1961 Ray Family Papers

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January 2, 1961

Mr. Thomas Thompson, Editor,
The Globe Times,
Globe-Queensgate, Kansas City, Mo.

Dear Tom:

Enclosed are a photostat and an announcement which I wish you would publish.

We hope that not too much play will be made of the matter, since the kids are young.

Sincerely,

Joseph N. Ray

I wish you all good fortune and prosperity in the new year.
To J. P. for the printed announcement

Dr. and Mrs. Joseph M. Ray

announce the marriage of their daughter

Sarah Jane

On December 29, 1960

to

Mr. Cale Russell Morris, Jr.

At Home: 110th N West Twentieth Street, Amarillo, Texas
Dr. and Mrs. Joseph H. Day, 4312 Kenilworth Place, H. Park, Texas, announce the marriage of their daughter, Sarah Jane, on December 29, 1940, to Mr. John Russell Norris, Jr., son of Mr. and Mrs. C. B. Norris of 144 N. Roosevelt in Amarillo. Mr. Norris is employed with Amarillo Architectural Products, Inc. The couple will reside at 1104 E. West Twenty-sixth Street in Amarillo.
Dr. and Mrs. Joseph M. Rey, 4312 Donnybrook Place, announce the marriage of their daughter, Sarah Jane, on December 29, 1960, to Mr. Coke Russell Morris, Jr., son of Mr. and Mrs. C. R. Morris of 145 W. Rosesont in Amarillo. Mr. Morris is employed with Amarillo Architectural Products, Inc. The couple will reside at 1104 E West Twentieth Street in Amarillo.

To both El Paso

Papers
Dear Daddy,

Hi! I guess you know that today Friday the 13th. So far everything is going ok.

I got your letter and surprise yesterday. I want to thank you very much. It helped quite a bit. I was able to buy a cute plant and some cooking things.

All is going well up here and sem exams are just around the corner. I think I'll do pretty well.

I'll write mother a letter tonight. I love you.

P.S. (an ice cream) Sally
I'll send the picture if I can find an envelope large enough for it. Blockburn Bros. put some plastic on one and sent it to us. That made it larger. It looks real nice.
Dearest Robins:

I'm ready a few minutes early so will try to get my letter written and we'll mail the Robin as we go out.

This past month has been such a full one and so much has happened, I feel like I'm still in a dream...or daze...although, I can hear Jack and Joe say, I'm always in a daze!

Our Christmas was very nice in spite of Sally's getting married. It was good to have all of our "chicks" under our roof again even though it was not for long. They all seemed to have a good time.

It was good to talk to Ruby and Jack and my brother Bill. We were still sorry Ruby and Jack didn't get down, but we do have that to look forward to now, and are anxious for them to get here.

Virginia, don't you think you could talk Ray into coming over to see us, too.

Ed., I wish you could see our beautiful invitation we got for the Kennedy-Johnson inauguration. I do wish I were packing to go to Washington now. I think Kennedy is going to make a wonderful president.

Joe had a meeting in Austin last week-end so we drove down and made a week-end trip out of
Left here on Thursday afternoon, spent the night about 2½ hours from Austin so we go in by 10:30 Friday morning. Joe saw a few people on the campus he needed to see and I visited with the Ledbetter families. That afternoon we called on our State Senator, who was "Gov. for the Day." It was the first time El Paso has ever had a Gov. of any kind, except Rotary... so they made a big-to-do about it. Reception in the afternoon... cocktail and dinner party that night. Saturday we went over to San Antonio to see my niece... the daughter of my brother who died last year. She was in Japan when he died and didn't get home. This was the first time I'd seen her for over three years. Her mother from Dallas was there for Christmas, so stayed over to see us when she heard we were coming. We had a wonderful visit.

Sunday we went over and spent most of the day with Jimmy Taylor, an old friend who has Multiple sclerosis and is getting rather bad. Has braces on his legs, otherwise he could not stand. But is as cheerful and as good talker as ever. He asked about you all, Ruby and Jack.

Sally writes that their apartment is nice. Nicer than David's and Sharon's, she says! I really can't imagine those kids keeping house and having a family, but I guess they will make out someway. Except for age, they have as much or more than we had when we married. Although, our prospects for a living were better. We surely miss Sally. I had about got used to David's being gone, but two loose two in six months is pretty bad. It will be nice to have a grandbaby to worry about, I guess.

Best wishes to one and all for a good 1961.

As ever
Chillen: I'm sitting in Mrs. Jetts's small room watching the All-Pro Football Game, and I think I had better write my Rob's letter if I'm to get it done before the old bird has been there too long.

Now that all 8 pupils have been flown, Mrs. Jetts and I have the big house to ourselves. Sometimes it gets to be a pretty lonesome place—but both of us are real busy and don't have much time to feel lonesome. We go out several nights a week at College or other functions. A substantial number of them are at occasions when I make speeches or Mrs. Jetts gets to hear and rehearse the many rearrangements of my fairly meager fund of information. This very fortnightly activity at 6 or 7 times a month is quite gracious than I guess I would be with the trained comments and cleverness on efforts at such.

Addresses your mind is as follows:

Scott L. Ray, Box 187, Main Quad, Indiana Univ., Bloomington, Ind.
Mrs. Russell Harris, 1104 B West 20th St., Amarillo, Tex.

McDavid P. Ray (Marion), 1412 E South Washington, Amarillo, Tex.

Scott is in his final semester (we hope) this spring. He's taking a heavy load to meet requirements for his degree. He hopes to get a job with a summer theater somewhere in West Virginia, but he may receive "Greetings from Uncle Sam for military service before he can do it."

He'll be 22 in April and is a sophisticated and mature young man. David hopes to be a teenager a week from today—20 years old. He's working for a man who specializes in duct work for heating and air conditioning systems. His wife Sharon is expecting a baby in August. They're real serious and know they're on their own. We think they'll do fine. Sharon has been going to school (high school junior) this semester but of course she can't go in the spring in her condition—
All six of our youngsters were here at Christmas—Jill, the whole time. David and Sharon for five days. Jack at home until the 29th, and Russell only for a few minutes before we left for the coronation of the new Cornelian Queen and then back sometime later in the evening to pack up Daddy's things and take off. He's a fine boy and they'll make it fine. Jack registered immediately in Amherst High (junior) and probably will not lose out on his credits. So such determined youngsters won't be deflected.

This Jettie has been sewing all day and has a new dress completed except for the zipper—and she only started it this morning. Last night we went to the College basketball game, taking 4 nine-ten-year-old boys and 3 a gang to a neighbor had in for their little boy's ninth birthday party—they took the other 16 in two cars. Tonight the leading our College Orchestra is taking me out to dinner for dinner to a club to hear some fine violin music.

However, that cramped handwritting in red ink on the Christmas card was hardly to read even then this scrawble Jettie's. Glad they are straightened out & sleeping right. We all think we can take a lot if we can get our shut-eye. Jack, don't you and Virginia get too excited about my installation speech yet—it has been accepted for publication in the Educational Record & you'll get a reprint late in the summer—and I know you'll both just love it.

Miss Ethel, I know you're having the time in New York—glad you like your job, Jack. Hope you two get down to see us. Now would be fine to have you. Eddard, don't let them get you down about the kind of letter you write—just cut loose to Little Eddard, we'll take it, as we have for some years now, talent. Go, you write in the Robin girl. We need your letters.

Love to you all.
21 January 1961

Mr. Scott J. Ray,
Box 187 Men's Quad.,
Indiana University,
Bloomington, Indiana

Dear Scott:

Your birthday card to David, addressed to 3229 Travis, was forwarded here. I am returning it to him today.

It occurred to me that each one of you young ones might not have an accurate mailing address for the other, so I am enclosing you copies of letters I am writing today to the others and will send them copies of this letter.

Mom and I are doing fine. It is quiet as the grave around the house, now that all of our young ones have flown, is the emptiest place we have ever lived. I think the emptiness would affect us just as much if we lived in a smaller house. One big advantage is that Mom and I are getting reacquainted with each other. You kids have been putting us through the ringer for years, and now all of a sudden you are all gone, and we have time for one another. We have ourselves a little cocktail hour when we dine at home, but we have been going out nearly every night of the week. Tonight I must make a speech at the Country Club to about 300 people, but I expect to have a good piece of steak in me when I speak.

We miss you kids a lot and we think we ought to hear regularly from you. Each of you should write home at least once a week, just to let us know how things go. Just a note saying you're not dead, if nothing else. Young folks are inclined to be somewhat self-centered, but they learn before long that loved ones are what makes it all worth while.

I'm taking care of Sally's birds; we have them on the drain in the big bathroom. We're getting real friendly. Had a cute experience the other night in the middle of the night — not about the birds. We heard something that sounded like a cat. I checked and found a dachshund whining at the back door. He had jumped down over the rock fence and couldn't get out. I opened the back gate and he shot out like a bullet.

Sally writes the Morrises have bred Chessie and she's due soon.

Love,
21 January 1961

Mr. Russell Morris,
1101 E. West Twentieth Street,
Amarillo, Texas.

Dear Russell:

We are about to rent the house at 3229 Travis. A Mr. E. E. Roberts has signed a lease with us, but he has reserved the right to accept or reject the lease by January 25, 1961. Thus the lease may not go through.

One of the conditions that Mr. Roberts wanted made to the lease was that the eating bar, what we called the breakfast bar, in the kitchen could be removed. This bar cost us well over a hundred dollars to have it installed. Mom tells me that the formica top alone cost $60. Thus we don't want it just thrown away. If the deal with Mr. Roberts goes through, we thought that maybe you and Sally could find some use for the bar and the stools that go with it. Mrs. Ray says it might make a good table, if no other use could be found for it. It would be yours, of course, to dispose of as you see fit.

I suggest that on the 26th, that is Thursday next, you get in touch with Mr. Bert Levy of the Hugo H. Leezenstein Company, 415 W. 10th Avenue (telephone DR 2-2226) to find out if the lease went through, and then proceed as you think best. If you don't want the stuff, or don't want to bother with it, please tell David, and let him have a shot at it. And if David doesn't want it, then we will ask him to take it out and store the formica top for us until we can come to Amarillo to get it.

This deal is getting pretty involved, handling it by mail with so many people involved, so I am going to write letters to everybody with carbon copies going to everybody else.

Hope you graduate all right and that Sally doesn't lose any credit in the transfer.

As ever,

Dad
22 January 1961

Mr. David P. May
1112 E. Washington,
Amarillo, Texas.

Dear David:

This is just a note to convey some copies of correspondence to you and to let you know that it now looks as if the house at 3219 Travis is about to be rented.

We are renting to a man named H. R. Roberts for one year; Mr. Roberts has the option of buying the house at a stated figure any time within a year.

I am willing to let go in these terms, and so is your dam.

I am writing you mainly to advise you that you should get your washer and dryer out of the house before the renter takes over on February 1, if you have not already done so. If you want to delay moving longer, if the rental agreement with Mr. Roberts does not go through (he has until January 25 to accept or reject the lease), then I suggest that you get in touch with Mr. Bert Levy. The Levemjern Corporation's offices are at 415 West 10th Avenue, and their telephone number is B 3-2228.

I am sorry that I never did get a letter off to you in time for it to get there for your birthday—today. Scott's birthday card was sent to Travis Street and was forwarded on here. You should go to the Post Office and place a change of address to the address there. A friend from Denton wrote us that she had sent you two a wedding present to the old address and it was returned to them because you had moved. Better get down to the post office right away. Anyway, happy birthday, even if I am late.

Love to both of you from both of us.

As ever,

[Signature]

End
Dear Family:

In Red, I enjoyed the Robin and read every word including Joe’s clipping about the new Chancellor-elect Harry Hunt Ransom, and items about the University of Texas. I know you are glad Sharon and David are expecting a baby in August, and David was 20 the 21st of January according to my date book I seldom use. Is this Kay Batton the same one Scott was dating when Sylvia and I visited you in Maryland? You never did say if Sally married at home or went to Mexico like she said she would. David’s job sounds good, and he is good at doing things with his hands. Heating and Air Conditioning systems are year around requirements. Scott really looks mature and sophisticated in the picture you included. Even though your young marrieds are on their own as they claim, you are going to find yourself helping them almost as much as if there were still under your own roof and in school. I don’t know of any well-to-do parents who do not help their children like putting out fires; really put out more for them than before they left home. I know you and Joe will be kind of lonely holding down the old nest, but there are certain compensations. Things go at a slower pace, and you have more leisure at a time when you need it most.

Ray and I have a very leisurely life after he has retired, or will be retired February 1st. He is much better physically, but is still having much pain with his injured eye, and feels sure he is losing the sight, but hopes not to have to take the eye out. He just came from the doctor, and I am to put drops in his eye every hour, which gives me very little time to get out any. However, we have had two inches of snow, and when the steps and walks are slick I just do not get out. We have a very fine young Eye Doctor here now, Dr. Willoughby, trained at Mayo’s, and as good as any in Nashville, they say.

I thought of writing all of you when George Grise was killed by truck parked in the middle of the road near Clarksville, Tenn. where he was head of English Dept. He was coming home from taking his wife and two adopted children to her mothers, and stopped a hill, crashed head-on into a truck parked without lights in the middle. The colored man said he left the lights on and went for gas, but the lights went off. The Grises worshipped George, and are all just killed over it, happened Christmas and they have not been out yet.

Lewie Jr. just called and said Mr. J. Murray Hill had a very severe heart attack and was in hospital. I guess this will cause his retirement if he survives.

Now, Ed. I call a truce; you write what you want to and I will do the same, only thing is you just don’t write enough about the family. I got a card from Emily and Babe Christmas, and hope we can see them next summer. From now on my letter will be ‘chit chat’, and will be headed, so read just what part of it interests you.

Big brother, Will Brown, came all the long drive from Flemingsburg between Christmas and New Years, but none of the children wanted to come with him. His old Station Wagon is just like a truck, and they had been to Cincinnati to take Audrey’s mother to Uncle Glenn Benedict for a visit. He came cold and hungry, and I put a hot ped in the North Room Bed, and he said he never slept better. The next day he drove off down to Nashville to see Jim Ed, and missed him. They were all at Fort Campbell visiting their mother with Dorothy who was here on visit.

Mary, Bill’s youngest daughter’s husband died, and Mary is living with her mother at Ft. Campbell. She has two children. Her husband left $25 thousand dollar insurance, and she gets $208.00 Social Security.

Will Brown’s son, Jim Ed, to my way of thinking the flower of the flock stopped by on his way home from visiting his Grandmother, Mrs. Whitehouse, at Cave City. They are both fine looking young people, and three of the finest looking boys I ever saw. Mark, oldest five is chubby and healthy looking, and Keith looks like his little Uncle, Jackie. I do wish you could see them together. The baby is not as handsome as the other two, or at least not yet, just three months old, born Oct. 13, 1960, but he is a fine baby, named Gerald Paul. He had to be changed twice and given a bottle before they started on. The boys rode Sam Ray’s tricycle around the room, and enjoyed themselves. Uncle Ray gave them half of a huge stick of candy, and I had to cut it into so each boy could have his piece. How’s this for detail, Ed.

(over)
Alice, Jim Ed said has gone into the Catholic Church, plans to become a Nun, and he thinks it is fine, and I told him he was a good old Methodist, believing that one should embrace any religion if it does the most for that person. Alice has stopped smoking, and Jim Ed says she has calmed down, and he talks to her over phone frequently and thinks she is in better spirits than she has ever been.

Vivian and her husband and children, two boys and Judy Pope, now 12 years old are still in California, and like it. They hope to come home in the summer.

Borothy was here visiting with her three boys during Christmas, I mean visiting in Nashville, and Jim Ed said they all stayed the week-end with Martha's mother, Mrs. R.D. Stevens, 519 N. Wilson Blvd., Nashville, Tenn., and had beds all over the house, and the boys had a how-down, Jim Ed's three boys, Dorothy's three boys, Jim Ed's three boys, Billy's three boys. They all went, the next day to see Mary, (Mrs. Coleen Carpenter) and her two children. That was the day Brown drove down to see them, and he was so disappointed when he came back I could have cried myself. Jim Ed was so sorry he called me that night and then called his Dad, and said why ever he didn't call before coming. They could have gone to see Mary any other day.

Billy Boy, as Joe Wilson used to call him, is back in the South, a good Government job located at Huntsville, Ala. working with Atomic Energy some way. Jim Ed says he likes his job, and this is the kind of work he was educated for.

Jim Ed said another thing I had never heard him say before. He was telling me what Mrs. Whitehouse, his grandmother, said about Martha's demand for divorce, that she she sure gave up a good man, and a fine man in Brown in exchange for what she got, Chelf, she already divorced, because he was a drunkard and gambler. Then Jim Ed said his mother would never have demanded that divorce if it had not been for those two ill daughters. He said Vivian told lies, and Alice booked her up in her lies. I didn't ask what lies, I never have wanted to know. Mrs. Whitehouse has always been crazy about Brown, and didn't speak to Martha for a year or so after the divorce. I believe she tried every way she could to talk Martha out of it. Mary and Martha have a nice house, and Jim Ed said Mary had nice furniture, and they are very comfortable, but I guess Martha is looking down that long, lonely road unless it is like Brown thinks she has a man at Fort Campbell. However, I can't see how the children would tolerate her if this is true.

I was telling Jim how smart Brown & Audrey's children are, and he said His Dad was demanding more of them than he did of them, and wished he had demanded more of himself, that he never gave him a lick he didn't deserve, and that he was the one child that had no criticism for his Dad, had nothing but genuine affection for him. I did tell him, I was not sure but what Audrey was the power behind the throne in making a student out of that family, but that I do think Brown is a good father, a bit stern perhaps.

