Jan. 3, 1963

Dear Ed and Jeanne,

Here is a supplement to the Robin in case you didn't send it on. If you have sent it please send this one to Joe. We did have a package from you two. As you know we had been away and the package was being held by the doorman.

Virginia's letter about Brown makes me sad, but of course it is partly his fault. He evidently never writes to them! I know from Martha and Dorothy that none of them ever write to each other. They always telephone. Martha was telling that her phone bill is usually more than thirty dollars a month. She and Dorothy were here New Year's Eve. They had planned to come for lunch but it was so cold Dorothy's maid didn't come so they waited for Frank to come home from the office. That was better because Jack was here. They are both well. Dorothy is really very good looking.
- a little too heavy. Her baby, Martha, is only three months old. Martha lives next door to Mary in a house she is buying. She is very pleased with her life. Says she goes to work at 7:30 a.m. Budgeting Dept. St. Campbell. She gets home at 4:30 kicks her shoes off inside the kitchen door - lights the oven as she passes the stove to turn on T.V. She then goes back to kitchen to put a chicken pot pie in the oven. After that she rests on the couch until she is ready to go to bed. She does baby sit for Mary some.

Martha had been to see Jim Ed and says he likes his work very much - is outside most of the time. They had trouble selling their house - if they have sold it. Neither of them knew what Bill is doing. They think it is the same kind of work he was doing in Ala. He likes it better because he is busier. They moved in August and he has had a raise. Martha has seen Alice several times - the last time she was alone - happy. I'm surprised that I am telling as much as I am because we were all talking at once and at a time like that my hearing is not good.

About the pipe Joe - those little screw-in pieces are for cigarettes and little cigars - or maybe opium or pipe-ever-lasting. What do Chinese smoke? If you try them watch your storefront. Love Ruby
905P CST JAN 4 63 DA541
SYA496 SY NF282 NL PD NEW YORK NY 4
DR JOSEPH M RAY
4312 DONNYBROOK EL PASO TEX
FUNERAL MONDAY TWO PM. EVERYTHING UNDER CONTROL. FLYING SLIPPERY
ROCK TONIGHT JANUARY 4TH
SCOTT.
Tribute to Jack MacDonald
Meeting of the National Federation of Settlements
Board of Directors
January 18, 1963

We have all been saddened by the loss of a fellow worker, who came with us to the very brink of this meeting.

I would like to pay tribute to Jack MacDonald as a craftsman. His skills from the world of journalism were put to the service of the National Federation, and we benefited from them. He had a constant spirit of inquiry, borne out of genuine interest in people and in the details of their lives, but always controlled by kindness. People told Jack all kinds of things, not because he was curious, but because he really cared.

We benefited by the respect which this former reporter and editor had for time. Ideas had to be crystallized into plans; deadlines were real. Good ideas which had been dropped almost casually appeared in concrete form; they had not been sunk in a deep well of procrastination, but were carried through by Jack's own self-sustaining drive.

Our published materials stand as evidence of Jack's good taste, his sense of style and form, and his real love for the English language.

Jack was able to shape his particular special skills to the purposes of the Federation. He was loyal. He respected its historic role and the beliefs of those who guided it; he liked the people who are now shaping its future. Public relations with him was not putting on an artificial front; it was respecting ourselves and putting our best foot forward. His life-long habits of industry, his native sense of thrift, went hand in glove with the realities of our situation.

The thing which all of us will miss the most is Jack's gaiety and humor, and his gift of friendship. He was absolutely generous with friends and colleagues not only with material things and time, but even more with his thoughts. He was magnanimous in his attitude toward others, always making allowance for human foibles, giving credit for good intentions, seeing the humor in situations and the imperfections in us all. Basically self-effacing in any group, he tried to adapt himself to what the group needed, whether it was a good laugh to relieve tension, a question to get discussion summarized, or coffee all round for new energy. He was always helping.

We are grateful for these gifts at this crucial time in our history. We honor this skilled and loyal co-worker who is so much a part of the Federation and whose work makes his spirit ever present.

Margaret Berry, President
National Federation of Settlements

Please put this in the files
Joe. Love, Ruby
Roscommon, Michigan  
Jan. 18, 1963

Dear Folks,

I kept the Robin purposely for over a week. Now I think it is time to get it on its way.

The terrible shock of Jack's death left all of us stunned, I think, at least it did me. The Robin will never be the same again just as it was never the same after Eleanor dropped out. Although the world is full of messery, I suppose it behoves the living to make the best of it. Our desires or wishes would chance nothing.

I'm real proud of Miss Ruby. Her loss was inestimable and ours was small compared to her, yet she bore the great burden like the lady she is. Virginia, I appreciated your taking you time to write us about her.

It's been real cold here. The first of the week the mercury dropped to 42° below zero near us. Our thermometer is not accurate and I don't know what the temperature was here on the river, but one can be sure that the coldest temperature is on the river in a swamp. Our fuel oil tank is outside and it froze up cutting off our heat for two days. I worked two days trying to thaw it out, and I finally had to get help from the plumber. We kept a roaring fire going in the fireplace. If we had no fireplace we would have had to abandon the place. We are in a heat wave now, the tem is approx. zero.

Luddington has had the brunt of the bad weather all winter. They had 52" of snowfall in twenty four hours. That'd paralyze any place. The kids have been ailing with measles for over a month. First Pammie, then Kimo. They are both over it now. I have a lecture over that way Saturday the twenty sixth and we plan to go over to Luddington Friday night and give Rabs and Bill a little bridge practice, but of course, bridge is not the main attraction, the kids are.

Jo has been ailing since return from Pennsylvania with a pain in the neck and shoulders. Against her request I made an appointment for a physical checkup tomorrow. He may sock her in the hospital for a series of tests. I think that is what is needed, but she says that she can't miss school. She enjoys lying on the daybed faching the fire and working cross-word puzzles. She seems to have no pain then.

I have sent the other picture off to have prints made. Will send them on to you individually when the get back. All of these pictures are portraits. They can be enlarged up to four feet with complete fidelity. I missed getting a close up of Chullus. We'll have to correct that, but I remember that it was because he was agitating to go somewhere when we at R.G., and I didn't get time to take it, that is, after I had changed rolls.

How about this Cloud Croft thing? Joe, Jetty, is it on? When you actually get Joe to work on that project, Jetty, I want a picture of it.

Love,

[Signature]
Dear Sue —

When I get to Slippery Rock I am going to make another will. I would like to name you executor and Emily in case you don't survive me.

Jack and I had talked of this and we decided which of us survived we would use what we have our lifetime and if any is left it will be decided equally between his family
and mine. I will make the will that way.

This is not a legal will but if anything should happen to me before the will your care explain this to them. Jack and I talked to house.

I feel better this morning—not at all marbled.

We had a good visit with Dorothy. They are planning to see Scott again.

Love

[Signature]
Chillun:

My old gal came barging in yesterday afternoon after an eight-day junket to Amarillo, Lubbock, and Midland, to visit grandchild Toni and to work the boondocks in the interest of recruits for Camp Cloudcroft. This camp Cloudcroft business is consuming us all. We are enclosing one of the flyers which the girls have produced to advertise it. We have not done much to get the place in shape for use, and we are now stymied, because it is so cold up there there is little that we can do until it gets warmer in the spring.

Jettie can do her own reporting on Amarillo; she has been so busy catching up with all her mail reading and getting to shape that I have not learned much from her. She was all set to get in visits with both the David Ray's and the Russell Morrises, but Sally and Russell moved to Dallas on the first of this month, or soon thereafter, and we don't get to see both families at the same time any more. Russell has a new job, and Sally writes that she likes it very much. They do not yet have a permanent home, but they are thinking of buying a house in Duncanville, which is a small suburban town to Dallas. Sally has a job and says that she can drive her job in downtown Dallas in about 15 minutes. They are staying temporarily in Duncanville with a younger brother of Russell's mother -- his uncle, who is just three or four years older than Russell. We will send you their address when they have one.

Thanks, Ginnie, for enclosing the letter from Audrey. It was wonderful to see them and all the others at Slippery Rock, even if their coming was due to such a sad development as the loss of Jack. Ginnie, we got no word at Slippery Rock about your imminent operation. I hope the ordeal you and Ruby have gone through during the past weeks has not made matters worse. Maybe one of Ruby's immediate projects could be to be with you in Bowling Green while you undergo the operation. I still want you two to come and be with me while that dang camp is running from the middle of June until the middle of August. Jettie thinks that would be just fine, but she thinks that both of you, or just one that works out better, could come even before that time. We can help with the cost of transportation, so that it won't be such a heavy financial blow to come.

Virginia, that old lady doing there sounds highly exciting to me. I'll let you gals have yourselves some fun. That Frank O business is most interesting. Go ahead and have as much enjoyment of the whole business as you can. Since it is almost certain that you will be back in Bowling Green very soon, staying only a day or so in Slippery Rock, we have decided to go ahead and send the Robin to you in Bowling Green, and then you can send it on to Ruby, wherever she is, or hold it for her there when she comes there, if she is coming there from Slippery Rock. Send it on to her if you think she will be wherever she is long enough to get it.

I am sending along Jack's last letter, because I thought that you, Virginia, would want to see it. Please send it back to me, either you or Ruby. I think that feeling of having fly which he wrote about was really the heart trouble that had not yet been diagnosed.

Joanna, we too enjoy your letters and look each time for one from you. I know how busy you must be. It was a delight to see both of you from Michigan.

Ruby, Richardson, Texas, is a suburb of Dallas -- this is the town where Billy Ray has moved to. I must write Sally and Russell to tell them to look him up.

Virginia, I am sending on Ruby's letter, too, because it has so many little morsels of information about kinfolks that you may not have got from her, even with the long association you and she have now had.

Michael, I agree with you that Miss Ruby bore up under her ordeal quite like the fine and strong lady that she is. The thing that pleases me so much is that she is a womanly enduring the ordeal without any serious effect on her health. I think that Scott and Virginia have helped her a great deal in this line by doing some of the real manual labor for her that had to be done. I'm opposed to putting Will B. back in the Robin. He just won't do his part -- we've been over it all.

Love to all.

Joe
Dear Robins:

It was good to get home yesterday, middle afternoon and get caught up on all the letters and news from everyone. I got a postal card off to Ruby and Virginia and a couple off to Joe, otherwise, I was going and talking loudcrotch like mad!

Virginia, you can't know how much we appreciate your wonderful letters, as well as hearing from you also, Ruby. You have been on our minds and in our hearts constantly these past three weeks and we were so eager to know how things were going with you. Virginia did such a thorough job of keeping us up with almost day by day activities. I think all of you did a "bang-up" job of getting things done that had to be done. I know it was difficult and tiring but am glad it is over with this far.

I'll enclose a letter I had from Mable Blyth. I'll never forget all of the wonderful things the Slippery Rock relatives and friends did for all of us. It just shows how much they all loved Jack and tried to make up for all of the nice things he always did for everyone. I can't blame Ruby for not loving S. R. I like the town myself so much. The friends Ruby has there will always mean a lot to her.

We wish Ruby and Virginia would come on down here for February and March. Our weather is so nice...a few freezes recently...but they are about over and we will have Spring-like days in the next week or two and they could get out of that cold, camp weather of Penna. and Ky. Then go back to Ky. and Ga. in April or May. Joe, also wants you here while I'm in Cloudcroft in June and July and August for the Reunion. Matter of fact, with so much room, we'd like you here from now until Reunion time, so far as we are concerned. You'll love El Paso and it is an interesting place to be.

My trip to Amarillo, Lubbock and Midland was right fruitful, I believe. I didn't sign up any girls, but got an excellent representative in Amarillo and Lubbock. Each is
a mother of a girl the right age for camp who will get girls signed up with a percentage off of her girl's camp fee for each girl she signs up. I saw and talked to a great number of people and left folders with them, who will be good contact in town. Also, got on to a girl who wants to be a counselor... she graduates from the U. of Texas in June with a B.A. degree and will teach next year.

This afternoon I expect to write "job descriptions" for the counselors and get one off to her. I just hope we get her. I know we can get three college girls but it isn't too easy to get graduates for they can make more money other places. But she like camp work and is from a wealthy family, so that the salary is not important to her.

I had a wonderful visit with David, Sharon and Toni. We had Toni christened last Sunday. She is surely a cute child. Was there for David's birthday, which was last Monday, the 21st. So I took them out for a steak dinner!

Ruby, they were so sorry about Jack and if you have not heard from them it is because they were not sure of where you were. I'm so glad our children got to grow up around you and Jack. You probably have not heard from Sally either. But I'm sure it is because of not knowing where you are and their moved...they talked to us about making the move when they were here Christmas, but we discouraged it all we could and hoped they would not make the change. But I think their mind was made up then to go. They sold the horse and a calf they had bought about three months ago that they were going to use for slaughtering for meat...rented a U-Haul. It...the largest you can rent...loaded their furniture in it and away they went...that is YOUTH for you!

Joe has a meeting early in March in Chicago. We will drive to Dallas and I'll stay with Sally and Russell while he is in Chicago. He'll get back to Dallas on the 6th, and has a meeting in Dallas the 7th, then we will drive back to El Paso. I'll be anxious to see how they are. Russell has two sets of grandparents there... he was born there and they moved to Amarillo when he was about 14. I have a nephew there and now with Billy there, we can see a lot of kin-folks.

All our love to everyone.
Dear Uncle Joe,

I want to thank you very much for the nice stamps you've been sending me. Glenn has been getting a lot of stamps too.

The weather has been very cold here, the thermometer has stayed between ten above and ten below. One morning it was 22 below! How cold has it been down in El Paso?

Uncle Ed has sent me an old stamp book of his and it was great! It had many old stamps that I do not have. Please give my love to Aunt Jettie.

Your nephew,

Joe

P.S.
Please look at the stamp on this letter.
I may not be able to leave here before Feb. 25th.
It snows every day.

Of course, I can't make many plans yet, but as I feel now, I will spread most of my time between Slippery Rock and Bowling Green. For the present it is important for me to establish my residence.

Sincerely,

Slippery Rock, Tenn.

Feb.
here. As soon as a few legal matters are taken care of–they
are slower than I expected– I will
go to Davenport, Ga., to see Odille.
She writes that she is feeling better.
So am I.

I am enclosing the tribute Margaret
wrote which was read at the board
meeting. Of course I want it returned
to me! If you have time–va–please
copy it several times–one for
herself and one for Mabel– also
one for the Robin.

Since va. sent this we have also
lost Uncle Jim. He and Jack enjoyed
each other very much. Once Uncle
Jim told Jack he expected to see two
of him because I had talked so
much about him.

Much love,
Ruby
Saturday Night, Feb. 2, 1963

Dear Brothers Joe, Ed & Bill:

Ruby and I both made it home safe and sound. Fog settled over New York the day the movers came, and we went over to Newark Airport to take off, all others closed, and our flight was reported going until the last minute, they posted "No Operation". They do doubt called this while I was at the Insurance counter buying travel insurance, as I never heard it announced. Ruby and I both admitted we must have had a Guarding Angel right beside us the way we were guided out of that place. First I left my ticket at the insurance counter where Ruby walked up to buy insurance and said the ticket was her sister's as she had just been there. Then Ruby was guided right up to the line and heard a man say if Allegheny was going to Fly he was going to change to that flight and get into Pittsburgh, so Ruby hung onto his coat tail, and we followed him on that plane, and arrived in Pittsburgh two or three hours late, but good, old Louise MacDonald was standing by to check the next flight before she went back to Pittsburgh and gave up. She and Alice Elms carried us right back to the Apartment, and we had a good nights rest.

The next morning Clint Snyder, Jack's brother-in-law came in to Pittsburgh to drive us out to Air Fort, and take Ruby back to New Castle to see her lawyer. I took a plane at 11:15 out of Pittsburgh for Louisville by way of Columbus and Dayton, Ohio. We flew into Dayton on one engine, and changed planes for Louisville, which made a two hour delay. I got into Louisville about three instead of one, waited for a Bus over the Farm like leaving at six, and got home eight o'clock that night. Joe was at the Station to meet us, the two Grandbabies still up to see Grandmother. Little Sam said, "Grandmother, when you went up in the sky in that Airplane, I thought you would never come back like GrandDaddy." They have had to see me every day since to make sure I am not taking off again.

Ruby called me the minute I walked into my apartment, and said she had had a good nap, and felt fine. The most unusual thing about our whole month was that we both felt fine all the time, and worked and rested, and worked some more until everything was ready for the movers. Neither of us had even a sniffle, and many of Ruby friends who had invited us out to dine, called and said they had flu and could not see us.

The movers said they probably would arrive in Slippery Rock Saturday or Monday, but Ruby was not expecting them really until Monday. Then after her things are in storage, and she finishes with her lawyer which should not take more than a day or two, she plans to fly down to see Odille Ousley who is in the hospital for check-ups. She has no definite plans when she will be back in Bowling Green.

Uncle Jim is still alive, but can not last much longer. They are keeping him alive on glucose and Blood Transfusions, and if they keep this up he could last three or four months. This artificial living I do not want when it comes my time to die.

If reports from Odille's tests are bad Ruby may go by Cincinnati to see Althea Beery, coming by Bowling Green, and then on to Odille's. I thought she would call tonight, but if she has been looking in Furniture doubt if they have finished. We packed 24 large and small boxes, and I wrote on all the boxes contents which Ruby thought was foolish, but she will be glad of that writing if she does not unpack them for several months.

Even though it was a sad occasion, I really enjoyed being with Ruby in New York, and we enjoyed going out to eat, and visitors. It was a great satisfaction to me to be with her rather than being worrying about her being alone. As Grandmother often said, "All things work out for the Good of Those who Love the Lord". Good Night, & Love,

Virginia
Joe I don't know how to route this Robin now, since Ruby is not located, but I am sending this one on to Slippery Rock, and her last letters to you.

Dear Robin:

As I wrote in carbon, that Ruby and I arrived safely at our destination, not on time, but in good health for our age. We both took our medicine all during the funeral and the whole time in New York when we were so busy, and Ruby insisted on the afternoon rest, which helped plus vitamins she dosed out to both of us. It did seem to us that we were providentially guided and protected through it all.

I just called Ruby, and she got her furniture by nine o'clock Saturday morning, and had a rest in her own bed that afternoon, and said everything was all right. She did say she would not leave Slippery Rock until about the 15th of the month even though the lawyer would not require that long. She is going to Mabel Blyth's tonight, and may stay with her most of the time, which I am sure would please Mabel.

Louise Thomas Richards just called me, and said Lucille and Aunt Hettie had supper with her, and they think after a blood transfusion Uncle Jim is better, and his mind clearer. They think now he is on the way to recovering enough to move to a nursing home. I called Lucille, and she said they were keeping nurses around the clock, and it was best for them not to be there too much as he begged all the time for them to bring his clothes and take him home, gets cross says,"Now daughter, don't stand around, go get my clothes, just bring them all, lay them out for me to look at, and then pick it up later. The thing got so heavy when I got off the plane at Dayton, Ohio, I bought a TWA red and white zipper bag to sling over my shoulder, and I have been taking a night-cap every night since, and really having a high time over it, a thimble or two at a time, and lots of laughs.

End of the Line. Love, Virginia
Dear Bill, Ed & Joe:

Uncle Jim Scott died yesterday afternoon at 5:00 P.M. They thought he was better, and had given him a blood transfusion, had him sit up an hour yesterday, but he was only better for the worse. Louise Lovin and I went out there last night, and then Joe and Wilma came and I stayed longer and went back with Joe. The funeral will be at Gerard-Bradley and Joe is going with them tomorrow to select the casket, or that is this morning. Lucille is more broken up than her mother as you would suppose, and seemed so pleased that Joe would drive out and get them, and help them decide. I thought I should order a $15.00 basket and put all our names on it, as the one Lucille got up for Jack was about that. Aunt Hettie thought it was foolish to call all of you, as she was sure you should not try to come, considering the weather and the distance.

I called Ruby and she is not going to try to come. Lucille insisted that I tell her not to try to come after what she had gone through. She did not need to attend another funeral so soon even if she should want to come. She said she had two more days with her Lawyer, and then was going straight to Odille, and on home later when she sees for sure how Odille is faring.

We are having beautiful weather here just now, just like spring, and hope it is as good tomorrow during Uncle Jim's funeral. They are going to bury him out on Scottsville Road, Memorial Gardens where John Thomas was buried, in the Masons Section.

Lucille and Aunt Hettie are planning to stay out there, and may bring Mert over to live with them, which I doubt if Aunt Hettie will be able to cope with, but she would be company.

I am going to walk down to Post Office to mail this so you will get it off today.

Love, Virginia.
Thursday, Feb. 7th, 1983

Dear Ruby, Brown, Ed & Joe:

Uncle Jim Scott's funeral was a very sweet one indeed. The flowers were pretty, but nothing to compare with the flowers at Jack MacDonald's funeral. Uncle Jim had outlived most of his friends and family. There were over fifty pieces, the prettiest one Aunt Aullie, Marcelle, Martine and Betty Anne which must have been a twenty-five dollar easel of dark purple and orange mums, all sizes, dark at the bottom. Lovin & Louise's were pretty Peach colored glads, Phena & Elizabeth large white mums with red roses. Ours was one of the prettiest, orchid stock, mums, iris and a few yellow daffodils. Aunt Hettie was disappointed in the one they had for the casket, red carnations and white mums, but too much foliage, and not ten dollars of flowers in a fifty dollar spray.

The Christian Church preacher preached a very sweet service, used a passage of scripture about the Loving Care of our Heavenly Father, and told of the loving care and attention Mr. Scott had from his wife and daughter, his dedicated doctor and the nurses, and no man ever had more, and still not equal to the loving care of our God and Father.

There was a mixup about letting Wildred and Marie know. I was to call Ruby and Marcelle, and Phena and Elizabeth were to call Wildred, but later said they understood Aunt Hettie to say she was going to pay for the calls, and that I was to do it. So, we did not let them know in time to send flowers, which I know they would have wanted to do.

Louise and Aunt Hettie ate dinner with Joe & Wilma, and today after the funeral at 10:30 Lucille's Church Circle served a meal out at the house.

Louise and I are going out and bring Lucille and Aunt Hettie in to see the flowers before they freeze, warm and sunny yesterday, but turning colder now and will be snow or freezing by night. Jack Russell was giving them the right kind of argument at funeral home, not to try to run that farm, but some spring, put it in grass and sell it, lots let it go the highest way, as farm or lots and small farm. They were interested.

Love, Virginia.
Feb 22 - 1963

Dear Virginia,

I have missed hearing from you but I guess you have been writing to Decatur. I don't know when I'll leave here - maybe sometime next week, I am going to see the lawyer tomorrow and then he will tell me if things have been settled in Butler. We are waiting to see if I need to be there or if it can be done without me. I am sending all the hooked rugs. I think I told you. They will come to you R. R. Express - 0 D - hence the check. Let me know if it is not enough. I have also sent two dresses. The blue silk one is one I want to make over when I get
there. I think you didn't want that black one of house's. Maybe someone will.

I am not having too bad a time. I've seen Nabel often. She is leaving today for a two or three week's visit to her daughter's - so a man can paint her kitchen and the upstairs. Ray Allen and Glad Sanderson are going to take me to New Castle this afternoon. Had dinner with them last night. Clint and I went to Ben's Wed. for dinner. House met us there. She had also had invited some friends of Isabel's - her husband's children - Judy's age and Eve. During dinner it began snowing and before we were ready to leave there were three inches and still coming down. We got home without any trouble.

For three nights I have slept without the capsules.

Love, Ruby
Dear Folks,

I had begun to wonder if the Robin would ever get on its way again, and here it is. It contained lots of interesting done on all or almost all members of the tribe. What more could one want? It was sad to hear about Uncle Jim. The last time I saw him he looked like he was tired of living. I think there will never be another Uncle Jim, just as there will never be another Jack. Each time they leave they take some of me with them.

The winter here is still rugged. We had 22 below this morning, and it is hard to believe that with the sun shining it's five below at mid-day. I never saw it hold like this before, but then the whole country is getting the same treatment. I have some friends who live at the top of the continent and they are worrying about the weather's being too warm for dog teams. It just goes to show that we still can't order the weather we would like. I am hoping against time that man will never be able to make the weather he likes, for when he does we will have continued social anarchy in directing such a weather program. If we had a hand in making the decisions, think of the thousands of conflicts that would arise! Better let the natural forces do it. Some are satisfied to call it God.

