were at home--on both sides (missed Ed for didn't know where he would be). Invited out to Dr. and Mrs. Garrison, head of research at Woods Schools for Christmas Eve. They have four kiddies--16-13-9-4--and some neighbors joined us--for a one dish goulash dinner and trimming the tree and wrapping presents. Got home late and opened our own gifts--and then I sat up till 2 a.m. checking our bank account for a lost $400--and found (tired but happy) that I had added a deposit and Ruby had also added it when she went to the bank--so we're straight again but $400 poorer.

Today we visiting a few neighbors and they us--and tomorrow morning we'll take off for New York. Ruby will go along for I have a twin bedroom and she costs nothing extra and says she likes me better than being alone (the two gal roomers have gone home for the holidays.) We'll come back here for New Years for which we have a few invites and will choose the mildest one of the Dr. Adamsons, a psychiatrist which we don't need but like.

The letters were good. Ed certainly went into biographical and I gather he's fond of Joanna and Em--and the Sutters. Strange what the aging process does--makes one more sentimental and talkative (Adage: Old Men Always Talk Too Much). The adage is true--I find myself gabbing more than I need to--and I'm not admitting to being "old".

Ginny still takes the accolade for giving the complete news. We talked to her and Ray today--and they seemed right cheerful, which they should on their various annuities. We hope they will get on their horse and come up here to see us (why does everybody always want us to do the traveling?) None of you have babies in the crib anymore.

Joe and Jettie surely looked fancy at the inauguration. I'm sorry about addressing my telegram: West Texas State College. From now on I'll remember Texas always comes first. Yes, Va., I understood Joe's speech--it was a bit "deathless" but educational jargon must go on.

I like my job in New York. It's lots of work, I might add, and I hope I hold up. Ruby keeps watching me, like a mother hen, for fear I'll conk out. I went out to shovel snow yesterday and she followed me to be sure I rested between each 5 shovelfuls. She has grown quite fond of me and pats me, looking sorrowful, as if each day was going to be my last. I enjoy the doting. Best--Jack
Dear Laura,

I hope this letter finds you well. I was wondering if you could tell me more about the changes you've been making to the school's curriculum. I understand that you've been introducing new topics and adjusting the teaching methods in order to enhance the learning experience of our students.

I've been discussing this with the teachers and we've come to a consensus that the current system is not effective in promoting critical thinking and problem-solving skills. We believe that the new curriculum will help our students develop these skills and prepare them for the future.

As you can see, I am fully supportive of the changes you're proposing. I think it's important for our students to be well-rounded and prepared for any future challenges they may face.

I look forward to hearing more about the progress you've made so far. If you need any assistance or have any questions, please don't hesitate to reach out.

Thank you for your hard work and dedication to our students.

Sincerely,

[Your Name]
they will stay there in front of you all day. I hope they will. But first
we'll all be here. They should arrive to
here by 11 a.m. to be able to receive in such a
core area of this small mass as well as I'll
be a very dear friend. I'll see you in front of
here, to be thankful for. And God will see it
work.

They still have a project, and who knows. I just
think that was good to keep. Of course, I was glad to at least try
this thing. I was glad to at least try, and probably half of
the world could understand with this.
"Come to see us!" That is a good place to go. I do love to go.

Me! I always have itchy feet and a bag half-packed. I really felt abused when I saw those pictures and read about the inauguration doings. I wanted to hear those speeches and see all those parties. On the other hand, it may turn out to be better later. I just simply don't have the proper clothes. My wardrobe consists of plain Buck's Co. County tweeds. Two party dresses I've had for five years - and the same old blue cashmere coat. Anyway, I want to go to Texas - tacky or not. Should I tint my hair - or come natural white?

I agree with you Joe. Va should have the award for News Reporting. She is really excellent. And I think we ought to give an award for Plain and Fancy Bragging - on his own products. He is honest about it. Jaenue should have a Dubious Award for being her best to get. The rest of us I suppose are just common Salt of the Earth. And there is a time and a place for us too.

So Long! I'm off to Fifth Ave - Me! and New York - or is it New York and me? Bus or Subway? Which? Love Ruby
Joe, you are right, your Grandfather Scott's name is still John Marshall Scott, but his father was Reuel Seven Scott, and the line so far as Scott is concerned stops right there as we cannot prove he was a Scott. Greer I have heard. However, this Reuel Scott married a blueblood from Virginia, and her name was Nancy Adams, first or second cousin to John Quincy Adams. I am doing research on this, but have not proved it yet. This Reuel Scott married one of the six daughters of John Hickman Warren Co. Census and Nancy Adams, Virginia Hickman, for whom I was named. In 1850, John Hickman, 66 is shown with wife Nancy 64, three daughters at home Martha 27, Mary F. 21, and Nancy w.

In 1860 Census of Warren County John Hickman is shown as 75 years of age Schoolteacher living with his daughter Martha 38. I have had a lot of talk about Aunt Martha Hickman, Uncle Virgil and Uncle Jim told over and over about her ability as a seamstress. She made them suits, they said looked like store-bought out of old suits. They all loved Aunt Martha Hickman. She was quite an aristocratic lady, and her father quite a gentleman, wore a stove-pipe hat, and was merry and jovial in his manner.