I also told him what Brown told me when he was here, that he and Audrey are going to Florida job hunting soon as school is out, and leave the children with Mrs. Benedict, and both get teaching jobs and move down there. I hope they do, so we will have some excuse to go to Florida. I am enclosing a letter Sylvia wrote me, which I think is good.

I just talked to Aunt Hattie, and she says they are doing as well as could be expected. Uncle Jim is suffering from bladder infection that has been pissing him since he was in the hospital, and pulled the tube out himself, isolated himself and got infected. He is in the bed most of the time. Lucille has not missed a day going to school through this snow, and is taking a class on the Hill Saturdays, beginning this semester, I have not been out there since Ray has been shut-in, since last of November.

Our own Joe is still crazy about their new home, and it is cute and cozy as a bug. Ray and I give a good deep breath when we get home from out there and say the rooms are so small, glad we do not have to live in it, but they like it.

Sam Ray was here when Jim Ed and the boys came in, and you should have seen him take them over, hugged and kissed them all three once around and started over again until I side tracked him into showing them his horse(a borrowed one, Wonder Mare) and his try cycle. The only way his Dad could get him to leave was to promise to stop by the Fire Station. Sam Ray is not near as robust as Jim Ed's boys. He has had tonsilitis since Christmas, and is just over it, but a little pale looking. He will have to get tonsils out by the time he is three. The little baby was sick Christmas and they took him to the hospital and kept him under oxygen for twelve house, and he has been fine ever since.

Joe has gone to Lexington today to an insurance meeting. He goes to one about ever other month, to learn selling policy.
Now, Ed, I will sign off the local color and try to tell you what Ray thinks about Kennedy and his inaugural address. We had an all-day TV Party, and had the radio on from 9:30 until they went off the air. We all thought his speech a masterpiece. I like the way he has selected his cabinet, and also like the last newscast which announced foreign issues would be handled by the Ambassadors for the different countries. I like the way he increased food to the needy first thing also.

Yes, Ray and I are still kicking, but sometimes pretty slowly. We get up late in living room have coffee and juice on glass-topped table/while reading the paper (excuse the little things that mean so much to me) But the groove we are in has slowed down, could be boring inactive, and Ray most of the time bored, but losing the sight of one eye, and has it covered with black lens all the time, and I put drops in the eye every hour, this trying to save the eye, but the sight will never be good again because of this deep scar he got with sorghum seed thirty years ago. I give up Ed, I just can't write an intellectual letter because I am just not that intellectual, but I do enjoy reading yours, and so does Ray. He just will not read the chit-chat. So, let's just call a truce and each write his or her own style. We need letters from Joanna to keep us up on the family doings, perhaps men should not be expected to contribute. Your lecture at Flint sounded on end intelligent; hope it was as good as you wanted it.

Just talked to Aunt Kate and she says they are all fine, Rhena not working, that Fool Oval Motley fired her because she was not wet, and John And his youngest son come in every night eat supper with them, and breakfast, and go out to the farm. Aunt Kate was on Aunt Hettie and Lucille for taking Uncle Jim up to Scottsville to see Mert and said they should bring him to the hospital for four days to cure up bladder trouble, and said give all the children my love, all of them won't want it, but those that do.

Ruby so sorry you have had another bout with your ailment, and keep checking with your doctor; these doctors are going to keep us alive longer than we want to live. I had a nice letter from Ruth Scott Leff, 806 W. Haines St. Plant City; also Margaret Wilson, and she has had another cataract removed from the other eye, and said she and Beatrice have both lost weight, and could walk to church. Their Aunt Mandy is down there with them now. They have an apartment house, much nicer than Ruth & Nellie Scott.

Bottom of the page, and positively all I am going to write, Bye Bye, Virginia.
Dear Joe:

The Robin has gone on to Richland yesterday but before really.-looking there today and we are expecting 355 inches. Joe Wilson is coming back from Lexington this afternoon, and we are a bit damp, so slick and hazardous. His address is 2085 Rebel Drive and W. B. Ray is the same: R.F. D. #3 Flemingburg, Ky.

We say Audrey will have her teaching certificate in June and they plan to move to Florida and both get teaching jobs. Audrey has an Uncle at Gainesville but they want to go further South Ray is doing as well as could be expected, and by spring maybe out? Fond Virginia
MRS. R. W. HARMAN
1259 PARK STREET
BOWLING GREEN, KENTUCKY

THIS SIDE OF CARD IS FOR ADDRESS

Dr. & Mrs. Joseph M. Ray
4312 Donnybrook,
El Paso, Texas
Jan. 31, 1961

Dear Folks: In the current Robin controversy between Ed and Virginia as to what should go in the Robin—I believe there is room for both ideas: comments on the national and cultural scene and in-the-family news.

Personally I prefer the latter. I just came out of a national board meeting of my Federation where people from all over U.S. discussed for 4 days the ills and troubles of the world—I read the New York Times in the morning, the World Telegram at night and TIME and SATURDAY REVIEW as well—and am daily bombarded on radio and television by experts, analysts etc. plus the opinions of a few hundred columnists in all of these media—so that I'm ready when the Robin comes to settle down and hear about Sam Harman, Sally and Russell, Ed being chased by a tundra bear and how Ray's eyesight is doing.

Somehow I don't feel posterity is going to be interested in the letters we write or the opinions we express in book form or any other form. Everybody is writing today; there's more than anyone can ever hope to read newswise, bookwise, journalwise—if we spent 24 hours a day at it. Any of us can only hope to scan and be selective in our reading.

Ruby spent last week in New York, with me, and I was glad to have her—for she managed to keep the place going, had meals ready, clothes washed and ironed etc. during these 4 day meetings which began at 8 a.m. and ended about 10 p.m. I came home on Sunday night for a day to clear a few things here and will return again today at noon. We're well enough, ambulatory and reasonably cheerful. Hope you are the same.

Jack
Dear Children —

It is early in the morning and the temp.
is 4° right on our thermometer on the
Dining-room window — the wind is not blown
and snow is predicted. Soon I am going
to shop for food and sit here and get
fat — looking out the window at the
birds. The food is for me and the — If the
snow is too deep Jack can not get for
the station house. The station equipment is
not for little towns like hamilton.

You should see the kind of clothes we
wear. I have some huge flannel-lined
shoes — and a real awful fur hat which
few things could look worse but I got it at
Baltman's ski counter. Everybody says how
wonderful! Where ever did you get it?

Gracious! There I am! Ed. It has to
be. That's it. If we write 'trivia' that's what
we are thinking. I still think there is room
for all kinds of thinking — and writing. As far
high-minded thinking — I have some trouble.
She says she is doing fine in college. She too has that trouble - many writers do.

...
Honor Roll. It appears to bore the boys. But Sylvia expects it. I hope to see them this year. I also want to see Jim Ed and his brother and sisters. I will call Dorothy sometime when I'm in town. She does have a nice family and is very dated on her mother. She also likes Frank's family.

Inauguration Day was one of our completely shut-in days. The schools were closed and the student teachers who stayed in our building were at home, so we watched and listened the live-long day. It was gloriously god-exiting and properly serious. The Kennedys are young, but they are smart and not too young to listen to advice. We are all willing to think that our Emily could do a good job in the White House or wherever. Their youth is probably one of their biggest assets. A. J. didn't help Mayme or Boss too much. They just stomped along in their own natural way and I think - with little grace and high mindedness.

I do miss seeing all of you and wish we could all meet in the middle of
The U.S.,
What are the changes for a Peace this year? Somewhere near the middle of the Universe? I'd love to have it in the East. How about that? I start this new year and get nowhere. I think Jack and I can hit most almost any plane.

Ed.Sceane -
Joe.Selleic -
Joe.Ray - ?
Rio.Tank - Scenner

Got to work on this.

P.S. I have enough paper and handprinted for Social Security.

P.
18 February 1961

Miss Weebie:

I'm down at the office early this Saturday morning — asleep early in the morning on a count of bad conscience or something -- Miss Jettie at home pounding her ear as is her custom early in the morning now that there are new young ones to get up for.

The meeting which I am going to attend is the annual convention of the American Society for Public Administration. I don't know the details of the meeting as yet, but it comes in the week that has April 7, which date, so far as I can remember and in the absence of my secretary who can find papers in files, is the one when I read my paper. I don't know the hotel yet, either.

Miss Jettie has shown no sign whatever of relaxing her resolution, taken within ten seconds after I told her of my invitation to participate in the convention and my decision to accept, of coming with me. It's up to her to save the dough for the trip, and I am sure she will find a way. We'll send more particulars later.

The Robin is here now. I plan to write my Robin letter as soon as I'm through with this.

Please convey my heartiest felicitations to my venerable and respected bother-in-law (I meant to) type bother-in-law; could there be some deep-seated psychological urge that led me by way of typographical error to leave out the "r"?)

Love,

Joe
Chillun:

The Robin has been here several days, and if I don't write right now I may not get a Robin letter written this time. I have done a foolish thing by agreeing to teach a class this semester, and it, along with everything else, is pushing me.

Jettie and I both have colds now, the hatefulest kind, with sneezing and runny noses, but I think the worst part of it is over for me. Maybe it is for Jettie. I was up early this morning and left my frau sacked up. It happens that way nearly every morning, now that we don't have young ones for her to pack off to school.

Ed, the trip to Chicago fell through. Instead I am going to the convention of the American Society for Public Administration in Philadelphia in early April. Jettie is planning to go with me and after I come on home to go for a week or so to Washington to visit old friends. One of the meetings that I like to attend meets every year in Chicago, however, and one of these times I'll get there, and when I do, maybe we can get together.

Things go fairly well here. I am enjoying the class tremendously although I hardly have time to do it justice. I think my performance on the job is fairly good; it seems to me that my principal asset as an administrator is to worry with things and stew about them until finally each problem works itself out fairly well. We have a fairly active social life, but we are of course much together now that the kids are gone. I would say that I have a wife now once again after all these years. The kids in Amarillo seem to be doing all right. Sally telephoned us for Valentine’s day. They are doing well, it seems. We hear from Amarillo friends that they seem happy, -- as might be expected. David’s job has taken a favorable turn, and he is taking a course at Amarillo College in "air-conditioning," which all agree is a process that is here to stay in Texas. Sharon's pregnancy leaves her feeling unwell, so that she and David may not come to El Paso on Easter with Sally and Russell. Scott reports from Bloomington that he is the busiest he has ever been.

I must go to Austin next Monday evening for two days to appear before the Senate Finance Committee and the House Committee on
Appropriations in support of our college appropriation. This is the first time that Jettie and I have been separated since we turned up with our nest empty of fledglings; she had planned to go with me to Salado (Byron Skelton's cabin) for the weekend before the committee hearings, but the trip fell through for several reasons -- not the least of which was our bad colds. Jettie plans to spend the nights while I am gone with her staunch new friends -- which she seems to acquire in fairly short order wherever we go.

I had to get out of the house early, as I said above, and was not able to locate the Robin, so I will not be able to answer specific comments. I am going to take sides with everybody on the question of what type of letter should be written for the Robin. I think our years of experience have shown abundantly that each one of us is an individual anyway and will do as he pleases. How could each of us live as long as we have in our greatly varied lives -- Ed scratching around in the tundra in a forest of two-inch-high trees -- Ginnah barging hither and yon in southern Kentucky as a Methodist dame convinced beyond cavil that she's absolutely right in all things, little and big -- Miss Ruby as artist, senior leaguer, and eager helmsmate to the sprightly and scintillating JMM, conducting two households, after a fashion, in Langhorne and Botham -- Ray, old Silent Harlan, stretched out or doddering around from exhaustion over worrying with the problems of the American National and the world in general -- Jack commuting between Bucks County and the Hub-Of-The-Universe intricately involved with making big things run more smoothly -- Jo, deeply involved with books, with grandma-ing and with holding the lid on for the peripatetic Edward -- Jettie Pearl, seething each day with the perfidy of the Republican party and glowing with satisfaction over the successes of the democrats, managing somehow to stick with a screwball for nearly thirty years -- and yours truly, the only perfectly adjusted one in the motley tribe -- again, how could such a crew as we are be anything but individuals. I say let everybody write his own letter, and them as don't want to read whatever is written can bloody well go on to the next letter.

I love you all,
Dear Joe:

It sure pleases me to read that you have had the Polio several days, as it seems to justify my holding it several days.

I am afraid I am not having much and your as much to Methodist meeting as to meetings of Daughters of the American Revolution, Huguenot Stanchions and Garden Clubs. I can't decide which of these I must give up on Retirement Day, Garden Club trips I suspect are membership Chairman of our Chapter of over one hundred members and spend too much of my time working on prospective members family line when I want to be working on my ownニックネーム, Adams, etc.
We spend several mornings at Kentucky Library, and at Court House, and all I get out of it is a new member of Samuel Davies DAR Chapter and a few guest luncheons. However, I have done very little of this since Ray's stroke the middle of November, putting drops in Ray's eye every hour gives little time to go very far, but the eye has been saved and Ray is so much better walks around the block almost every day it is not raining or snowing. Surely we have had our last snow and today is like spring.

Our mother's first cousin, Mrs. Scott Keitt is visiting here and has been with me two days. Aunt two days and this afternoon Louise Richards and I drove out to see Uncle Jim. He looks really much better, Dr. Green has been going out there every day to irrigating his infected bladder, and today Aunt Nettie drove him into town to get a haircut and went on to Dr. Green's office for his treatment and when we got out there they were both sworn out, but Uncle Jim enjoyed painting with Ruth, and his eyes looked brighter than when Katie Wilson and I were out there a week ago. She took him a bottle of David's wine somebody had given to Brother George.

We do miss him so much. An artist has done an oil painting of him on display at the studio and he looks just like he could speak. One of the B.U. Sorority ordered this painting done to hang on the wall in Hall at B.U. Now there is another one to hang on B.U. Wall J. Murray Hill, who died while Dr. Harmon's picture.
Joe is still taking shots for Fungus on lungs. Contacted in Alaska, serum mailed Air Mail to Dr. Russell. $20 a shot, so Joe and his Aunt Kate who was paying for shots decided to send them in. So I have been giving him those every Friday.

What do you think about the Congo? It looks like war to me, another area of not worse. The article on Jetlee was really good, also a good picture, and the article did describe Jetlee to perfection, and we all agree with all that was said. Ruth Scott read it and was impressed. I am going to try the library for the book "Advice and Consent," which I have not read. Ruth was sure she read the poem, "The One Moss Shary" when she was here before, but we couldn't either remember who wrote it. Called the library and they told me Celine Wendell Homer wrote it, and it was titled "The Seacoast's Masterpiece," with that information we found it.
Dear Ed,

I really enjoyed your letter, and wish I could see your granddaughter, she sounds cute, but I can't realize they are old enough to visit you without their mother. How old is the baby? I looked and I don't have an announcement for her, Pamela Rae, Sept 21, 1956, and will be five in Sept but the baby must be no more than two. Payargo saw Ray if he wants to spend the night with "and up to now he answers very firmly no Sir" and he is 2½, and cute, talking up a storm, wants me to "lie down on couch Rest", so he can get out and fall on me, this is funny when I grab my glasses I just in time to catch him, and then tells me to "put them on again" for repeat performance.

Ray also thinks Tomedy is starting out fine and admires him, and when Rep. senators come on T.V. and deny that there is a depression and even hungry people in the U. S. he
called them "Don Republicans" and rails at them.
Me, I like this retreat,
We get up about seven,
Turn on Don Harroway (whom I think looks like our brother Joe) have coffee and juice in dining room on glass top table and maybe two cups, then about make scramble out to kitchen and have soft boiled eggs toast and coffee.

I then do a little picking up and washing out. The only thing I never get anything done with all this late rising, but the weather has been so bad we couldn't go outside. Saturday night we had about a two inch snow, but all melted by noon Sunday. We have had a lot of rain and snow this winter, a very unpleasant winter, and colder than we usually have. Some of our snows remind me of the one we woke up to the day we drove home from meeting you that first of Nov.

Ed, Mrs. Margaret Helm is doing a like on our brother Joe as distinguished sons of Bowling Green, and at the S.A.R. tea the 22nd she asked about you and while I was telling her in a very modest way about your activities, She explains that you sound more important than Joe, and please get her some newspaper articles on your activities and your northern expedition. Do you have a scrap book of your travels or is it all on film. Think about what you have that would do you credit in Western T.P. Building Library.

As far as I know all Miss Helm has on Joe is his Amarillo presidency and Texas Western. She wish she had some thing on his travels with University of Maryland.
Your book you are writing to be published by the Conservation Foundation sounds important and when finished should be in this file. What else have you written that would be of sufficient importance to put in your file.

I have a booklet Joe wrote on Government while in College Park, which I am going to give Miss Helm for his file. He may have something else more important.

Do you think of anything, Joe?

Miss Helm and I are going to make you boys important in spite of yourselves, but we do need a little cooperation

Dear Ruby & Jack:

Notice I refuse to salute any member of this clan who does not write in the Robin, but Jack was the only in-law who did write. Thanks, Jack, for your sanction of my style of writing in the Robin. I hope soon you and Ruby will sell or rent your Langhome house and find a suitable apartment near Jack's work in New York, and forget about fashionable sections, etc. At our age we should live simply and comfortably. In this new job I doubt if social standing will advance him in any way. I am sorta proud of Jack for doing this kind of work, and every new leaflet that comes to our attention in the future, I may think maybe Jack edited this leaflet.

We hear more about this Commission on Christian Social Concern through our preachers at District Meetings, of which I am a member-from my church. These Preacher Bowling Green Dist. meetings are usually at one of the four B.G. Methodist churches, and the Bishop is here; Gum is our new bishop, and he is quite an intellect.