Last week I was over in Wisconsin working with the conservation experts. I was guest speaker. I told them that I no longer worked for the "C.N. Dept. of Conservation. They said that that didn't matter, they wanted me anyway, and that they would pay me for the work they were asking me to do and my expenses. They paid me handsomely. I was amazed at the reception. After my lecture, I was photographed as any celebrity would be. I was asked my opinion about everything from soup to nuts, and they set up a panel of experts to interview me for a 25 minute radio program which they planned to run statewide. It was an interesting meeting as I enjoyed all of it. I will send Joe a copy of the paper from which the lecture was given. I did not read it or memorize it.

We were over to see the kids this last week end. They are all fine. The little one is beginning to develop character. She has definite likes and dislikes. Although she is cute as a picture, Kiki is still the apple of her grandfather's eye. There could not be another one like her.
Jo is coming along fine taking liver shots and cortisone. Her
neck still gives her a little trouble. Until she had the x-ray of her
neck she maintained that the wreck we had six years ago caused it,
but the x-ray showed nothing. She is keeping the library open on
monday nights and that is where she is now. She is supposed to
keep the library open for two hours, but it soon jumped up to three
hours, but she seems to enjoy it.

Both of us have been invited to teach in Ann Arbor schools for
the coming year. I did not ask for a job, so will likely have down
there whether I take the job or not. I am waiting for the job with
the foundation grant that the University will run. If this goes thru,
as it seems that it will, I had rather work with that organization.

I suppose that Ruby is in Atlanta by now. Hope she takes it easy
for some time. Virginia, don't worry about my lifting. I'm better
than ever. The scar is hardly visible. Eventually there will not be
a scar, that's how well I heal from surgery. I have not done any
physical work since the operation. I'm waiting for winter to break
so I can do some work. I have lots to do, but one is restricted by the
deep snow. Joe, when you have your meeting in March at Chicago, can
you come to see us? We hope so, please plan on it. I could meet you
some place that is convenient to you. Jetty, when are you going to
jump on the renovating deal at Clowcroft? That's a case of snow
there, too, I guess. The Stewarts from here are on their way to Calif.
and they plan to drop by to say hello as I told Joe at Slimery Rock,
that they would. They are going to see Emily. We hear from Emily
regularly. She likes the place better all of the time. She now says that
she plans to go back one more year.

love

Joe
March 1, 1963.

Dear Ruby:

I was surprised to hear that you are still in Slippery Rook the 25th of Feb., and addressing this letter to 347 Newcastle Street. The next one I surely can address in care of Miss Odille Ousley, 407 Landover Drive, Decatur, Georgia. It does seem your lawyer is keeping you unnecessarily longer, but perhaps you just want to stay and use that as excuse. I just can't see why he could not do mailing all documents as well as in person.

I wrote you that your two dresses had arrived, and I hung them up in your closet. It did seem nice to have just one of your dresses to be expecting you. The rugs have not yet arrived, but I did expect to repair them but really don't need them except in the spare bedroom where I have only one rug, the Grape Pattern I hooked myself.

Thanks Jettie for the box of Texas Chewie Pecan Pralines from Austin. I am sure you thought Ruby would be sharing them with me, but I am afraid by the time she comes there will not be one left. They are my favorite of all candies, and I have passed them to very special company.

You spoke of being tired of the boxes, and I wondered why you did not put all your boxes in that Dining Room and close the door, so you would not have to look at them.

You have had much colder weather there than we have had here. Our weather has not been zero since I came home, and my apartment is cozy and warm as anyone could want. I do enjoy this apartment, and so thankful I have a living and do not have to live with Joe and his family. No house is large enough these days for a Grandmother. Even though I have been free all winter of colds, they have had colds, and I certainly would have with them, and they would begin to think that they colds came from me.

Joe got his Radio fixed and returned mine, and I moved it across the room just behind the table where I eat breakfast, and listen to the local news while eating breakfast. I still awaken at six o'clock every morning, eat breakfast by seven and listen to seven o'clock news.

My insurance has not been re-established enough to pay for my operation, ruptured rectum, which is not urgent, and I keep wondering if I really should have it. I only have the Asso. of Retired persons, $6.00 a month, but could change this to pay more by paying $12.00 a month. Dr. Graves charge would be $250.00, insurance pays only $150.00, and $8.00 day room, and the cheapest two-bed room in our hospital is $11.00 a day. Blue Cross and Blue Shield would not accept me because of age. I did want to have this operation over before Ruby comes, but may not have it until summer.

Thanks, Joe, for your $10.00 on the flowers for Uncle Jim and now only leaves $5.00 for the rest to pay. I know Ed, is mad at me for not calling him so he could send his in person, but my telephone bills were too much for the month. Aunt Hettie did say she would pay all telephone calls, but thought it foolish to call Ed and Joe because they could not get here.

Lucille is having a permanent at Labelle's my hairdresser Saturday, and they are going to have lunch with me. Both seem to be getting alone fine, Aunt Hettie seems to grieve less than Lucille.

Love,

Virginia.
Dear Ruby:

I am ashamed for not having written sooner, but the indecision about your departure for Georgia has had me buffalooed. Every time the spirit moved me to write, I felt defeated by not knowing where to write. I am sending copies of this letter to both places.

Jettie and I leave for Dallas tomorrow, and then I will fly to Chicago for a meeting for the first three days next week. Reports from Dallas and Amarillo are all favorable. We talked with Sally over the telephone last night, and Jettie will spend nearly a week with her while I am in Chicago and elsewhere.

Love from both of us,
March 63
312 Downybrook
El Paso, Texas

Chillun:

Jettie: I am on the road to Dallas and I am writing
this letter in the car while she is driving, I don't dare try
to use my typewriter, a receipt for fear the motion of the
car will make my letter even less legible than it ordi-
narily is. So here is a printed letter.

We left home this morning at 7:00 a.m. and it is now
5:00 p.m. and we are about 100 miles from Dallas. You
just can't get 650 miles by car without driving long
hours. Ruth Skelton is with us. She drove out
with us two weeks ago. Then flew to Albuquerque
where her daughter & family live then came back to
El Paso last night for this drive to Dallas. The car is
crowded with the three of us and an easy chair
in the back seat that Jettie upholstered and is
taking back to Sally & Russell in Dallas. I think we told
you all that they moved to Dallas where they both have
jobs. They leave Judy with Russell's grandmother —
the baby's great grandmother while they work. This will
be the first time Jettie has seen Judy since Christmas.
I saw them about 3 weeks ago when my plane from
San Antonio to Austin couldn't land for fog & took us
on to Dallas so had to spend the night there. Called
Sally & had a good visit with them in my motel room paid
for by the airline. They live in Duncanville, which is a
little town near Dallas which the big city has grown
over. Their address is 516 Cripple Creek,
Duncanville, Texas. Jettie will report later on the
2  Mrs Virginia Harmon
1310 State St.
Darlington, Ky.

the 3 Morises & their house. She can write while I'm gone & mail the Robin to Virginia. I'm going to Chicago to a convention, leaving tomorrow (Sunday) & returning to Dallas Wednesday for a meeting Thursday then to Lubbock on Friday to see our basketball team play the University of Texas team in the NCAA playoffs. We have a good team - we beat the Univ. of Texas once this year & hope to again. Ed, I wish I could come on up to see you & Jo from Chicago, but won't be able to this time. We couldn't leave El Paso before this morning & I have to be back in Dallas Thursday for the meeting of the Texas United Fund Board of which I'm a member.

Ruby, you haven't done any whining. Lord knows you'd be entitled to, but you haven't. Don't worry so much about any attitude we might take toward your behavior. In the first place, our full sympathy is with you, and we would understand, no matter what. Secondly, you've set a pattern of character & demeanor all your life that has guided all the rest of us, especially me, and whenever we look at you meeting a situation we hope subconsciously or consciously that we could meet it as well if the occasion arose. And thirdly, you're entitled to feel a bit panicky and lonely. No woman can adjust overnight from a life with a husband as vital and lively as Jack was to life without him. It will take some time. Just know that we think of you all the time, that our hearts are with you and that we'll all see to it that you don't want. I think things will level out when you get the property business settled & get away from Slippery Rock. Jettie & I are
still expecting your Virginia to be with us for much if not all of the summer. Let's talk more about it when the time approaches. Jettie's plan to be at Cloudcroft most of the summer seems sure to go through. I'll love to have you all with me. And we've still planning the reunion there or in El Paso the last two weeks in August. Ed, you? So are coming aren't you? You could bring Em this far then she could go from here on back to Berkeley.

Ed, I read your paper and was tremendously impressed by it. You acquired a tremendous savvy and spirit of the gospel in your line of work. I'm not at all surprised at the ovation you received after the speech. They recognized in you a missionary zeal about your specialty and honored you for it. I wish I could have heard it. I agree it's to big to long to send on to the girls they might not want to read it anyway. They'll take my word that it's well done good.

Things go fine in El Paso. None of my problems seem too big: they just take careful and continuing attention. I'm in as good physical condition as I've been in since I was 30. I grab my Ray Harram walking cane every morning (if I wakes before 7:00 - I don't like to be out when the cars are whistling around with folks going to work at 8:00) and walk down the mountain around and up another way to the top of our street & back down to our house - a 25 minute walk. I really puff and blow going uphill. Everybody tells me I'm a SOOL
hiker of the Kennedy variety, but I started this well before the craze started.

Jettie goes strong as usual. She has just finished knitting a sweater and upholstering Sally’s chair. She’s itching to get up to Cloudcroft, but it’s still too cold. She has a substantial job of entertaining for College affairs, but she has help for the big ones and seems to take everything in her stride, doing well everything— including driving the car while I write this letter.

It’s beginning to get dark, I won’t be able to see well enough in the car to write.

Thanks, Ginuah, for sending me the Robin letters. And thanks for writing us about Uncle Jim’s passing. I wish I could have come for the funeral, but I just couldn’t. I’m with you, Ed; when we lose someone close to us, they take a part of us with them.

I’d better knock this off.

Love to all,

Joe.
Dear Baboosh,

While Judy is asleep, I'll try to get a coat ready for the mail. I won't want it.

Silly Russell to work this morning. We're going back to the church with Silly and Judy. I can meet the girls in her office. They have never seen Judy or Silly, want to show her off to them.

Joe took them over to a nursery yesterday and bought some yard, shrubs, plants. After we load them into the biggest, we planted most of them. Silly & Russell's house is next to me. We had about a 30 minute drive via I-95 to downtown Bullis.

Judy is a darlin'. To go.

Russell's grandmother
keeps her whole daily work as she may just be good for her very long.
I hope to get to a telegraph very soon to get in touch with Billy Day. Joe will be back from Washington. I hope I can plan together with all of you.

We have new friends but cloudy weather — but a cold friend on the way.

I pity, Billy & I have talked of you & thought so much. Of course, she can't realize it is you. He was so beloved by all of our kids. We will never cease to miss him. I think you have degree as well. I know you have your black times and I hope you'll let us help you get over them.

Our love to everyone,

Jettie
March 5, 1943

Dear Robin: Ray died the 22nd of this month, and I have been unusually blue and despondent, thinking of him slipping away before my eyes, but he did not suffer too much. It seems no one held up very long this time, and I enjoyed reading it. It was in the mail when I came from dinner at Mrs. Downey’s, and I usually lie down when I come in, and took it to bed with me, and read it slowly. The pictures and the David and Sharon were splendid.

Mr. I think you might have sent along the newspaper clippings about your speech with the Wisconsin conservation experts, even if you and Joe think your sisters are too dense to appreciate the copy of the paper. I think we Ann Arbor offers wonderful, and hope you take it; that is just a little closer home. I wish you would sell your Rose Common farm and never go back up there.

We have had a bad, cold winter here, but the forecast for March is warm and wet. The Ohio river is rising, but unless a lot more rain our Green river will not flood here. I have escaped the flu, but Joe has had it, and Wilma.

Joe, your letter written while Jettie drove is one of your best, shows your confidence in her driving, and her smooth driving. So glad of your good physical condition, and hope Jettie just doesn’t injure her health working too hard with that girls camp this summer. I don’t know, Joe, as of this time if I can scrape up enough for a trip out there this summer or not, that’s a long place, and expensive for my income any way I go. We will just wait and see. That is too far off to decide on today.

Ruby, I am glad to hear that you really are anxious to leave Slippery Rock, and from Martha’s letter, I am looking forward first, and hope you can make it by the 15th, as I have asked for you a place at Mrs. Downey’s table the week of March 18th. We may eat there a week or two if you like it, and if you don’t we can cook at home. Don’t bring anything. I have a wood stove and we can use the oven for what we cook, and broil, but for the first two or three weeks I believe you would enjoy Mrs. Downey’s meals. I read a little bit of jealousy between the lines in Martha’s letter. She would not have wanted Odille to read that letter. She charged only $5.00 a week for five noon meals, and they are worth it. Eating one well-balanced meal a day we would not need much breakfast and supper. I hope you will finally decide to live here with us. No other place can elderly people live as cheaply, rent $50.00 Meals $20.00, Groceries $10.00, Heat never more than $11.00, lights under $3.00 and I pay $6.00 a month AARP, American Association of Retired Persons, and I want you to take the Teacher’s TARP, which is better but which I cannot get, and so you see I live on about $100.00 a month, and we can make any arrangement you would want, just pay half the food would be enough, as you will be gone to Joe’s and Odilles, and back to Slippery Rock in the summer. Anyway, this is the cheapest place you can live, unless Odilles, and that situation would be hard on you. When you come I went Dr. Gilbert to go over you and get your M.Y. records and give you something for sleeping, and you will be better off if your blood pressure is controlled.
Mar. 14 1963

Dear Children —

This is the last day I am going to be here for awhile. We finally wound things at least as much as I hope to do. As yet I don't know where I am. That will come later. I've told most of you about Odile's accident and that she is so upset that I am going to Bowling Green first and then to see her. I can get on the train at eleven tonight and arrive in Bowling Green tomorrow around two p.m. I am going to have a roomette to Cincinnati. With that it turns out to be cheaper than flying — but longer. I don't like those roomettes and am sorry they no longer have berth. I wish something would let
good-enough alone. Everything has to have a latest model. When I wanted a new girdle they showed me with great pride - the newest model. I said, "I want the oldest one. That is the one I've been wearing." They have discontinued that model. So I'm just going to flop around without one. "Stee, stee, talk!" you can see I am feeling better both spiritually and physically. The forced rest has done me good - also my family and friends. Thank God for all of you.

I wrote Will B., a real nod note because he had not written me and he called me. They were planning to come last weekend but we had such a stormy weekend that I called and told them not to. And this time I am not going to be here. Our forecast is bad again. They have been right rich. Both he and Adley had the flu and he had pneumonia. The boys had a less serious bout. We have not had a bad time here. Nell has missed walking down the street every day. Mabel had it while she was visiting her daughter in Ohio.
She is back now and is doing a real big job of Yankee-house cleaning—which I have never done and never expect to do. I'll just work the windows when they need it etc. She has half the town helping her—paint—wash woodwork—clean wall paper etc.

I enjoyed your letters, Ed—won't you send that speech you didn't want to memorize to Dad and me? We want to hear it and we will return. Of course you got the red carpet. That is your status. I am so glad you—Fahme— are better. Spring will help a lot. I am anxious to see the grandchildren. Settie I thank you and Joe for all your letters. They have been forwarded from Decatur. Those pictures of Tony are precious. I want one of her standing by the couch—such poise.

I'll see you Virginia in less than forty-eight hours.

Love to all of you.
March 18, 1963

Dear Rays,

This has been a dark, gloomy Sunday, but quite a bit of snow has left. We are beginning to feel that spring can not be far behind. This has been a very cold winter, but we have not had so much snow as usual. We have not missed any school because of weather. One day we were sent home because a big fire had put our electric line out, and that is the only time we have lost. Of course, for weeks when the temperature rose to zero, we thought we were having a heat wave. It was -20 to -42 each morning for several.

I had a hectic time with my neck and shoulder for a time, but they are at last getting better. When the first x-rays were made Dr. Henig thought that there was a large tumor on the clavicle, but after more x-rays and calling in a radiologist, he decided that what he had thought was a growth on the bone was built up cartilage resulting from an old injury and causing an arthritic condition. I have to go every week for a liver and B12 shot and have to take cortisone and iron. I haven't found out whether this goes on forever or not. Anyway it's better than the operation that I was first led to believe was unavoidable.

Emily is enjoying her year very much. She has a new Volkswagen of which she is very proud. She expects to come home for a short visit at least this summer. She means to teach at Berkeley next year. She says that she just isn't ready to leave that country.

The Sutters are coming over during Pam's spring vacation the week of April 6. Babs wrote that she had just spent a whole day trying to find the meaning of "Pamela." They had learned that "Susie" means princess, and Pam wanted to outrank that. She said that Susie was bossing her around and telling her that she had to do as she said because Sarah means princess. Barbara threatened to re-name Pam "Regina," and she said that she had had no more complaints.

Barbara said that Laura had eaten a philadendron leaf, learned to turn on the light over her crib, and learned to undo the strap to her highchair all in one day, and her mother was fed up with her.
We have had a flu epidemic, but so far, I have not come down. Several teachers have been out, and since we could not get substitutes, the classes have often been sent to the library. Some days I had study halls every period. I manage to get through the day, but I can't hold my head up after 5:00. I hope that it is about over. Ed had intestinal flu and was quite sick for a couple of days.

We are writing letters and working at getting located for next year. I hope that we can decide definitely what we are going to do within the next month. We still think that we will probably move to the Ann Arbor area. Ed doesn't like cities, but Ann Arbor has only 50,000 people. Of course, the students add another 25,000. I couldn't be paid enough to live in Detroit, but I rather like some sections of Ann Arbor. We have been approached by Delta College, a new junior college at Bay City, but we doubt that the salary would be as good as that of high schools. However we are going to look into the situation.

Our river has thawed and we see ducks going down every morning when we are eating breakfast.

Ed.- I'll take over after Jo has told all of the "interesting details" according to Virginia. It was a surprise to learn from the Robin that Ruby was in Slippery Rock until this week. I would have written you Ruby, if I had not had a statement from you that you were going to Atlanta right off. Anyway don't class me with Will B. on this item. Joe, I'm sorry that you mentioned the paper in the Robin. Now I have to send it to the guys and hear them gripe about it. I wouldn't blame them, but they asked for it. I doubt if this type of subject would ever have interest for the public, but is this the only reason one writes? Somebody needs to do some thinking in this area. I'd like to submit it and some other papers to a magazine if I knew a magazine that publishes this sort of thing. What would you say, Joe? By the statement above I am not suggesting that I am the only one doing thinking in this area. I meant to say that we need to think of science in its social consequences. What science and technology do to the social fabric of our society is much more important than the things that use of these forces yield society. We are eager to take terrible risks in many areas.
of science and ask no questions. It is most likely that we will work ourselves out of business before we know what we are doing. Many other civilizations have done it and they were not using the tremendous forces that we play around with. I'm not saying that we should not use these forces but let's make sure that they don't get out of hand. Atomic energy is only one, there are more powerful ones that concern me. The possibilities of laser light are infinitely greater than atomic energy and could be much more deadly. This force will quickly revolutionize society, and I am not sure I want to live in a world with complexities that this force will bring. Ruby worries about her girdle, science and technology made the change, but laser light will produce the kind of products that someone else decides you will need or buy, and the changes will come so fast that you or nobody else will be able to adjust to them. Already our whole population needs continuous periodic schooling in order to make a semblance of keeping abreast. Adult education is forced on us, whether we like it or not. If we did what is needed, in 20 years colleges will be as numerous as beer halls, and all who have any sense at all will be enrolled. I'd be all for that. The only alternative is to pass over to some state planner the job of making decisions for you. And I'm dead sure I don't want to live under that kind of Brave New World. By the way, have any of you read the Brave New World lately? It's frightening to realize how prophetic this book written thirty years ago was. Enough of that!

Jetty, seems that you are doing a lot of gadding about lately. We have not heard from the Stewarts about El Paso, but we have received only a card and one letter written weeks ago. They are going by to see Em about the middle of April, as I remember their plans as told me. The reunion sounds wonderful. Don't know if we can make it, but I hope so. We'll try.

We are having real foul weather now, snow, sleet and high winds. Park your car outside and wait an hour and you have a quarter of inch of ice to remove. I've had it. I'm ripe for spring if it ever comes. It is certainly is overdue.

Love,

[Signature]
Chillun:

I am writing this on Jettie's typewriter, and I will not try to write in columns because this is on lined paper, and I figure you can read it all right, even though the lines are long. Jettie has gone across the mountain to take Francis home—he was down at our little rent house on Baltimore Street doing some work for her. He's our yardman, paid by the College, and she can't get him to work for her down there after he finishes work here unless she promises to take him home after he is through, because his bus trip home is about an hour.

It was real good to get the Robin around so fast. It really speeds things up nowadays, when you two gals are together and can send the Robin right along. Ruby, now that you have the uncertain business at Slippery Rock pretty well settled, perhaps you can give us a little bit more definite projection of where you will be and when. I know you two will be a great comfort to one another, and I hope you can be together a lot.

We have scheduled an educational conference at Chihuahua City, the state capital of the Mexican state immediately south of us. Juarez, just across the river here, is the biggest city in Chihuahua State, but Chihuahua City is almost as large. It is about 250 miles south of here. We are taking nine of our staff members down and two wives (Jettie and Betty Kelsey, the wife of the Dean of Students who toured Colombia with us last summer.) The conference at the University of Chihuahua is to be attended by us and by the rectors (presidents) of four state universities (Sinaloa, Sonora, Chihuahua, and Coahuila) from northern Mexico. Our purpose is to get acquainted and to figure our how this institution can make itself more meaningful to those institutions. We don't know where we are going in our efforts at cooperation with them, but our hearts and minds are pure and open, and we may be able to work something out. They set the dates of the meeting for Saturday and Sunday, and there it is. We are going down on the train and come back by plane. The train fare is less than $3.00 each, and the plane fare is about $14.00 each. It is very difficult for any educational institution to get into any kind of cooperation with Mexican Universities, primarily because the Mexicans are distrustful of the gringos, and nobody seems able to get off the ground. If we do, we will be the first. It is even possible that we will be able to arrange the first Peace Corps project for Mexico—some-
thing that thus far the Mexicans won't even touch. We shall see.

We had a good visit with Sally and Russell in Dallas; I wrote last when we were on the way, and Jettie wrote from there and sent the Robin on. I went on to Chicago and spent three days at a convention while Jettie wore herself out running after Judy. This Judy is really a smart one. She seems smarter than she has been before, and is one of the really live ones. My plane returning from Chicago was over an hour late, and, since Sally and Russell hadn't yet got a telephone, Jettie had just loaded Judy up and brought her on to the airport to meet my plane. The little one nearly ran her ragged in the airport for an hour and a half. One night when we were there, Jettie and I loaded up Sally and Judy and drove over to Richardson to see Billy and Claire Ray and their family. Billy is working for Texas Instruments, Inc., which is a fine up-to-date scientific outfit. I don't know how good a job he has, but he is high enough in their professional staff to be the kind for whom they pay moving expenses when he comes to work for them. Claire and the kids are fine. The three little boys are sturdy and bright-eyed, and the baby girl is cute but still too little to have much life in her. We tried to talk them into coming to El Paso for the reunion, but I am not at all sure they will come. Jim Ed is the one that will pick up and go somewhere, and he may decide to come from Tennessee, and he would come through Dallas and on here. I have not heard from Jim Ed, and I am only speculating. Duncanville is where all the way across the City of Dallas from Richardson, and both of them are suburbs of Dallas. Sally and Russell live at 516 Cripple Creek, Duncanville, Texas. Will B. Ray, Jr., 909 Wedgewood, Richardson, Texas. Jim Ed's address is Box 28, Townsend, Tennessee. David's address is 705 Divina, Amarillo. These two addresses for the Russell Morrices and the David Rays are now likely to be fairly permanent, because in each case the kids are paying out houses and are developing proprietary interests in them.

Ed, I tried to telephone you twice when I was in Chicago, but your telephone number didn't answer either time. All I could do in any case was to talk to on the phone, because I couldn't find the time to come up to see you. I had to be in Dallas for a meeting on Thursday, and the meeting wasn't over until Wednesday.

Jettie is now back from her trip across the mountain, and I will leave some of this
Robin writing for her. Ed, I am leaving it to you to send Ruby and Virginia a copy of the speech you sent me. I don't know where such an article could be published. There ought to be some conservation magazine, possibly one published by a State Department of Conservation, that would publish it. I honestly think it is really good stuff. The one reason why you who have worked in the field don't know of such a journal, as I figure it, is that you are cutting across the whole field of conservation, and most of the journals in this advanced day of specialization are in one or the other of the fields involved. Jo, it's really fine to have a letter from you. When I picked up the letter, I looked to the end of it and saw Ed's signature, and then as I read it, I couldn't figure why the typing and spelling were so nearly perfect coming from Little Eddard, and then in the last paragraph it became obvious that you and not he happened to be the author. Don't let me horse you, Eddard, and don't let Waxy Ginnian horse you either. You write good letters, and I hope you will go on writing Ed letters and Jo will go on writing Jo letters. Love to you all.