I am doing some research on the father of John Hickman. He says he came from Rowan Co., North Carolina, and in the first Census of North Carolina 1790, he would have been under 16, and his father would have been John or William. I rather think William, Lieut. in 1777 Revolutionary War, 2½ years in Goodman’s Co. May 5, 1776 to 1778, since he moved to Virginia, and our John married a Virginia girl, and had six daughters all born in Warren Co. Ky. just this side of Alvaton; daughters were:

1. Virginia Hickman m. Reuel Scott, six children, John Marshall, Amanda Kirby

Jim, never married, Nannie, never married, Julia, never married, Fannie & Maria married George Wilson, Ada m. Pearson, George married Maggie John Poq. parents of Ruth, Lillian, Harry

2. Eliza Hickman married William Gardner, and I have visited the Gardners on State St. with Grandmother, Cousin Eliza Gardner.(4)


I have so many names in the Research Folder that Ruby gave me, I have a hard time keeping them straight in my mind. I am also doing some research on the Wrens and they are a fine old family. Abner Evans and his wife Rachel came to Kentucky, and he was given 400 acres of land for Rev. Service from state of Penna. out at Three Springs on Smallhouse Pike. And this Joseph Wren, father of our grandmother Sara Catherine Wren had 11 children, Levi D. Wren, Shad Wren, Ira F. Cail, Charlie, James, Ed, Joe, Elizabeth Campbell (my father took me to visit these Campbells) Sara C. Wren, and Em, and I have visited a child in the old Wren home where Beulah and Pearl, daughters of Ira Wren lived there with Uncle Charlie Wren, and Aunt Em, whose name was Annie Eleanor; our sister was named for her. I am not sure about the Eleanor, I believe that was for Grandmother Bunch. Joseph Wren married Jane Evans, and the Wren farm came off this 400 Evans acres, those family group pictures taken on at old Wren home, some taken weeks there.

I need about the week of work on this Evans Family to find out if this Abner Evans was Gen. C. A. Evans. I have a new History of Shenandoah County Virginia, just off the press loaned me by a Genealogist on my street, and it has a world of information on Harman Station which was founded by Tice and Matthias Harman, pioneers, scout, hunters and Indian fighters, born 1732 Strasburg, Harman’s Station on Louisa River, and Katie Wilson has seen it and said they were descendants of Akha Harmons.
Ruby, I would like to visit you this summer and visit all the places near you I am longing to see. New Rochelle, N.Y. and there is an old mansion at Garrison-on-the-Hudson, owned by the Dykman and McGregors, and it is being moved off Government land from Ouwegah N.Y. to Garrison on the Hudson and being preserved for visitors to see for admission. Then I would like to spend a week in the Historical Libraries of Philadelphia, and do research on several lines. I would look up Abner Evans, and the Harmans and Millers, all from Penna.

In the meantime, and considering the fact that we are expecting another baby in the family, I may not make it this summer, you could find time to go to New Rochelle, N.Y. and write down for me everything you can find on the two families, John Garrison born 10-11-Middletown, N.J. and Jean Alexander, whom I think was the father of James Alexander, born 1690, his son Hezekiah, B. 1-13-1722, Cecil Co. Md. moved to Mecklenburg, N.C. and was one of the signers of Mecklenburg Declaration of Independence, and father of our Esther who married Samuel Garrison. You would go to the Historical Library of New Rochelle, N.Y. and read all you can find on this Jean! Allair" it was spelled in sixteenth century when New Rochelle was made a Huguenot settlement, and was formed by Mannikintown Huguenots, from Ireland, France and Holland. This Jean Allair came from Ireland, died after 1652, and his son Jean Alexander came to America soon after 1654, and was married to Susanne Bette, daughter of the late Laurent Bette, native of Queand. They brought with them their son Jean, could be a brother to Joseph Alexander, father of James whose son was Hezekiah.

Now there was another Jean Alexandre in Threadneedle St. Register in 1722. He is the son of William Alexandre, and his wife was Marianna de la Croix. He may be no kin of the other Jean. I doubt if this one is ours. List of Huguenots born in the sixteenth century.

It is tempting to imagine that the Jean Alexandre, born in 1659, with a Grandfather from Ireland, might be the Jean listed by Baird in New Rochelle in 1703. His name seems to be connected with Canterbury and London.

What's the use, you will never be interested enough to spend money on a trip to New Rochelle, and I write and write and they send me nothing, so many Alexanders, they always give me names of Genealogists who will do it for a fee, maybe $25.00 maybe $50.00.

I am enclosing a list of all Alexander's who came from Ireland, and make your own choice of the one you think and do a little research for me on it, if and when you can.

Also while you are in New Rochelle, N.Y. look up all Danisses. I want to know the name of the father of John Garrison of Middletown, N.J. I believe he was a Huguenot and married a French wife by name of "Genee" of Jennea. He was from Holland during the massacre of Huguenots fled from France some time after 1598, perhaps after as late as 1628, he came to America, and named Garrisons Landing, N.Y. now called Garrison on the Hudson. I have written Garrison Historical Society, or New York Historical Society for names of the Garrisons for whom this Garrison was named, but hear nothing. They also probably would answer for a fee, or will name another list of Genealogists who will do the research, for so much an hour, and could run up to a tidy sum.

Now, Joe Ray, why ever did you get me started on this line of writing and writing, but from now on I will double space, so everybody can leave off reading the single space who wants to. Ruby, I am sorry about your dog, and hope you and the dog both are better as you said by card I received yesterday. We are having awful weather here, snow and more snow predicted for tonight. Not since 1951 have we had such an disagreeable winter, rained last night and is to turn to snow by tonight. I agree with Joe that we need to have a letter from Joanna to know about the family. You would think our brother, Ed, would be bragging some about another daughter, but no he admires this great, big, beautiful world more. I can imagine just how beautiful it is up there with everything covered in a white blanket. We never have a beautiful snow, just sloppy and melted in patches.

Jettie, I wish you luck in the Lyndon Johnson campaign for President, but Ray says he doesn't have a chance, and Joe says if Aunt Jettie is for him I guess I will have to vote for him if nominated. I like Kennedy. Love to very blasted one of you, Virginia.