As to Bishop Oxnam, Bishop G. Bromley Oxnam, he really was never a Communist, but was question while he was on a Crusade for World Order. He was once President of DePauw University, a Methodist school in Greensastle, Ind., or first established by Methodist and named Asbury, later changed name to honor Washington O. De Pauw, an American Manufacturer who established and endowed the school. Bishop Oxnam is now retired, a Palsy, but his wife is wealthy, no doubt a millionaire, and he can well retire. I do remember when he was questioned, back maybe in 1953-54, but he was exonerated, but this did limit his usefulness, and he retired at about 54.

Our Emphases for 1960-64 in the Woman's work, as Ruby should know is:

- The Faith That Compels Us
- Factors that Confront Us
- Frontiers that Call Us
- The Program That Unites Us in Witness and Service

Our Methodist Women have the widest study program of any denomination, as we undertake four different studies a year, Foreign, Home, Christian Social Relations, and Bible. You no doubt have already edited tracts on Horizons in Home Missions, Into All the World Together, Foreign You may have edited one of these thirteen Biographies of Methodist women, or the one on Basic Christian Beliefs, By the Side of the Road by Muriel Pilley.

Our "World Outlook" is published in N.Y. by a Board of Missions of the Methodist Church 475 Riverside Drive, N.Y., the editor is now Henry O. Sprinke, Arthur J. Moore, and Dorothy McConnell, all of whom I have seen and heard at Lake Junalaska. Ruby, I wish Odille would invite us again this year to go with her to Lake Junalaska, my office that entitled me is out.
I am keeping yours and Jack's letters and will mail on to Joe with others I have taken out soon.

I am always to get a letter or card from you, Ruby, dear, but feel as small as a gnat when I consider how few I write you in exchange. I just actually idle my days away. Joe brings Sam Ray over here nearly every morning, and we both spend the morning doing what he wants to do; then his Dad picks him up about twelve and I have late lunch, and have been having the main meal at noon, because we both want it more that way, then light something for supper. Yes, indeed, I am going to like this Retirement. When I think how many times our main meal was later than 6:30, and so long getting the kitchen straight, my evenings just gone. This summer, I expect to sit on our front porch, all dressed up with no late suppers to get, and idle in the sunshine with our grandparents. Joe will feel it still warmer.

This winter I put his swing in the basement so he could swing down where some, but he never liked it. Last Sunday he lead me to the basement and demanded swing outside, and when I pretended not to understand he took my hand and lead me to the swing and outside the place on Patio where we had it last summer, and said Right Here, so I couldn't pretend any longer, just unhooked it where it was in basement and hooked it outside. But since we have had two inches of snow. I do hope this is the end of our snow, however.

Wilma says she would prefer a picture for her living room, anything you want to paint, some scene maybe, since she has bird prints in that room, and two flower pictures on each side of the mirror in the frame that Ed gave me. There they have the two things Ed gave me that I liked the most, the Coffee Table, and that picture frame. I told them when they begged for both that I was not giving them away, but just loaning them. Some day I may buy them something in exchange. The bird prints are about 14" X 18" on one wall, and about that size would be in keeping for the other wall.

Your sister, Virginia, also needs to work on her clothes. I wish I had Jettie know how. I am trying to cut off the coat skirt of a Rothmore suit and make it look like a $125.00 Davidow suit.

A Davidow folder from Grace's, Nashville, gave me the inspiration, and I have worked on it two days, but as of yet it looks nothing like a Davidow suit, the bottom is too flary or something. You could always get the style in clothes, but they never did hold together for very long. I am glad you made the suit out of the two skirts, and you know how to give it style somehow. I would also like to alter the coat suit, black Handmaker but may try to find a dressmaker to do this one since I can't make the one I am working on look right.
I will have to send your letter on since Joe and Jette have not answered your question about a family reunion.

If Audrey and Brown move to Florida like they plan, we would have to have it to include them before the beginning of school. I have heard nothing from them since Sylvia's letter, and am assuming their plans are the same.

I have worn all winter a black knit suit, and the gold and green winter cotton suit I got at Graces three years ago. Waife Motley gave me a brown broth suit with contour belt that did look nice on me, although I have no brown accessories, but I have gained weight building Ray's weight up, and must stop eating all I cook for him. I wear the Red Cashmere long coat every where, and my good Black Cashmere for dressup. As the years creep up, nothing is so comforting to me as all wool garments to soothe my infirmities, broken wrist bones, collar bone, ribs, etc. I have worn out and patched and repatched an old red wool bathrobe, and on old red wool dress, neither of which I can give up. Joe and Wilma got ashamed of my old wool bathrobe and give me a new one every Christmas, but I hang them up in the closet because they are not warm, and wash and patch these two red wool garments, until they are growing lighter in color, and patches on patches, front facings all cut out for patching, and colars and cuffelining used for patching. Ray has a wine bathrobe he lives in, and I have also patched it, as he wore out first the elbows and then the seat, and believe it or not all-wool garments are hard to come by any more, none in our store.

One of the girls at the bank called this morning while Ray was out for a walk, and asked what to get Ray with $10.00 they all chip in to give when people quit the bank. I told her to give him a man's large umbrella, as he never has owned one, and needs one to walk in rainy weather.

Richard Griss and Dr. McCoy have withdrawn their suit against paying the Veteran's Bonus voted when the sales tax was voted, and it is said the Ky. Bonus will be paid soon, and Ray will get five hundred for himself and five hundred for Sam, but Joe will not get much. However, his insurance will pick up, and many who draw this pay will or have promised to take out insurance with him, so his business should pick up. I am enclosing a picture of him, an Insurance ad.

This is the end of my writing, and just read those things addressed to you, and skip what does not interest you.

Love, Virginia.
Dear Dad,

Sorry haven't answered your letter but David has been working for a change but he still wants you to write these people you talked about in your letter. He said he would like same place where he got so much a week he where he can work enough hours to make some money while and summer.

I guess it is about time to do a week won't make it for longer he found out they are improving through and by
on a few more weeks
we will be able to see
some of the baby.
Will close soon but
let David know about
those jobs.

Love always,
David & Sharon
Letter to Sharon, February 1, 1961

Dear Sharon:

I have your letter asking that I write the three men asking for a job for David.

David himself will have to write asking me to do this for him. The problem is that no one of these men will come running to David with a job - he will have to go to see each one of them within two days after I write or there's no point to the exercise. I will write any or all of them he asks me to write to, sending him a carbon copy of my letter. Thereafter, right away, he must call in person on the man I write to.

David is a real stubborn type as I'm sure you have learned by now. I can't force him to do anything, and I think I might be able to help him get a good job, but not unless he specifically and definitely wants me to and writes telling me so.

Somewhere along the line, also, he gets real fed up with nagging, his mother and I have discovered, to the point that one loses all contact with him.

You get him to write me asking me to write and agreeing to go see them immediately after I write them and I'll be glad to help.

Love to you both.

Dad
February 2, 1961

Mrs. Russell B. Morris
1104 B West 20th Street
Amarillo, Texas

Dear Sally:

I have your note about the question as to whether the verb "rise," is always intransitive.

I am afraid that I cannot give you much comfort. It has been so long since I took English that I do not recognize your phrase "transitive passive."

My general definition is that a verb, to be transitive, must be capable of taking an object. Thus, the verb "raise" is used in the phrase, "Sally raised the window." In this sentence the verb raise, which is not identical to the verb rise, takes the object "window." If on the other hand some sort of automatic device, such as is in some of the new automobiles, rises, the window rises, then you have the verb rise and not the verb raise.

On the question as to whether the titles of movies should be underlined as books are underlined, I would prefer to put the title of a movie in quote marks rather than to underline it. This though is a matter of preference, it would seem to me. If your English teacher tells you that she wants you to turn in a paper using the titles of movies and that the titles of movies should be underlined, then almost certainly she will mark off, as she well might be justified in doing, if you put it in quote marks when you were instructed to do it otherwise. Again, our usage in the matter of the titles of movies has not become firm enough to where there are any definite rules.

I hope I have helped a little. In the main, you ought to get in the groove with your teachers, and not contest with them, be sure to do what they want, and you then will come out better.

I love you too.

Always,
Daddy,

In English today we were talking about transitive and intransitive verbs. The teacher said that rise is always intransitive. Now, why wouldn't it be transitive passive in "Jesus has risen."? Also are movies underscored as books?

Thanks for helping. It was just something I wanted to find out.

I love you.

Sally

P.S. Hurry with the answer as soon as you can, ok?
18 February 1961

Dear Scott,

I am down to the office early this morning and have started out to write letters to everybody I owe one to. I am not sure that Mom has answered your last letter, but I hope she has.

I have no particular news. I think Mom or I wrote you that I am to be in Philadelphia in early April to deliver a paper at the annual convention of the American Society for Public Administration. Mom has never had any thought but that she would go along. She may stay a week or so and go on down to Washington and College Park for a visit.

Sally telephoned us on the day after Valentine's Day. She called as a valentine's gesture to her Mom, but we were out that night and missed the call. They are all doing fine in Amarillo. Sharon is still having upset with her pregnancy. Seems to me it should be straightened out before long. Sally and Russell are planning to come to El Paso Easter (the week before we take off for Philadelphia) and I am hoping that Sharon is straightened out so that she and David can come. David is on salary with the man he works for, now, and his boss has paid his tuition for a night course at Amarillo College in "air-conditioning."

All is well with your Mom and me. We've become pretty well adjusted to life without youngsters. I'm going to Austin Tuesday and Wednesday next week and she is staying with friends each night I am gone.

Love from us both,

Dad
18 February 1961

Dear Sally and Russell:

I have come down to the office this morning early — what with a bad conscience and with Mom pounding her ear for all she's worth — and thought I would knock off a few letters. And whenever I write letters, my mind turns to my chillum up Amarillo way.

It was real nice to talk with you the other night, and it was a real valentine, even though you didn't reach us until the following day.

Several people have told us about seeing you and that you seemed real happy. I don't believe any two youngsters were any more unhappy that you two were last fall, and when looked at from that point of view, then almost any measure of happiness is a big improvement. I know you are happy, and Mom and I are happy for you. You are both persons of real character, and I know that you will continue to grow socially and intellectually in constructive ways as time goes on. Keep your resolution high and try always to be the kind of person you most admire. If you can do that, everything else will take care of itself.

It's nearly ten months now since I've seen my daughter, and that's about the longest ever. Hope you do make it in Late March or April and that Sharon is straightened out sufficiently so that all of you can come together.

Love to you both,

Dad
18 February 1961

Dear David and Sharon:

I gather from what the latest letter says, namely that David is on salary and is going to night school learning things about air conditioning that you will not be interested in having the details about the letters I receive from Amarillo in answer to mine of last week.

Thus far I have received only one letter, and it was from Mr. Wickles of Coca-Cola. He tells me that things are slow and they don't have any vacancies. He said also that it would have to be in the selling line, and that would be something which I figure you wouldn't want, David. So I shall simply answer his letter and let it go at that. I will report what I hear from the others when I hear from them.

We talked to Sally and Russell over the phone the other day and they relayed your greetings to us. They are planning to come down Easter. I wish you all could come, too. Unless there is something wrong, I don't see why you might not be straightened out by that time, Sharon. You will have to do what the doctor says, of course.

I'll knock off and get other work done. I have come down to the office early in the morning, and I thought to write this note before getting to other things. We think of you kids a lot.

Mr. Bert Levy told me that you took down the bar in the kitchen, David. What use did you find for it? The people renting the house are named Roberts.

Love to you both.

Dad
Saturday, February 25, 1961

Dear David:

I am enclosing two letters that I received from Amarillo concerning possible jobs for you. The copies are thermofax copies of the original letters and thus the signatures on the letters did not come through, so I just signed their names on the thermofax copies in green ink so you would know how they signed their names.

I think the job with Mr. Willbern would be the ideal one for you, David. This is one of the finest men I have ever known, and he is as good a friend as I have. You get a job with his firm, and he will never forget you are my son, and he will be thinking of you for as long as you work for him. His shop as I know it is fairly small, so that you get to know all the people who work there, and I think you would be happier in your work that way. I hope you will go to see him right away, since he says he has a vacancy at the moment.

As for Mr. Mlinar, you can take his letter on its face. He won't promise you a job, but I am convinced that he will tell his personnel people to hire you as soon as there is a vacancy. It is a solid firm, and after you have worked for it for awhile and gain some status, a person would not want a better place to work. Maybe you remember Bob Skinner, the son of the Presbyterian minister; he works for Southwestern Public Service and could talk with you and help you get going if you got a job with them. But I still think the Willbern Brothers job would be the best for you, and I know it will not be filled if you go right on down there and talk to him about it. The Willbern plant is on east Third Street, just east of the underpass.

Uncle John and Aunt Oussie are here visiting us from Houston. We are delighted to have them. Mom is coming to Amarillo next week to be there for Sally's surgery.

Something I have been worrying about is Sharon's baby. If she's sickly all during pregnancy, then the baby may not get the proper nourishment before birth and may come up with bad teeth, as Sally did, or something of the sort. Be sure you see that she gets the right kinds of food, as much as she can get down — whatever the doctor says she needs.

Love to you both
March 12, 1961

Dear Folks: Ruby is in the sack, with the virus which she has had since Friday-- and looks kinda puny. She's a bit better tonight but I'm not going back to N.Y. till noon tomorrow just to see how she is. I have a lotta overtime in anyway and am supposed to take it, according to our Code of Office Procedures.

Otherwise all goes well. We're trying to rent this house and have two clinched prospects for June 1-- but would like to rent it earlier if possible. Besides we have to find a place to live in N.Y. which we haven't found as yet. We can stay in the hotel I'm in but that would mean storing all of our furniture-- which we don't want to do. So we're in that devilish process.

Personally I'm glad this job came along for there's no place quite like N.Y. and I've always wanted to work there. Wish it had been 15 years ago when I was younger for the push is terrific and I don't get much done except work, eat and sleep. When Ruby gets up there, we'll have week ends to take in the doings. As it is, I come back to Bucks County each Friday night and return early Monday a.m. The commuting daily is done by some but you have to start at 6:30 and get home here at 8, which makes a long day-- day after day. So I stay through the week.

Ruby is trying to get a reunion going at Mammoth Cave and is burned because no one seems to be getting on the band wagon. I think it would be fun and hope it comes off. Glad to hear Ed is writing a book; that Joe is teaching a class. Jettie is fancy being "Woman of the Week"; Ginny is still the best writer in the clan. She tells all and tells it well.

I'm sleepy now-- it's 12:45 a.m.-- so am hitting the sack. The morning coffee isn't far off. Best--

Jack

We can hardly wait for Joe and Jettie to come early in April. I thought that newspaper article was awfully good about Jettie. But Sugar! weren't you using one of your kitchen cups with that silver teapot?
Don't any of you read my letters? I want to know if you can come to a family reunion at Mammoth Cave some weekend in June, July, or August. If I can get to work on it early, maybe I can get some of the 2nd generation to come. We can make it on a Saturday and a Sunday or a Saturday or a Sunday. What do you think? love, Ricky
March 23, 1941

Dear Daddy,

Instead of a clipping about Dr. Small, I didn't know if any one would send it to you as not so I did.

I went to the Dr. yesterday because I found this week 31
Russie sister Suzanne was going to have her tonsils out and I went to see her. There must have been some gas in the room but what ever it was sure put me out as I fell I hit the bed and got a huge knot on my foot-head. Poor Mr. Morris didn't know what in the world was going on until I hit the floor I think him.

Well, it upset everyone so Mitchell made me go to the doctor. He said my baby will come around now and that I have low blood pressure so now I must take pills of every shape and kind. I'll probably have my teeth out in May. As soon the better I say. There making me so tired.
If they are pulled in May
I think Russ + I can handle
the money for it. You have done
so much already that I feel
it is up to us to meet the rest
of our obligations somehow.

Now about basting - Mother
talked as if she didn't think
there would be much time for us
since you all were going to ND.
I want to come see you Daddy,
and if you think we can come
for a short stay, then do let
me know.

Well, that's just about all for
now. David works part-time for
Russell Daddy and may clear
$100 this week. He did go see
Mr Wilburne, but I don't know
how that turned out.

Russ + I are opening a savings
account for the baby + things look
just fine. It's a boy well
name it like Russell the III and
call it Russ. If it's a girl
well name her Judith Kathleen and
call her Judy Kay. (Kay for stay
in Mol.)

Well, give my love to
mother.

Love,
Sally
Dear Robin:

Friday, March 24, 1961.

The old Bird flew in yesterday. We read it last night and meant to write our letters, but we both hit the sack early...I to sleep...Joe to read and toss! Although I woke up at six thinking of all the things I had to do, so I got up and am getting ready for a busy day.

I'm writing this with a carbon so I can mail the carbon on to Ruby and Jack so I won't have to repeat some of it to them that I want them to have before the Robin gets there...as we expect to be there th night of the 5th or April.

There are two flights out of here to Phila. We think we will take the one that leaves about noon and gets into Phila. about 10:45 P.M. This flight makes better and faster connections than the one that leaves earlier in the morning and goes by Atlanta...this one goes direct to Phila. from Dallas. Ruby, is 10:45 at night too late for you to meet? Joe has a hotel reservation for that night and say want to be dropped off at the hotel. Anyway, we can work out those details. And we will let you know later the flight we take and time we arrive. I'm so excited about the trip!! Of course, we can't afford it, but I'm doing it anyway.

Joe plans to return on Sunday. But I'll stay over until about Wednesday, if that is O.K. with you. I'd love to go into New York Monday or Tuesday and see a show or two and Radio City. Can we make a pallet and sleep at Jack's Apt.? Are tickets available for Lucille Ball's play..."Wild Cat"? Have you seen it? It would be my first choice...otherwise, anything suits me! Just seeing the stores and sights will be wonderful.