Joe

Dear Robin;

I don't know why Joe ever started on this stupid paper for there is all kinds of better paper around here! But I'll suffer you through it!

Our temperature has been up to 94 degrees today and I'm so tired I could drop. I'll blame it on the heat, but mostly it is the constant going and doing, with no end in sight because of so many things that need to be done!

It is good to hear from everyone. Especially Joanna. Someday I'm going to sit out about two or three go-rounds and see if anyone misses me! I'm glad you are feeling better, Joanna. It is a relief to know what is ailing you, too, I imagine. You need some El Paso sunshine!

We are going to count on the reunion this summer. Billy and Claire talked like they might come and I believe if Jim Ed comes via Dallas he can get them all to come out here.

Ruby wrote like Aunt Hettie and Lucille might join us, which would really be wonderful.

And it would be good for them, too. Maybe Joe Wilson could bring Virginia and his family.
Unless Virginia and Ruby are already here, which we are hoping they will be. Virginia may not want to come and stay that long away from the grandchildren, but Ruby, you MUST come earlier and stay longer! I don't know why you don't come on here in May in place of going back to Slippery Rock. You won't need to be there before Fall, will you?

Ed, the Stewarts did come by to see us. Joe had not told me that you told him in Slippery Rock that they were coming. But she called me one day about lunch and I remembered them quite well. I was dressing to go to a luncheon, but urged them to come on and stop over-night here and take in Juarez that afternoon and visit with us that night. They came on by and we visited about 15 minutes, but they went to Tucson or Phoenix, which ever they were headed to. I was glad to see them again, but sorry Joe missed them and they missed Juarez. I think it is a shame for anyone to go thru this part of the country and not go over to Juarez!

Know Emily will enjoy her car. I do wish she'd come to see us. Also wish I had her address. I've asked the Ed Rays and Barbara to send it, but no one will. Although, I shouldn't have to write and invite her again for last year I wrote her several times telling her what she was missing by not coming to El Paso. By the last two weeks of August she should be about ready to head to Calif., so maybe she can come by Cloudcroft on the way back to her job. We can sleep about 1/3 people in the lodge and I'm trying to fill it up!

I made Judy a darling dress when I was in Dallas. Then when I got home, I made another one. Now I must get two made for Toni before Easter. I've sent each a pink checked spring coat and bonnet for Easter. Have material to make Sally and Judy "mother and daughter" dresses.

I've just finished reading "The Prize". I enjoyed it at times...at other times I wondered why I was wasting my time, but couldn't resist finishing it. I'm two weeks behind on Newsweek and Life because of it and my lack of time for reading.

Joe didn't tell you, but the Chancellor of the U. of California is going to be thru here Friday and wants to come by to see him. He has made or had made several contacts with Joe to see if he is interested in anything in California! Joe probably won't like it for me to say this for he is not a bit interested in a change...but it makes home folks appreciate him more.
if they know someone else is interested. I think El Paso would have a fit if Joe left for
everyone is so crazy about him and he is doing such a fine job!

With that "bragging" on my "oe, I guess I'd better stop!

Love to all,

[Signature]

Jillie
April 9, 1963

Dear Children -

This is bad and when I am less busy than I have ever been.

I have just left. She dropped in to say good bye. There is very little checking in the estate business - to be wound up in a day or two. Ray plans to move into his mother's house, but he has been so sweet to me - took us to Nashville one day. This morning after I had my hair done - looks terrible. We helped the boys dye Easter eggs. What is really true - they hindered us. After we spilled most of the dye and posted eyes and noses up side down and other such deformities we took them into the yard and hid ad

hunted. Such excitement! It was their first experience at setting activity. They had a craving for a great big lunch - braised steak - corn on the cob / salad - very good but too much.

Usually we have been going to the board in the house but this is broken up by going to Hanover to get my leaving tomorrow. She has to pay $500 a week while she is there or not. I am in favor of it for her when
I am not here. It gets her out and the food and the company are above middling.

The trip to Hanover was good. I was glad to be there again. Even with growth and change, it seemed familiar. One thing I got wrong about Hanover was that I did not call the number in the phone book which was the code she moved. All Sunday afternoon there was no answer—then Monday a sleepy voice answered— NOT homellas. That afternoon I called The Pennsylvania and we talked to her.

I am awfully worried about the breakneck pace you and Settie—Joe— and parse do slow down and soon. And Settie please stop threatening to drop out of the Robin for a few times. We need you. You and Sack were the faithfuls. Both of you add more to it than you know. This Robin was one of the high spots in his days. He was always eager to read it and to write in it. He lost patience with me when I was inclined to hold it up. So all of you keep putting in.

It is really fine when you—Joanna—write. I was glad to hear how you came out physically—also that you are feel—
Keep up the medication and keep better as possible. I am so anxious to see you and to have all these plans come to fruition. I hope you will be able to drive to S.R. for the last of May. I won't be back here in December. I lead in April 3rd if my plan works. My sofa is back here from December 3rd. It was under water, deep. Of course, I was under the sofa, seats, etc. G. D. Gilbert says I am getting worse. I have been in my room for the past two years and it seems to be the best thing for me. My speech is weary. I have to take a lot of water. I have a new head shaver that I use.
Mrs. Ruby MacDonald
c/o Mrs. Virginia Harman
1310 State Street
Bowling Green, Kentucky

Dear Ruby:

I am sorry I do not have time to write you a personal letter, but I must get off this note to you acknowledging receipt of the four $500 bonds and the stock certificate from the Putnam Fund. I will put them in the lockbox.

I am just home from five days away on a trip, and cannot even find time to simmer down. Love to you and Virginia.
Dear Edward, Joanna, Joe & Jettie:

Since Ruby and I are together this Robin you are the one we are writing to. Last night we returned from Louisville, where we spent the night at the Brown Hotel, had lunch with Jack’s boss, Margaret Berry, and got two pairs of glasses, or put the lens I got in New York in new frames and used those frames for sun-glasses, ground by prescription I have never had done. Joe Wilson always nags me to have some done by prescription, thinks I need them because he does, but he drives a lot in the sun. However, I did feel I should have done if I take in much of that Texas sun this summer. Ruby and I both got a cheap pr. of Keedettes to wear in Texas. We did very little other shopping, but I enjoyed the Louisville trip. I had not been to Louisville to spend the night for two or three years. Joanna and I stopped with Louelle on our way to Michigan last fall. We got there about noon Sunday, and called Lydia, or Ruby did, and we did not call Louella, thinking she would be home, until Monday morning, and then she tells us she did not leave Louisville that week-end. Lydia took us out to see Wesley Manor, and to see Ann, and she could have gone along had we known she was in Louisville. Louella didn’t seem to know any more about Ed Raye than we did, which is very little.

Joe told me off good about ever thinking about going to Wesley Manor, a Methodist Adult Age group plan, and a new building, way out past Okolona, one mile off the Bus stop, 5012 East Menilik Road. The building is new, and pastel coloring. In the central pentagon-shaped area there is an open court. Around this court is a 10 foot wide corridor. Around this corridor are located offices, chapel, craft shop, beauty and barber shop, dining room trading post and large lounge.

Three of the wings are residence wings, with a social-recreational room in the end of each. The other wing contains the kitchen, residence rooms, and the health center. Each residence room has a private bath. Joe Wiley says these homes are just for people who have no family, and I have enough family to keep me away from such places. To be frank I can live cheaper right here as long as I am active and able to be about, and like Bowling Green and Kentucky better than any state I have ever lived in, and as you know that is more than one. But we did enjoy the trip out there, and then went to see Ann Boyd, which was too much driving for Lydia, but she insisted that she enjoyed it as much as we did.

We are all going down to Nashville tomorrow to take Ruby to catch a plane to Odilles, Joe, Wilma and the boys. We plan to have dinner at the Air Port and start back before her plane leaves, as the boys will be sleepy and cross, and can sleep on the way back home.

Wilma’s sister, Jeannette Elkin, who works in Frankfort is getting married the 28th, and I will keep the boys while they go to the wedding, and then have this little old operation Dr. Graves thinks I should have. I will no doubt be in hospital ten days, and will make money on this operation. I have just had Blue Cross and Blue Shield reinstated, and collected over the bank payroll, and I am paying $6.00 a month to AARP and will make money on this operation. Dr. Graves says it is the slightest one I have ever had, a rupture in the rectum.

Ed, when do you plan to come for your furniture? I had expected you to take off just as soon as the snow was all gone, but seems you have been busy speaking. Ruby and I both read your speech, and she kept admitting it was a bit over her head, but I never did admit it. Mr. Cockrell who teaches Conservation at Western spoke at our DAR meeting last week, and wish I could have gotten it down in shorthand and sent it to you. He talked about the waste of the American people, forest fires, and how Smokey the Bear Signs had helped, and then told about another such advertising slogan soon to be put into effect "A CLEANER AND GREENER KENTUCKY" He said if we could do as well in all Conservation as with the Seals on Tribilof Island, we could feed our explosion population in 2000 A.D. The main shortages according to Mr. Cockrell will be Fresh Water and phosphorus. He gave figures on waste of water supply; one thing, enough Fresh Water was wasted in New York by leaky faucets to supply Bowling Green for a whole year.

Joe, it does seem to me that you and Jettie had both better be slowing down, and acting your age before you get there to last longer. That schedule Jettie quoted for you sounded just too much.

Ruby and I both are keen about the Texas trip, and plan now to swing it on our own, on what I save on operation, and Ruby maybe has hers. Let her tell you.

Love, Virginia.
Dearest Robins, Jr.!

Sally's and Scott's Robin letters were here when we got home Sunday night from Cloudcroft. It was good to hear from both of you. And I believe you will like the Robin idea. It is much fun to get, not too much trouble to write, in fact, it is FUN, and it is an easy way to keep in touch. I do hope the "in-laws" will write...all of us "in-law Rays" kinda formed a UNION for our own protection against the Rays, so Russell and Sharon might have to do that. We always put in so the others couldn't talk about us!!!!

I think it is a "good omen" that I'and Dad are starting ours on Scott's birthday. We can always remember now the day we started it. "Many Happy Returns," Scott. We hope to telephone you tonight. We have not had a chance to take advantage of this new rate of $1, for any place in the U.S. after nine P.M. And even tonight we may not, as 0 P.M.? here is 11 or 12 in N.Y. and too late to call.

Dad wanted me to tell you about our trip to Chihuahua City two weeks ago. I think I've written all of you about it...maybe not Scott. But I wrote all of you cards from there. It is a very pretty city and much cleaner and quite different from Juarez. I hope all of us can take an overnight trip down there sometime when you are here. I have plans already in my mind to take Judy and Toni down by the train when they are about four years old. Spend a week at the hotel around the swimming pool with them. Let Dad fly down for the weekend with us and then all of us fly back.

I'm also eager for all of us to get together at Cloudcroft. The Rays are still talking family reunion about the middle of August there. I do hope all of you can make it. I'm afraid Scott might not be able to, but we will see. One reason I was hoping for the Ft. Worth job, Scott, was so you'd more likely be able to come. We expect Aunt Ruby to be here before then and stay for a good visit. She can take care of Dad while I'm doing the camp!

Hope all of you had a nice Easter. I said while we were
working so hard Sunday that we would all be able to remember NEXT year what we did this year at Easter! I could imagine all of you dressed up in your Easter togs! Just wish I could have seen you! Hope to get some pictures!

We plan to go to Cloudcroft this coming week-end... in fact, we'll probably be going for the next five or six week-ends. We got a tremendous amount of things done this week-end, but we are far from the end. It will be very nice when we are finished and a wonderful place to meet and have fun. As your family grows you can have your vacations there.

I must get out on some chores. I'll send this to David.... He and Sharon write.... send to Sally for Sally and Russell to write and then they to Scott.... Scott back to us, if that is the way you want it and I guess it is as good as any. I had thought Scott would send to David, so as to get all of you first, since it should be YOURS, but by the time is gets here again, all of you will have written in it. When it comes back to you, take out the letter you had written the last time, I'd suggest saving them for in later years you'll enjoy re-reading them. If you want to leave them in, I'll take them out and save them for you for the time being.

Of course, I expect to write and hear from you "in between times"... this is just for EXTRA and those who won't write. So don't think you're going to get out of writing ME... it is mostly for you five and eventually six!

Love to all,

"Mom"

David and Sharon: Scott's new address is: 183 Hooper St., Brooklyn 11, N.Y., in case you don't have it. Now DO write David. Don't leave it ALL to Sharon. Tell us about your pigeons, job, self, Toni, etc.

Also, be sure and DATE your letters!
Dear Kids:

I like this Robin idea very much. You all know that our family in my generation have kept one going for over 35 years. It was here just the other day.

The thing about a Robin is that you must keep it going. If anyone keeps it lying around his place for more than a day or two, he loses track of time and the first thing he knows the other persons in the Robin get to wondering where it is, and they may have to write him to blast it loose. It's very simple if you just don't let it lie around for days that run into weeks and weeks that run into months. Make it a point to write soon. I am writing right now. For example, on time that I can hardly spare, but we don't want to keep the Robin any longer than necessary.

I wish it would be a good idea if David and Russell both wrote in the Robin. Russell hasn't written us one time, so far as I can remember, so I assume that he doesn't like to write. I know David is that way, but it won't hurt anyone to write a little note when the Robin comes by. Sharon and Sally, if your spouses won't write, then after a delay of a day or so, just send the Robin on.

Mom and I and the Smalls put in three full days over the Easter weekend at Cloudcroft. I never worked so hard in my life. All four of us worked the same way, and we had a boy of 16 working with us and a professional carpenter. The most of what we accomplished was to prepare for weatherstripping — that isn't the word, it's putting winterizing materials inside the walls and then putting up wallboard. We made amazing progress, but there is still so much work to be done that it is appalling. When it is all over, we will have a really fine cabin that will accommodate about 40 people. It will cost a great deal of money, but Mom spends it with a light heart when it's on a project that pleases her and is close to her heart. Dr. Small's and my biggest problem is to talk them, the two ladies out of spending all of our money and

all we have ever to have on supplies and materials.

After working like horses (and eating like hogs) for three days, and sleeping on cots that sauced so much in the middle that we couldn't straighten up in the morning, we came back from Cloudcroft by way of Las Cruces and ate Sunday night supper at 9:30 at La Casa. Mom and I are in real good shape — not stiff and sore because we got sore from the first day's work and worked it all out on the second and third days. I thought at the end of the first day that my right hand had fallen off, because I had used up all the muscles and strength I had in it.

I've got to stop this and get to work. I must meet a man in his office at twenty minutes after eight this morning, and it is now seven minutes after, and I have about 15 minutes of driving to do.

Lots of love to all. I'm much taken with this business of the Robin. I hope Mom will tell you all about our recent trip to Chihuahua City. I had to go down there on business and some of the ladies went along.

Love, Dad

Dad
Dear Folks,

I have held the Robin longer than is allowed by the unwritten law governing the Robin distribution, but I am finally getting it on its way.

Nothing much has happened recently, except that we have had another blast of winter. Fortunately it did not last long, but we have had two snows of three inches each. It soon melts. I think this certainly should be our last. We have had many days of warm weather.

As I am writing this Virginia is beginning her hospital stint with her operation. Hope she gets along O.K.

We still don't know where we will be next year. Jo is getting anxious to get set in a job. The Ann Arbor job is still hanging fire. She could get the head librarian's job at Ann Arbor H.S., but they are waiting to see what other teachers they will need before they will know if they will have a place for me in the same high school. Ann Arbor High is unquestionably the snazziest high school in the state. Jo would like the job.

I would like to write a text book for high school in conservation. There has never been a good one written. I have been urged by my friends to do this or give it a try. There is a big demand for such a book, and there is also money in it. If I can't get what I want now, we may move to Ann Arbor and I would write the book. A Canadian friend with whom I went to the Arctic would cooperate with me on the text book. There is also a big demand in Canada for this sort of thing. The book would have wide distribution there. He says the demand for such a book in Canada is great.

I am enclosing photographs for Jetty and Joe. I think the close up of Jetty is very interesting even if it is not too good. We'll try again, Jetty.

I just got around to mailing Thee Rays their prints. We will let you know when we decide something.

Love,

[Signature]
Dearest Junior Robin!

My! What fun to hear from ALL of you (except that Bum, David... and Russell) at once! And your letters were so GCCD!

Sharon, you are awfully nice to write for David. Otherwise, we would lose all touch of you. But David, you MUST write too. If not... Sharon... don't let him read our letters!... no write... no read! We just won't let HIM know what we are saying about him!

I know your yard is looking good, Sharon and Sally. And both of you are smart to get rid of the does for right now, anyway. When the children are older they need a pet worse. Right now, it is just like another child for you to take care of.

Sally, your social life sounds interesting. The "tea" should be nice. I imagine YOU had something to do with the swimming part so you could wear your new bathing suit that Mildred gave you for your birthday! The Y in Dallas has a swimming pool and they may have some class or group that you and Russell might join and swim after work one night a week or something.

Scott, you sound like us at Cloudcroft. We are working over the furniture that is there. We've bought foam rubber for new cushions. Going to recover them. Have made draw drapes for the living room. Last week-end the "boys" finished the wall board in the living room. I guess they are more than half thru with it in the "dorm" so we can soon straighten up the living and dorm rooms. We're going spray the wicker furniture... black, I think. It is amazing what a little soap, water, paint, etc. can do to furniture.

Dad has to go to Mexico again this week-end. Ray Small has a speech Friday night. They Smalls and I have a faculty dinner Sunday night, so our time at C. this week-end will be cut short. I plan to go up Friday afternoon after school is out and take the high school
boy who is going to be our "handy boy" this summer who is helping us on week-ends. Dollee may go with me, if not, she and Ray will probably come early Sat. morning and we'll get all we can done in one day, then come home early Sunday.

I don't think we are working too hard. The first three week-ends nearly killed us, but I guess we are getting used to it for this past Monday I felt good for the first time on Monday. It has been taking me about Wed. or Thurs., before I felt like I was going to live!

Scott, we'll call you one of the evenings just to take advantage of this $1.00 rate after nine P.M. Actually, it might be better for you to call us...collect...for 9 P.M. your time would be 7 ours...6...if you have gone on Daylight time and I think you have.

We called Ruby Sunday night. She is back in Bowling Green with Aunt Virginia. Virginia had some surgery this past Monday, so we called again last night to see how she was getting along. She is fine, Ruby said. Ruby will go to Pa., via Michigan to see Ed in about two weeks. She thinks she will get here around the first week in July. We hope she will stay until after Christmas.

David, you must allow a few days to come over if we have the family reunion. Uncle Ed says he can come and of course, Ruby and Virginia will. Probably one or two of Uncle Brown's sons...the one in Richardson that you met, Sally and maybe his brother in Tenn. If you'll come, David, after camp and reunion...I'll come up and help you paint, varnish, paper or anything on your house! And you know I'm an expert!

Scott, the "Bravo" magazine arrived and we were pleased to see "Scott Ray" in so many places. I'll keep it to show the Others when they are here to save postage. Hope the off-Broadway show does all right and that the one in Rochester develops.

Guess this is about all for now. Dad is about ready to go to his office and I want him to take the Robin, write in it today and get it on its way! Keep up the good work!

All our love, "Mom"
Dear Kids:

I'm with Mom in her expression of pleasure in the Junior cabin. This is about the only way that widely scattered families can stay together and keep track of one another.

Mom seems to have told you all the news - but I guess she still has to give you from her point of view. What she doesn't tell is that I work at that dang camp every weekend that isn't taken for one of other things. I haven't had a day of relaxation or rest in over two months and I haven't seen a ballgame on TV this spring - you can't get TV in Cloudcroft except with a special aerial which we don't have - I know you kids can hear the old man bitching about having to work so hard.

The truth is, though, that I've just lately learned that you have more fun working than you do sitting around at a camp. We painted the Salado cabin with the Hookers last summer and had a wonderful time. I think the Cloudcroft
Cabin is going to be something we will all be proud of and can use as the years go on. We're fixing it up real pretty for more than is needed. I hope everyone can come for the reunion. Anybody who wants gasoline money to come just forward.

Shalom, don't worry about what to write. Just cut loose and tell us about Toni and David and your new curtains or whatever. One good rule is to say something no matter what in your letter directly to each of the others in the Robin - do I'll do this: David, add something to the Robin, if no more than a line or two. Nothing is more important to a man than the people who love him and a few scrawled words don't hurt anyone. Sally, that tea stuff seems quite fancy. You're going socialite on us. Remember we're plain folks and get to feeling self-conscious among high society people. And tell us more about Judy. Tell the Robin folks what you wrote mom and me about the tiger she saw in the zoo. Russell, you write us a little in the Junior Robin, too. Sure enough, we need solid guys like you and David to help do keep our
feet on the ground. Tell us about your daughter and your high society wife. Scott, I'm delighted at the prompt way you sent the Robin to Mom and me. Remember, the Robin goes from here to Amarillo to Dallas (Duncanville) to Brooklyn. That means that fall is the one above all going to need an accurate address for you in case you are away on the road, so she can send the Robin to you wherever you are.

I'd better knock this off and get to work. I'm writing this on my lunch hour, but I haven't eaten yet.

Mom's really missing chances to see the babies. Looks like her hectic summer will keep her tied down until late summer.

Lots of love to you all

Dad
Chilliw,

We have been as busy as three-legged dogs with fleas and have kept the Robin enticed too long. This Cloudcroft cabin is taking every weekend that is available, which means every weekend for Jettie + everyone I know when I’m not out of town elsewhere. Last weekend I went to Mazatlan and Culiacán on the west coast of Mexico for the celebration of the nineteenth anniversary of the University of Sinoloa. At the cabin we’re painting & building up a storm. It begins to look now as if there won’t be enough girls to keep the camp going all eight weeks as planned, so for this summer, at least, I won’t have the two full weeks alone in El Paseo and Jetie won’t have such a hard summer and will be somewhat rested up when you all get here for the reunion.

Jetti slept until 8:30 this morning, took a nap this afternoon, & is now at 8:30 p.m. making talk about going to bed. Part of her mother’s day was to talk to the kids — we couldn’t get Sally because she doesn’t have a telephone but we reached David on Saturday from Cloudcroft — he was o.k., Sharon was working & Toni was at her Grandma Boyd’s. Bighorn affairs seem to be progressing except that the very best one that went out on the last flight didn’t get back — a shame.
Then when we got home on Sunday night, we'd just sat down to supper when Scott called. Things go well in New York, too. I think employment is holding up and the summer seems assured. I'm sure Jethie will send along a copy of the picture of Sally and Judy in the El Paso Times on Mother's Day. Judy is a lot bigger girl than the picture shows, but you got to admit this is a good picture.

I'm getting real keyed up about the reunion. So glad you can come, Ed. Wish you could arrange it so that Em could come on the way back to California. Joe, I hope coming down here won't be disruptive of your plans for the summer.

Ginnah, we got Ruby's card saying you were home and doing all right. Also that Chester Traylorhead is delivering the commencement speech on the hilltop. Is he still at the U. of New Mexico? Glad you got through the ordeal O.K. This July, hope you get in a visit to Possumtown. There's good folks to visit with. Keep us posted on your travels.

Love to all of you

Joe
Tuesday morning, May 14, 1963.

Dearest Robins;

Before I start anything this morning, I'm going to get the Robin ready to put in the mail when I go out at ten o'clock! It came a week ago this past Friday. Joe was in Mexico and since he has been back has been so busy there just has not been a time he could write. I do believe this is the very longest we have ever kept it. I told him yesterday that if we did not get a letter written, we should just put in a note and send it on. But we were home last night and he was not too tired to write, so it looks like we will make it after all!

The week-ends at Cloudcroft do knock a big hole in our time for personal activities, but in some ways they are good for Joe, I think, for they get him out of town away from the telephone and his job. I'll be glad when we can go up there and he can get in his hammock and relax!

As Joe told you, it looks like we will only operate the camp two sessions of two weeks each. So that will put us out by the middle of July. So the reunion could be any time after July 16th. Let us have some opinion as to the best time to set. I want to write Jim Ed. and Billy as soon as I can so they may cancel plans to come. I still wish
Joe, Wilson and Wilma would drive out and bring their kids and Virginia. If Virginia is not already here, and leave her for a good long visit. Ruby talked like Louise might drive out and bring Lucille and Aunt Hettie. I hope they will do it. We want everyone to feel free to come... but I'll write them too, as soon as we can settle on a date. I guess, really, Ed and Joanna are the ones who should say what date is most convenient for them for the rest of us can arrange our time anytime! So, say when you want to come, Ed. Hope Emily can be with us. Also, would be wonderful if Babs and her family could come. A Western trip might appeal to them and of course, we'd love to have them. You know most of us have not met, Bill; at least, I have not.

We're planning on Sally and David and their families being with us. I'm going to keep Judy a few weeks after they are here and then Ruby and I will drive her down to Dallas for a few days. We're looking forward to all of the visits so much. We're working hard now, but when all of you get here we are going to SIT and TALK!

Glad Virginia's operation is over and that she will soon be able to SIT well, too!

Love to all, Letter
Dear Children —

My plans to get this off yesterday was interfered with, book at the end of that sentence — "up with which I will not put".

The letters were good. I am so proud of this Robin. No small part of its success has been due to the faithfulness of Jettie and Jack. I always waited for his so I could have the last word which was my privilege. Then he usually corrected my spelling.

I'm getting awfully interested in the reunion especially our generation. Of course we won't the second generation but some of them like Joe Wilson can't afford such a trip physically or financially. I am spreading the news. Have written Brown but as usual no answer. I will write to them again from Shippity Rock. Whatever time we set I'm going to El Paso before the last two weeks of August! All of you write Aunt Hettie and Lucille. Aunt Hettie is not well — but very plucky, honise Richards is willing to drive. Lucille is the one holding it up— money maybe. She is very grieved and I think now with the end of school. We'll have the reunion — size unknown.

Ed — I don't really mind the confusion of mon -
ing but am afraid I'd be an extra burden to them. I feel so much better that I might help. My plans now are to go to Slippery Rock on May 23rd, house and Clint and I want to do some planting in the cemetery before Decoration Day.

This trip has been a good one. I've loved being with family here and Odille in Atlanta. Odille is not any better. She suffers with her back and her constant digestive trouble. I doubt if she can ever be better. While I was there, Martine and her husband Wm. McRae came and took me out in high society and then to their house. She is in real estate and loves it. He is with one of the big airplane cos. which is making a huge jet cargo plane. I was impressed but understand only a little of it. Their thirteen year old daughter is lovely. I gathered from the tone of Dunt Buley's conversations as I came through Nash, that the Nash Bunches don't think too well of Martine's high living. Both Martine and Marcelle are striking women. I haven't seen Betty Ann.

Another thing I enjoyed here was the House and Garden Tour. One afternoon I was a hostess at Lewis Jrs. His place is fabulous. He has a talent for pulling everything in the world together without creating chaos. At least that is my opinion.

I saw the Scottsville Rays too. Theo has moved the bodies from the family grave yard to a regular cemetery and has sold the farm. He can't include what was the old cemetery until he has a statement from all heirs saying they won't ever want to be buried there. Va and I will send you all a paper to sign soon.

Love, Ruby
Dear Every Blessed One of You:

I am stealing a march on Miss Ruby, writing the Robin before she mentions it or starts goading me into it. I can't get by her very long, however; she just passed my typewriter, and said "Good for You! I'll do mine also, and we can get it off before noon.

My operation is almost a thing of the past, and another part of my anatomy has been made over, new, and as far as I can tell is almost perfect; so much better than the condition I was putting up with, and I am glad I had the operation. Ruby has been wonderful, standing by and doing more than she should, but during it all she has painted two pictures, one for Louise Thomas Richards, of fruit in our Grandmother's bread tray, propped up with two gal. brown jug. Also one of Aunt Hettie's window in living room looking out on road, a tree and blooming locust tree. We have been out to dinner nearly every Sunday since she has been here, two Sunday dinners at Jacksonian at Scottsville, and Louise has invited us to go again Sunday before Ruby leaves. And when she does leave they all will drop me like a hot potato.

Joe Wilson pulled all the lamiens in his back and has a slipped disk playing the good Samaritan in three-car collision on his corner of the street, lifting a bumper off a wheel, and has been in the hospital four days, but is home today, and will be back at work Monday.

We have been busy keeping the children, and going to hospital begging more food for Joe who just couldn't get enough to eat.

Ruby is outside painting on Aunt Hettie's window, and so many admirers can't paint for talking. She has helped my prestige no end with her painting and renewing acquaintance with all college retired people. The only member of my family this town has known since I have lived here has been brother Will B. and his crooked dealings have given us much criticism and some trouble. This member of the family I never hear from, not a word about my hospital sojourn. Right here, I thank you all for all the get-well cards I got while in the hospital. I enjoy those cards more than flowers, although I had plenty of flowers even though I did ask everybody to please send on flowers.

Ruby has also changed my Den around, put the dining table in end of den looking into living room, and does look better than the couch did. She has designed large mess wire, ½ wire mess divider to put on top of waiste high book shelves dividing den and kitchen, which we don't know just how it will look yet, as not yet up.

I forgot to tell you Ruby painted my old typewriter desk Red while I was in the hospital, and when Marchelle was here she said every home to be modern had one painted piece of furniture either red, green or yellow. Her husband Rodger Glenn is a furniture salesman, and she goes to furniture conventions with him. Marchelle is the finest of the girls, visits the sick, and works all the time doing for the needy, and has such a nice husband and two teen-age sons. Ruby can tell you about Martine, as she visited them while in Atlanta. Marchelle says Betty Ann is the prettiest and the smartest one of the family. She has finally divorced her husband and is going with a lawyer there in Nashville I believe they said. I haven't seen Aunt Aullie since John's funeral, but she always sends a beautiful standing wreath and comes to all of funerals of Daddo's family. They got real mad at me not letting them know so they could send flowers to Jack's funeral. The Thomas estate has not yet been settled. John's two children bid in the old Thomas part of the farm, and doubt if they can scrape up enough money to pay off, and they were just trying to raise the bid on Roy, and had it knocked off on them. Jeff bought Aunt Kate's home place, and Roy and Ruby have moved over there, and seem so happy fixing it up. Roy may buy that from Jeff or go in with Jeff. Jeff's wife has a modern little cottage on highway to Scottsville, and does not want to move over there. She always has two teen-age sons who help Jeff with the farming of her farm. Rhena and Elizabeth bit off the biggest chew when they bid in the St Thomas part of the farm, and I doubt if they can scrape up enough money to pay for that. Keep the Elm St. home, and keep the Finney Farm on Lover's Lane Aunt Kate had deeded to them. John's daughter, Joe Anne said she wished she had never heard of the farm and that they would donate it to some orphans home or something. The one of John's sons who really has the money to buy it would have no part of it. Said he did not tell them to bid it in for him, and he did not want it.

The rain ran Miss Ruby in, and she is painting away in the bed-room, not a very good light either.

My only ambition was to write to the bottom of this page, and almost there. The picture of Sally and dau was really beautiful, so hope we see the grandchildren there. The picture of Sally and dau was really beautiful, do hope we see the grandchildren there.

As of now I think I can come and PAY my travel, but only for two weeks, if and when I find out when Ed and Joanna will be there, and that will be if and when I will play to come by plane I think now. Doubt if Lucille and Aunt Hettie will come. I believe I could make it by car or either bus if I get doctors approval.

Love, Virginia.

Bowling Green, Ky.
May 17, 1953.
Monday afternoon.

Dear mom,

After all of our telephone calls there isn't much to write.

But I do want to send John's letter on for you to see and decide which colors you want. Then rewrite John which you want.

From Andy's letters it looks like we must have a reunion. I guess we might as well invite David & Sharon to come anytime after the 15th of July that suits them.

We close camp the 15th but unless Kelly needs me in Dallas I plan to stay here until then. The 15th. We have rented the lodge to a group of young people at a Baptist Church in Dallas from the 15th - 14th for $0.00. We'll stay until they get here. The morning of the 15th.
Sorry I can't be there Wed. night. I'm sure everything will go well. I hope to see you Saturday Am. I doubt if I can get away until after lunch.

It was good to see Sally for the few minutes. I'm sure her visit with you was good for her. I feel awfully sorry for her but much of it is her own doing. Maybe she'll learn something from the experience regardless of the best course. Russell will never make a decent living & it may be he has decided the wants out of the responsibility of a wife & baby.

I've felt terrible all week about Sally's troubles. But now glad I'm back the rain & the rain - especially I'd probably decided to Amherst & well + think she made the move we can at least the letter far Sally & all of us.

Much love, Daddy
You can see by this Ruby remedied my letter, and what happened to the lost letter she scribbled on. I bet, was Audrey took it home for Brown to read, and she will find it later.

I can see now it is best for her to move to Louise, because she can do no wrong in Ruby's eyes, and she is happier there than here; Louise passed a daily cocktail, and I don't partake. Could be she is addicted to one a day, and Jack always had one before suppers kept and then ate. She says she has the house and furniture wanted. Louise, and there it should be.

I write now all over that letter to Joe. Ed and me and they were here last week and you had a good time. Audrey as year of the world and they have brought her some fresh eggs.

I have been good to leave her - she does most like trips. Audrey as year - she does most in this affair. I write not to set it housekeeping here. He wouldn't make it, and I think Joe told you,
took us all to New Wilmington to dinner that evening. Mabel had them for Sunday dinner.

I was not near as tired as I expected to be. I don't go to A's class if I don't feel like it.

When I talked to Ed and Joanna about two weeks ago they hadn't decided where they were going to be next year and were doubtful that they would get to Texas. I talked after Joe did and have heard nothing since. Are you going if they don't? I think I shall.

The pictures were good - too much light. Can't you control the outside light?

I do like my apartment and love having company.

I started a thing about the Bay grove yard last night - sent it to Ed after Brown and I had signed. He will send it to Joe and Joe to you.

Love

Ruby
Chilwara:

Jettie wrote her Robin letter two days ago and told me not to press her on me to get mine done, so here goes.

This is Sunday morning and I am lying in the sun in the back yard, taking my first sunbath of the year. I usually am baked brown by this time of year, but I can find time for such doings only on the weekends, and all my weekends since the first of March have been taken up either with trips out of town or up at Cloudcroft working at the cabin. This weekend we could not go to Cloudcroft because of the reception for the seniors' Friday evening and Commencement Saturday evening - last night Jettie did her usual bang-up job on the reception, and the Commencement went fine. Our speaker was our old friend, Phil Hoffman, President of the University of New Mexico. We had a board member present this time for the Commencement, the first time ever, I think; Dr. Frank Connally, a physician from Alcova, the wife, and their 16-year-old son, arrived Friday afternoon. We had a dinner for them Friday before the reception and Saturday before the Commencement - ate out too. Miss Jettie wouldn't have to slave out when daylight to overfeeding them. Jettie devoted all day Saturday to giving the Connallys a tour of Juarez, I think they enjoyed the visit very much. They drove out and are driving back today. This morning Mrs. Jettie is cooking us, getting over the ordeal at last, We plan to go up to Cloudcroft next Thursday, where I
will stay until Sunday night and I think Jetti and Dolly Small are going to stay on through for the Camp, which starts on June 15. We will have a week alone at home and will be taken on a few trips to Austin on business, so it won't be too bad. As Jetti has probably already written in the letter, the decks will be cleared for the Reunion any time after July 15. (I had Jetti standing in the kitchen so she apparently didn't nap this morning. I can't write any more here in the sun because I've already baked enough in my stomach and can't write lying on my back. I'll continue in a later letter).

Two days later, at the office. Apologies for holding up the phone, but I can't seem to get everything done.

We are much set up over your coming for the Reunion. Only come on early if you can. You are, I would imagine, less organized in community activities than Virginia is - I'll be alone and Jetti is gone to Clumberton and could use your company. Virginia, if you need some dough to meet Ed somewhere - say at Lewis - on his way here, I'll foot the bill. Ed, you're gonna let us know as soon as you can. I'll have to get out letters to David, Sally, Bill, Jim Ed & others as soon as the dates are set so they can plan to come too.

Love to all

Gramma, I kept only the letter since it was written from B. H. & you doubtless saw it.
June 3, 1963

Mr. Joe A. Ray  
c/o Will B. Ray  
Route L  
Jerusalem, Ohio

Dear Joe:

Attached is another supply of stamps and postmarks. I hope you and Glen are getting a good collection.

Things go pretty well here. Your Aunt Jettie is working like a horse to get our cabin in Cloudcroft, New Mexico ready for the Ray Reunion, which will come some time between June 15 and August 15. I sure wish your entire family could come and be with us. Cloudcroft is high in the mountains, and very beautiful. We have a big cabin, big enough to sleep about forty people. I know it is a very long way from Ohio, and I am fearful that you all cannot come, but I wish you could.

Please give our very best to your brothers and sister and your parents.

Sincerely,

Uncle Joe
June 3, 1963

Dear Robin,

Well, things are about the same here. I've been busy with auditions, and am very hopeful of one of them. I am up for the new David Merrick show, which Agnes de Mille is choreographing. It is called "110 in the Shade" and is a musical version of the play "The Rainmaker." It is for chorus but I understand I am also being considered for the understudy of the young brother. Of course, anything can happen, so I am trying not to get too hopeful about it. Anyway, until I know definitely about it, I am not.
taking any other job—so consequent-ly I have lost out on several summer stock things which were offered to me. If I get the show I would go into rehearsal the last of July, opening in N. Y. the last of Oct. I also had an audition for Richard Rodgers' casting director for the new Rodgers - Alan Jay Lerner show, but it was just a preliminary audition, so I may or may not hear something from them later on.

Am enclosing photo program and the two worst reviews of "Utopia"—(Forget it).

"The dog" is named Boston, is a schnauzer, and belongs to Duane, my roommate. She is
Delightful, and we have become fast friends. I hope our new friendship endures.

I did not get the Rochester job, but there have been so many other auditions that I wasn't too disappointed.

Sally, my new address is 183 Hooper St., Brooklyn 11, N.Y. You sent this Robin to 56 St. Also, you only put 54 postage on it, which is never enough. It will always take at least 2 stamps, and I'm putting three on this one just to make sure. Because of the program & clippings, I'm nice to see a sample of everyone's handwriting in this thing. Hope it continues.

Sally, you can take the reviews and program out when this thing
gets to you. I don't want the reviews and I have other programs.
Anyway, as of now it looks like I will be in N.Y. at least part of the summer. Then I know one way or the other about the DeMille show. I will be able to make more definite plans.

Well, I guess that's it for now. Maybe I'll have news on the show soon.
Big hugs for Toni & Judy. Hello to David and Russell.
Sharon, your job sounds like it's going to give you & David a nice bank account. Hope it continues as well (money-wise).

Much love,

Scott
Dear Ruby:

I am relieved to learn that you are not doing very much, mostly putting, but remodeling your bathroom to equal some we saw on the garden tour does not sound like putting, and I worried about your painting woodwork, and having a heart attack way off up there with nobody to make you go to a hospital.

I had a bad dream about your dying up there, and Joe and were arguing about burying you up on that hill where they put Jack, and Joe was going through with your orders to cremate, and I was so hurt over it. In my dream I wanted you buried beside me, as there was more plot there, and Joe Will would never want it. Well, that was just a dream, maybe brought on by worrying about you painting woodwork. As I have told you before you will no doubt outlive me, and Joe Ray will be the one to decide all such problems.

I still do not have my strength back, but it has been only a month.

I walked down to Chee Johnson Studio, just three blocks yesterday morning with the boys to have pictures made, took a rest, never did have time to go to sleep as Mary Jayne called, and wanted me to go with her at four to look for a picture for her living room, and a lamp shade for her kitchen lamp. Then we walked all around the square looking for lamp shades; she dropped me at apartment, and Wilma and grandsons were waiting for me to take me out to Cardinal Inn to eat and we walked there, corner of college and 12th, they were closed and we walked on to White Tray up 12th st. two blocks, and on home. I was so tired, I ached all over, and went to bed at seven o'clock, was asleep by 8:30, and feel tired still this morning. I am going to DAR Luncheon tomorrow, Lucille taking Louise, and I am taking Wilma.

Another foolish thing I did was iron and put up those rose colored draperies Joe and Wilma had in their Oabel Drive house, and they looked so washed out or made the room look so washed out I took them down the next morning. If you want them for your apartment, I put them in a box, and could mail them to you. I probably never will use them in the bed-room where you thought I should put them. They are only 7 feet long and pull out to only 8 feet, which may not be wide enough for your windows.

I have heard nothing from Ed and Joanna, but take it from your letter they will be here after July 15th, and I can go with them, which will be quite a treat. Louise says she is going to back out on her offer to take us, because she may not be physically able to drive that long hot trip. She decided this the day we had such a hot day.

I am sending you two letters of Odille's, and I was not aware I was doing any pressuring you to make Bowling Green your home. I did send her and Althea a copy of my first short letter to you telling about Althea calling and finding out what she wanted to know without talking. I understand why you will not move from there while Neil lives, and why it is best. Did Louise ever move the furniture out of her living room, and did you put down your rugs for that messy little dog to wet on? You must have painted your bathroom PINK with a dressing table, and all. Tell me about it. I am glad that Pete has a job for the summer; I know you feel freer to go up and down steps without seeing him sitting facing the stairs.

I am enclosing a card from Jettie, and she certainly does not owe me a gift for doing well in hospital; she sent so many cards and letters, and so did Joanna. I am not planning to buy any clothes for El Paso, as at camp I am sure we will not need stylish ones. I had thought of buying a white, large bag, but may wait until we go to Mexico to get one there.

My insurance paid off pretty well, Blue Cross, Blue Shield paid all but $38.00 at hospital, and $65.00 on Surgery, which was $150.00. Dr. Graves usually charges $250.00. Then I got a check from AARP for $100.00 paying $10.00 a day on my hospital room. They still owe the surgeon, and I am making extra claim. Looks now like I will just about come out even with nothing left over as I have been counting on, but that was pretty good. If Ed plans to come by here, I now think you should come back here and go with us in his car, when did Ed say he was coming?
Texas Western College
of The University of Texas
12 June 1936

at El Paso

Dear Kids (or Mom at Claudercot):

I have had the cabin for two days now. Since I got home from Claudercot late Sunday night, and I am off now on Wednesday getting around to writing my letter sending it on to Mom. I got about all of the handyman and above work I could take in that process and I am real glad to be back at home doing a kind of work I can do much better than that and, in the doing which I take infinitely greater satisfaction. The cabin is beginning to look really good and I don’t know when I’ve ever seen Mom getting much a boost out of anything.

We still don’t know when the Roy Reunion will be held in Claudercot, because we were waiting on Uncle Ed to decide when he can come and he is moving to Ann Arbor and we don’t have a phone number for him. I plan tonight or tomorrow night to call his daughter Barbara Sutton in Leduc-
ton, Michigan to find out how to get a call to him. I’ll get the word around as soon as I can.

I am enclosing a clipping of a newspaper...
picture of President Kennedy when he was recently in El Paso, with a chef showing the President a cake he had baked. You can see the rocking chair and the P.T. coat; the cake showed many things. Mom and I were standing by the cake as the chef took the President around it to show it. As the came close, Mom whispered to me “I’m going to touch him!” You can see her between the chef and the President. They took the picture as she raised her white gloved to pat his back. That’s the side of my head over the chef’s shoulder. You can see Mom’s face is becoming. She later got to shake hands with him.

Russell, thanks for writing in the PM. How do you react to the business of your high society wife, going to teas and such? How’s your job going? I was much impressed when we were there in March with the staff you were learning about cars. One day you’ll be a real pro mechanic.

David, thanks for your letter, too. Looks to me as if you’ll discourage the other pigeon fanciers if you continue to take all the prizes. Glad you are planning to come to the Royal Reunion. Mom r I are both about to bust for wanting to see Tony Jean. It’s been months, but the Clandescoft thing has had us both tied down. It will continue until the middle of July. After that, you
can look at least for now to make a visit to Amarillo.

Sharon, I think you do well in keeping us informed as what goes on among even three important people in Amarillo. Keep encouraging David to add a note in the Robin.

Sally, I hope you & Russell can come to the reunion. Let me know if you can come. Write directly rather than in the Robin, because it might take the Robin some little time to get around, and I need to be in direct touch.

Scott, it's a little bit jolting to see the viciousness of the reviews of "Utopia." How long did it run? Hope you get what you want soon.

It's lonely here without you, but this doing what she wants very much to do, and I've had long schooling in adjusting trips to girls' camps, and I'm greatly relieved at last to be through with the trips to Cloudcroft, so I guess I can live alone until old gal gets home.

Incidentally, the old man took a series of medical tests not long ago. The doctor said, "So far as we can tell, you're a healthy man." I'm in real good shape. Love to you all, and kiss the babies for Grandpa & Poppa.

Dad
Dear Children -

I found this paper in the files of Jack's writings that I have been keeping. It was before we were married that he was Slippery Rock's first Rotary president.

I was of course very glad to get the robin - but since then I have snowed and slightly bushes! I am better now! What bushes me is getting on the side walk in front of the house to wait for my ride to college. I am sure I have told you that I was planning to take Althea's course in Reading as a refresher. It is that and I love being with her. She is a great teacher - lots of instruction and a grand sense of humor. I have only two more weeks of it. I only audit so no papers to do.

When the robin came I called Brown because I just about had enough room cleared for them to sit. house and I both
was some things we thought they might use. More are things that have never been moved from here. He is going to bring a trailer. I asked them to come this week-end. I also wanted news of them for the Robin. After I hung up they called back and said Audrey hopes to have three more hours on her certificate if she teaches next year. This would be the best time if there was a course she could take. She and Brown came the next day and she registered in an American History course. She is worried and thinks she may not pass. There is a lot to do in just three weeks but I think she will make it. She is working hard and helps me too. Our classes go from eight to twelve with an hour's coffee break. So our afternoons are free.

Brown came for her Friday afternoon and brought the children. They are nice and so well behaved. I enjoyed them. Sylvia is coming with her mother next week. We wish you were here, Virginia, so we could get you in a class. They are delighted with their Farm and Par once not married. After this stint they are going to finish the remodeling they are doing themselves. They will spend the rest of the summer enjoying it and freezing garden vegetables. They have also dug a pond whil
has been filled to lake size with all the rain we have been having. I don't think the water table here can be too low. Anyway the pond is clear and big enough to swim in. When I made that telephone call last Monday I didn't expect to have this much to tell. I am sending this to Roscommon. I think you and Joanne will be there. Ed. I just don't know what stage of the flight you will be in—poised in the air or settled. I know you will be glad when you know. And we will be glad to know if we are having the reunion this year— at Christmas or next year. I think I'll go anyway and just wait until you all get there. I could wear my welcome out.

We have been hoping Odille will come to Slippery Rock while Bittle is here but I am afraid she won't feel like it. She is having some trouble with dizziness. She is going to Tamaqua for a month and maybe after that she will feel better. She and Virginia have a campaign on to move me to Bowling
Green. I do want to spend most of my time there but I am also glad to be home. This little place is a delightful and I have such good friends and I have such good friends. My apartment is attractive now that the wood work is painted white and my own furniture in it. Last Sunday I had Nell and Allie and dinner and enjoyed it. Wilde and Joe Lund are coming next weekend and I am going to have them for breakfast and I Will. I think I shall have fresh strawberries, baked grits, sausage (Curley Martinis) and fried apples. Then Allie is going to take us all to dinner at New Wilmington that evening.

I am sorry there is so much about me in the letter. Rebecca's school is out and she is funny nice. Pete retired. I doubt if it was under pressure - probably got drunk and quit and they worked it out that way. He is sixty and got a very small pension but has a summer job at the Bay Scout Camp taking care of the pool. He has not been drinking since I have been back - maybe no money.

If you all came as homesick for Cold, craft and El Peso as I am you would start.

Love, Ruby
Sunday night
June 16, 1963

Dear Junior Robin!

While I have a few minutes I'll get my final letter written.

This is the big day! Camp Cloudcroft has begun with a BANG! The girls started arriving about 12:30. The train came in at 3:45 via bus from Amarillo, a total of 47, less than we had hoped for but all around 11-12. very cute & agreeable.

And a good size working group. I think we will have fun. They, the two counselors & Miss Small have gone on a walk around Cloudcroft. I'm feeling a few minutes to get my breath & be on hand if the soap needs to be changed.
anything.
We have a wonderful day and almost as many staff as campers!

I'm sorry to go on so long about the camping. I don't hope you are interested. I'm sure it was for all of you to see it. Scott best hope he won't recognize it after all our changes.

Your letter were just grand! And I'm no grand of David and Russell for wanting you both if you see how easy it is! So keep up the good beginning.

All of the letters are really very wonderful. I'm re-read them twice! I'm hoping all will hear from all of you.
individually while I'm here.

Scott, we'll hold positive thoughts for the Merrick
show.