My plans from Phila. to College Park and then home will have to be worked out after I get there and see how my flights work out. If I can return here via Washington...I can fly from Phila. to Washington then from Washington to Dallas. If not, I'll take the bus to College Park and then return to LaGrange to get my flight from Phila. to Dallas. I do know I'll have to depart from Monday noon to Thursday noon on the
kind of ticket I'll be using. If you want to go to Washington that will be fine, too. I want to be there about a week.... from all of the letters I've been getting, I'll need that long to get in all of the things everyone is planning!

I'm sorry I missed the last Robin... but that "bug" I had really laid me out! I've never had such a cold and sore throat! I'm sorry Joe didn't mention the reunion! We are in favor of one, but he is doubtful of being able to get away for very long at a time and can not plan for more than a few weeks ahead of time as he might have to go to Austin on short notice.

We think the reunion should be right here in El Paso and hereby extend our invitation! Outside of transportation... the cost will be nothing! We have a bedroom for each couple. Air-conditioning... some maid service... a deep freeze I'll fill with food ready to use... much sight-seeing... Juarez... Carlsbad... beautiful mountains in Cloudcroft, N.M... a cabin available there if we want to stay a day or so... an overnight car trip to Chihuahua, Mexico... if the Ed Rays drove down, we could all go in two cars... or train fare is very cheap. If Ruby and Jack could drive down, they could bring Virginia and Ray or maybe the Ed. Rays come via Ky. Anyway I think this is the best place to meet! And Joe would be around... even if he had to leave it would not be for more than accouple of days and we could be doing some of the things named above. So do consider these plans!

I spent a week in Amarillo week before last. Had a good visit with the kids. They are fine. Got home on Sunday and left the following Wed. noon for Austin with Joe. Got back this past Sunday. Busy with sewing and getting ready for the trip Last now.

Ruby, I think Virginia mentioned silver patterns in her letter to you or Joe... I read them all even if she didn't write me... please let her know about Sally's silver pattern that you added to for 8 years with a teaspoon each Christmas. They have really come in handy, too! Mrs. Ledbetter gave her four knives a few years ago... this Christmas we gave her 4 forks... and she already had 4 salad forks we had given her on birthdays, etc... a sugar spoon she bought once with some Christmas money from Mrs. L. and Jimmy Taylor... so she has enough for four settings... and has gotten a table spoon from an Amarillo friend. In case you have forgot the pattern is Chantilly.
Ed., you would especially enjoy this part of the Country. You probably saw some of it when you were stationed in NM during the war, but there is much more to see. It is all very historical and you could bring us all up on what we should know. We'd love for Emily to come too... You should voice a time preference, for the others may need to adjust their time better than you.... Joanna, you'd love Juarez... I never tire of going over there... especially to the big city market... and I know Chihuahua is an interesting place. We've been eager to get down there, but haven't been able to get it in. Now is the perfect time with all of you. We could have such fun!

We are having beautiful spring days. I've taken sun baths the past two days. The yard man is cutting the grass this morning... so you see things are growing.

David and Sharon expect their baby in July. I don't know if I'll be needed or not. Sharon's mother lives there and probably would be more useful. You know I've never cared for a tiny baby... I'll have to wait until it is five months old then I'll begin my spoiling. I've made Sharon two maternity outfits and am working on some more.

I must get to some chores... I've written too much anyway. Maybe this will make up for it at least! It was good to have your company Joanna! Jack and I get lonely!

I still hate to see Jack and Ruby sell their Langho ne house. I'd rent it! I want to retire there! We have our Amarillo house rented and I don't care if we never sell it. I like to feel we have a roof over our head.

See Ruby and Jack soon... and the rest of you before the summer is over!

Love to all,

Jettie
I forgot to admit that the cup in the picture is one of my Stangl... but I still think they are so beautiful, I purposely used it for the picture... I figured it would show up more and apparently it did. At least Ruby and Virginia noticed it! Sally has selected the same pattern... she had started a set in it and I hope to get some more for her and me while at Ruby's and Jack's, if we can get over to the factory.
President and Mrs. Joseph M. Ray
cordially invite you to
Cocktails and Dinner
to honor
Mr. and Mrs. Thornton Hardie
Wednesday, March the twenty-ninth
Cocktails at six
4312 Donnybrook Place
dinner at eight
International Club
RSVP if declining
This is our biggest project before we leave for Phila. This man is the El Paso member of the Board of Regents for the University. He was elected Chairman of the Board at the meeting in Austin last week. So we got this party up in a hurry. I got the invitations printed on Monday...addressed and in the mail by noon Tuesday! Have about sixty coming. But about every thing is laid on now.
Chillun:

I don't have much time this morning, but Jettie called me on the telephone this time & had me write to tell you how much she knows Robin & her letter already written, & she wanted me three times in 24 hours to get my Robin letter written. (You know it's a funny thing, but now that I know what all I'm going to get out of all the time, why is that?) Anyway, I'm going to write you. Robin's letting me come in here, regardless of how much time I have so here goes.

It's hard to decide whether we can go into the Mammoth Cave. In the first place the trip to the East Coast is going to cost a lot, secondly these kids are six months old & not very cheap, 3rd child cost $2,600, whereas they used to cost us $1,500, and programs, board, etc.

Third, these meetings & our Board of Regents are scheduled from month to month, and I can't miss one. I just can't promise ahead of time on any date.

I'm sending a letter from Scott & a book from Georgetown showing the place he's going to work this summer. I'll have to get to work.

Love to all, Je
Hi!

Well, I accepted the Bardstown job. Their reply to my letter asking for more money or a better part was that, with the exception of 4 or 5 leads, no casting is done until the first day of rehearsal, at which time salary adjustments are made. So as of now I'm going to get $40 per week for rehearsal and $65 for performance; I'm hoping like crazy for one of the better roles.

The only other audition in this area is the Starlight Musicals
one in Indianapolis - it's a short season, but an Equity company, so the salary is higher. The audition for that - I will probably have to go to the singing auditions, since last year they didn't have dance auditions until June 15th.

We will not be coming down for Easter - we couldn't get a car. And we all wanted to come so badly. So I'm going home again with Gary to Monticello. Should be relaxing - too much going on right now! He got back on the 6th, I have to give a report on Eugene O'Neill on the 7th, our twirling contest is on the
8th, and our spring Ballet Program the 12th. Then the 27th we have a modern dance program to do. After that I'm just going to relax and enjoy life until finals roll around.

Hope all is well there. Write if you're not too busy!

Love,

Scott
Dear Family: It's a wet and windy and chilly morning here--but it's worse, according to the radio, most everywhere else.

Called my sister Louise in Slippery Rock this morning and Western Pa. had had a violent wind storm--blew trees down all around, whole area without electricity, etc. but luckily no damage at our own house--which is surprising, since it stands on a hill.

We enjoyed having Joe and Jettie. I didn't get home from New York till Saturday night--so saw Joe only until we took him to the train back into Philadelphia at 11 p.m. but we have five hours of gab and food and some sleep. Then Jettie and Ruby came to New York on Tuesday and we all had a couple of days of "city life" together. I worked while the gals did the town, etc. It was certainly good to see some of the family and they both looked so well.

Sorry to hear about Ray Harman but possibly this hospitalization is just what he needs. Am glad he agreed to go himself.

Our troubles aren't major as of now, for which we're grateful. We've just decided to sell our Langhorne house--the real estate man was just here. We'll probably never find a place we like so much but it's silly to keep it when my work is in New York and Ruby can't join me and find a place there. Everybody advises against renting.

So time and change is upon us again. We don't think we'd like to live here when we retire--too far from families--so we see no use in holding the house. Besides Bucks County is growing fast and the market is good right now.

Best to all of you--I'm at end of page and end of writing time.

Jack
April 17 1961

Dear Children—

I am so happy that there seems to be a chance for a reunion. What we must decide is When! What about June 24th or July 1st? Joe and Jottie think they could make one of those dates. Va is there so she could fit it in. Either one will suit us.

Brown and Audrey can come. I have heard from Audrey about it. They are going to move but don’t know where or when. It is up to you Ed and Jeannne. Which? I am really excited. As soon as we can decide on a date I will start writing to all the grand generations. We would try to get Barbara and her family—Emily, Dorothy & family—Billy & Jim Ed—Mary and Martha. I would also write to Alice and she might come. News are much better than they used to be. Maybe when we see how happy she is we will be more reconciled. But really her religious differences from us is not too much wider than other differences we have.

God Bless us all.

Now write to me personally soon and confirm or not one of those dates.

love, Pura
He just said that Ray is doing pretty well. His doctor is little Willie Russell and she is not sure the treatment is good. She thinks she will ask for a consultation with Dr. Groves. As it is Ray is making money in the hospital and has suggested that he may retire.
We can dial her from our own kitchen phone. We are on our way to Quaker meeting. She had just come back from early church—Methodist.
Dear Folks:

Just a short one page today, as I am not in a cheerful enough mood to write a letter worth reading. Yesterday at noon Ray entered a Veterans Hospital at Louisville for two months or three, and Joe and I both hated to see him go, because he didn't want to, but finally decided to go of his own free will. Joe took it harder than I did because he took him.

Bill and Jackie came down Easter week-end to visit, and Ray ruined our visit but doubt if Jackie ever knew what it was all about. Everything happened. The pilot light went out on furnace, sometimes does during high wind. Bill and I went down at midnight to light the pilot the house was getting so cold, and we could not keep Ray in bed. Jackie slept through it all. He and Bill went down to see Jim H and Jackie seemed to be carried away with his little nephew, two of them older than he is. Jackie is a fine little fellow, and behaved like a little man, not a whimper out of him. When I asked him if I had better put rubber sheet under him in case he wet the bed, he looked at me so disgusted, and said, "Aunt Sam, I would never do such a thing," and he didn't. I was a little surprised as he drank so much chocolate milk before bed.

Jackie is the one they brought here from hospital, and I kept him until the other children got over heapsmough, born Feb. 6, 1936. I guess, as he is now five, and will not be six in time to enter school this fall. He is a smart little fellow, but then so are the other three.

Jim H and Billy, their wives Martha and Clara came by to see us the other Sunday and have been up to see their Grandfather Whithouse who is now bed-fast. Their children are also fine. They told me that Alice took the veil that day, if that is the way to say it; in other words she went in as a Nun, and will work for the balance of her life for nothing in the Nashville Catholic hospital. The boys seemed to think it was all right if that was what she thought was necessary for her soul salvation, but her Dad took a dim view of it, thought they were talked her into it yet her free service for life. She gave her mother her car, Jim H her wheel and gave away all her belongings. I never heard of anything she gave her Dad, and he is no doubt the one person she has wronged more than any other. Jim H admits that, but she doesn't talk about it.

If we meet at Emmoth save this summer, more of us could get there, and June would be fine with us; Jim H and Billy and family might also come there. Ray would not be able to make the trip to El Paso, neither would it be permitted by Dr. to go any way but fly and too exp.

Ruby, forget the silver, and I will send them both the funny set of Cannon sheets, Sally the Orchid wide stripe and David the Green or ask Jettie about colors for me. They (over)
are real pretty, and I can have them mailed from Pushin just as soon as I pay the balance
on my bill there. I also owe about two hundred hospital bills, no, not hospital, just $21.00
hospital, but Dr. Willoughby and Dr. Russell I am paying on. I don't owe too much more, but
will wait until I have paid out of debt. I know you think this strange that I should owe,
with the income, but we have Had It With Ray. Every time he got out of the house he would
write a $10.00 check, or maybe two, and I had to stop having a bank account, but then I had
to pick up his over-D's. Now that he will be in hospital for a time, I will get all paid
up, and hope before he comes home.

Wilma and Joe are just fine, and the children sweet as two could be. Sam Ray
spent the morning with me, and I went over there with them for lunch. I told Sam Ray kid
Granddaddy had gone on a trip, and he got back in the car, and said "Trip Daddy, To See
Granddaddy." Then he got the suit case and packed it all over the house shouting back to
me "Trip Grandmother to see Granddaddy! Good Bye, Going on Trip". Little Joseph Elwood is
a fine strapping baby, and spreads his big mouth every time you look at him, sitting alone.

Ruby the picture you mentioned sounds wonderful for Joe's house, and wait until
you come, and bring it. We could well come down here for one day, and go to Bardstown one
night to see Scott in the Stephen Foster Show. Aunt Bettie, Lucille and I went last summer,
but I would like to see it again. Really I have two double beds one set in basement, and we
could all come here in May get all right, and go up Mammoth Cave for the day, and Bardstown.
The morning Joe and Ray left for Louisville, I was feeling pretty low, wandering
around in Woolworth's, and Mrs. Mansfield found me, and when I told her Joe and Ray had gone to
Louisville, and I was feeling blue as indigo, she invited me out to Murray's to dinner, and
drove about all afternoon, looking at artificial flower arrangements. People have gone wild
over these arrangements, and they use everything from $1.75 to $60.00, some so natural look-
ing, and quite beautiful, I got one for my red or Ruby Geblot. Never thought I would
use artificial flowers, but this one looks so nice on desk with red lamp on other side.

Well, I am sure none of this is very cheerful reading, but I promise to do
better next time.

Love,

Virginia.
Mrs. Joseph M. Ray  
4312 Donnybrook  
El Paso, Texas  


Dear Robins:  

Again, I'll write a carbon to mail on to Ruby and Jack in hopes our letter will get to them before they leave for Minneapolis.  

I'm sorry I have not had time to write them since I've been back. I did get a card off from College Park, but have been so busy since I got home, I haven't written half the letters I should have.  

But I'm sure Ruby and Jack know how much we enjoyed our visit with them. I'm sorry Joe didn't have more time there, but I had a full week there. It gave Ruby and me plenty of time to do the things we like to do. I was especially glad to get to the Stangl factory again. Thanks, Ruby for getting the boxes off I left. They have arrived safe and sound. Not a chip or crack on anything. Also, thanks again for your addition of the plates. Sally said she had received the gravy boat all right, also.  

Then to cap off the week, Ruby and I went into N.Y. on Tuesday morning on the early train. Got to Jack's office about 10, left my suit cases and went to a matinee of Radio City, which is still my idea of the best way to spend $.90! Saw "The Absent-minded Professor", which was a scream and a beautiful stage show...it was their Easter show...and it was #*#*#*#gorgeous! Mildred met us for lunch. Ruby took us to a "swanky" eating place called 666! We went to Jack's room when he was finished at 5. He got me a room at his hotel and we all rested for
a while. Then went downtown to see if I could get a
ticket to see Lucille Ball in "Wildcat". Since
that was my only night there, and all the tickets
were sold out, I bought a "SRO" ticket for $3.50
and stood up for the show. It was so wonderful, I
was glad I did! I felt like a real New Yorker after
the show! I took the subway by myself back to the
hotel. Jack and Rub y had gone to another show, but
we went down by subway and they showed me where
to get it to go back and where to get off. I beat them
back to the hotel, but waited at a lunch room place
and ate a waffle, as I'd had only soup for supper
to cut down calories and save time! I left the hotel
at 8 the next morning to get a bus to College Park.
I was there a week, where I was entertained like a
bride or something! Such fun! But such weight I
added! Then to Dallas on Thursday until Monday...then
home. It was a wonderful trip, but El Paso looked
mighty good!

Sally and Russell were here last week-end. It was
good to have them, but we were lonely when they left.
They all seem to be fine. Smo expects to have her
oral surgery later this month. It had to be postponed
in March because of her condition...they expect a
baby in Nov. Now it is safe to have the surgery and
she needs to get the teeth out especially now!

I do hope we can get to Ky...if or when you have the
reunion. We will try. Maybe Scott can get down for
the day even if we can't. He is due in Bardstown
June 2.

Do hope Ray is doing all right. Am sure he is at the
best place and the time will soon pass.

We are swamped with chance of school activities. I
had 30 women for lunch last week...out-going and in-
coming boards of Faculty Women. Our love to all, Jetti
Sunday 16th July 1961

Dearest,

The Robin arrived yesterday, and I've got to get my letter written. I'm leaving for Washington on Tuesday or Wednesday, and I'm going to be very busy tomorrow, so I'll have to do it today.

Jettie and I had a good visit with Jack and Ruby. They seem to me to be in full stride as always and doing fine. I'm with Jettie about their selling that wonderful little house—but sentiment can't settle matters of that kind.

It looks like our College may get one of the Peace Corps training programs in President Kennedy's Peace Corps.

This brings up the question of the family reunion. I can't give any definite answer as to dates, but it looks now that July 13 and 14, Saturday and Sunday, in Kentucky, might be best for us. There are two things that might affect our chances of coming—one is that if we get the Peace Corps program, it will just be starting, and I ought to be around—it would start on July 1. The other thing is the question of dates of meetings of our Board of Regents—which dates are not yet set and would be for some time. Miss Ruby and I, we go ahead and set your date and other things will shape around it. Jettie and I very much want to come, not only for the reunion but also because Scott will be at Bardstown.

If I haven't forgot the drafts of the two articles you wrote, but I have left them
up to now at the bottom of my work basket and kept on putting other things off the top of them. I'll try to read them on the way to Washington this week—you may get them before you do the Cabin.

Danna, I know you must be having a lovely time of it with the boys, but it must be wonderful to have the grand-children there and a whole townful of friends you've known all your life. Miss Jettie and I have to travel an awful long way to see either kids or old friends. We're doing fine—don't get me wrong, but malaise is worse. I figure in our location than yours. When Miss Jettie was in the East for two weeks, it wasn't fun. Chin up, old girl; he'll be home in a few weeks.