We'll keep in touch
with all of you about the
Ray reunion. We should
be able to set a date soon
so I can + Russell can
arrange to get off. It looks
like it might be around the
21st of July. We're hoping
Aunt Ruby will be to DC by
then to keep Dad
company.

I know we won't know
Judy + Louise, but we're as
anxious to see them. They
should be able to remember
us after this visit.

Don't worry about either
of us working too hard.

The high altitude slowed
and down—and I
thrive on hard work? I found I had a better time since we worked on the old house on 2-3! But the worst of this is over - we are about ready to cut back and engage our selves - especially with our family! Scott, we'll keep you up on our activities & wish & think of you all of the time. I must stop. The girls are due in soon as we get them settled down. I'll go out this is the mail. Keep up the good record! It is such fun to hear from all of you at once!

All my love,

Mary
Dear Joe and Settie—

Please send this on to Settie—I just don't have time to write two letters.

This summer school class is pushing me more than I thought it would even though I am only auditing and am doing very little reading. I am glad Audrey is here and that Sylvia is this week. I explained in the family letter about Audrey's being here. I also said they can't come to Texas for financial reasons and that they need to work on their house and farm. This term will be over June 29th. I have enjoyed having it with Althea. She will stay on until the last of August.

I am almost giving up on getting anyone but me out there. When I talked to Ed and Joanna about two weeks ago I thought
they were a little disturbed about not being 
settle. And I think to question them about it 
may not help their state of mind. Obviously sit-
nuations are not turning up as fast as they 
expected. I don't see how they can 'take-
off' right before or right after they know 
what they are going to do. May be they could 
come Christmas. When I talked to them, they thought they might not even get to KY. this 
summer. Now that I have got us all 
disturbed about this - something may pop 
and all may be smoothed out. I am ex-
pecting to hear from Barbara. They want me to 
keep the furniture of mine they want for a 
little longer.

I like my apartment better all the time - also 
being in Slippery Rock. I've done about all I 
am going to do to it now - built a closet in 
the bedroom and painted woodwork white. 
There are many things I will not unpack yet.
Louise's school is out but she is staying in Pittsburgh this week with Susan and Judy so Ben can play golf on the lake. When she comes home she expects to store and some of these things that are in the second floor dining room. I can come to Texas July 21st but would prefer to come the 1st of August.

Love

Ruby
Sat., June 22

Dear Robin,

I'm in Amarillo now and fixing to head to El Paso for a vacation as I'll write up here.

I've been staying with David & Sharon while up here. We have had lots of fun. That Toni is really a doll. She can talk real well and plays alone real well. I get a big kick out of her.

Well, Scott. Things sound pretty hectic in New York. Sure old
I hope a job comes in for you soon. I'm sure something will come up soon. After all, you have been looking for quite a while.

It sure has been hot up here. But at least it's not humid like it is in Dallas. That Dallas weather is for the birds. All you do is drip from the time you wake up till the time you go to bed. It's awful. I don't remember any town being that bad.

Well, guess I'll close now. I really don't have too much to say.

Love to all.

Sally
June 22, 1963.

Dear Joe & Ed; & Ruby:

Answering your letter of June 14th, Joe, any date would suit me, but I had planned to come with Ruby, and now that Audrey is with her going to Summer School think she cannot leave until the Summer School is out, and ours here is out the 10th of August. She had planned to take the first part of the course and leave around the 1st-15th or middle (I mean of July).

Joe, you were so right urging Ruby not to set up housekeeping at Slippery Rock, but she has done just that. Being the oldest she can take advice from nobody, especially not her baby brother. Having experienced a lot myself, I can foresee just what she is in for, and that it is going to cost her plenty.

I think now I will come by train leave B. G. at 1:55 Memphis 8:00 P.M., leave 8:30 P.M. Fort Worth 9:30 A. M. Leave 10:05 A.M. El Paso 10:45 P.M., round trip $83.60. Ruby did write that she planned to help me with side trips, but doubt if she has enough for her own side trips when she finishes with this summer school. Train is just about $50.00 cheaper than Plane, but about $15.00 more than Bus, and I am afraid of Bus because of Freedom Riders.

I am saving my money, and think I will have enough to come on my own, and pay the $38.00 hospital and $65.00 balance on surgery after I come back. After all the insurance paid enough to wait for the balance.

Love,

Virginia.
June 24, 1963

Dear Daddy,

Well, I made it back all right. The bus ride was pretty nice. We ate supper at Van Horne.

Butch met me at the station—

with Judy. I was so glad to see her. We talked quite a bit last night without yelling or screaming. It helped some, but we both decided to try harder— for our sake as well as Judy. We've been together so long that we would really be lost without each other too.

About the money. We talked that over also. Daddy, I know that you can't ask by any means but if you could spare some for a little while it sure would help. I'd love not to have to go back to work. It doesn't seem as if I've ever been home just taking care of Judy, etc. So-as I do now, much, I'll just leave it up to you & mom. You'll know
(2)

what you can spare. Someday
maybe I can repay you.
Well, that's about all for now.
Write soon.

Love,
Sally
Dear Virginia,

Ruby and I are having a nice time visiting and going to school together. It all came about so hurriedly and has passed so quickly that it hardly seems real. Only 4 more days to go - then I won't have to think about school any more all summer and will have the necessary hours to renew my teaching certificate.

Ruby's apartment is lovely - she has a certain touch that makes things just right.

When I saw you here in Slippery Rock last winter, you said you would come to see us this summer and we've all been looking forward to it and making our house pretty for you to see. Now, please don't let your trip to Texas keep you from coming to see us, too. Anytime that is convenient with you will suit us, but don't disappoint us, even if you have to come this fall after school starts.

(Signature)
I'm so glad your operation was so successful. We didn't know about it until long afterwards. The letter that Ruby wrote to us about it was accidently mislaid in a desk drawer with some bills without them ever being opened. When we found them (the children had put them there when they got the mail before we came home from school) you had long been over it. I'm sure you must have wondered why I didn't write when you were in the hospital - but I just didn't know you were there.

I have been home both the weekends that I've been up here. So after lunch Friday I come back late Sunday afternoon - that way it doesn't seem like I've been away so much when I am there all week-end.

The pictures I saw of your apartment are beautiful. You must be happy there and I'm so glad for you.

We'll not be able to go to Texas - but hope all the rest have a nice trip.

Love - Audrey

Give my love to
Mrs. Wilson & Ken.
Dear Joe —

I guess you have that letter from Va. It made me mad. I've written to her.

Regarding the reunion — I can come when the rest can. This summer school stint is over at the end of this week. Brown will pick Audrey up at noon Friday—June 26th. I could leave my class sooner. I have heard nothing from Ed since I talked to him. I would like to come even if the others don't. Va. probably will, too.

The only thing that would keep me here is Odille. She wants to come back to Slippery Rock so badly — Althea thinks she won't come if I am not here. I am afraid she won't be able to come. If she does it will be the last week in July. We will see. I will be packed and ready.

I sent the Robin in two weeks ago.
And then I sent another circulating thing to Ed to sign and send to you. Kept it until I could get Brown to sign it. Last Sunday I sent a release by the Ray heirs of the right to be buried and the family graveyard. They have sold the farm and he's moved all the remains to the Scottsville cemetery. They can't use that piece of ground until well the living heirs say we don't want to be buried there. The letter tells all I know about it.

Call me any time you want to. I have an extension beside my bed. The other is in the living room downstairs and would bother no one.

I do hope you are not too lonesome. From what you say you will be away some of the time and they went be gone too long.

I've written Barbara Sutter but no answer. Thank you for all your letters. Love. M.
Thursday, June 27th, 1963.

Dear Ruby, Ed, and Joe:

I have heard nothing definite from Ed and Joanna, but did expect them to come to Kentucky as soon as school was out. Yes, Ruby, I think now I want to go to El Paso even if they do not go. I may not stay as long as you want to, but I have been looking forward to it too long to give it up. Joe and Wilma want me to go so much, they would be disappointed if I did not.

I have checked sleeper from Memphis at 8:00 P.M., but no sleepers until we get to Little Rock, and would have to change trains there, and get compartment at 12:00 o'clock, off and change again for Ft. Worth at 9:30 A.M. and not long enough to make it worth changing trains for. If we do go by train, I guess it will have to be coach all the way. A compartment from Little Rock with double bed room would be $25.00 extra, which would be $108.60, and Plane is only $130.20, which includes breakfast and lunch. I may decide to go by Plane. Joe wants me to go by plane, and there is not too much difference. Bus, change Memphis and Dallas. Leave B. G. 11:04, arrive Memphis 2:30 P.M. leave 3:15, arrive Dallas 4:10 A.M. Leave 5:10 to El Paso 7:40 P.M. and Bus is only $67.45 round trip. If I should decide to go by bus, would not spend the night, but stay on and sleep on the bus.

I am glad to hear that Audrey will not have a 8 weeks Summer School session, or six like they have here at Western. I will hear all about the family when I see you. I had planned to have the children come to Bowling Green this summer, but being so uncertain about the time I leave, just didn't plan it very well. The month of June sure has slipped away, and July will be here sooner than we think. If Ed and Joanna do not go, think now I will wait until August 1st to leave.

The good news, I got another $150.00 from $158.90 it was from Retired Persons Insurance, and the first one hundred was on Surgeon. They paid $250.00 on operation, Blue Cross Blue Shield paid only $221.10. My operation cost $345.00, and I collected $471.10 insurance, $126.10 over cost of operation. I do pay $6.00 a month for the Retired Persons, and every retired person should have this, any person over 65 can take it. For Blue Cross Blue Shield I pay only $3.25 a month over bank payroll.

Joe has cashed in an insurance policy his Dad carried on him and he has more than he can pay for, and he and Wilma are making a finished recreation room in basement. They say it is going to be wonderful, but they will have to open a stairway in dining room, against the wall of dining room next to living room. They plan to put a railing around the stairway, and a door at the bottom, electric heating in the wall. They are so excited and happy over planning and working it out. The building will begin Monday, and be finished in three weeks.

Yes, Ruby I did see there was too much light in my flash pictures, and took some more and corrected that by putting down venetian blind.

Ruth and I are going to a funeral, Mae Rone's brother, S.R. Cole, at Johnson Funeral Home. I ate beef roast dinner up at Wilma's, and it was a wonderful dinner. They always come for me when they have meat or beef of any style.

With love to every one, and see you this summer I hope

Love,

Virginia.
Saturday, June 29, 1963

Dear Joe:

I am returning your check, as I will have enough now to buy a round trip ticket, and have a $100.00 in travelers checks, and if that runs out, and I need more, tell you what, I will borrow the $50.00.

I can't decide about the traveling, and may wait until Ruby decides, and we may both fly. If we do, doubt if she would come by here. In any case, I can surely be there the 29th, and am looking forward to it.

You no doubt have my letter about the other insurance check by now, and that will put me on top, and I also have another check for $107.00 income tax refund which should be paid next month. They have all the information asked for.

You and Jettie will have quite enough to feed us all during that time, and we should chip in on that if you will let us.

Ruby, and I are so fortunate to have enough to live on and can live where we are the happiest. In our mother's generation there was no retirement pay, or Social Security, and folks our age just had to live with any member of the family that would take them. My monthly income is more than Ruby's, and no reason why she should think she will have to help on side trips for me.

Joe and Wilma are excited over their building project, and it is going to be nice.

See you in about a month from today,

Love,

Virginia.
Dear Robins,

I have held the Robin far beyond the legal limit, but the fact is that I have been in contact with most of you by telephone and things have been moving so fast that I have not had time to mail it let alone write in it. Things came to a head very fast last week. We both got a job in the same school, the very thing we wanted, and the next day we bought a house. Now we are in the process of getting all of the junk we have and expect to move assembled in one place before we take off for Texas. We have plenty of storage space on the farm for the stuff that we want to take, but finding all of the stuff that we want to take and determining what we want to take is no small job.

The house we bought will just fill our needs. It is in a beautiful setting and a good neighborhood. I am sure that we will be happy with it. Both of our jobs are just what we wanted. Jo has the library and I will teach conservation to suburban kids and write a text book. The people we will work for are wonderful. Will tell you more when we see you. We can't wait to get under way. We plan to leave here on the eighth and go to Big Rapids where I will give a lecture at night after which we will go to Kentucky, stay there until we leave for Texas. We will be at Radcliff R.1, care of E.R. Mason, Ph. 351-3816.

I talked to Ruby tonight, she called me. She says your letter, Joe, announcing the get-together in the last week in July just arrived. This does not jibe with what you agreed to on the phone. You said you would set the date on the week end nearest July 21. She is a little leery about driving though, says she wants to fly. Suggests that we take Will 3. I told her O.K. if she wants to work it out that way, but that we plan to have fun driving through, as we always do. She will write you.

Love,

[Signature]
This is Saturday - the last one this year I will be able to say I'm alone here - at least 7 hrs. The camp will be over next Saturday and all should be coming on into El Paso.

I'm highly pleased on the way the reunion is shaping up. Glad Ed & I are located the way they are to this next year - and delighted they are coming. Bringing Diana. I'm hoping Miss Cody will be here for several days of the time the rest of you do.

She let me have letters only from Judy & Ed - my old ones. I don't know what happened to the letters from Ben & F.P. It's not like either one of them not to write.

I'm going to Austin tomorrow to attend Sunday school and come home after Sunday night's Monday morning meeting. Then just four more days until my teaching is over. I'll sure be glad when my old gal is back, but I've got to admit that three long, lonely weekends with no one to turn around it and nothing to think about but myself, have done more to restore me to full settle than anything else could have done.

In the drop in a note read last to send the Bliss along. The picture of Kennedy with the cake was taken in the Cartiz Hotel bar. We had to go around of the cake to see the President as he came in. He came to look at the cake and lead to walk around it to see it all.

Jettie turned to me and said, "I'm going to touch行政," and she patted him on the back. (now...}
Just then the photographer took the picture. You can see Jettie's filing him. With her white gloves (she says she's never going to wash an coin it.) You can see the side of my head behind the chif. Jettie later stepped forward and shook hands with him. I didn't, because I'm already shaken his hand - in the summer 1961 when we graduated of the Tanganyika Peace Corps group I saw him in the office at the White House.

Jettie, I got the P.O. of the day. I got it as you should. I'll enclose a stamped envelope to send it to Virginia in Ginn. You send it to the lady as fast as you can in the hope she gets it before she leaves for El Paso.

I'd better knock off and do some of my housekeeping. I'm getting pissed up over the reunion. We'll phone you all before reunion time - I want to wait until Jettie is home to do that.

Love to all.
CAKE FOR PRESIDENT—Hotel Cortez Chef George Young chats with President John F. Kennedy in front of a huge cake baked for the President. The cake, with a donkey atop, bears inscriptions of Kennedy’s political career.
Monday afternoon.

Dearest Robins;

The Robin was here when we got home from swimming at noon. I've just finished lunch and will dahn off my note and go mail it on to Virginia...as instructed.

Everything is still going fine here at camp. I can't realize the month is nearly over. Joe was out of town this past week-end and has been gone on two or three other trips. I was home week-end before last, so he hasn't done too badly! He does a good job of taking care of himself, though, and our friends have been very nice to him. He was putting on so much weight his back was giving him trouble and he was threatening to diet!

July is the rainy month here and the past eight days convince me that it really is. I believe it has rained part of everyday since the first. We swim in Alamogordo, N.M. about 16 miles from Cloudcroft, at the Desert Aire Hotel pool, and it seldom rains there, so we swim regardless of rain here. We go in every M.W.T. in the morning and get home about lunch time.

We have a grand cook and I hope she will come back up with us for our reunion, that way, all of us will be free to loaf and visit. I had thought at first I'd have her to "live in" at the house you while we are there but have decided we'll need the room more for sleeping us and I can get my little Mexican girls some extra days and she comes and goes.

I'm so excited about the reunion...I can hardly wait. Glad this is a full week, though, so the time will pass quickly. I may run up to Amarillo and pick-up Sally and Judy. They are in the midst of moving back to Amarillo...supposed to move this coming Thursday. If she is ready to come to El Paso by Saturday or Sun-
day, I may go from here and get her and come back here Sunday night to check-in a group of young people from a Baptist Church in Hobbs, N.M. who has rented the lodge from the 15th. to the 19th. Then go on to El Paso Monday afternoon and await our guests!

Bring leisure clothes for "loudcork," but WARM. Slacks for men and women are in order!

Love to all,

[Lettie]
Dear Children —

I found this paper in the files of Jack's writings that I have been keeping. It was before we were married that he was Slippery Rock's first Rotary president.

I was of course very glad to get the robin — but since then I have snowed and slightly bushed. I am better now! What bushesari is getting on the side walk in front of the house to wait for my ride to college. I am sure I have told you that I was planning to take Althea's course in Reading as a refresher. It is that and I love being with her. She is a great teacher — lots of fun —

I have only two more weeks of it. I only audit so no papers to do.

When the robin came I called Brown — because I just about had enough room cleared for them to sit. house and I both
have some things we thought they might use. 

Miss and things that have never been moved 

from here. He is going to bring a trailer. I asked 

them to come this week-end. I also wanted news 
of them for the robin. After I hung up they call 

back and said Audrey has to have three 
more hours on her certificate if she teaches 
next year. This would be the best time if there 
was a course she could take. She and Brown 
came the next day and she registered in an 
American History course. She is worried about 
she may not pass. There is a lot to do in just 
three weeks but I think she will make it. She is 
working hard and helps me too. Our classes 
go from eight to twelve with an hour's coffee 
break. So our afternoons are free. 

Brown came for her Friday afternoon 
and brought the children. They are nice 
and so well behaved. I enjoyed them. Sylvia 
is coming with her mother next week. We wish 
you were here. Virginia so we could get you 
in a class. They are delighted with their Farm 
and Pat once not married. After this stint 
they are going to finish the remodeling they are 
doing themselves. They will spend the rest of the 
summer enjoying it and freezing garden 
vegetables. They have also dug a pond while
has been filled to lake size with all the rain we have been having. I don't think the Water Table here can be too low. Anyway the pool is clean and big enough to swim in. When I made that telephone call last Monday I didn't expect to have this much to tell.

I am sending this to Roseann. I think you and Joeanne will be there. Ed. I just don't know what stage of the flight you will be in - poised in the air - or settled. I know you will be glad when you know. And we will be glad to know if we are having the reunion this year - at Christmas - or next year. I think I'll go anyway and just wait until you all get there. I couldn't wear my welcome out.

We have been hoping Odille will come to Slippery Rock while Sheela is here but I am afraid she won't feel like it. She is having some trouble with dizziness. She is going to Tina's house for a month or maybe after that she will feel better. She and Virginia have a campaign on to move me to Bowling
Green. I do want to spend most of my Time there but I am also glad to be home. It is a little place to be with my own things and cook. The summers are so delightful and I have such good friends. My apartment is attractive now that the wood work is painted white and my own furniture in it. Last Sunday I had Mel and Althea to dinner and enjoyed it. Wida and Joe Lund are coming next weekend and I am going to have them for breakfast. So I think I shall have fresh strawberries, baked grits, sausage (Curley Martinis) and may be fried apples. Then Althea is going to take us all to dinner at New Wilmington that evening.

I am sorry there is so much about me in the letter. Rebecca's school is out and she is fancy Free. Pete retired. I doubt if it was under pressure - probably got drunk and quit and they worked it out that way. He is sixty and got a pay small pension - but has a summer job at the Bay Scoot Camp taking care of the pool. He has not been drinking since I have been back - maybe no money.

If you all were as homesick for Cloud, chaff and El Poso as I am you would start tracks.

Love, Pops
Sunday night
June 16, 1963

Dear Junior Robin!

While I have a few minutes I'll get my final letter written.

This is the big day! Camp Cloudcroft has opened with a BANG! The girls started arriving about 12:30. The bus arrived at 3:45 via bus from Amarillo. A total of 9, less than we had hoped for but all around 11-12.

Very cute & agreeable.

And a good size working group. I think we will have fun. They, the two counselors, Mrs. Small have gone on a walk around Cloudcroft. So I'm taking a few minutes to get my breath & be on head if the cook needs to know...
anything.

We have a wonderful
a good handy day & 2 ourselves
almost as many staff &
campers!

I'm sorry to go on so
dope about Dr. Coony,
that hope you are interested.
I'm sure nice for all of
you to see it. Scott has
that hope he would recognize
it after all our changes.

Your letter were just
grand. And I'm so grand
of David & Russell for
writing! Now both of you
see how easy it is! So keep
up the good beginning.

All of the letters are
really very wonderful,
I'm re-reading them
 twice! I'm hoping 2'll
be from all of you
individually while I'm here.

Scott, we'll hold positive
thoughts for the Merrick
show.

We'll keep in touch
with all of you about the
Ray reunion. We should
be able to set a date soon
so 21 and Randolph can
arrange to get off. It looks
like it might be around the
21st of July. We're hoping
Aunt Ruby will be to EB and
before then to keep Dad
company.

I knew we won't know
Judy + Louis, but we're as
anxious to see them. They
should be able to remember
us after this visit.

Don't worry about either
of us working too hard.
The high altitude can'
and down — and I
thrive on hard work! I think I had a better time since we worked on the old house on Q.3! But the worse of this is over -- we are about ready to quit back + engage and solace -- especially with our family! Scott, we'll keep you up on our activities & wish you think of you all of the time. I must stop. The girls are due in. As soon as we get them settled down I'll go put this in the mail. Keep up the good record! It is such fun to hear from all of you at once!

All my love,

[Signature]
Texas Western College
of The University of Texas

Office of the President

12 June 1936

at El Paso

Dear Kids (or Mom at Clundercroft):

I have had the cabin for two days now since I got home from Clundercroft late Sunday night, and I am only now on Wednesday getting around to writing my letter and sending it on to Mom. I got about all of the handyman and chore work I could take in that process and I am real glad to be back at home doing a kind of work I can do much better than that and, in the doing of which I take infinitely greater satisfaction. The cabin is beginning to look really good and I don't know when I've even seen Mom getting much a boost out of anything.

We still don't know when the Roy Reunion will be held in Clundercroft, because we were waiting on Uncle Ed to decide when he can come and he is moving to Ann Arbor and we don't have a phone number for him. I plan tonight or tomorrow night to call his daughter Barbara Sutton in Sandusky, Michigan to find out how to get a call to him. I'll get the word around as soon as I can.

I am enclosing a clipping of a newspaper
picture of President Kennedy when he was recently in El Paso, with a chef showing the President a cake he had baked. You can see the rocking chair and the P.T. coat; the cake showed many things. Mom and I were standing by the cake as the chef took the President around it to show him. As he came close, Mom whispered to me, "I'm going to touch him!" You can see her between the chef and the President. They took the picture as she raised her white gloved hand to pat his back.

That's the side of my head over the chef's shoulder. You can see Mom's face is becoming. She later got to shake hands with him.

Russell, thanks for writing in the PMH.

How do you react to the business of your high society wife, going to teas and such? How's your job going? I was much impressed when we were there in March with the staff you were learning about cars. One day you'll be a real pro, maybe.

David, thanks for your letter, too. Looks to me as if you'll discourage the other pigeon fanciers if you continue to take all the prizes. Glad you are planning to come to the Raj Reunion. Mom and I are both about to bust for wanting to see Toni Jean. It's been months, but the Clendenoff thing has bad us both tied down but will continue until the middle of July. After that, you
can look at least for now to make a visit to Amarillo.

Sharon, I think you do well in keeping us informed on what goes on among those three important people in Amarillo. Keep encouraging David to add a note in the Robin.

Sallie, I hope you & Russell can come to the reunion. Let me know if you can come. Write directly rather than in the Robin, because it might take the Robin some little time to get around, and I need to be in direct touch.

Scott, it's a little bit jolting to see the viciousness of the reviews of "Utopia." How long did it run? Hope you get what you want soon.

It's lonely here without Mom, but she's doing what she wants very much to do, and I've had long schooling in adjusting trips to girls camps, and I'm greatly relieved at last to be through with the trips to Cloudcroft, so I guess I can live alone until the old gal gets home.

Incidentally, the old man took a series of medical tests not long ago. The doctor said, "As far as we can tell you're a healthy man." I'm in real good shape. Love to you all, and kiss the babies for Grandpa & Poppa.

Dad
Marie Scotti, Braenhear, Mitchie, Block, Marksam, Henaley, looked better than the last
time I saw her, better figure, and still blond hair, dog, and that Ralph Henaley the best of
the lot. I told Ralph she out married herself

June 8, 1965
this time. Louille said on phone this morning that Marie did not have the wholesome look that
I had, and I replied that I had never in my life dissipated, and had lived a wholesome life.
Dear Ruby:

I am relieved to learn that you are not doing very much, mostly
puttering, but remodeling your bathroom to equal some we saw on the garden tour
does not sound like puttinger, and I worried about your painting woodwork, and
having a heart attack way off up there with nobody to make you go to a hospital.

I had a bad dream about your dying up there, and Joe and were
arguing about burying you up on that hill where they put Jack, and Joe was
going through with your orders to cremate, and I was so hurt over it. In my
dream I wanted you buried beside me, as there was more more plot there, and Joe Wiles
would never want it. Well, that was just a dream, maybe brought on by worrying
about you painting woodwork. As I have told you before you will no doubt outlive me,
and Joe Ray will be the one to decide all such problems.

I still do not have my strength back, but it has been only a month.
I walked down to Chee Johnson Studio, just three blocks yesterday morning with
the boys to have pictures made, took a rest, never did have time to go to sleep,
as Mary Jayne called, and wanted me to go with her at four to look for a picture
for her living room, and a lamp shade for her kitchen lamp. Then we walked all
round the square looking for lamp shades; she dropped me at apartment, and
Wilma and grandsons were waiting for me to take me out to Cardinal Inn to eat
and we walked there, corner of college and 12th, they were closed and we walked
on to White Tray up 12th st. two blocks, and on home. I was so tired, I ached
all over, and went to bed at seven o'clock, was asleep by 8:30, and feel tired
still this morning. I am going to DAR Luncheon tomorrow, Louille taking Louise,
and I am taking Wilma.

Another foolish thing I did was iron and put up those rose colored
draperies Joe and Wilma had in their Oabel Drive house, and they looked so washed
out or made the room look so washed out I took them down the next morning. If
you want them for your apartment, I put them in a box, and could mail them to you.
I probably never will use them in the bed-room where I thought I should put them.
They are only 7 feet long and pull out to only 8 feet, which may not be wide enou
long enough for your windows.

I have heard nothing from Ed and Joanna, but take it from your
letter they will be here after July 15th, and I can go with them, which will be
quite a treat. Louise says she is going to back out on her offer to take us,
because she may not be physically able to drive that long hot trip. She decided
this the day we had such a hot day.

I am sending you two letters of Odille's, and I was not aware I was
doing any pressuring you to make Bowling Green your home. I did send her and
Althea a copy of my first short letter to you telling about Althea calling and
finding out what she wanted to know without talking. I understand why you will
not move from there while Neil lives, and why it is best. Did Louise ever move
the furniture out of her living room, and did you put down your rugs for that
messy little dog to wet up? You must have painted your bathroom PINK with a
dressing table, and all. Tell me about it. I am glad that Pete has a job for
the summer; I know you feel freer to go up and down steps without seeing him
sitting facing the stairs.

I am enclosing a card from Jettie, and she certainly does not
owe me a gift for doing to well in hospital; she sent so many cards and letters,
and so did Joanna. I am not planning to buy any cloths for El Paso, as at camp
I am sure we will not need styleshones. I had thought of buying a white, large
bag, but may wait until we go to Mexico to get one there.

My insurance paid off pretty well, Blue Cross, Blue Shield paid
all but $38.00 at hospital, and $65.00 on Surgery, which was $150.00. Dr. Graves
usually charge $250.00. Then I got a check from AARP for $100.00 paying $10.00
a day on my hospital room. They still owe the surgeon, and I am making extra
claim. Looks now like I will just about come out even with nothing left over as
I have been counting on, but that was pretty good. If Ed plans to come by here, I
now think you should come back here and go with us in his car, when did Ed say he

LOVE, Virginia.
Dorothy's husband, Frank Damiano, 25 Bowbell Road, White Plains, N.Y. came for us and drove us out to their home for the Italian dinner which was really almost all meat, ground beef and cheese in the main dish. It was called "Lasanya, four-inch strips of noodle and cheese, and not too highly seasoned, and then three kinds of meat; meat-balls, mild sausage, and round steak but very thin and rolled, green beans, and relishes. It was really a wonderful meal, fruit cake and coffee.

Wonderful weather when we drove out 45 to 50 degrees on those tall clocks overlooking the bridge. We drove by Yankee Stadium, and Frank pointed out the UN building and all points of interest on the way about a 45 minute drive.

When we got there we met first the boys:

Frank Damiano born 3-27-1954
Phillip " 5-30-1956
Jimmy " 1-12-1960
Baby Martha " 10-3-62

Dorothy and Frank were married Aug 3, 1952

As soon as Dorothy got little Martha settled and off to sleep they drove us home. While we were there over 2" of snow had fallen, and temperature had dropped 30 degrees, but Dorothy wanted to buy some of aunt Ruby's pictures, and they were determined to take us home. She did buy four, the black panels, the Cape May picture, and the Apple Tree. We gave them coffee, and they got started back about twelve, and the highways getting slicker by the minute.

Frank had finished a basement play-room himself, and another third story room for the boys. I guess you would call their home split-level, only a few steps up to bedrooms, and few more down to basement and upstairs. They had TV's on all three floors.

I just called Dorothy and she said they got home by one o'clock, almost as soon as we did, and before Scott got in bed, I would guess. He went home on the Subway, and would not allow them to drive him so much out of their way. He really did enjoy that meal, and has promised to help Dorothy hang her pictures and help her decorate her house, and eat more of those Italian dinners he went for in such a big way.

That Frank Damiano is one of the finest fellows I ever met, called me Aunt Virginia and kissed both of us just like Dorothy did, and was thinking of people he knew who might help Scott, and said he would arrange it.

I must stop this rambling and miss-spelling, which I always refuse to correct, and start packing books and pictures, pots and pans, we promised to have done. This New York weather turned so bad, the office force may not get here tonight, and I believe Scott, Ruby and I could do as well without them. Not too much to do. Love,

Virginia,
I sprayed the lawn with 14-0-5 Organic Weed and Feed for turf (Green Guardian) Manufactured by: Farm Crop Extracts Inc. PO Box 17126 Saint Paul MN 55117 651-295-8388. Derived from feed grade urea, molasses, corn solubles and potassium chloride. I tank mixed this with 3 parts water and spray at a rate of 1 gallon per 1000. This gives you ½ lb of N per 1000 square feet. Nitrogen is 30% slow release.

Active Ingredients (edible weed killers)
Citric Acid...........................1%
Lauryl Sulfate........................1%
2-Phenethyl propionate...............1%

Guaranteed Analysis: Total Nitrogen(N) ............14%
4% water-insoluble nitrogen
10% water-soluble nitrogen
Available Phosphate (P<sub>2</sub>O<sub>5</sub>)......0%
Soluble Potash (K<sub>2</sub>O)..............5%

Please stay off until dry. Don’t water or mow for 24 hours. Then after 24 hours, water the lawn to help the grass green up and the weeds to die. Natural rain helps weed control process and is most helpful.

Your Applicator: Leon Rettmann License# 20020691 AE
Roscommon, Michigan

July 2, 1963

Dear Robina,

I have held the Robin far beyond the legal limit, but the fact is that I have been in contact with most of you by telephone and things have been moving so fast that I have not had time to mail it let alone write in it. Things came to a head very fast last week. We both got a job in the same school, the very thing we wanted, and the next day we bought a house. Now we are in the process of getting all of the junk we have and expect to move assembled in one place before we take off for Texas. We have plenty of storage space on the farm for the stuff that we won't take, but finding all of the stuff we want to take and determining what we want to take is no small job.

The house we bought will just fill our needs. It is in a beautiful setting and a good neighborhood. I am sure that we will be happy with it. Both of our jobs are just what we wanted. Jo has the library and I will teach conservation to suburbanite kids and write a text book. The people we will work for are wonderful. Will tell you more when we see you. We can't wait to get under way. We plan to leave here on the eighth and go to Big Rapids where I will give a lecture at night after which we will go to Kentucky, stay there until we leave for Texas. We will be at Radcliff R.1, care of E.R. Mason, Ph. 351-3816.

I talked to Ruby tonight, she called me. She says your letter, Joe, announcing the get-together in the last week in July just arrived. This does not jibe with what you agreed to on the phone. You said you would set the date on the week end nearest July 21. She is a little leery about driving though, says she wants to fly. Suggests that we take Will 3. I told her O.K. if she wants to work it out that way, but that we plan to have fun driving through, as we always do. She will write you. Love,
Monday afternoon.

Dearest Robins:

The Robin was here when we got home from swimming at noon. I've just finished lunch and will dash off my note and go mail it on to Virginia...as instructed.

Everything is still going fine here at camp. I can't realize the month is nearly over. Joe was out of town this past week-end and has been gone on two or three other trips. I was home weekend before last, so he hasn't done too badly! He does a good job of taking care of himself, though, and our friends have been very nice to him. He was putting on so much weight his back was giving him trouble and he was threatening to diet!

July is the rainy month here and the past eight days convince me that it really is. I believe it has rained part of everyday since the first. We swim in Alamogordo, N.M., about 16 miles from Cloudcroft, at the Desert Aire Motel pool, and it seldom rains there, so we swim regardless of rain here. We go in every M.W.F. in the morning and get home about lunch time.

We have a grand cook and I hope she will come back up with us for our reunion, that way, all of us will be free to loaf and visit. I had thought at first I'd have her to "live in" at the house you while we are there but have decided we'll need the room more for sleeping us and I can get my little Mexican girls some extra days and she comes and goes.

I'm so excited about the reunion...I can hardly wait. Glad this is a full week, though, so the time will pass quickly. I may run up to Amarillo and pick-up Sally and Judy. They are in the midst of moving back to Amarillo...supposed to move this coming Thursday. If she is ready to come to El Paso by Saturday or Sun-
day, I may go from here and get her and come back here Sunday night to check-in a group of young people from a Baptist Church in Hobbs, N.M., who has rented the lodge from the 15th. to the 19th. Then go on to El Paso Monday afternoon and await our guests!

Bring loafering clothes for "loudcroft, but WARM. Slacks for men and women are in order!

Love to all,
This is Saturday— the last one this year I will
be able to say I'm alone here—at least I hope.
The camp will be over next Saturday and she
should be coming on into El Paso.
I'm highly pleased on the way the running is
shaping up. Glad Ed and I are located the way
they hope to be next year and delighted
they are coming bringing Ginnie. I'm hoping
Miss Oly will be here for several days of the
time the rest I guess you do.
She has had letters only from Bill and my
old gal. I don't know what happened to the
letters from Jim and J. P. It's not like either
one of them not to write.
I'm going to Austin tomorrow to attend Sunday
and come home after Sunday night and Monday morning
meeting. Then just four more days until
my teaching is over. I'll sure be glad when
my old gal is back, but I've got to admit that
these long, lonely weekends with no one around it and
nothing to think about but myself,
have done more to restore me to full health
than anything else could have done.

In this drop-in a note read fast and read the
Pitts along. The picture of Kennedy with cake
was taken in the Castro Hotel here. We had to
go around of the cake to see the President as
he came in. He came to look at the cake
and led to walk around it to see it all.
Jettie turned to me and said "I'm going to touch
Bobby!" and she patted him on the back (don't!
Just then the photographer took the picture. You can see Jettie pulling him with her white glove (she says she's never going to work on clear it). You can see the side of my head behind the elf. Jettie later stepped forward and shook hands with him. I didn't because I've already shaken his hand—in the summer of 1961 when we graduated of the Tampangika Peace Corps group I saw him in his office at the White House.

Jettie, I got the photo off the day. I got it for you, of course. I'll enclose a stamped envelope to send it to Virginia via Dianne. You send it to Ms. Lucy as fast as you can in the hope she gets it before she leaves for El Paso.

I'd better knock & do some of my housekeeping. I'm getting edges up over the reunion. We'll phone you all before reunion time—I want to wait until Jettie is home to do that.

Love to all.
CAKE FOR PRESIDENT—Hotel Cortez Chef George Young chats with President John F. Kennedy in front of a huge cake baked for the President. The cake, with a donkey atop, bears inscriptions of Kennedy's political career.
Dear Joe and Settie,

I am all excited about the reunion. What has been keeping me here is not the apartment but Odille. We were expecting her to come here while Althea is here. I didn't think she would make it when I was there this spring - at least I was afraid she wouldn't. I called Maymie last night and she says she is sure Odille can't come. She is not as well as she was when I was there. It is very bad news - Maymie thinks. They did go once to hake Swan-keska - where they go every summer - but Odille thinks she can't stay. That is a bad sign because hake Swan-keska, N.C. has been the bright spot of her year for years - even before she got rich. I hope she gets better.

If I had known she was not coming I would have left here sooner. Ed
and Joanna are going to Key tomorrow. Ed called and wants Va. and me to drive with them and I want to but have to wait now to hear from them after they get to Key. I hope I can do that.

I have suggested that Brown go by bus and ride back with them as I plan to accept your invitation to stay a little longer. I also think Va. will not come back with them. It is impossible for Audrey to go. They can't afford it and the children are poor travelers and want to stay down on the farm. They have no one to stay with them. Audrey says she considers her stay here a vacation. She did work awfully hard.

I will write you again soon.

P.S. The Presbyterian Minister, Rocky, collapsed this morning in the pulpit. They think it was not a heart attack. I was not there. Mike and Ditty are both out of town for
Dear Joe and Settie,

Our plans are firming up. Both Ed and Va. called me last night. I am going to leave here by plane to Honolulu next Wed. July 17th. Ed may meet me and we will spend the night at Bowling Green and then on to Cloudcroft. He knows just how to go...to Carlsbad - Artesia - Cloudcroft. What made you think you could tell him anything? Or be you for that matter? I'm glad us girls get along better than you boys.

And neither was I born yesterday. I am shipping a package P.P. tomorrow. It has some dresses and my paints and brushes in it. I hope it will get there before you leave. I'm also sending a registered package which has some papers I may need. Since I don't know where I'll be when income tax comes...
up.

We are still worried about Odille - but she wrote me that she will not get see she will not be able to come to S. R. this year. Her latest trouble is with dizziness and nausea.

I asked Dr. to call Dr. Gilbert and ask him what about what I should expect on a high mountain. He said I will be all right. IF I get chest pains or short-of-breath I will have to come off the hill and go to an air-conditioned room. Maybe a car will do as well. It is time but my check-up but I am waiting to have it in El Paso. I feel much better.

I do hope you can get a minute's rest before we get there. I've heard nothing from W.B.

Love,

Ruby
16 July 1963

Dear Uncle Joe,

I am sorry in being so late in answering your letters. I also want to thank you for being considerate enough to keep us informed of the plans for the Reunion.

We will be unable to enjoy your good times this year. My leave has been split up due to the transfer of my supervisor to Olympic Nat’l Park which leaves us one ranger short in the Western District. I will have to take some of my leave when the boys are in school!

Bill had to take his leave July 1-15th. The plant shut down
and every employee took two weeks leave. You may call him or write and he may be able to make a short visit to the camp. He lives in Richardson, Texas (903 Wedgewood Way). He came to Tennessee for his vacation but we were unable to see them. My boys have had a siege of the measles. All have had them but David, our youngest. We will miss this get-together. Please don’t let my procrastination discourage you from keeping us informed. We surely enjoy your letters. Tell all of the Rays there hello from these Rays.

Jim, Martha & boys.
Dear Mother & Daddy,

Well, I guess by now you have had your fill of my daughter. I hope she has been a good girl. I sure do miss her.

When are you for sure going to bring her back? Are you still thinking of around Aug. 10th?

I've been job hunting all day & may have a few things come up at the first of next week. So, guess David & Sharon are backs by now but I haven't heard from them yet.

Write soon. Love, Sally.
This is the finest thing that has happened in a long time. I sure is wonderful to get a batch of letters from both of you and, even if, as in the case this time, you have seen or talked with all of them since the letter was written.

Please excuse the penmanship—it's even worse than usual because I'm writing this in the back yard and don't have a comfortable writing place.

No need to write any about the reunion since you were there or heard. The reminiscences of the reunion are still here. Aunt Lilly, Aunt Virginia are here, and so is Judith Ray and Edna. The three of us adults are concentrating assiduously on refilling the infant, and we're doing a pretty good job. Sally and Russell are going to have their hands full trying to get Judy whipped back down to a point where she can live with her.

Mom is helping Aunt Virginia make some dresses. They've got pattern and cut-out all over the place, and Judy is trying industriously to get it all pulled down off tables and onto floors.

This is Saturday morning. Everything has gotten real quiet in the house—no figure jobs is down for the morn-
the best bran, the real good for old men like me to sweat the impurities out of their systems. I think I'm in better shape now than I have been in a long time. And Dad & I took Judy swimming at Corrado Country Club Thursday afternoon and she had a wonderful time. I thought she was going to go wild but she had a demon little boy there, doesn't like her momma used to have as a five-year-old at Batteville trying to prove that she could drive the car as well as her big brother — & a Sunday morning. I thought Judy would knock you over when we slept, but she grumbled and until we passed a table holding a bowl of popcorn, threw a tin on the floor.

That Tony is a cute one too. I wish we had her here too and one room to settle in. I do not believe we could handle two. I went to sleep reading last night at 12 o'clock (she came Judy who is reading down the hall — she'd waked up — and she slept the rest of the night with me. Puppies don't sleep too next to them. So I'm somewhat the worse for wear this morning. My morning walk and my sunbathing may get me in shape before I go in to watch the ball game on TV. Will give Scott your new address. Love all. I'll give this to Mary & she'll send it on. Maybe Aunt Ruby & Virginia will add to it.

Russell & David, you write too. Dad

Dearest Junior Robins:

Well, here goes a new week. I'm feeling fine today, but yesterday I read in the paper that the ragweed was high so I went into a bad attack of hayfever! After two hayfever pills that knock me out, I got a good night's sleep and think I'll live!

It is hard to realize that we have had our family reunion and everyone has gone about his business! It was so wonderful to have all of my family here all day.

Today is Toni's second birthday! Happy Birthday, Toni! Hope you are enjoying the "cycle-by" from your Pappy and Granny. I sent a dress and blouse which I hope get there in time to let you know we are thinking about you. Both babies are so precious. We are enjoying Judy so much these two weeks and want to have Toni for a good visit as soon as we can and she gets used to being away from her mother and daddy.

Ruby, Virginia, and we are having a good time. The days just fly and we never get everything done that we talk about doing. Dad took them to the bull fight yesterday and they enjoyed every minute of it. There was an added attraction...the man who played Pepe in "Around the World"...cantanflaus...was there and did a comic bull-fight. The place was sold out and they were stacked two deep some places, they said.

I don't know why I've gone on so long without a word about Scott's grand job! We are so excited about it and can hardly wait until Thanksgiving! Your letter was wonderful, Scott, even tho we
had talked to you, it filled in more details. I don't know when Dad's meeting in Nov. in Washington is, but I'm going to plan to go with him and maybe we can make connections with you in Phil. or if the meeting is not too far from Thanksgiving, I'll stay in College Park and N.Y. until it opens. It would be fun to be there for opening night...sooo...we'll see how it works out.

Sally and Sharon: right now our plans for this coming week-end are: Dad will not come with us to bring Judy home. He needs a done that he can't seem to do with us around. So, Ruby and Virginia will come with me. We'll plan to come Friday, but don't either of you fix supper for us. We'll eat before we get there or go out and eat afterwards. I can sleep with Judy, Sally, and if Sharon can sleep one or the other of Ruby and Virginia, we won't plan for them to go to a motel. They don't know yet if they will go to Grand Junction or not. If so, they will leave Sat. night at midnight, probably so will be there (Amarillo) only Friday night. If they don't go, they'll be in Amarillo until I come home, which I think will be Monday.

Guess this is about all for this time. Judy keeps trying to type so my mind is not completely free! And I don't know if this makes any sense or not!...Anyway, I'll see four of you this week-end and try to make it clear!

Scott, we miss seeing you often as we do the others. We all talked about you at the ranch and wished for you. Maybe next year you can make it! In the meantime...good luck on your show!

All our love to all of you.

Mum
Dear Junior Robins—

I am so glad this bird is up and going and hope it will live as long as its sire or may be I should say cock. Whatever it is I am glad to be putting in.

Judy and I are on the back porch and she is trying to help me finish this. She is so cute and her doting aunts think she is about the smartest one. She repeats all the bad words we say but not the good ones. What ever pictures are good we will inclose in the next robin.

I don't know if Scott will sell
but maybe we didn't see the same parts. There is that same atmospheric coloring - blue.

At church last Sunday I met a man from near Slippery Rock, who had known your Uncle Izaak. I know his relations. Such a small world!

We can't remember having more fun than we had at the Bull Fight. Your Dad was surprised that we didn't swear at the killings.

Our fun was due to situations caused by crowding. We were on the shady side but had to sit on the isle steps. Of course Captiflas (Pepe) put on a better show than any of the bulls or fighters. He charmed the bulls by dancing. He was dressed like a tramp - very comical.

It will be good to see you Amarilla Folks again - especially that sweet beautiful Toni.

Love and best wishes to all of you.

Ruby
but maybe we didn't see the same parts. There is that same atmospheric coloring—bleee.

At church last Sunday I met a man from near Slippery Rock, who had known your uncle Jack. I know his relatives. Such a small world!

V.. and I can't remember having more fun than we had at the Bull Fight. Your Dad was surprised that we didn't swear at the killings. Our fun was due to situations出身 by crowding. We were on the shady side but had to sit on the aisle steps. Of course Cantinflas (Pepe) put on a better show than any of the bulls or fighters. He charmed the bulls by dancing. He was dressed like a trump—very comic.

It will be good to see you Amarilla folks again—especially that sweet beautiful Toni.

Love and best wishes to all of you.

Ruby
Dear Will B., Ed, Joe Wils & Odille:

This is a family letter telling some of the high
lights of our Texas trip. I never enjoyed a trip more
than our trip out with Ed and Joanna. We stopped the
first night at Benton, Ark, and the Capri Motel was the
nicest one we had. Ruby and I had a ten dollar room,
and Ed and Joanna a $7.50 double room. We had two double
beds, TV in the room, and a coffee maker on dressing
Table by bathroom. We had early coffee, and then met
Ed and Joanna for breakfast.

The next night we stopped at Starlite Inn Moterr
Hotel on US Highway 80-84 at Abilene, Texas. This
Motor Court was even nicer than the first one, but we
had no coffee maker, and the food was better.

So Sylvia, Joe Adin, Ray Glenn and Jacks can
trace our trip, we went from Bowling Green, where Ed
and Joanna spent the night at my apartment, and left
around nine o'clock traveled by way of Memphis, Dallas,
Fort Worth, Weatherby, Ranger, Cisco, Abilene, Sweet-
water, Big Spring, Midland, Odessa, Pecos, Van Horn,
and on to El Paso, early in the afternoon of the 3rd
day.

Uncle Ed is a fine fellow to travel with,
agreeable to stopping at any time. We stopped at
Weatherbord to eat watermelon in a shed along the
side of the road, and another time to look at some
wild-cats in a pen on the side of the road, and Ed
had to poke his finger at this fierce cat, and got
it scratched, drew some blood. The trip was hot
and the car was not air conditioned, but Ed always
saw to it that we had plenty of water. Once we
drove off the highway to Greenville, and I was
thinking it was Uncle Charlie Harman's Gainesville,
but that is north of our route. There we got a
bag of crushed ice, and ate ice until it began to
melt all over the car, and dumped it.

Joe had told me over telephone to call
him when we got into El Paso, but Ed wanted to
find it himself; so we drove all around the college
Donnybrook was hard to find as it is a short street on the back side of a loop. Joe and Jettie were having a house-party, David, Sharon, 2 yr. old Toni; Sallie, Russell and 20 months old Judy. Those two were having free-for-all battles over toys and piano. Judy had a good trick sticking her finger in Toni's eye, and Toni would get even by biting, and getting Judy up on piano stool, and lowering the top on her fingers when using all fingers on the keys. Jettie always had a good meal ready to hand out, and with all the confusion of the little girls and arrivals, I wondered how she could so it, but I had seen her do it before. 

Joe started right with big entertainment plans, as Ed and Joanna had to go back by the next week-end. First we went over to Jaurez, Mexico, to do some shopping. Everything was cheap, many stalls showing different merchandise. I bought a lot of things worth not very much, waste-baskets, table mats, cups and saucers for Joe and Wilma, my usual going away gift, and Mexican straw caps for the boys which I doubt have lasted until now. Joanna bought a linen blouse, brass candlesticks, and a silver looking tray on a stand. Ruby wanted a silver frame for a picture of her and Jack, but didn't get it. Ed gave me the money to get it for her, but we haven't been back.