Jack, Jettie brought me home a nice little hand-carrying bag like yours, for real friends etc. You're a good influence in this as others may. I always was good to see you in.

We have wonderful weather here. I've spent an hour sunbathing both yesterday and today.

Love to you all.

Jack & Danna

We missed letters from you this time. We need one.

Jack: Sorry. I missed yours on the back of Ralph's letter—and a good one, too.
We are working on week of June 23rd, and do you now think that will be right. If you don't like the doubling up plan I suggested, then it would be just about as cheap to get rooms at motel here, and go to Mammoth Cave the days we want to. Reply and be frank every one of you.

Sunday, May 27, 1961

My dears:

I have kept this Robin too long, but there was not much in this time, and I am not going to add much. I just do not how I get myself so involved, never a minute left over to do letter writing. I do know too, I do a lot of church banking and financial reports take up twice as much time for me as someone who is fast and good with figures, then since Ray has been away I have been rushed off my feet, breakfasts, luncheons, some out of town, Smiths Grove, Oakland, Rockfield, Glasgow, and all these good friends come and get me and bring me home. They all claim they are under obligations to me for one thing or another. Some I have helped work out lines on D.A.R.'s, others I have helped with their District Work, and walked to their Societies. This whole black is widows, and we have been taking it turn about going first one place and another for breakfast, two more will wind it up, Monday at the home of Mrs. Alvis, and Tuesday over to Mrs. Pearces. Mrs. Daily is not still able to go up and down her front steps, but is doing fine with a morning nurse, and has now taken the brace off her back. Her sister, Mrs. Vaughan, of Nashville comes up for week-ends.

Ray called last night, and said to come for him Wednesday, and he will be ready to come home with new teeth, new glasses; but says he has not gained a pound, the food is awful. He has a great deal of food prejudice, and I have learned to cook the things he likes. I have practically cooked nothing, only a meal now and then to take over to Joe's and eat with them. Those two boys are cute ones, little Joe Ed standing up and soon will be walking, and fat as a butterball.

Thank you so much Ruby for the silver you bought for me to send to Sally and David. I have not gotten it off yet, but certainly intend to next week. I have been sewing on the dresses you sent, and like all three, especially the dark paisley one.

I am looking forward to the reunion, and wish I could think of some way for all to stay here and not have to have the added expense of lodging at Mammoth Cave. Ray and I could sleep over in Mrs. Daily's basement, and give up our four double beds and a cot in basement. Brown and the boys could sleep in basement, Sylvia and mother in one double bed, Jettie & Joe in one, and Jack in Ruby in another, by moving a bed out in dining room, and we could go up to the Cave for a picnic couldn't we?
Dearest Ruby and Jack;

By now, I guess you are home. Hope you had a good trip. And have your mail from us, which probably came after you left home.

I've been anxious to write you, but just haven't got to it. I thought I'd get a note off while I was with Sally, but the time got away faster there than it does here!

I went up to Amarillo Thurs. week ago. She had her oral surgery on Wed. I took her home from the hospital on Fri. Stayed with them until the next Wed. The stitches were taken out on Tues. before I left. She got along just wonderfully. Both doctors said she could not have done better! I was so proud of her being so grown-up...no complaining and much courage and determination. It was amazing the things she could do the second day in the way of food and liquids intake! I guess it is youth...I'm sure I could not have done as well at 17...matter of fact, I couldn't do it at 51!!! Her new teeth look wonderful. They were made from her own and the upper ones look so realy that when Urma saw her for the first time she said; "Sally, are they going to take the upper ones out later!"

Joe has had his other trip to Washington...he went up May 9 and came back by way of Austin the week-end of the 12th. Tonight some big wheels in the Peace Corp are due here. Texas Western is about to get (WE HOPE) a training group for the Peace Corp. We should know in a few days if we get it or not.

Ruby, the pillows came and are very pretty. Thanks ever so much for them.

Scott called Saturday night. He is all finished with his schoolwork. Just waiting for time to go to Bardstown. Guess he'll go today or tomorrow. He is due to start to work on Friday. He called mostly to see if you had for moved to N.Y. yet, and if so to know your address. He has a trunk he wanted to send on up. We felt sure you had not moved yet, so told him to send it
on to Langhorne. He may send it "collect"... if so, we will pay you for it. And if you can stick it in your back room as long as you are there and then move it on to N.Y. with you and store it some place until fall, we will also, pay for that. We just didn't know what to do about it and it seemed foolish to take it to Bardstown. I hope this meets your approval. We'll appreciate your worrying with it.

We are anxious to know how your house is going. Also, the plans for the reunion. Joe still doesn't know if he will have a July Board meeting. If so, it will be around the weekend of the 16th. or 17th., probably. So we might be able to be there the week-end of July 1, or July 8th.

After talking with Scott the other night, Joe said; "That was almost like a visit... wasn't it"?

Ruby, Why don't you plan to drive home with us if we get to Ky.? Will you drive to Ky. or not? If so you could leave your car... drive out here with us and then fly back to Ky., or go by train... or even bus... which isn't bad on these large air-conditioned ones... Jack could join you here. Does he know yet if or when his job might bring him to Texas? We are anxious for you to come. It is hot... but we'll stay in this wonderful air-conditioned house all of the time. The nights are nice outside!

Jimmy Taylor and three friends are flying up tomorrow for a couple of days. The week-end we expect the Johnsons from U. of Ala. Remember they came to see us on 20th. St., They are enroute to Calif.

I must get to a dozen chores. We are eager to hear from someone about plans. Maybe the Robin will be here soon.

Love,

[Signature]

David and Sharon were really pleased to know you had decided on our silver pattern for them. They said that suited them fine. I told them, they and Scott could divide ours... we have a dozen of most things, not that would give each 6. And Sally could have the silver service. I've never thought silver services should be broken up.
Mr. and Mrs. Jack M. MacDonald  
417 North Bellevue  
Langhorne, Pennsylvania

Dear Jack and Ruby:

I don't remember if I ever wrote you or not thanking you for such a good visit when I was there. It is always a heartening thing to be able to visit with one's kin.

We had a telephone call from Scott two or three days ago and cleared with him a good many details concerning the coming months. One of the things he asked me was whether or not we thought it would be all right to approach you all inquiring whether he might stay with you when he comes to New York after the Bardstown engagement is over. He thinks that what he will need to do is to hang around New York indefinitely, or at least until he gets something to do. I advised him to go ahead and write you and ask. I realize that you cannot give him an answer now, since you do not know now where you will be living. Nevertheless, I do not think he need to feel so diffident that he not even ask you. I hope you will not feel obliged to take on the further raising of him. It is my thought that a young man of twenty-two with a good solid college degree ought to have to scrounge for himself, especially since his parents have substantial other commitments and requirements. I think Scott feels this way too. If, however, you do have some room that he could occupy, when you get settled in New York, I am sure it would be a big help.

What gives about the proposed reunion? My own plans are wide open, because, despite all I told you before, it now develops that we will not have a Board meeting until July 9 and that we may very well have a hurry-up and important one (the one at which our budgets are adopted) shortly thereafter. Thus my assurance to you that I would be free around July 15 is no longer valid. I just don't know.

As ever,

Joe

Mr. dear: Just a note to tell you about your Aunt Kate’s funeral. I never saw more flowers and prettier arrangements at any funeral unless some of far-reaching business connections. I sent a $12.00 basket with names of Ruby Ray Madison, Virginia Ray Harman, William B. Ray, Edward M. Ray and Dr. Joseph M. Ray. It was the very prettiest one there, so much pink had come in I ordered blue ribbon, and blue chasta daisies, but I believe they were huge asters, lilies of the valley, large white mums, and white and blue. When I came back from funeral home Ray said Ed had called and wanted a basket extra for himself. I ordered an $8.00 basket for Ed, and told them Ed always selected roses in basket, and they made up a perfectly beautiful basket of glads, carnations, and red roses, red ribbon. His came later, and when I came early to the funeral Elizabeth ran to me, and said “Gin” I want to show you the basket Ed wired sent. It is the prettiest thing I ever saw, and you know the first thing I thought of was “I must show mama this card”, and then she wept and said I guess I won’t be showing her anything more. Rhena Elizabeth and Jeff stood over the casket even after the music began and delayed the funeral. Oakes preached the funeral, a Methodist preacher. Aunt Kate belonged to Greenwood Baptist church.

It is all right with me to divide the $12.00 basket three ways, and W. B. will not be drawing salary until he starts teaching in Sept. and Ed has his own to pay for. Ruby I shall send you a check for Silver you bought for me less this and the Pushin purchase for you, if that suits you. I tried all places I knew to reach you, but never did. I thought you must be at hospital with Isobel but did not know the name of hospital, and operator called three Bean Martins in Pittsburgh without getting the right one, and I did not know the street address. Jack’s old cousin answered at Slippery Rock and said she couldn’t remember anybody’s address. I knew you could not come and after trying off and on all day Monday and Monday night I gave it up.

John has named Rhena as executor and said they would all help her, and that there would be no trouble, but that was their opinion. Lovin and Louise may think different. I could have choked Lovin at funeral, wouldn’t sit by Louise and Elizabeth was driving funeral car, Lovin crawled in by Elizabeth, leaving Louise alone on back seat, and she kept motioning me to sit with her. I was with Joe who was one of the pallbearers, Julian, John’s three sons, one other.
NOTE

Julian, his wife and son were there, good-looking son, looks like Marie more than her own son. Marcalle and Betty Anne were there from Nashville, and those Thomas connections from Arkansas. All the Dodson's were there, John's wife's people. Roy's Ruby is in Lady of Peach at Louisville, mental. I felt more sorry for Roy than any of them. When I took his hand and told him I had not consoled him, he said "Sin", I just got here, I have worked myself almost blind", I told him he had laid his life down for that farm, and I wanted him to slow up and he would live longer. He said I intend to, now the boss is dead, and you know if we had not done her bidding all our inheritance would have gone down the drain, no telling what she would have done with it. We all have done lot of things we did not want to do to please her, but how I for one intend to live my own life. Roy's daughter, Betty Kate was there from Detroit, I don't know her married name. Elizabeth had her ear-rings removed before casket was closed. I never knew anyone else do such things publicly anyway.
June 19, 1961

Dear Children—

This is the worst we have done. We planned to write while we were at the Mountain but got involved with meals and Jack having a bad time with the Pistole. He is in good shape and off to work this morning. We have to get up at 5:30 when he goes on Mondays. He has told you most of the news. I am sorry I didn't get us about Aunt Kate. I couldn't have come anyway. I called Rena and Beth but of course both thought I only wanted to talk to her. She must have talked for ten minutes. It made us both feel better. They are going to miss her terribly - I do even so far away! I admired her spirit and what Jack calls a flair. She was certainly a character with a big sense of humor and lots of courage. I was always glad to see her.

You said John named Rena executor. I didn't know he could do that. Wouldn't Aunt Kate have to do that? Which ever way it was, you've 'mark my word - as Aunt Kate would say - Beth will climb into Aunt Kate's seat and hold the reins as tight as ever she did. Rena and John will aid and oblige her. She told me on the phone that she was going spend her vacation...
fencing the farms. That's none of my business!
I do wish she could have lived for our reunion.
She will be terribly missed. We hope Uncle Tim's
health will improve. I'll write all of them soon.
Beth said Jeff and his wife were there. When did
he marry? Which wife is this - third or fourth?
I will be awfully glad to get to Bowling Green
because I am homesick. Maybe we can
get to work on a new room in August. What
time suits all of you?
We are so unsettled about the house and
when we will move that I can hardly make
any plans.
I was sorry to hear that your father - 50 or so
was so sick, but it is good to know that he is
better.
Now, I hope you get a chance to see Scott's
play. You did see it last year, I think. It is so good
to know that Ray is home. Seems to me that he
should just sit down and do nothing but think for a
while. Me! I'd like that. Jack and Joe would
sleep all the time.
Love to all of you. Ruby
Dear Family -

I have so much to write that I don't know where to begin. A telephone call we have just had from Louise about Isabel has put almost everything else out of our minds. After all this time they are recommending that her leg be removed at the hip. They are all very upset about it. The girls do not know. In any case I guess it is terminal. The operation will relieve the pain - for a while at least. I hope Jack will not have to go for the operation.

As for the Ray Reunion - I thought it wonderful in almost every way. As we have said it was unmercifully hot. There was a time when I was afraid I would pass out. Perhaps no one would have noticed since you all think I'm 'passed out' anyway. As far as I could see I was the only one who looked hot. I'm awfully glad I'm a Ray. They were all really genuine, high-minded people. For much of it I am glad to thank our in-laws. We picked some good looking ones and fine too. If we never have another one, I'm awfully glad we had this. It was only spoilt by your not
being there. Ed. We talked about you all the time. We missed your wit, Uncle Jim and Jack had to do all the real Sun talk. As you know they are right out-front. It would have been better if you had been there. I was especially glad to see Brownie's older boys. They are such fine men and have delightful families. I am going to try to keep up with them. I had not seen them for a long time. I do wish I could see them more often. We missed Dorothy and her family. They were taking a cabin in the Tewa. Nts. the next week - I think. There is no use to be writing all this you were all there except Ed and I am sure Joanne and Emily have told you. I think you know by now that I think the 2nd generation is just wonderful and these children are beautiful boys and number girls far and away. It was too bad Barbara and Bill were not there with their two girls. I didn't get half enough of that necessary. My whole trip was good. Ginny and I had our usual spots. We can't remember one day what we spotted about the day before. I do remember that Ray called to Jack that he need'n't worry because he had hidden the butcher knife. So it went but fun, let's do have a more intimate one in El Paso soon. It will be fun to get out there and strut with Joe, Sitti.

We will put on 'Big Dog'.

On our way through Cave City we saw Billy's and Jim Ed's families had stopped at their grand-
parents. We stopped too and found it wonderful all of them in the yard. Martha was there and had a little visit with her. She must have had a bad time because she looks terrible. Her teeth do not fit and she just looks run down. I guess she is grieved about Alice too. She said Alice has joined this cloistered order that do only menial labor. None of her education counts for anything. They have nothing to do with the hospital. I don't know where they are located but they visit her—talking through a grating. Martha feels so she said—that it was a form of insanity and might have been worse. She said Alice said she was tired of fighting the world. It is sad.

On those clippings are very interesting. The reunion write-up couldn't have been better. I am sure they will all like to read it. It was good to give the Scottsville Ray's credit. Wasn't the food good? And didn't Aunt Hettie and Uncle Jim hold up well? I am also glad you are doing those Coats of Arms; but don't give them away as you said. I'll be glad to buy a Scott one. I do think they deserve a real frame not that tape. The Ten Cent Store has real nice narrow frames. I can't find anything on Coats of Arms in our little library. I did find a Bibliography that lists Burke's Armory and Bentells, Manual of Heraldry. I want to know what all those figures mean.
Due to Va. you just have to stop worrying about that little bit of drinking Ray does! It is natural for some to drink - especially Irishmen. That is what Wilda says who is just back from Ireland. Just don't try to keep it a secret. I read in the 'Christian Herald' which I take that the Presbyterians have done a survey and that more than 35 percent of that congregation drinks moderately. We both think Ray looks wonderful. Good color and enough weight for him. You must watch yourself!

It looks as if we may sell this house. At least one prospect has put down a sale-agreement deposit. I spent all day yesterday looking for apartments just out of it. I found some good ones. But am going to look again next week. May Marks writes that she can't come before the last of August. We will move by the last of Sept. if this sale goes through.

I hope this hasn't been too much to read.

Love

Ruby
How is John?

Aug 13 1961

Dear Va -

We had a letter from Audrey
saying they are both teaching next
year in Ohio not far from Wheel-
ing. They have rented a house
and are moving next week.

or this week. I put the letter in
the Robin. You may be real
mad at me where you find
that missed putting your letter
in. You had so much stuff
with all those clippings. They
were good and I am glad you
put them in - Especially the ones...
to Peru. It was a trip to see my family. I was staying with my family and
I was visiting a friend in Lima. The two of us went to see the
Peruvian coastline. It was an amazing experience and I
have been back many times since.

1. What was your most memorable trip? Why?

2. How has this trip affected your future travel plans?

3. What did you learn about yourself during this trip?

4. What advice would you give someone planning a similar trip?
Aug. 14 1961

Monday morning

As soon as my washing is out of the washer I am going to drive to a suburb of N.Y. called Paw Way, N.J. to see some apartments there. That is about thirty minutes on the train from Jack's office. We are not planning to move before the middle of the last of August. September.

Mary wrote that she can't come before the last of August. Why can't you come with her? You wouldn't have to stay as long as she does. I doubt if we get to Bermuda.

We just had calls all day yesterday saying the doctors have...
recommend removing Isabel's leg. That is the last thing they can do. If she hadn't been so opposed to it, it could have been done sooner. House will have to be tied if Jack should consider going anywhere but to Pittsburgh. We will see. The operation will be in a week or two. I will let you know.

Our moving will not be such a problem after I find an apartment. The Federation will take care of it.

I did enjoy my visit in Bowling Green. Ray was so much better than I expected to find him. Jack and Joe have convinced me that his drinking is not serious as long as it is done at home. Don't worry. Let him alone. And take care of yourself.

The only difference is that Jack doesn't drink from an empty stomach. Proud straight from the bottle as Ray.
Mrs. Ray W. Harman  
1253 Park Street  
Bowling Green, Kentucky

Dear Virginia:

Thank you very much for your good letter of August 15, in which you give us the news of the fact that Will B. is going to move to Beallsville, Ohio.

I was very much pleased to get the newspaper clipping. It is a real useful thing, in that it gives all the names. You are indeed correct that I could not have called all of them. I had been trying to remember the name Calvert ever since we left.

If you ever get a chance, please pass my best regards along to Miss Mattie Hatcher, Joe Lee, and the Claypool girl, I think her name was Louise. As I remember her she was on one day a tomboy running around with us boys and on the next day married to some older man. I am very sorry to hear about the more serious developments in John Thomas's health. Tell Ray to take care of himself.

I am to go to Washington for the final doings with the Peace Corps group here at Texas Western College on August 29 and 30 where we will, among other things, go to a reception at the White House. On the following weekend Jettie and I plan to go to Amarillo to see the grandchild, and then on to St. Louis to the American Political Science Convention.

Everything goes well here.

Love,

[Handwritten note: Late: Everything went as planned. Spoke hours and chatted with the President beside his desk.]

[Signature]
Somebody, 10 p.m. and Mrs. Jethri is awake up waiting for me to awaken her now we can catch the program which the Great Jack Paar filmed at the end of serious international event at incident in Berlin.

Thanks for all the clippings, Donna. Not much interest in the mines Kentucky gal, but the story your reunion was tops and the article on Lew's cabin was most interesting. Although the Robin didn't have any news of Ray's illness, I hope things have straightened out and, at least, they have located the trouble. I'm north only on all this business about drinking. Get yourself a glass sometime and join him—it will do you both good.

I'm with you, Miss Ruhl, in that reunion. It was just about perfect, but let us rejoice. I can't recall any time in my life when heat hit me as hard—and I can still see the venerable Mr. Donald's shirt soaking wet, clinging to his ribs. Miss Ruhl and Mrs. Virginia Jewelry and blazing and short 4 faced, but radiant and happy to be in company of such quality. And the food—I ate three plates of dinner and four desserts. The doctor put me on his "conscience meter" when we got to Amarillo two days later. I tipped it to 185. I'm now back to 174 and as usual, feel exceeding virtuous. I'm glad the pictures turned out well—did you get the pictures, Jack? It was a wonderful occasion. I got so bloggers, Jack, but I was very stingy—and I forgot the boat had such a sting there.

Had a good chat from Washington when I went there.
late in August, with Miss Lily. She says they are moving soon and that their Longhorne house is sold. As I may have told you all before, our college had the first Peace Corps program here, and I went to Washington for the final dinners for our graduates before they left for overseas. Only deal worth mentioning in the business was that we got to meet President Kennedy. He is a truly powerful person. For the first time in my life, I understood the old cliché, "bigger than life." Kennedy is such a man. I had him figured for a slender man— but he's a football tackle type. He... has piercing reddish brown eyes. It was a truly great experience.

I think the only thing that could happen that could outdo meeting the President happened on Saturday. We went to Amarillo and got our first look at little Toni Ray. She is a doll. Now I understand grandparents. I have concluded that they are entitled to behave as they do. We went on to St. Louis for the convention. While there we attended a big breakfast, about 15 people— most of old friends—and when Jettie flashed a picture of Toni to pass around, over the ladies left the breakfast table and went up to the hotel room to get pictures of her grandson to show us all. I guess it's a mild and comparatively harmless disease.

Ed, I'm busy, too, and I don't believe you're so dang busy you can't sit down some night for half an hour to tell us how things go at Proctorville, Tidington and Berkeley.

Thanks, Ruby, for Audrey's letter. If you get a better address than Beallsville High School, Beallsville, Ohio, let us know it. Love all Joe
Dear Robin:

To keep from adding another page to an already full envelope I'll write my letter on the back of June's.

It wasn't like the Robin was now in getting here this time, but since
I was just away from home for the reunion. We did hear from
Sally and Scott in between. Also, once or twice from Virginia. In fact,
there was a call from Virginia when we got home from St. Louis last Sunday,
saying they was in the hospital in Nashville.

Virginia, we were sorry to hear it and had hoped to have another
and by now saying he was home and all right. We'll be anxious to hear
how he is.

I'll add some good words for the reunion. It was much fun and was
worth making it with the hot weather. And I must say, I've never been
more uncomfortable in my life! These air-conditioned houses and cars have
made us so SICK we can't take it anymore. About the only time we were
comfortable on the trip was when we were in the car! But we are surely
grateful we made the trip. It was good to have the visit with Scott and Scott
and play. But that Barstow in a hot hole, too!

We've had another trip since we got home from VA. Joe had a meeting
in St. Louis last week so we went to Amarillo the Saturday before Labor
Day, spent the week-end with the kids and then went to St. Louis on Tuesday.
Back to Amarillo the following Saturday then home this past Sunday. So
while we had to wait FOUR weeks to see our Tony Jean Ray, born Aug. 5,
we have a good long week-end visit, as well as a second one the next
week-end. She really is a darlin' baby! And so sweet! David and Sharon
are so matter-of-fact with her. She eats, sleeps, wakes up, eats and sleeps
again! I guess it takes them young mothers to start them right!

We rented a U-haul it when we went to Amarillo and took Sally's bed-
room furniture to them. They have taken the garage apartment (unfinished)
that David and Sharon had at first. 2 and 3, are now in one of two
apartments at the front of the garage apt. that Sally and Russell are in.
So they are all right there together and save a lot of help for each other.

Miss you at the reunion. That was the only fly in the ointment...
your not being there. We are counting on the next one being in El Paso and
you'll have to get to it. It doesn't have to be during the summer either.
Spring might be better, before it gets too hot.

It was good to see Joanna and Sally. I'm real pleased about Sally's being
in Calif. Maybe that will help get the El Rayo West. She is such a dear one.

Joe went to Washington again the 3-7th of Oct. He got a real 'charge' out of seeing Kennedy! Also, a couple in Colton Park had a big dinner party
for him, so he got to do a lot of visiting. Talked to Ruby by phone.

Sally's baby is due in Nov. Around the 8th. She wants me to be there when
she comes to the hospital, but I'll probably wait until she goes so I can stay
looser after she comes home, when she'll need me more. She is very anxious
now for her baby. She is crazy about Toni. I hope she has a girl, also, since
they will be near the same age. But somehow I've always felt like she'll have
a boy.

Joanna, the necklace has arrived. Thanks for sending it. I've been
getting lots done on the one. I'm working on now on these car trips.

I must get my hay-fever shot and get this in the mail. So this is
all for this time. Love to all,
Dear Folks,

Sept 22, 1961

Ed had just 91 words in his letter including eleven Is and I plan to use same number of words. Of course we wanted if Emilie got off to California and if Babe and family are still alive. That was a good letter from Grandpappa and Grandmammie Joe & Lottie. I am sure they will manage that young lady just right. It always amazes me what good parents these giddy kids do make.

Jack, sounds like good news from Isabelle and hope she continues to be active. Had you sold the house and can move where you are working. For one did enjoy seeing one and all if it was such a short time this summer.

I have heard nothing more from Willy Brown & family, but do hope their home life is made easier by more income. The children are smart and healthy and going to make us proud of them. We are already proud of our grandboys, a little above the average, me think.

As you see, Joe, we can understand your bragging. Ray is a very sick man, and at times I think he may not live long. He has lost 30 pounds, and X Rays at hospital here and in Nashville show nothing. He has been home from Nashville a week, taking powdered food, Sustagen every hour followed by medicine, some kind of stoppage in stomach or intestines. Joe wants me to take him to Mayo. He is to go back to Nashville Sept 30th. We must decide what to do, will tell you later.

Love,

[Signature]
Uncle Jim seems to be doing doing fine, and they do love the electric skillet. Aunt Nettie says she cooks nearly all their meals on it, and just can't see why they never got one. Just week they were going to deed the farm to Lucille. Roy told them not to put it off and leave Lucille in the same mess their mother left them in. If the deed holds good to Fallen farm Athena and Elizabeth will come out with house in town and the best farm.

We hear that John is better one day and worse the next. He has come to milk and dogs to feed but will not consent to selling them, says he will be back out there soon. He is just taking longer to snap back this time.

Ed
Dear Ruby, Brown, Ed and Joe:

Ray seems squared away on this medication, and off the needles, which was an ordeal for both of us. He sleep very little day or night for the first week. He is now taking A.P.C. tablets and Ambrela-50 mg every four hours, and at four times a day a tranquilizer. Now, of today, this medicine is making him comfortable. He sleeps most of the time, but is up to bathroom, and sits up in living room to eat his meals. I put a glass top on one of the end tables, and serve his meals there. He eats very little, less than 500 calories a day, just enough to sustain life. When this medication fails, he is to go back to Vanderbilt for a treatment which will deaden the pain, and after that may live for as much as four years, according to the way this malignant tumor turns or acts.

Now it is active, spreading to the liver, and he complains of something in his throat. It could be it would attract his throat and he will not live three months. There is just no telling how this killer will act, as Dr. Smull pointed out to me. Ray could have born with this type, lying dormant all these years, and nobody can tell just what made it become active, or how long it has been active. When I take the long view of this thing, it gives me the cold chills, but am trying to live with it by the day. This I know, it will never be as awful as Eleanor's was. There will be no odor, as they did not eat into it, and there will be no discharge, and I hope the end will come very quietly. Last night was the first night he stayed in bed all night. I have pillows in his wing chair, and he would get up at night and sit there most of the night, sleep some in day time.

Marcelle and Rogers Glenn were really a priceless comfort to me, and brought Marcelle's personal T.V. in for Ray to see the Ball games, took me out there for dinner, which was an oasis in my sea of despair. They have a lovely home up on a high hill, and Marcelle had a wonderful fried chicken dinner. asked Aunt Allie and Betty Ann to come also, but Betty Ann did not want to and Aunt Allie was saving a dollar on her housecleaning, getting it done for some discarded kitchen cabinets which was the only time the woman could work. I was not too disappointed at seeing her. Marcelle is my pride and joy of that family. Rogers is tops, and the boys are big, Ray as tall as his dad, and Robert (adopted son) is quite a nice boy himself. Betty Ann came later and brought her two children. They are both lovely children with not much of a mother, and I gathered a unfit housekeeper. A Psychologist would probably say she was frustrated over her separation from her husband, and taking it out on her little boy. She sleeps and bungs him around until you feel rather sorry for this son and Perry Dale than for her. Ruby, I doubt if she will look you up in New York, and you will miss nothing. Betty Anne is not a very pleasing personality, and will have only a short time to stay anyway. Is with another girl, something connected with the General Electric Appliances, and probably is already at home by now.

Ray Glenn, Marcelle's son is collecting Memoes. All of you send him one from the most swanky place you eat in the future, at 6653 Rolling Fork Drive, Nashville, Tenn. This boy looks very much like Uncle Ray when he was that age.

Wonderful, bright, blue October weather here, and I have just opened the front and back door to get some fresh air, just a beautiful day. Ruby I hope this weather holds for you and Jack while at Mammoth Cave, and am looking forward to seeing you. Mary Marks called me last night and said she might be there and bring you up down. Call me if she is not, and Joe and I will drive up for you.

Love,

Virginia
Combs Cites College's Growth

Building Is Dedicated To Youth Of Kentucky

An estimated 1,500 persons present for the formal dedication of the new Kelly Thompson Science Hall yesterday at Western State College heard Gov. Bert Combs describe the new science building as one of the finest in the nation and the man for whom it is named as an ideal college president.

The principal speaker at the program for the dedication of the $1,200,000 three-story, block-long building, Combs said, “I suggest that we dedicate this building to the youth of Western Kentucky, and of the commonwealth, and of the nation, who will help us build a greater commonwealth and a greater America.”

Said the governor, “Kentucky’s efforts to bring to light the philosophers, heroes, scientists, educators and geniuses in other fields of endeavor are well illustrated today in the dedication of this magnificent new science building appropriately named for your great president... Dr. Kelly Thompson.”

Combs commended Thompson as “a symbol of the college president of the future.” The governor described Thompson as representing the “new look in college presidents throughout the country... learned enough to sit with the scholars and practical enough to talk to members of the legislature.”

Touching on other matters, the governor pointed out the tremendous problems colleges across the nation must face in meeting the unprecedented flood of soaring enrollments.

“Four striking examples of the... Continued on page 3, column 7
Joe, Ray told Lewis Jr. about your article about College Presidents, and he wants a copy for their new President. Write Kelly Thompson a congratulatory note.
Dear Folks:

In New York they take off on Columbus Day and I didn't have to work. Most offices close here and there's a big parade, schools out, etc. I guess it's the only place in the country which "does" much for Christopher.

We're certainly "condensed". Right now I'm writing on a card table in the kitchen. Scott and Ruby are in the living room, writing letters and watching TV at the same time. Scott worked all day and he did yesterday and again tomorrow Ruby and I chased down some things we needed in various parts of town and all got home for dinner at 7:00.

We have one bedroom and a very large living room where Scott sleeps on a cot-- or daybed which used to be at Virginia's. We get along very well-- and the place does have lots of conveniences such as an incinerator and washer on same floor, dishwasher in our kitchen and air conditioners (very quiet ones) in bedroom and living room. And the elevators are fast-- 3 of them. I'm one block from uptown subway and 5th Ave, bus stops at door here.

Harman

We've kept close track on Ray by phone and letter. My sister Isabel is coming along well, following her leg amputation. Her hospital nurse (She's still in hospital) took her for a ride all over Schenley Park yesterday and took her out to her own house today. We're hoping she'll be able to go home in about ten days after being in the hospital since May. That will cut down on the terrific bills since we can use a practical nurse at home.

Best to all of you. This has been a busy time and we're sorry for Robin's delay. Best

Jack
Oct. 13 1961

Dear Children -

This is shameful. It was moved from Longhorne to New York by moving van and what with packing and unpacking it is a wonder it is in the mails at all. I've written and talked to all of you lately so there is not much to tell.

We are awfully sad about Ray. While we were there this summer it was plain that he was not well but we never thought he was that sick. I wish we could do something to help but what! Ray has always been so good to all of us. There is no way we can ever make up for what he and Va. did for Eleanor. I hope to get down to see them by the last of this month as I have told you all.

I had a letter from Brown and they are liking their new home and work very much. His address, Beallsville, Ohio. Tel. W. 6-1717. As you know they are near Wheeling, W. Va. He is teaching science in the H. S. and Audrey 1st & 2nd grade. He was complaining that $75. a month is too much rent.

over.
Our new place is a little different from Lawson's but think we are going to like it. We do so far. It seems strange to walk half a block from everything - supermarket, drug store, ten cent store, four or five restaurants, and only two blocks from NYU, University and Washington Square Park. Come to see us as soon as you can.

At present Scott is sleeping in the living room. He is a good one to handle when moving in. He has good ideas and is willing to reach above and lift free of charge. He did such a good job on some but they may be right. Today he went out for an audition for a road show. This is a final and he is hopeful. In the meantime he has been working at a part-time job for a publishing co. I'm sure he will soon have a apartment of his own.

I'll keep in close touch with the Harrisons and send the word on to all of you. Va. has been good to write. I know she will be glad to hear from Va. - as I'm sure she does.

Well, Ruby

Our phone is 8-1352

Love, Gay
July 23, 1861
Miss Ruby

Dear Ruby,

I don't feel like writing about my not writing enough, never want my words to be seen. I do enjoy reading your long letter but somehow it doesn't seem to touch my mind. I've been a state of mind, but if you read it as long a time as I have felt it, which is about the same time as I have had it, then you would think the same from my mind. You see it's like these forms, all of which need attention. It's not the time. It's my life, I'm fooling with them. I got plenty of work and am in better physical condition than I told them. Since I left for the war, I've been really a big farm, but I've been writing a letter. It is about a block long, it is a large barn 67 ft. long by 70. So if you give your junk or want it, it is the place for it. All of these stored in it is some lumber, the other farm was a big barn of its own, all the same in it is some machinery (tractor, plow) and a 1928 Shelby tractor. So you could see it. It is almost like New York, like a sawmill.

It is fun to drive it, but it will not go over 10 miles an hour and has a cruising speed of 45-50. I've been told that it is worth a real car but I don't have it. Jo and I take a spin in it occasionally. She's never ventured to drive it, she will drive the 'Red Baron', the taxi, but she prefers the old Dodge. I don't want to get one, one plain she's used to I. When it was built last three years, it's all still all together. It shows signs of disintegrating into junk even with all the care one

Babe, Bell and the like have ever to see us last week and they are going strong. Ronnie has taken a great interest in spelling. She had a set of spelling books and she would point to words and ask her mother what they spelled. When she was asked what she had learned, her mother would say, "And you're going to learn spell?" Ronnie would retort, "They'll teach you how to spell in school." Ronnie said, "Yes, they will! All of us do in school."

I was looking at some pictures in a book pretending to read and she was sitting under...
a strong light which caused the page to glare, she ripped the book a little but it still glared. I was sitting watching the sky feel away, she called to me "Grandpa! light!" She wanted me to turn it out, which I did a great deal of amusement. She seemedrestaurant. Last summer when she woke her up in the middle of the park, she ran to get her out of the pen but they squawked louder. I all until I put her down. The nurse stepped in every time I even looked at her. She was a workaholic. For two days she would not allow me to touch her. This was their way of punishing me. She now tells a blind streak and to carry on limited conversation. She is not very affectionate, seems to enjoy her own company as much as any other.

I think you are thinking that the grandparents would spoil them, death. On the contrary we do not. We don't make them nearly as much as their parents. I told their parents last summer that if they would make "good kids" out of them that I would support them and they are a pair to be proud of. I think they are a couple of people that have too much of everything.

Yes, it is fine that you got your school and the rest of your grandchildren. The only thing I think about is I don't think this is all right. I am not sure if it is all right. In my opinion, this guy has all it takes to be a truly great president. If he would ignore sniping and forget the advice of this staff, just do what he thinks is right and take his chances with this judgment.