The next day we went up on an Aerial Tramway on Ranger Peak Mountain, elevation 5622 feet. approx 1500 feet above city, and had a one-hundred mile view of the surrounding area of Texas, New Mexico and Mexico. We spotted Joe's house and called Jettie who was baby sitting to come out in the back so we could see her, and the babies. Through that telescope we could see them just like across the street. This Ranger Peak is just behind Joe's house and we look up at it from the Guest Room Ruby and I are sharing. This Aerial Tramway is suspended on cable 2300 feet long, and you just hope it doesn't break and spill you all over that hot looking mountain with nothing on it but rock and sand. There was a gift shop up there, and we all got post cards, and I got a small Apache tear drop for my watch band to fasten on like the mustard seed I wear.

That night Joe took us to Caronada for a Mexican dinner. We had one over in Jaurez, and that time Jettie got some Mango's and had them iced down for desert. First Mangos I ever ate. They are good, and we had some canned later.
When we came down off the mountain, or Ranger Peak, Joe drove through McKelligon Canyon, where we got a good view of the surrounding mountains, and where two little boys were killed coming down from one of those peaks, and were not found until the buzzards began circling around the ravens.

Jettie packed a ice locker of food, and we headed for Cloudcroft, N.M. Camp. Joe and Ruby stayed behind to meet Emilie at the Airport. This was Thursday, and we arrived the afternoon of Monday, the 22nd of July.

The camp was far more pretentious and larger and more comfortable than I had imagined, a large fire-place living room with large round table, and wicker furniture just like I started housekeeping with forty years ago, up four or five steps was the long bunk rooms, and at the end kitchen and bathroom, wash-basins and mirrors along the hall leading to the large, screened-in dining room with long tables and benches. It was plenty cold early mornings in that dining room, and sweaters and stockings felt good. Emilie was the only one who didn't get cold, as she said the temperature was about the same in Berkeley, Calif. early in the morning.

We had the best food up there Jettie could think up, steaks twice, salads and fruit every meal. I weighed 135 when I left home, and now am back to 139, and need to do something about it. The first night Ed really staged a good show being sick, and so sick we or Jettie and Joanna packed him off to the nearest hospital, but he just stayed for the night, and it must have been Mexican food rather than a heart attack. The next day he felt fine, and Joe, Ed, Em and I went up the mountain to a Navy Sun Spot Observatory, and I am sure the guide had a good speel, but as soon as we got to the shelter, a tin construction, dome-like room where the films were shown, we could hear none of it for the hail on top of the shelter. We did see the films on the effect of sun-spots and flares on the atmosphere of the earth, all pictures taken in 1956 because that was the year there was more activity.

The most phenomenal thing we saw was White Sands where we went to cook stakes on grills out on that great expanse of White Sands. The dunes were mountainous, and in all the valleys were placed grills, and shelters with half-covers over tables and benches. The shelters were corrugated tin like quanset huts, painted bright orange red or blue, from the ground on one side up over the top for half-sided shelter, and the place was fantastic, no end of that white sand and those shelters in sight.
Ruby stayed in bed at Camp Cloudcroft all of the first day, dizziness and despondency, but got up to go to White Sands, and from then on felt better. Joanna & Ed, David, Sharon and Toni left from Camp Cloudcroft, and we came on back to El Paso Sunday night.

Little Judy, Sally’s baby came home with us, and she has been contented and happy the whole time. At first she preferred me because I could understand her, and she talks all the time, and understands what she is saying, repeats every thing you say, but Ruby has been outside with her so much she seems to be dropping me for Ruby. We are going to Amarillo Wednesday to take her home.

We have really been on the move, two or three luncheons every week, and shopping all the sales in town. Jettie knows her way around. She tells her saleslady to call her when these things are on half price, and when they call her, away we go and buy two dresses each, come home to alter them to fit. I came out here intending to spend nothing on clothes, and now I have a new pair of brown shoes trimmed in black, for $3.00, and Jettie finds a bag to match and gets that for birthday present. Then she makes two dresses for me, a real silk and print. At the sale I buy two on sale, a sleeveless two-tone blue, and a real silk. Ruby got a beautiful rose colored real silk with lace bodice, new white shoes and bag. Ruby says I am going to have to do some telling explaining about a new wardrobe, and have spent only about half the money I came out here with. Ruby got a lot of compliments on the pink dress Ollie gave her, but here she will going a lot and will need more dressed up things.

Jettie says if I will stay until after Labor-Day Week-End, she will take me as far as Dallas, and Chas.A. House called and invited us to stay with him two or three days and take in some shows. I have written Mary Cox to pick me up there. We plan to go see Billy at Richardson, Texas near Dallas, or suburb, and then on home by the 10th. Mary Cox, who lives at Sanderson, Texas, a distant cousin is going home with me and stay until Christmas and do some research. She has said before she wants to share the expense of my apartment. Since this will not be a permanent thing I think I would like it, and we would go on side trips like Nashville, Richmond, Va. and other places for research on the Cox family. She is writing a book on the Cox family.

I just know nobody, but nobody has read this far, so you may read my closing, May the Lord ever bless you Virginia.
Dear Ed, Jo, W. B., and Audrey:

This is a Robin letter that is being done in carbon so we can send one to Ohio as well as to Mt. Clemens, Mich. It's not really a Robin letter, because three of the Robineers are in one place for an extended period, something that hasn't happened in thirty years or more.

The three womenfolks and the baby took off for Amarillo last Wednesday. This is Saturday and the three womenfolks are due back this afternoon. I have missed them, but I have been busy, and both evenings they were gone, at least the first two. I had something to do — a meeting the first one and a card game the second. Last night I was glad to stay home alone and not be bothered by anyone about anything.

It was a delight to have young Judith Ray Norris with us for nearly a month. You never saw the like of pampering and spoiling that the elders were guilty of with her. She calls me "Pappy," and I tried the whole time to teach her to say, "Good Old Pappy," but she never would. For the first half of the time Ruby tried to teach her to say, "Aunt Ruby is my favorite," but all of that she managed to accomplish was "Booby," and I'm sure we'll all agree there's some poetic justice in that someplace. Even if she had learned to say, "Ruby's my favorite," it would have been a lie, because Virginia was her favorite. Everywhere Ginny got out of pocket, Judy would trot through the house asking, "Where Ginny go?" Judy is as fond of her Granny as she is of anyone, I think even of her Mama. Sally is going to have her problems in getting Judy back on track after all the attention we gave her.

I took Ginny and Ruby to see a bullfight in Juarez. I read Virginia's long letter, but it has been several days since I read it and I can't remember whether she told about the bullfight or not. Anyhow, the experience ought to be related by me rather than by her or Ruby, because you ought to have seen those two elderly dames there. In the first place, I threw a tizzy because the time in Juarez is the same as they have in Bowling Green, i. e., central standard, and we in El Paso are on Mountain time, and I wasn't sure just when the bullfight would be. But we went on an way,

Not only did they have the usual six-bull "corrida" but on that day they had the Mexican corridan, Cantinflas, who was scheduled to put on a comedy bullfight somewhere in the middle of the doings. I have never seen the Plaza de Toros anywhere near full before, but on that day they had sold about 15 per cent more tickets than there were places to sit. The worst part of the whole business was that we couldn't find places to sit down together. I left the two gals, after the worst experience I was ever in trying to get up into the stands, the worst crush of people you can imagine — and me worrying about the gals and how they could stand such an ordeal. Anyway I left them sitting in the aisle in the circular stands, and I went down about fifty yards and found a single seat way up. We could see one another, but the noise and distance was too great for any kind of communication. It was a good bullfight in every way, but they didn't understand much of the doings because I wasn't there to explain it. They sat on the concrete steps in the aisle and had to get up whenever anyone wanted to leave. I hadn't explained fully to them about Cantinflas, and when that part of the corrida was put on they naturally couldn't fully appreciate it, even though of course they recognized it as good comedy. Standard bullfights don't have any comedy at all — dead serious stuff, especially for the bull. Ginny had to sit with her toes under a little girl's heiny — there just wasn't enough room on the steps — and had to pull off her shoes, and poke her stocking-foot toes under the little girl. About half of the people there were Americans. Two young men sat near them, they said, and when everyone yelled, "Ole! Ole!" Virginia asked one of them, who had joined with the "Oles!" just what the word meant, and he said, "It means 'Stay out of the way of the bull.'" After the crowd thinned out a little bit, I joined them and we got to sit together for the last two bullfights. The whole experience was crowned after we were sitting together by a small child behind me (all of us sitting on flat concrete shelf seats) getting so interested in the bullring that he forgot to hold his coca cola straight and emptied the bottle on the seat and it all ran down and was absorbed by my pants and suitcoat. A real mess.
Dear Robbins;

We had hoped Emily and Mary would be here so we could go out and eat; but since they did not after 7 P.M. we all ate a "reduction" supper. Virginia and I had butter milk and melba toast; Ruby sausage and eggs, Joe fruit. We're all too big around the middle, so we've been saying we're going to cut down on our eating... so we have. Hope it does some good.

There isn't much to report that has not been. We are having much fun and wish Ed and Dona could have been with us longer and felt better. Our health is much better and hope you all are all right. Sorry Brown, Audrey and children could not be with us.

We do miss that sweet Judy. We returned last night from taking her back to Amarillo. I know she and Sally will have a hard week this week getting her back to normal! She really liked having four adults ready to jump everytime she made a move or sound.

We were glad to find out you had stopped at David's as you went thru Amarillo, Ed. I know she was glad to show off his pigeon loft.

Ruby, Virginia and I have made all of the sales and bought more than we should... then come home and alter them to fit us. Week before last we made two dresses for Virginia. So these old gals are going to be talked about when they return home... the D'A.R. is going to question how Virginia got so many clothes, I'm sure! Love to all.

Love to all

Joe

Sunday night after supper.
August 18, 1963

Dear Robbins -

Dad has told all there is to tell - maybe more. What Joe has said I haven't found out. What Settie will say I don't know. What I can say is there is nothing left for me to tell.

I am sorry you - Joanna and Ed left when you did. Things are getting better all the time - except that we miss Judy so much. Somewhere in the world there may be a cuter sweeter child but I don't know where.

We did manage to leave her last Sunday afternoon to go to a Bull Fight - it was the Sunday before last. It was an interesting experience - and we had a lot of fun because of the crowd. Va. did take her shoes and stockings off right in the bull's face.
but only the smart-assed man behind us seemed to notice. We had seats on the shady side which cost fifty cents more. A huge Mexican was made to sit in front or stand most of the time. When asked to sit down she reminded us that she had paid as much as we had. They take their Ball fighting seriously. I think Joe was a little ashamed that we didn't swear at the killings. I could have if we'd had room.

We hope Emily and Mary will get here sometime this afternoon. It will be good to see her and to know she got through that awful desert.

P.S. I got even with Va. For being Judy's favorite by teaching her to call Va. 'Shady-lady.' She said Shidee hidee, and made no mistake about whom she meant.
Dear Folks,

We are going all ways at once, but I want to take a few minutes to let you know that we arrived home around 7:00 Saturday after a very enjoyable trip to Texas. We came by Mt. Clemens and saw the house but could not get possession, although the house was vacant. The house had been leased to the army, and the tenants had damaged the place; now we are waiting for the army to inspect it and assess the damage.

We had a cool trip home. It had rained just ahead of us all of the way. We were back in Kentucky before noon Tuesday, but we spent the afternoon and evening visiting with old friends that we had not seen for twenty years—made a half dozen stops. We arrived at Virginia's apartment around 11:00 and decided to stay there for the night. We saw Wilma and the boys for a few minutes Wed. morning. They seemed hale and happy. We stayed at Radcliff until Friday morning and spent that night at Fraser.

In addition to packing, I worked at school yesterday, and Ed is working at the farm. I plan to go back to school today after I visit the beauty salon. We are moving in from the farm gradually. Our mover just called and wanted to postpone the move until the middle of next week, which will probably suit us fine.

Yesterday in the midst of our packing, we had a very pleasant surprise. Some people whom we knew at Douglas and had not seen since came by. We were very glad to see them again and hope to see them often now as John teaches at the University of Cincinnati, on our way to Kentucky.

Monday, Aug. 19

since I have no idea where the typesetter is, I will finish this long-postponed letter with a pen. I started writing just before we got a call to come to Mt. Clemens to close the deal, and we have been rushing ever since; we are at last getting straightened out and ready to live. They came down here on Wednesday and stayed until Saturday night.
I'd painted two rooms, and I scrubbed four walls, ceilings, and floors. Then we went to Roscommon and got ready for the movers, who arrived at noon on Tuesday. They left at 5 P.M., but we didn't get the place cleaned and all of the business taken care of until after 9:00. We drove (both cars) for an hour and then found a motel. We had had too much to drive any farther. We got up at 5:30 and barely beat the movers here. Ever since, we have been trying to find a place for all of the junk.

I like the place; it is quiet and comfortable. There is a shopping center within walking distance, but this is a quiet street.

We surely enjoyed our visit in Texas— as well as the stay at the beautiful and cool Cloudcroft. Thanks, Joe and Lettie, for the good times! Also, we enjoyed the
I want to second Jo's suggestion about the Texas and Cladocraft situation. It looks ideal to me. Cladocraft is in a wonderful place. I think it is wonderful to own a place like that. There are so many things to do, I think our reunion of last March the best of all. Perhaps we changed plans, meeting somewhere each year, or at least every other year. I enjoyed every minute, but I didn't stay at Cladocraft long enough to work out the biological pattern of the area. I'd like to spend about two weeks in the White Sands area walking on the same thing. One doesn't really enjoy the country until one know's, and I made it "tick".

Suppose Pa. is almost ready to go back to 1925. I hope the "ells" get friendlier living with her this winter.

We are still at this date mostly trying to get the place in apple pie order. I think well make it but there is still lots to do. I was surprised to find that there is more storage room than you need. We have fixed up one room for a study which I am very proud of. We will both enjoy it. We have worked over all of the house except the family room. There is much work to do there, but we will make it.

I'm over the "hump". Soon after we returned I had another asthma which the pills the Dr. at Atmazdas gave me controlled.

You get back to the salt mine.
Dear Folks,

It was good to hear from you. We would have written sooner but we have been busy getting things ready to move and cleaning the house we moved out of and the one that we moved into. We are just today able to see over the junk after a day's sorting and storing it. We refinished two rooms here and washed all of the walls. We like the place very much. It is the most convenient place we have ever lived and by far most attractive, although there are some changes that we plan to make when we get around to it.

We are being pushed to get the place in shape for the Sutters and Emily and her friend all of whom are to converge here next week. The Sutters are on a trip thru Canada. They have lots of nerve trying to travel with three little ones. Pam amazes me with what she knows and her interest in many things. She's the most inquisitive youngster I ever saw.

On our way back from Texas we had wonderful weather. We followed the storm that dumped 9" inches of water on Amarillo and it was cool. We enjoyed to coolness after our hot weather down. Even tho it was hot going down and I was sick part of the time I enjoyed traveling with Miss Ruby and Miss Virginia. Virginia, we did not tell Joe W. about the things we left, for I thought you had better tell them what is whose. We slept in your apartment on the way back. We spent the day, third, in West Kentucky visiting old friends that we knew years ago and got to B.G. about 11:00 P.M. We decided to stay over night there rather than drive another 100 miles.

We will write more later when we have more time. Right now there is still lots of junk that has to be put away.

Love,

[Signature]
Wednesday at Sunrise

Dear Folks,

We stayed here last night. It was very elegant. Weather is cold. We had beautiful weather until Monday. It rained hard. That day and we got a late start and stopped at Manistique.

We are on our way to Quebec now. By way of Highway 17. We are doing well to make 280 miles a day. Lodges are plentiful. I am going to have to study rocks. Pam wants to know much more than title of her course. We found some fossil coral on the shore of the motel and got some pudding stone at a museum yesterday (fossiliferous).

Everyone has been pretty good. Laura doesn't like being cooped up very much.

We spent two days in Milwaukee at a motel that had an indoor pool. Pam could jump off the diving board and swim the length of the pool about 50 ft. Lusha's swimming lessons just made her more cautious. Look Bab
Dear Robin Jr.,

I've got a hunch this will probably be pretty short. I don't have too much to say, Scott. I can't begin to tell you how happy I am about your job. It really sounds good. I know you are real excited. Good luck.

My job is at J.C. Penney. Nothing real great but it is money. It's a good company to work for so I'm hoping it will turn out.

I don't think any of the other boys are as big Steve Allen fans as I am. I think he's the funniest thing since Jerry Lewis. I laughed so hard at him Friday night that I know my neighbors must all think I'm a nut.

It's been real hot & sticky here. We had some rain last night but it only made things worse.

Guess I'll close here for now. Maybe next time I'll have more to say.

Lots of love all

Sally

Fred
Dearest Ones,

It was good to hear from you again.

Well, I said I would not go to work again, but I did. I am working at
the new Mayne’s Drugstore.

I was discharged for not being as a waiter, the pay isn’t so good, but I recently got my today.

I have to work on Saturdays and Sundays.

Sunday, Saturday, and Tuesday it is $10. I am other days. It is $10 a day. So I only make about $100 a week that is going into the bank in 10 days and it comes day

Scott, I send love
T.V. the other day
that the producers of Bye
Bye Birdie are going
to start a new play
called "Kelly" are you
going to be in it also.
Your "Salvation Army"
Christine doesn't Jan...interesting.

The sun cloudless.
Flower night was 92° in
the shade 8:30 in the
Suns wasn't any gas
and windows. I
have it go to work
now so David confi-
ments this Susan Sami
Hello,

Well I guess Sharon said almost everything so I'll tell you about the races I won. The first two races from Childress; the next one was a smash and only birds got to toss in race time. Then on the two hundred mile race the only bird in time for the race, as for the 300 miles from Fort Worth there were three doves that got away birds. I got mine the second day.

Love, David
Mr. Jess C. Dickie  
American National Bank Building  
18 West Seventh  
Amarillo, Texas

Dear Mr. Dickie:

This is to inform you, as David Ray’s lawyer, that my wife and I on Sunday, September 8, 1963, took from the premises at 705 Bivins in Amarillo an old drop-leaf table belonging to Dr. Ray Small of El Paso and a folding bridge table and four matching folding chairs belonging to my wife and me.

The drop-leaf table was loaned by Mrs. Small to my daughter, Mrs. Russell Morris, and by her to my son and daughter-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. David Ray. The set of folding bridge table and chairs was left by Mrs. Ray and me in our house at 3229 Travis Street in Amarillo when we moved to El Paso. It was not a gift to the David Rays; it was left for their use because they had no furniture at all and they understood that we would one day reclaim the table and chairs.

In addition to these items, there is still in the house at 705 Bivins a bedroom suite composed of two beds (maple) with springs and mattresses, and a matching coffee table which belongs to Mrs. Ray and me. There is also a circular drop-leaf cherry coffee table that belongs to us.

I am sure that no one will contend that Mrs. Ray and I have been niggardly with these young people, since we gave them furniture and money from time to time during their three years of married life. However, none of the items mentioned in this letter were ever a part of the community property of Sharon and David Ray and should not be considered as a part of any settlement between them.

An extra copy of this letter is enclosed for transmission to Mrs. Sharon Ray’s lawyer if you choose to do so.

Sincerely,

Joseph M. Ray

September 13, 1963
House
Car - get an offer

Living Room
Sofa
Rug
Lamps
3 French pictures
Lamp Table
Dragon picture
Drapes & Rods
Fan

Old school desk - John's
2 antique chairs - Sharon's
Coffee Table

Big fan
Magazine table

Mrs B.

$75.00
Front bedroom

Yellow chair
Curtains

3 60

$9

2 pictures (stump - green)
Coffee table
Desk & Chair
Rocking chair
Chest - Drawers
Double bed

Mrs. B
El Paso
Mrs. B
Zoni
Mrs. B
Mrs. Boyd
Middle Bedroom

Sewing Machine  35.00
Pictures  3.00
Curtains  4.00
Books on top shelf  10.00

52.00

Headboard, desk lamp, El Paso
Comptoirs  Mrs B
Dictionary  Daves
Bookcase  Mrs B
Ironing Board El Paso
Mirror El Paso
Dresser El Paso
Bed El Paso
Hall Closet

Sweeper

10.00

Floor Waxer

15.00

Bathroom

Scales

3.00
Back Bedroom
Bol Chest
Footlocker
Dryn

20.00
2.00
50.00

72.00

Tass Bells: El Paso
Night Stand: Mrs. B
Chest: Mrs. B
Bridge table: El Paso
Bed: El Paso
Kitchen

- Washer: 50.00
- Refrigerator: 40.00
- Table + 4 Chairs: 15.00
- Clock: 3.00
- Electric Range: 100.00
- China (set): 25.00
- Cooking utensils + dishes: 30.00

Total: 163.00

5/09

Baby Chair  Air Conditioner  Diane  Russell Menz
Yard grill  
Peacoat (2)  10.00

110.00

Lawnmower  Swimming pool  Set
Mrs. B  Toni  Toni
Typewriter
Rings
Iron
Hairdryer
Green Stamps
Silver candlelight
Mixmaster

Mr. Jess C. Dickie
American National Bank
18 West 7th
Amarillo, Texas
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<tr>
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<tr>
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Tuesday, Oct 1, 1963

My dear:

Mary and I are going some place every day; yesterday month of Desper River searching for Joe of tomb alone which we did not find but not giving up.

Today we are in Russellville searching for Elroy, Callie and Ola May taking copy deeds and I am going to copy all Posey records. She wants me to write a tombstone book and make money selling all graveyards catalogs. James, Hiram and Carlyle Kirby have a good start on this record we are going to SELL.

We went to see Mrs. Hinton last night and she signed Joe's Birth Certificate and she was not there when Joe was born but she went the next day as Joe and Aunt Nettie and Mrs. Fisher were there and she remembers Mrs. Fisher saying Joe was born with a veil and would go places and be an important man.
Glad Joe had a good rest, and that you and Gertrude bought new hats and bathing suits.

Mary says we will go to Virginia and Sunday and all expenses on her. She wouldn't let me even pay my room on the way home.

Don't feel sorry about her buying one dinner at Fort Stockton.

She wanted to, and she Cousin Dell says she owns this big ranch of sections about 7 thousand acres and has that many sheep, and could sign her name and get a hundred in cash any time. She has worn the same old black blouse and skirt every day since me met, dries dry washes it out and has never unpacked any of her clothes. She will not stay all the month of October she says.

Will write you every place we stop. Joe's family fine; my new chair hasn't come yet. Just think he did not order it the day I left.

Love Virginia
Robin X Old Letter. Kansas 4312 Dorset El Paso Joe 5 October 1963

Dear Ed & Gina:

I'm writing this at the kitchen table on Saturday morning while Rulz is on the back porch finishing up her painting of the skelton's cabin at Little Falls (it's real good, we think those guys who love the cabin) and Jettie is at her desk in her room working on her papers. This bids fair to be a full day for me at 9:45 on tv comes the Duke-Maryland football game—at 1:00 comes the third world series game at 5:00 we have a pre-game party at 8:00 we play New Mexico State University here. At half-time a bunch of us go out on the field for the formal dedication of the Lee Board Stadium. As I say a busy day.

We had our first game in the stadium on Sept 21 & beat North Texas State University 33 to 7.

We had lunch with Mary Cox atretch Stelton on the Sunday following that game & turned sister Virginia over to Jet for the trip to Kentucky. Miss Weebee got the Boop & got to Talladega that night at 7:30. Three full days of dying on the floor on Sally's old Redmond bed. I'll make a new one. I don't the girl had good cheer, too. Then on to Austin for the Board meeting. The three went on Saturday night to the University of Texas-Texas Tech football game, & drove home on Sunday.

Things go well here. Miss Ruby is faintening up a storm & we're all busy as bees.

(End)
I have to go to Washington and New York next week, and I expect to meet Lily and John in Amarillo on Thursday the 24th. I drive home with them. I hope we can bring July home with us for awhile, but I can't insist on it because the women have to do the work of caring for her and caring for such a one is work for young folks.

Fall is setting in here. My morning walks call for heavy shirts instead of short sleeve sport shirt. The only person who has ever gone with me on my long morning walk is Jim Ed Ray who came through here a few weeks ago (before Mr. Herman left) on his way to Arizona to some kind of forestry school that will last until December. He will come back through here then, Martha and the boys stay in Nashville. This Jim Ed is a fine one. We saw Billy some months ago. He's doing fine now. Jim Ed reports I'll call Dorothy Damien when I'm in New York or Bell again when I'm in Dallas. I'll give a report next time.

I'll track this off and leave some of the story for the ladies to tell.

Love, Joe
Sunday Afternoon

Dear Ed, Sanna and Va.,

I don't know what Joe has left for
Sottie and me to tell.