I've just learned that you have written in the Robin. I'm sure she told enough news to meet the test. In and that absolutely me from getting into the news business. Ruby Jack heard to hear from you. She still writing and not getting to the scenes. Send me pictures! P.S. I hope you are feeling better by now. We think of you often.

Please enjoy your CR. Long letter. Keep it up. I can read all you write.
October 23, 1961

Dear Ray,

Grades went in today, and I feel freer than I have felt since school began. Of course, I have a deadline of November 1 for my MDEA book order, but I will worry about that later. We are being railroaded into a reading course that takes two hours after school every other week, and since it involved a California reading test today, I have rebelled against further work tonight. This has been the busiest year of my teaching career. The two big library meetings of the year were held in my library, and I had to help plan the programs. Now they are over, and surely I won't have to do it again for years. We get four days off in November-two for Thanksgiving, one for deer season, and one one for M. E. A. and I think I will survive.

Emily is working very hard and is worn out, she says. She says that teaching is much harder than she had anticipated. She has three preparations a day. She loves California and has a nice apartment from which she can see both Golden Gate Bridge and Bay Bridge. She has joined a club, "Grad Club", made up of people who have graduated from college and are not married. The club has thirty or forty members, and they do many interesting things, such as riding bicycles through the parks and hiking to interesting places. They recently toured Napa Valley and visited the wineries and vineyards. Joanie, the girl who went out with Emily, got a scholarship and is happy with it.

The Sutters were here from Friday night until noon Monday of last week. You will be surprised to hear that I think that the kids are unusually cute. Susie is talking right along. Pam loves kindergarten but insists that she isn't being taught a thing. Everything she sees offers possibilities as something to take to school. Right now she is spending her own money on sea-
shells. She had sent a dollar to a company she had seen advertised and is anxiously awaiting her shells.

Barbara put Susie in her crib to get her out of the danger of hot food while we finished the meals, and she would yell at the top of her voice, "Grandma! What you doing?" As long as I gave her a step by step account, she was satisfied.

We have had a beautiful fall, but we haven't had time for a color tour. The colors are still pretty, although subdued now. Yesterday was a beautiful day, but I was glued to the kitchen table. Two weeks ago I got daffodil and tulip bulbs planted. I still have hyacinths to get in. I haven't dug my glads.

Ed has been working hard to get the farm buildings repaired. We have one house rented to a teacher for $65 a month. We mean to rent the other for a while without much repair or remodeling.

Ruby, you must be a magician to get all the antiques into three rooms. The apartment should be easier to keep, and it certainly seems conveniently located. When we move from here, it is going to be a major operation. Ed wasn't on hand when we moved from L'ville, and he doesn't think twice about collecting, as I have ever since I had to clear out that place.

Ruby, Bill has become interested in painting and brought his oils along on his vacation. He retired to the basement after declining any advise as to what he should start on and came up with a pretty good start on a picture.

Barbara and Bill are going to a resort in Virginia as guests of the B. and O. Railroad, which Bill serves as company doctor. They go just before Thanksgiving.

I certainly hope that Ray continues to get relief from pain and will be able to get around the house.

Love,

Joanna
Chillin'

In view of the criticism in a couple of the letters about frequency of use of personal pronouns first person singular, there will be no use of that figure in this letter. Instead, all references to you will be as Grandpap. I have always desired to be famous about grandparenthood but I do consider the matter to be of extreme importance and I don't intend to let you all grow complacent in contemplation of it. Grandpap thinks the criterion who said mankind has nothing on rats, cats, dogs and jackasses in the matter of grandparenthood is grossly unsatisfactory. Grandpap thinks each of you should pick out a name for himself, because a self-assertive odious and one and all should avoid it — of course only those of us who are truly virtuous, such as Grandpap, can sublimate the ego completely. Perhaps the starting example which Grandpap sets for all of you will fort the way. Grandpap feels that if each of you would choose a substitute name for the one he has done, an incidental advantage will be the saving of long, long, long for brother Eddard in counting words and personal pronouns first person singular. Grandpap does not consider this development as mine, blessing as far as other Virginia is concerned, because if the word counting words and pronouns were done by putting up the Robin with chatter about chinty curtains and ancestor and its a tree up with him, i.e., Grandpap, as to which is more interesting. On the other hand and despite all, Grandpap believes in living and letting live, and does as wants to count can count of course.

Grandpap and his elderly offspring journey this next weekend
to seniors, where there will be a tea to discuss details.

The building started two years ago at Oceana College, but some more furniture to be gotten by fall and to
leave for next season when a new, expanded student parent hall is scheduled for 2013.

This July, I see no one in the school, except for a little Grandpop congratulating
you as a unique person. You got a letter from
Brown. No other person can make that speech. Take
for his address: Thanks for putting up with our tall
ones. He is good company to be with and good for putting
things in order in a new place. Jack, glad you like
your place. What floor do you live on? Glad
thing is working out so well with Isabel,

Such a fine letter from Joanna! Good to have some of
Em and the ladies. Glad your book is coming out
at school. The difference with my job is that there is always a new bucket of
water after I've worked my way through the lecture.

Ed and don't let him hear you about writing a letter.

Would you get a new car from any automobile

* No, quite so high on Kennedy, as you may, but his
sentences are always very pithy, and he
wasn't afraid to sound off.

** Better get that letter done soon,

Love all.

* Grandpop says good luck.
Dear Robin:

November 6, 1961.

This bird I have had three or four days, thinking every day I would speed it along its way. No excuse about too busy, because I never did have so much idle time as right now. Ray sleeps most of the time, and then I have nothing to do but dust and mop up, which does not take long. I need no outside help because he could not stand general cleaning. While he was in hospital I came home four days, called in help and did fall cleaning, curtains, windows, floors, and will do nothing to this house until after this is over. The Nashville doctors say it will be one to four years, but they set no date. All depends whether he starts eating, which he is now doing, very little, but more and 90 proof, mellow mash more. They prescribed no tonic, but 2 oz Yellowstone Bourbon, teaspoon of sugar and 2 oz water before each meal, and at bedtime, so you see that is 8 oz a day, and he could live on just this for a year I am told. This morning he ate milk toast almost one egg, coffee, orange juice 4 oz, after toddy. He has not been out of bed for two weeks or more, and doesn't seem to want to get up, only to stool beside his bed. I moved my bed out in dining room, and put a hospital bed next to bathroom door, but for a week now he has been on his bed, and has given up hospital bed only for bath and exercise; every other day. He dreads the bath, and says I am really good to him except when I set my head about a bath.

Enough about Ray's condition; I expect no change for the better. However, could be he will get up and be around yet, but that is hard to believe if you could see how emaciated he is. I never realized how many true friends we both have, not social friends, people whom we entertain or entertained socially by, but true friends we have made in business contacts, neighbors, and civic organizations, patriotic organizations, church, etc. Our house today is full of beautiful flowers, and cards keep coming in ever increasing numbers, and several callers every day. Ray enjoys the visits from country friends as well as bank friends. I can truly say he has no false pride or covetousness in his nature. He has as much respect and regard on many different occasions for the needy man he has passed the hat for as for the biggest stockholder in his bank. He has never envied any man his position or possessions, and has never shown any inferiority complete; could always make fun of and joke with the richest man he knew as well as the poorest. Social prestige has always been such a sham and a waste of time to him. He wants no nurse, and as long as I can please him. I count it very little to do for over forty years of love and devotion, even though not always pleasing in what he chose to do, and when.
Ed. and Joanna, I enjoyed your contribution to the Robin very much, and never did read a better letter than Eds, and I do know your granddaughters much two of the cutest ones. It has always been my luck to have boys, and have always craved a little girl. Joe and Wilma say these two boys are their family, although they may change their minds as they grow more prosperous. Joe is doing fine collecting for and selling insurance for the Life and Casualty Company. They have a nice office across from Kroger on Laurel Ave., and he has a desk in the back of building. He may work up to District Manager with the company, and although he works long hours first three days of the week, he is glad to be making a good living, and will not have help from Dad and mother, now when they are getting where they can't put it out any longer. Our two Insurance Plans have helped us over the hump of hospitals, and operations, and we can soon pay off without borrowing any money, by the month. We grandparents should keep written down the cute sayings of our grandchildren.

Ed, I am going to begin referring to you as "My Rich Brother Ed", who owns two farms on the lake in Michigan, and drives several cars, hunts deer, travels the artity, etc. Theo. Day struck oil on one of his leases, and Sally's grandson began calling him "Rich Uncle Theo" and said he wished Uncle Theo would give them a thousand dollars so they could be rich also.

Jack we have not found the brand of wine you wanted to give Ray here or in Nashville, so will return your two dollars. We both did enjoy your visit, but Ruby's letter today sounded like you thought I am not so well, but I am, according to my doctor, in better physical condition than for ten years. This heart ailment he talks about I was no doubt born with, and has improved with peritoneal diureal to eliminate water I have a tendency to store in tissues, and the insulin for blood pressure, only two each of these tablets, which I will have to take for life. I think because my hair needed washing, and you caught me washing my face with no make-up must have caused you to think I looked worse than usual, but I have not lost weight, and up to now have been getting my eight hours or more of sleep, and I can carry on a long time with no loss of sleep. Ray's medication is doing better every day, he is living with it.

Joe thanks for the reprint on College Administration Lewis, Jr. was so anxious for their new president to see. I hadn't thought about it being bad taste for the new Science building to be named for Kelly Thompson while still active, but Cherry Hall was named for Mr. G.H. T.C. Cherry school before Mr. T. C. died, etc. It's altogether who starts it, I guess.

write more about your Grandchildren. Love Virginia
Dear Mr. Joe,

As you see — here we are at the doctor's office forilly's weekly appointment! We've been waiting all week for a penny, but so far — not a cent. I hope ill be able to tell you some thing encouraging after she comes out of the office.

We've been glad to have your letters every day. Not written before now — but everyday.

I think — maybe tomorrow I can call china that the baby has come."

Polly and I have been so busy though, the time has passed quickly. I hope she is tired of waiting.
but I'm glad I'm here to keep her pass the time. This morning we started I was starting for New York for baby — fancy sequin ever like my table cloth. Just before coming to the doctors we went by Betty's house to see Betty for baby. Sally took a nap almost every afternoon. Otherwise she is so tired at night she has trouble sleeping. Against this are fine. Sally with Zeno every night.

Mary V. asked me to journey with her to Zeno Wed. note that Miss Russell's night train goes to school from 6:30 to 10. Mrs. Amos and the Rev. Pauline Kelly came over for bridge after supper. We had much good discussion talk, especially after dinner, wonderful results!!

Natalie and Lee Russell wanted
Fally Russell me & dinner with them tonight but I begged off until later as Sally want too deem about it next. Also - fight Harris has asked me out but I'm going away as little as possible unless Russell is here. Sally has courage out of the doctor's office and he says "any time" — so — I'll call you in Bukhara if I haven't called before you leave. 

We miss you — but we are having fun!

Love,

Jottie
Dear Joe,

As you see—we are at the doctor's office for baby's weekly appointment! We've been waiting all week for a positive result so far—not a word! I hope I'll be able to tell you some thing encouraging after she comes out of his office.

We've been glad to have your letter every day, not knowing before now—but everyday I think—"maybe tomorrow I can call him and tell the baby has come!"

Baby & I have been so lucky, though. The twice she passed quietly & driest of nothing
but I'm glad I'm here to help her pass the time. This morning we started some sitting for her, her baby—fine sequence since like my table clothes. Just before coming to the doctor's we went by Betty's to see Betty for baby. Sally took a nap almost every afternoon, otherwise she is so tired at night she has trouble sleeping.

And this are fine, I play with Zani every night.

Mary Vi. asked me to suggest with her & Jerry West; note that Mrs. Russell's might take him to school from 8:30-10:30, 1:30-3:30. Amagansett & Pauline Kelly, came over for bridge & after dinner we had much good honest talk—especially after dinner, wonderfull results!!

Natalie & Dee Russell wanted
Sally invited me to dinner with them tonight but I begged off until later as Sally wasn't too keen about it now. Also, Hugh Harris has asked me out, but I'm going away as little is possible unless Russell is here. Sally has come out of the doctor's office and he says "any time"—so I'll call you in Bethlehem if I haven't called before you leave Emerald.

We miss you— but we are having fun!

Love,

Ginnie
Dear Daddy,

Mother and I have really been busy with last minute shopping. That's the main reason we haven't written. Thanks for your letter.

Well, the baby seems very happy right where she is so I guess it's going to be a little while longer. I go to the dr. Fri. noon and we'll see what he has to say then. Don't worry, you'll be hearing from us soon. (I hope!)

Take care of yourself. Hope it won't be too lonely without men. Maybe you should have borrowed Polly for
a few weeks. Just kidding of course.

Mother says she'll write when she finds time. I'm keeping her pretty busy, you know.

Write us soon.

Sally
Mather

(Dickie)
November 8, 1961

Dear Jettie:

I wonder if you have had time as yet to check with the paint shop there to find out the particular color you want used to paint the trim of the house at 4312 Donnybrook. It has been exceptionally muggy here. I do not think I have seen the sunshine since I got back. It has been raining fairly heavily but not heavily for the past 24 hours. This has meant of course that no work has been done on the house. The weather has been so bad that Mr. Hollenshead has had Francisco down at the College working, and there has been no one about the house. I think nevertheless that we should get the word on the color to them as soon as possible. Weather prophets tell us that it will clear up by tomorrow.

Hal St. Clair had a telephone call from his brother who is a co-director of the Commonwealth Fund, telling him that they had a 1959 Mark IV Lincoln Continental sedan which was surplus to their needs and which they wanted to give to the College. Hal and I went down this morning to pick it up, and it is now in our garage in place of the Dodge. It is indeed a beauty. Although it is two years old, it shows very little wear. Its acquisition poses many problems, since Central Administration forced Joe Smiley before we came here to dispose of the Cadillac which the same people gave to the College about three years ago. It seems to me that it would hardly be fitting for the car to be used in any fashion except by the president, and Central Administration may not be willing for this to be done. I think we will just lie doggo for awhile, not drive it very much, and let our thinking mature. I wish you were here to enjoy with me the elation that I feel riding in such quality. I have driven it only once, from the garage downtown to our garage at home. It is so wide that it will just barely go in our garage. We may decide to sell it and buy a more modest car. Hal St. Clair and I agree that this car might bring on the market something between $2,000 and $3,000, and the donors gave it to us with no strings attached, so that we can sell it or use it in any way we choose.

Love to the offspring. I hope the new one has arrived by the time you get this letter.

Love,
Dear Folks:

It's too late to pound the typewriter so I'll take my green pen in hand for this edition of the letter. I'm sitting in our long living room. Scott is reading in his J.J. across the room, stretched out on the daybed which serves as his "studio." Ruby is in the kitchen making tea. Scott wrote all his clothes while Ruby and I walked the Village tonight after dinner, which was a good meal as usual. (Geez! she put out more effort when there was "contention" to cook for.)

Scott hasn't found a job in the theatre but he cooks every day at temporary office jobs (see agency that keeps him busy) and takes time out for his auditions, which are two or three a week -- an hour long or so. He says you never can tell when you'll land -- as he keeps at it.

Ruby and I went to church yesterday, "G Scheme" meeting, in the Faculty Club of N.Y.U. in Washington Square. Met a lot of interesting people and we'll go back. In the afternoon we saw Greek "Haste" in an off-Broadway theater.

Actually we don't do much during the week -- but work, eat and sleep -- write letter and watch television a bit. We have tickets for Metropolitan Opera "Aida" this week and coming up.

I like my work here -- it's tough and endless -- but the people I work with are nice (so far as I can see after a year here in Nov.) and that counts for a lot.
"independence. Only real truth can show the way. And in the
meantime, until that time, my friends, we must
and genuinely it is my desire, to tell you all who will listen.

You see, it is not just about freedom. It is about the power of the people. It is about the right to speak without fear. It is about the right to think for ourselves. It is about the right to determine our own destiny. It is about the right to live free and to pursue happiness. It is about the right to live a life that is full of joy and love and beauty.

And so, I say to you, let us stand together. Let us fight for what is right. Let us never give up. For we have the power to change the world.
Nov. 14 1961

Dear Children

The robin was so good this time that I want to keep it and read it every day. All of you wrote wonderful letters just the newly kind we need. There is no denying the fact that Ed's and Joanna's letters glomorated the robin. It is so good to have them with us again - on paper that is. We know they love us. There is nothing like the return of the Prendical. Personally I'd be afraid to try it for fear I wouldn't get the welcome-hand-treatment. I am going to stay with you steady.

I do have the reunion pictures which Joe bought and sent to me. I am sending them to you. Ead and you send them to Ed. These are ours. Write you name of the back of the ones you want and we will see if you get them. I am also going to send them to Billy and Jim Ed. So be sure to return them to me as soon as you can.

Don't we stay from each other? Joe was in Pittsford yesterday. Settie in Amarillo waits. Little Settie and Emily away out there looking at two bridges from one window. Where will we be for Christmas? I guess we
will go to Slippery Rock. Isabel is bad again. They still hope to get her home from the hospital for a month or two before the end. She was doing real well and learned to walk on crutches and had been out for rides. She and a nurse had even gone to a lake near. That is the story of Isabel. These new drugs do seem to hold it back some.

I do wish Barbara and Bill could stop by here on their way to Va. Beach. Maybe they could help me find some beetniks. There are many bearded ones but they are clean and polite. Of course New Year is really not very different from other places. These people smile when they are smiled at. That is the ones I smile to smile back. I haven't got around to smiling to the barns yet. At this time of year there is so many of them - so pathetic. I wonder how they got this way. They look and walk so slovenly that you can see them far away. They have never asked me for money, but Jack and Scott. If I were to guess their nationality I would say English and Irish. There are only a few Negroes or Italians. None of them look Jewish.

I don't know why Jack made that talk about Scott's appetite improving my cook. I cook the same things the same way I learned myself to cook by you all.

Love, Fran.
Nov. 17, 1961
Luc. 1961

Dear Daddy,

How do you like this fancy paper? Real pretty eh? Mother got it for me since I didn’t have any of my own.

Well, at last it’s over. Say, is she fat? But she still the cutest baby there, or anywhere, for that matter. I’ll tell you, you can see for yourself when you come back up here.

How are things down El Paso way? Fine I hope. Things up here are pretty much the same. It snowed some last night a lighted real pretty for awhile.
It's pretty well gone now though, it may do some more tonight.

Well, take care & write soon.

Can't wait for you to see the baby.

Love,

Sally
Dearie, afternoon

Well - we are about to get back to normal here. Our girls are doing fine. Judy asleep all of the time. I've not seen her any since they brought her. They sent us out of the room when they bring her into Betsy's room. I'm anxious to get her home as I can really see her.

We saw yesterday & I this morning. David's even is in the shop as I trust him to work at 7:00 AM. Then proceed to the hospital - then to work. Went back for dinner at 12 & home for lunch. We ate chili! Now I'm back with Betsy

2. Put a week of clothes on. I'll dress her up when she'll go back to hair & iron - so my job is done. She goes to school tonight at 6:30, &
expects his car to be ready by tonight,
with a plan to pick him up at 3.
When I went for him at lunch, I was early so I went to have a nice
visit with Herbert. Mary and I
planned to go to an art show at
White 9 this last night, but had
to cancel it upon Judy's arrival
after the ice & snow. Herbert
got home from Austin last
last night.
It is nearly time for them
to bring Judy in & I'll need
to go and out to Judy's - do I still stop
for now?
Hope to get to see the Continental.
Can't we go to Austin in it?
Rose from all of us.

Today is the anniversary of
Judy's birthday!
Dear Rays,

The Robin was newsy this time, and we enjoyed it. There is little or no news in this quarter. We are having our first touch of winter, and deer season is in full swing, and that is about all that we know. We had our first bad driving Friday, and I was thankful that it was not my day to drive. I take turns with a neighbor. We saw several cars in the ditch, but we had a safe trip. The ground is still covered with snow. There are red-clad hunters all over the woods, and they are happy for a change about the number of deer they are seeing. Ed went hunting on our acres the first day of the season but didn't see a buck. The hunters are killing one another and are getting lost and having heart attacks. The Conservation Dept. and police looked all night Friday for a hunter lost near here.

We plan to go to Ludington Wednesday night. Barbara and Bill will return from Virginia on Tuesday night, and so I am planning the Thanksgiving dinner. The grandfather has not seen the young fry since October and is getting anxious. I spent the week-end of Nov. 3 there while Ed went to Indiana.

The cutest thing I heard was a conversation between Pam and the paper boy. The paper boy said that he wished he were rich. Pam said: "Well, if you had a lot of money, you would just have a lot of trouble keeping up with it." Susie repeats everything that Pam says whether she knows what it means or not. She feels very communicative and says over and over, "Grandma!" Then she doesn't have words to go on.

Jettie and Joe, you must have another grandchild now. Jettie, let us know how the bath came out. I left the day Susie got home from the hospital, and so I didn't have to rise to that challenge.
We are going over to visit the Stewarts tonight. We have hardly had any social life that wasn't obligatory since school started. We enjoy the Stewarts more than any other Roscommonites. We agree politically even, and our breed are as scarce as hens' teeth in these woods.

Today we went over to see a new expressway that has recently been completed. We think that it plays havoc with our North Woods, and we may have to follow Dan Boone's example and move farther into the wilderness.

There are now five parallel paved roads nearby.

I am reading Martin Meyer's The Schools and am enjoying it immensely. Anybody who has ever taught will get many a chuckle from it.

We talked with Emily last Sunday. She is flying home December 15. We will meet her in Willow Run. She is counting the hours. She has been homesick, but I think she likes California very much. She gets discouraged because her students are not interested in biology.

I will leave some room for Ed. He is leaving tomorrow and will have to write his letter tonight.

Dear Folks, This is something rare to get the Squaw to write in the Robin twice, bang, bang! This relieves me of writing a lengthy epistle. Just like to make one observation about Kennedy. I think he is the smartest president we have had since Roosevelt. I have recently started to rate the presidents of my time. The worst of the lot was Harding, then comes Ike running neck and neck for first place on the bottom of the totem pole, then Coolidge and finally Roosevelt who was certainly one of the greats, in spite of the fact that he set into motion many things that we will have to correct if we are to stay in business as a nation. Any way you slice it the Federal government it too big. It will have to be revamped by giving states more power and placing greater faith in local government. But our educational system is not geared to developing responsibility and obligation in the individual. Our hedonistic approach to living defeats all efforts in this attempt. Got to go, Keep the good work up and get this bird on the wing. Following former paternal, I will just about get it for you.

Love,
I read over my last letter and find my penmanship so poor I can hardly read it myself. I shall try to take more care — I've come a long way since I won the certificate in penmanship from Palmer at the Bowling Green Business University.

It was good to talk to Ruby, Jack, and Scott when I was in Pittsburgh. Also a good visit with Louise and her friends Lil and Alice. Also talked over the phone with Jack's sister Isobel. She was in the hospital — said she was having a hard time but seemed to me to be in good spirits. I planned also to telephone Ed and Joanna when I went back through Chicago on the way home, but the plane was late getting there, and it was a retracce getting on the next plane to Dallas and I had no time. The Pittsburgh meeting was the best I have ever attended — it was composed of college presidents who were learning about fund raising — and I learned more than I ever thought I would know. We had a so-called "Black Tie" dinner to kick off our College development program on November 21. It remains to be seen whether we will raise any money.

I went to Amarillo's Wednesday afternoon left here at 4:00 p.m. (riding in a compact Ford with a student); made it to Canyon (17 miles this side of Amarillo, about 400 miles from here) by 6:00 a.m. Got myself a motel room, had lunch, and then Jettie and David came for the Thanksgiving morning. Henried over to see my new granddaughter
Dear Mr. Smith,

The facts are as follows. I heard that you have been unhappy lately. I wanted to know if there was anything I could do to help you. I have been hearing that the company is in financial difficulties, and I wonder if this is true. I hope you will let me know if you need any help.

Yours truly,

[Signature]
Dear Robin:

I feel almost HUMBLE this morning, Joe is right. It takes Grandmother longer to snap back. I'll bet you the Loni knew what she was doing when she gave babies to the Kalks! They are sweet for Grannies to love, but not to take care of as a steady diet. We got along fine, otherwise, I might not be here at all. Sally had an easy case as possible, I guess. Especially considering the size of Judy and the fact it was her first baby. Also, she is nursing the baby, which makes it even more simple, for everyone except Sally. Although, there she is doing it with the greatest of ease. She is a very good patient. I've been amazed at how she has sorrowed at this time as well as her oral surgery. She does KHET to the doctors to tell her to do...with no complaining!

July is very, very good...the image of her Father and Russell's Father. She is very good...except when she is hungry and then she can lay it on! She had gotten to where she'd sleep five hours during the night without eating.

Toni is a wriggling baby now Judy, thus far. She is about 3 months old so is developing some personality. She is beginning to look more like David. She has always had all opened now her smile is like his. She is getting pretty fat and runs to eat.

We enjoy all of them down for Christmas so I'm trying to get rested up. Although, I don't know when I'll do it as we have this Wednesday for Austin. Get home Sat., right late and Sunday as a full day of things to do. Then I leave the next Thursday for Los Angeles with our third and "Golden Gem"...the rhythm team of 60 girls...who will perform between halves of the Los Angeles Rams and Baltimore Colts game.

To me it seems that we will be almost 'christmas' and of course, I'm not started on getting ready for it!

Jenius, the first week was not too bad...although, we did not put Judy in the tub the whole week...someone told Sally not to put her in the tub until her cord was off...it was still on when I left. So we "sponged" her at the lavatory. She was so cute, though, I believe I could have bathed her...but she is the "required" thing you ever saw. Sally said, "Now you see what I've been putting up with!"

Virginia, your letter was almost as wonderful as VG was. I do wish we were near enough to be spending a part of the day with you and your family. I know your friends will see you through, though, just as you two have done for years for your friends and family. I'm sorry I allowed to get notice at cards off to you while I was in Amarillo. But there was so much to do and never a good time for writing. I'll try to get back on the track now.

I also, let Jack's birthday into ward and didn't get a card off until I got home. I sent no social cards of attention or work...which shows while I was in Amarillo. But only if all choose to come on it! Which is just as well, for I like the 10th. (My brother Dan was born on Aug 10th)

Ruby and Jack...thanks for your good care of Scott. It is a wonderful experience for him to be with you two and in NY. I know he is having a good time and if he can, come expenses for the time being, it is just as well for he is getting an experience as he needs it. I think the craft situation is disturbing and as soon as he knows where he stands there it will help him. Wish all of you could be here for Christmas. Jack, even you assessed last night called Texas trip, early enough in fact to come on down Jack, also, we live those "personal is" for we live to know the things you are doing. Sorry the house deal fell through, but something else as good will come along, I'm sure.

Jenius: I remember the Stewarts from my visit and what good Democrats they are. One night in Amarillo I played bridge with a foursome...the night after Wagner and Denver won in W.J. and Gonzales won in San Antonio. During the news-read on W.F., we discovered all four of us were good legal Democrats. I saw about "slop"...the other two I wasn't sure of and still think one of them won. 9:00 PM and we had a good "ligh show" right there and the "good Democrat is one of the most conservative places I've seen, though. They are brainwashed with one piece! And the Jinnie's have almost taken over! They are giving all of the ministers a hard time...but I think the "mixture will win out."

I must get to chores. Keep this ole bird going for it is so much better when it comes to put some one writes. I doubt if it gets around again, so I'll wish each and everyone a very Merry Christmas and Happy New Year.

Love, Jodie.

Dears:

I do hope each and every one of you had a good Thanksgiving. I ate with Wilma, and Joe and they had a good dinner but not turkey. At supper time Waife Motley brought me a turkey dinner, when I had eaten plenty for one day. The children are cute, each one of them had to be rocked by grandmother. Little Joseph Edwards does everything his big brother does, and tries to talk.

Ray has been in the hospital a week today. Dr. Gilbert wanted him at the hospital to change his medicine, and since there he has had continual drainage from rectum, which I could not take care of at home.

I am staying at home alone, and not a bit afraid; our neighbors are so close and so concerned would come at a phone call, or I could open a window and make them hear.

Monday the two Nashville doctors and Dr. Gilbert here are going to decide whether to use a treatment to do away with pain without taking medicine by mouth or needle. Dr. Gilbert is not very much in favor of it, says it is only temporary, and usually has some sort of bad reaction. He is not getting as much attention here as at Vanderbilt, but thought he was not strong enough to stand the trip down there, and wanted to go up here for them to get his medicine straight. Really Dr. Gilbert was taking him to save me, and he has $12.00 a day hospitalization.

Sylvia, Uncle Ray did think your letter was fine, and he said phrased like a grown-up, and wondered if your mother did not word it for you. I told him I know you did, and he must remember that you are growing up, and quite a young lady by now.

Congratulations Joe and Jettie on another Granddaughter. I think Judith Ray Morris a cute name, and she was a big baby, ten pounds?

I will keep you posted on Ray's condition, but nothing good I can tell you. Love,

Virginia.
My dears:

I think every time I read the family letter I will send it on this time the day received, but never do. It was good and worth reading, and I thought it so good that at that time I would answer everything said, but now I am in no mood.

I went to early service this morning, and then bought Ray a Courier Journal, and walked up to the hospital to see how he is doing. The old man who was with him moved to a nursing home, and it does not like the man who came in, a grumbler, who has never been in a hospital before, and wants all his family sitting by, and Dr. Gilbert thinks Ray is so much better or taking his medicine so much better, they will let him come home next week. He is not eating much better, but trying to get up enough strength to come home. Dr. tells him he can come home when he is eating enough to give him strength to walk to bathroom and up and about. Ray has never wanted a private room, his insurance pays $12.00 a day, the cost of this room. We are fortunate to have so much insurance, and our hospital bills are so little, $21.00 for ten days, $41.00 for all those X-rays last time, and only $219.00 for the Vanderbilt $900.00 bill our part to pay after operation, and 16 days. He has been in and out of hospitals since November, and as of now we have been able to keep up the payments. I know some people who are paying on two and three thousand dollar hospital bills.

We are having wonderful, spring weather here, and have had for four or five days, and I have been walking to hospital and back. One day I walked to Hunt Drive Inn and had lunch with Wilma and the boys. We all enjoyed the outing, only 5 blocks from here.

John Thomas is just about the same. When I paid my bill, Elizabeth said he planned everything for Roy and Jeff to do, and then sent Rhena out to see that they had done it. I told her I was surprised they would pay any attention to him in his condition, but she-drew he was smarter than the whole family put together, still going to Greenwood church every Sunday, and driving out to the farm whenever he wants to.

Uncle Jim is about the same, comes to the doctor twice a week for shots, and would have been dead long ago without such good nursing and medical attention. Lucille and I had lunch at Parrakeet Inn one day last week. Lucille had on the red suit, Ruby, and looked nice in it. You should have kept it to wear yourself. Love to all, Virginia.
December 11, 1961

Dear Children...

The Robin was good this time and what is especially good it was about a time. All of you had such good news to tell or at least you told it well whatever you had to tell. I'm always so interested in hearing about children and grandchildren. What about some pictures? Why don't we have a grandchildren issue? Jack and I will be the best readers because we won't be waiting to out-do the rest of you with stories about ours. We don't even know what Barbara's Bill's girls look like. Babs did say Pam looks liked that little girl on the Campbell soup advertisement. Is that right? Who knows? If the next issue should be about grandchildren — you, Seltie, will have to collect some information at Christmas time. You did real well this time. We did have to wait a long time to hear about Judy — so long in fact that I began to worry about her not being just right. I'm glad to hear that she is. Neither Jack nor Scott JOINED me in the worrying.
Joanna - it is so good when you can put in. Do get in the Grand Children issue. I'm glad Emily is coming home for Christmas and it seems far away from vacation. I hope she will have time to put a note on her Christmas card. And Ed don't let Joe stop you go right on 'standing off' as far out and as wide as you want to. We like your little short letters better by far than none at all. How is the book coming?

I do wish all of you could be in New York some year at Christmas time. It is the gayest place. The streets and store windows are so beautifully decorated. The people are so friendly and exciting. They all bump into each other with big packages and hurry to say it is all right. I've found a real bargain place to shop on 14th St. You have probably heard of S. Heins - on-the-Square. It is a huge place with everything but everything! It is best to know values when you shop there - which of course I do. You help yourself and then stand in long line for the Cashier. I always get real think with whoever is in back.
and whoever is in front of me before we get to the register. Some of them are really interesting. A woman the other day had a good philosophy for simplifying Christmas shopping. She said, she wasn't going to feel with trying to get what her friends wanted for Christmas. They didn't need to give her a list because she was going to give them all pajamas — and that was it! I may do that next year. I'll find out what S. Klein's on the Square has the most of for the least, and send all of you one. We've done about that this year.

I'm afraid you are forgetting that I am an excellent cook so I will put in some post turkey casserole recipes.

Chopstick Tuna
1 can mushroom soup
1/4 cup water
3 oz Chow mein noodles
1 7 oz can tuna
1 cup sliced or chopped celery
1/4 cup chopped onions
1 can (small) water chestnuts
1/2 cup salted cashews
Combine soap and water
Saute celery and onions about 3 min. in 1 T. of butter
Don't over cook.
Combine all ingredients, toss lightly.
Bake in a moderate oven for about 15 min. or until thoroughly heated.

Ky Favorite - I never heard of this when I lived in Ky. Of course, Bourbon was not a stylish marshmallow. quarter the (then large marshmallows). Crush about 1/2 macaroons.

Mix with liqurated marshmallows but let it set for several hours To serve - make a nest of this mixture, for a scoop of ice cream. It is better than it sounds.

I hope you are thinking of a reunion in Texas next summer.

Love, Ruby
Dear Folks: I held the Robin up for an extra day this time because I brought work home last night that kept me busy till 1 a.m. Besides the day's mail brought a letter from Jettie in which she enclosed pictures of the new Toni with parents Sharon and David-- and the even newer Judy, with parents Sally and Russell.

"Uncle" Scott kept carrying them around, saying "Look, she has a hold of his finger" (Toni) or "I think she looks more like Sally" (Judith). Then he and Ruby would go over them again--which goes to show the latest grandchildren aren't lost even in New York.

Scott is rehearsing tonight for a children's play he's doing on Saturday, so dinner will be late but we never have any set time so it doesn't matter. A letter from Ginny today says Ray is in a Nashville Clinic and fairly comfortable there. My sister went home from the hospital on Saturday, still not much better but off the narcotic so her sedation can be taken as well at home and without the terrific hospital expense-- and the doctors urged her going saying everything they were doing there could be done at her home. I talked to her today and she sounded fairly cheerful. She has a nurse from 8 a.m. till 3 p.m. so that she isn't alone when her husband and two daughters are at school.

Good to get such long letters from Joanna and Ed. With Emily coming home, it will be a good Christmas for them. A member of our staff, Mrs. Day, has a niece in Berkeley named Kitty Cooper, just Emily's age and who has just gone there this year. Mrs. Day wants the two to meet-- and Ruby will write Emily the details.

We'll probably go to Pittsburgh for a few days at Christmas but haven't decided just when we'll go-- maybe Christmas morning when transportation out of here isn't so rushed. Best to all of you--

Jack