He didn't mention that the weather
is simply wonderful. I am use to
having real fine fall days and
having the feeling that I ought grab
and hold them; because they
would soon end. Here: I under
stand they keep coming on through
the winter. I'll let you know.

Things are still booming. On the web
-end there are two or three things
to do everyday, not to mention
church. In Sunday, yesterday.

- Saturday - Sottie and I went to a
lunch near for hurtling Douglas and
then to a dinner at the Country
Club before the Football game. Of
course we ate too much but it was
That Mary had just had a baby girl. She and her mother have sold their horses and bought one together. Mary was probably out when we tried to call her in Clarksville. She will get her divorce soon. Jim Ed is a fine boy. It will be good to see him again.

Joanna - you and Ed are the ones who have a lot to tell. We are so anxious to hear how you are - how you like your new home and your new jobs. I hope you will have some pictures if it's ready to send. Also news of your family.

Virginia - I am in favor of the Grade yard Directory. I think there would be some value for it. And you and James do have a start. Let me know if I can help any way.

Love,

Ruby
Dear Folks,

The Robin has been immobile for so long that it was most welcomed. I'm including the epistles of a former attempt at getting the bird on its way, for I think that it contains items of documentary evidence worthy for posterity to peruse.

We are in the groove having completed the first grading period by the middle of next week. It's been hectic getting the place in shape and starting in right after to a full schedule of work. Yet all is not done about the house that we want to do. We have the new carpet down and the drapes are due next week. When these are up, we will consider that the main items have been accomplished. We have redecorated the whole house except the kitchen and two small rooms that didn't need it. We like the place very much. I'm sure that we would have no trouble selling it any time wanted to sell it for more than we gave for it, since what work I put on the house would improve it. We have the family room off the kitchen with a heated floor which is a delight. We spend most of our time here.

School work has begun to fall in line. It's been hard for me to adjust to a completely new job, but it has been done. It is interesting to work with the "litte brats". I could write a book about them already. These are metropolitan kids who generally have nothing to do and no real responsibility. Scatterbrained would be a fitting appellation. These kids demonstrate juvenile delinquency either in thinking or in deed quite frequently. A good percentage of them will lie to you even if it would be easier to tell the truth. I have run across several real characters, or rather have them in my class. I am trying to build some sense of responsibility in some of them that have none and I have succeeded in doing so with some of them. Most of the kids are basically good, but I have only pity for the kind of lives they are forced to live. To say that this is an experience for me is putting it lightly, but I'm having fun trying to meet the challenge, and I will meet it. I have been learning real fast, and I enjoy learning what ever it is. I have been too busy with working on the house and school work to do any reading for the past six weeks. I think I will have some time soon to do some.

Jo has been under the same kind of pressure that I have been under getting adjusted to a completely new job. She was pretty well frazzled out when school began but she is on the mend now. She has had no time to call her own either, but things are beginning to shape up for her. She looks much better than she did at beginning of school.

I gather from your letters down Mexico Way that life has been exciting, what with bull fights, fights with the Mexicans, and ramming around the country. Whenever time hangs heavy on your hands, Ruby, head up this way. I think you would like it here. Certainly, life is very easy here. Although you would think we live in the country compared to some city living, we are only four blocks from almost any kind of store you would want or any service you would need. We heard yesterday that the big Freeway to Canada comes in four blocks of us. It will be completed in two years. Then we can go thru Detroit at 65 Mph which is something nothing short of amazing. Out of space. Love, Ed. (Over) on second thought.)
Ginny, glad you got back O.K., only to get on the move again. It was a pleasure to travel with you and Ruby to Texas. We'll have to take another big trip some time. You must come to see us in our new home. We live on the city limits of a town, Mt. Clemens, which is quite a church town. We take the local paper which gives all of the church doings. We expect to become associated with some church as soon as we are able to quit working on Sunday, which may not be so long from now.

Love, again,
Mr. and Mrs. William B. Ray, Jr.
908 Wedgewood
Richardson, Texas

Dear Bill and Claire:

I had a real good time visiting with you people. I tried to remember all the things we talked about and all the things I saw to relate to Aunt Ruby and Aunt Jettie, but I am afraid I missed a good bit. I think it was the finest visit we have ever had, and I am still glowing from it. Please give best wishes from Uncle Joe to Michael, Stevan, Timothy, and Robin. I hope to see you all again before very long.

Sincerely,

Joseph M. Ray
President

October 16, 1963
October 16, 1963

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Damien
23 Bowbell
White Plains, New York

Dear Dotsy and Frank:

It was a real privilege to have such a good telephone conversation with both of you. I fear that I ran up a tremendous telephone bill when I was talking with you, Dotsy.

I had an excellent visit and spent the night with Bill, Claire, and their four youngsters. You should see Robin. She must weigh thirty pounds, and is the huskiest, finest-looking little girl I ever saw. Of course I have not seen little Martha. I hope to get in touch with you all again when I get to New York.

Sincerely,

Joseph M. Ray
President
October 17, 1963

Mr. Will B. Ray  
Route 1  
Jerusalem, Ohio

Dear Brown:

This is just a note to report to you on visits I had recently with two of your children. When I was in New York on business, I telephoned Dorothy, and found her away at a parent-teachers meeting. I had a small chat with Frank, and then Dorothy telephoned me in my hotel room later. We talked for about a half hour about everything under the sun. She tells me that Vivian came to New York from California for an examination by some oral surgeons at Frank's suggestion, because of a scare that she might have some sort of cancer in the mouth. The surgeons indicated no such danger. Dorothy's little girl is now walking, and she asked me to report that fact to Billy's wife when I got to Dallas after leaving New York. All of Dorothy's brood seems to be prospering. Frank is making good money, and they apparently are living well. Vivian was in New York about six months ago and has long since returned home with all fears allayed. On my return to Dallas, I went to a football game with Billy (The University of Texas playing the University of Oklahoma), and then spent the night with them. Their children are truly fine. Michael is eleven and is a sensitive, intelligent little boy. His brother Steven is in the second grade in school, and I think looks like a nice child also. The youngest boy, Timothy, is now three and is as complete a mama's boy as I ever saw. The baby girl, Robin, is eleven months old, fat as a butterball and placid but intelligent. She crawls not on her knees but on her hands and feet, and gets around about as fast as a jitterbug. Claire is making the kids a fine mother, and Billy is doing real well with Texas Instruments. He made some sort of gesture toward leaving the company not long ago, and they wanted him to stay as evidenced by the fact that they asked him what was the source of his dissatisfaction and if there was some other part of the company in which he would work more happily. He told them what his desires were and they have now met those desires. They have a real fine house, and I think are doing exceptionally well.
Jim Ed came through here while Virginia was still here sometime around the middle of September and spent the night with us. He was on the way to a forestry school in Arizona, being sent there by the agency for which he works in Tennessee, and will be back through here on the 7th of December. Ruby, Virginia, Jettie, and I all had a good visit with him. This is a true stalwart. He is just a little bit contemptuous about the weakness of the rest of the family, all of them producing girls while his fourth child was a boy.

Ruby is still here and seems to be thriving. We have Sally's baby here for a three-week visit and she, of course, has taken over the household. She will not be two years old until November 13.

Give our love to Audrey, and whack each of the young ones gently for their Uncle Joe.

Sincerely,

Joseph M. Ray
President
Chilie:

Just a short letter this time because this is Parent’s Day at the College & I’m booked for nearly all Saturday, which is my day forcoffy usually.

Since Ed sent the Robin right back to El Paso Emma didn’t get to see it. We’ll send it on to Virginia with Roby’s & my old letters which she hasn’t seen. Gertie’s (latest letter apparently got lost at the Cleman’s) & Gianna you send the two letters with X’s on the top back to us, because Ed phoned them and I want to save them all.

Gianna, now that we are where we are you write & send the Robin to Ed & Edvard you keep right on sending all Robins to us here in El Pazo.

I had a good ‘birthday dinner in Amarillo on Oct 1st with Jethie Ruby, David, Sally & friend Byron Skelton, who was in the city on business & then we three drove back to El Pazo with Sally’s baby July, whom we’re keeping for three weeks. As you will remember Gianna, she’s taking the household over. She’s just about housewife, but accidents still happen fairly regularly. She won’t like the until
Nov 13. Nearly a month from now, I wrote Brown a letter about this kids, brought a copy in to show to Millie. He said that they've seen it. I'll develop it in the morning. I want to let him know Brown received with it a note to Joe's other attached to some objects I'd saved for him.

He's bragging on the weather. What she's saying really is that the sun shines all the time in the desert. I like it myself. It is hard to break with desert talk - the desert is a wonderful place to live. I guess some sort to live by. I must say however, it is not much like a desert yesterday. It rained all day, not heavily, but quite steadily. The sun is out now.

I asked you two in Mt. Clemens are getting adjusted to a new job. I hope things have settled down for you. And Giana, hope mud bug your grandmother research is not too strenuous. I think everyone here ought to simmer down. I'm going to one of these days. I hope to all of you.
October 20, 1963

Dear Family,

It is good to get this started again. Since there are only three stopping places we should get it more often. We still miss you here, I'm especially Judy. The first thing she said to me was "Where Ginny?" When we went to Amarillo last week. She talks on her phone now - the playone. The other day she said 'Hello Ginny. What's ye been doing?' I am amazed at her development since we saw her a month ago. She understands better and has a wonderful vocabulary. She is more like Bob's than any baby I have seen. She is always happy like Joe Eddie, you know! Maybe I'm dated.

I am still enchanted with the desert weather. It was strange the other day when we had a whole gloomy day.
It rained so hard last night that the track was muddy. Maybe these rains will get to the East soon. The streets in Suarex were rivers when Jettie and I came out of the building where Red Cross had a benefit style show.

In my time I've seen a few style shows but this one did them any I've seen--what with those stunning Mexican senoritas. They weren't all from Suarex. One was the daughter of Pauline Smith who took us to the Suarex County Club. Va. She was beautiful. Wish you had been here.

Jettie has finished her autumn table cloth. It is perfectly beautiful. I made six grapes and worked harder on those six grapes than she did the whole cloth. We will try to get a picture of it before she takes it off to be replaced by the Christmas one. She had this one on the table for a luncheon which
The Women's Auxiliary of the College and of course it made a big hit. Four hundred were invited but about two hundred came. That is about a hundred and seventy-five more than I could manage. Whatever is in Texas is big even the Water Desert and rain - when it does.

I had a good letter from your uncle. The truth is that it was mostly about the drought. I know the water shortage is bad but what happens to the atmosphere in the East is worse. The air gets so thick with smog and heat that it is hard very hard to breathe. It was during one of those spells that I had my attack. Luckily a mild one. I am much better now.

I'm glad you kids are writing or planning to do those books you the Graveyards. And what is yours Ed.? I'm anxious to see progress. Much love and best wishes.

Ruby
Oct 21, 1963

Dear mom and dad,

Sorry I have not written but there
not much going on up here. My work
is doing well. I came out alright in
the pigeon races. I have not heard
anything about the divorce.

I will more than likely come
down with Sally this weekend if
next.

Dad in this little note I have
inclosed $60.00 making you owe me
$10.00.

P.S. Tell Ruby Hi.

Love,
David
Dear Robin:

You flew in here and stayed in my mailbox for two days before I picked up the mail, two days before Mary Cox left for her home or her ranch near Sanderson, Texas, Oct. 24th. We were so tired from cataloguing cemeteries we failed to pick up the mail for two days. We worked as hard as if we were paid on this project the whole time she was here; up and off by seven every morning, back by seven, too tired to eat much after sandwiches on our various trips. We wrote down every name in over a hundred Graveyards in Warren and surrounding counties, standing in the hot sun, after walking over a field to get to some of the old family plots. Mary is a genealogist of renown in Arkansas and Texas, according to her cousin, Dell Cox Huggett, of San Angelo, Texas, and she says there is money to be made by anybody who is willing to copy and publish Kentucky records of any kind. She did all this driving around at her own expense and bought many dinners for Mr. Carlile Kirby, a 76 yr. old man who has catalogued all graves of Revolutionary and Civil War 1812, and World Wars for the government, and knew where to find all these old ones; 3 dinners at Jacksonian Hotel three or four times, and at Russellville, Morgantown, nabs and drinks at every country store we passed.

I have written up on this typewriter (on trial) thirty of the 200 page book, Mr. Kirby, is going to finance, if I will do the work. Mary says we can sell these books for $5.00, and we decided to stencil 200 pages, first, paper and stencils will cost over a hundred dollars, and if they don't sell, we will be out my work and his hundred dollars. The typewriter is a beauty, Golden Touch Underwood, and I can write all day and not feel tired, but I am not going to buy it; trading in my Smith Corona, the balance would be $90.00. Mary Jane has an old Underwood, no, Royal I am going to borrow, and shall just stop when I feel tired. Portable typewriters just do not cut clear stencils. If I do decide to start on 200 hundred stencils, we may do well to sell our Cemetery Book for $2.00 and then run off more if demanded. We could not sell ten here because everybody who is tracing their family knows where to look for theirs. But most of the people in Texas, Arkansas and western states started in Virginia or Kentucky. Dell Cox paid $10.00 for a Cox Graveyard book of 200 pages, and with no cover, poorly stapled, and cheap paper.

My trip back from Texas with Mary Cox, was very profitable, as she allowed me to pay so little, only my motel one time, and while here she paid my rent and all the food we ate. She is the plainest person you could imagine, wore the same skirt and black blouses she had on when Joe, Jettie, and Ruby and I had dinner with her at Ft. Stockton, the whole time she was here, and her car an old model Osmobile, which she likes better than a new one, especially designed wheels to go over her ranch. She was telling Dell Cox that the Oil Company had never drilled on her ranch, and had paid her in Oil leases more than a hundred thousand. Jack, Dell's husband was asking her how many lambs she sold in the spring, and she said not as many as usual, as she was cutting down, as a rule she sold two thousand lambs, and thought she had failed with less, and at $20.00 a lamb that would be something. You would think she didn't have a dime, but she started out with a thousand dollars of travelers checks, and said she found in some papers before leaving two hundred dollars in travelers checks she thought she had lost from another trip.

Too much about Mary Cox, and not enough about the wonderful time I had in El Paso. I have never written Jettie and Joe a proper bread-and-butter letter thanking them for the most care-free summer I ever spent in my life, and they both spent enough to buy a small farm taking us to dinners, and on trips to Camp Cloudcroft, and Mexico, also New Mexico, and White Sands was a fabulous sight; and we went there twice. I liked Cloudcroft better every time we went. At first the altitude made me feel weak and tired, but the last time Ruby, Jettie & I went I felt fine.

Joe, I met Turner Elrod's brother in Scottsville at hotel and we was at your first football game; he is Army Col. I believe.

June 16th, 1863.

Dear Mr. Johnson,

I am happy to hear from you. It seems like a long time since we last spoke. I have been very busy with my studies and work.

I am well and hope that you and your family are doing well too. I heard from John yesterday that he is doing well in school.

Please give my regards to your brother. I look forward to seeing you soon.

Yours sincerely,

[Signature]
Dear Father,

I promised Ruby by telephone that I

would get the Robin off in time for her to get it

before the cold, but I didn't get it done.

There are so many things that keep me hopping

that I didn't get time—its a little thing I

got a place as big as this ready for winter and

do all of the things I love to do at school.

Winter is beginning here. We have already

had some early miserable weather and it's

nice to have a good warm house to live in. We

enjoy the place very much. I have been

taking that you Joe, maned got by to see me

with all of the things and around you do. When

can you come it? We have a free way all

of the way to the air port which is on the other

side of town and one can make 60 mph their

town so it doesn't take long to make it.

We have just really made all of the improvement

that we expect to make with the house. Some

weeks that we expect to install. So the big job is

over—we finished putting in drapes this week

in the family room.

It seems a long time since we heard from

Virginia. We left her reading Tossel stories, that

must be a fascinating assignment, Kenny. I could

think of nothing more gruesome except the experience

it had as a boy when it was hunting "coon" with

just me and the dog and one got lost in a pitch

black night. My lights had failed and I ran into

a fence, climbed it, and fell over a tombstone. Feeling

Iound it found several like it and I determined

to climb it in a grave yard, walked around as

ever to be slapped by a grave snaped of in that
I haven't seen the grandchildren for a long time, and so I don't have much to write. Barbara says that Laura is growing into a little monster and is talking some. When we were at Ludington last, Pam was telling me some wild tale and assured me, "Now, that's the truth—no matter what my mother may say to the contrary!" Barbara had carpenter's thir working on the house and Sueie surprised her by being overly talkative and friendly. After a while she told them, "I used to be a shy baby, but
I am not a shy baby any more.

The only trouble with our house is that we aren't here enough to enjoy it. It is very comfortable and convenient. There are many things to be done to add to its looks, but that will take time.

A new library is in the offing - with all the time and work that go into the planning and moving. I met for the first time with the architect last Thursday night. I have the feeling of having recently been here before! It is exciting and fun, too. She just passed a bond issue which dumped $17,000 into my lap to spend for bookes and supplies when I was not thought spending the $3800 I had to start the year! I have good adult clinical help for the first time.

Two weeks ago we went to Roscommon for the weekend and had a simply hazardous drive through the first snow storm of the winter. We took both cars (left the station wagon) and both of us managed to stay out of the ditch, although I was sure I was headed for it a couple of times. I said that it is my last trip until spring.
MAIL ORDERS NOW!
BEG. WED., NOV. 6 THRU SAT., NOV. 30

HERMAN LEVIN
(Producer of "My Fair Lady")
presents

JOSÉ FERRER  FLORENCE HENDERSON
IN A NEW MUSICAL COMEDY

The Girl Who Came To Supper

Music and Lyrics by NOËL COWARD
Book by HARRY KURNITZ
Based on a play by TERENCE RATTIGAN

Entire Production Staged by JOE LAYTON

with
IRENE BROWNE
RODERICK COOK  SEAN SCULLY
CHRIS GAMPEL  LUCIE LANCASTER
PETER PAGAN  CAREY NAIRNES
TESSIE O'SHEA

Shubert Theatre, 250 S. Broad St.
Dear Children——

This is a long time for the robins to stay in Texas. There have been so many things to disorganize me—especially the assassination. I do hope we are searching our souls as we should. The Presbyterian minister preached a most powerfull sermon on hate without facts this morning. Joe Settie and I went to the 8:30 service this morning after Jim Ed and his family left on their way to Tomb. We listened again to the radio at 11:00 A.M.

I had visited them—you all know—in Grand Canyon about three weeks ago. That is one of the Bay sets that I am really proud to be kin to. The boys are so sweet and well behaved. There is a lot of harmony in the whole family and I think much of it is due to Jim Ed. Mother too is calm and understanding. Jim gave me an expert guide to the Canyon. I wanted to stay a week at the Bright Angel lodge. But Jim Ed and family were going to
San Diego to see Vivian and her family. I had written for me so I qued at the station and went along. We left the Canyon around 2 P.M. and got to San Diego at three. I stayed in a very fancy room in the motel Vivian's husband Richard was managing. There is a chain of them: The Hi-Way Motel. I was there one and a half nights. I spent the days with Vivian in her small but attractive home. Her daughter Judy who is Sylvia's age is about three times as heavy but pretty with hair like Emily's. She isn't as interested in how she looks. Sylvia not as hardy. The legs are eight and nine-smarter and nice-looking. Vivian does some work for the city government as well much church work and Scouts etc. She has a Monday to Friday live-in maid-Mexican. There is not as much harmony in her household. She and her husband quarrel most about the time she gives to the church. I went with her and the children. Judy sings in the choir - so does she. Most of the small congregation came to me at the end of the service. Vivian looks well - less like her mother - whom none of them have ever seen. She has interests much like you do.
and is planning to take up the D.A.R. Dorothy got her interested after you got Dorothy interested.

I flew from San Diego to San Francisco and there with Emily Frederic sweetness and light again. Va-ya and will be the first to say I out-stayed myself. I have always heard how fish and visitors reel after three days but somehow I can't bring myself to break away. Whoever hasn't been to San Francisco should go while Emily is there. She knows the very best places to see and manages to get them seen. We saw the Fisherman's Wharf rode on the cable cars - visited Chinatown - the big stores and she drove down the crookedest street in the world - ticket split in that little car of hers. I think the street is also the steepest street in the world. I had no idea San Francisco was such a lovely place. It is the most beautiful city I have ever seen. But go while Emily is there.

12-14-62

Before this was mailed I began to hear that you were going to Fla. Have a wonderful time. A week seems awfully short. I'd like to see all of you but I'm having a tooth pulled tomorrow. I'm sending you Va-check for Christmas in this letter.
Dec. 9, 1963

Dear Dad,

Just a note. The opening went very well. Will send details later—don't have the reviews yet.

Am enclosing a check for Mom's Xmas present. Would you get something for her there. It will be so much easier than having to send it from N.Y.

Hope everything goes well with you all. Are David & Sally coming to E. P. for Xmas?

As ever,
Scott
Sunday 15 Dec 3

Children:

This will be just a note. I'm not feeling too chipper today & I have been responsible too long for holding it up.

Ruby and Jettie and I are sitting around watching TV and Ruby is crocheting herself a Ribbon silk dress, and Jettie has been making herself a party dress to wear to the San Carnival Ball late this month, and I have just
finished addressing one hundred Christmas cards.

I figure that is enough for one Sunday afternoon.

Jim Ed Ray came by with Martha and their 4 little boys.
They took us like a herd of buffalos, but it was wonderful to have them. They were just here from 10 a.m. Saturday to 8 a.m. Sunday.

Things went well here. Miss Ruby is thriving. She is sometimes inclined to try
to do too much, but she's smart enough to know when to quit.

We've got a fire going in the fireplace here in our family room. It's not cold enough, we're just indulging ourselves in a small luxury. We're going out tonight to eat Mexican food.

Nothing new in your Robin letter, Gamma. I believe you must have sent us a carbon copy of it as it went on to Ed & I in the Robin. Hope you have a wonderful time in
Florida. We've about decided to mail the Robin on to Bowling Green rather than sent it to Florida because it might miss you there.

Ed, Sorry you're having bad weather. On the whole, we have been enjoying good weather here - very nearly every day. No snow at all as yet. Cold, but not bitter. So do thanks for the kid stories. We had Judy there for another two weeks or so.
think having her here is about as fine work as grandparents can get. I think, even discounting my understandable bias, that she is one of the sweetest.

Glad you all are enjoying that rigorous winter weather in Roscommon. Hope it's not so bad in Mt. Clemens.

A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year to all of you.

Love,

Joe.

Patti is swamped with things to do, she says she won't write this time.
Dear Yorks:

The Robin was here when I got home from Florida, and I hasten to send
it on before the first of the year. I got home from Ft. Lauderdale, Deerfield Beach,
and Plant City, Florida, Christmas Eve, in time to buy the turkey for Joe & Wilma's
Christmas dinner. They had the four Harman aunts and Mrs. Gerard Daley from next
door. Wilma had a good dinner, and we were enjoying it, and the boys were eating
better than usual when Wilma's sister who married John Will Coleman, and lives in
Frankfort came in with gifts, and Poppens of all things for the boys, and from them
we had no more quiet and peace, and the boys never did come back to the table.

When Nema and Elizabeth called me and said they had a letter from Mildred
or Mario wanting them to buy two one-year old country-smoked hams for them, and she
wanted them to call me and tell Ruby and me to drive down with her and visit with her
until Ralph came down Christmas Day. I thought I should not spend the money, but Marie
had said a free trip down, and we would only have the expense back. I called Mrs.
Olarce Wilson, and she said she was thinking of having Neal drive her down Christmas
Day and I could have a free ride back home with her son, Neal Wilson, I decided to go.

Our trip down was fine the first day. We left here about one o'clock and
stopped early down off the mountain at Chattanooga, at the Drake Hotel, and had a
beautiful room, and good meals in a Christmas decorated dining room. We started early
the next morning rainy and a bit dark, and passed through Decatur too early and too dark
and rainy to stop at Odilles. Marie was on Highway 41, and not willing to get off and
find Landover Drive. The next night we stayed at a Town House Motel at Gainesville
Fla, and there get on new Freeway, No. 15, and drove on to Deerfield Beach about
three in the afternoon, and found Mildred too busy with Christmas decoration to give
us much attention, but we were so tired we stayed until dinner time and ate a burned
dinner, the oven did not cut off, and so Marie said to Mildred, "Of course, you were
just too busy to look at your even, or even tell me you had dinner in the even."

That was the only visit I had with Mildred, although she and Marie did take to
a Velcom waggon Bridge Lanesome at the Patricia Murphy's Candlelight Restaurant at Fort
Labardale, Florida, the famous Behe Yacht Center, and it was pouring rain. I
wore my spring cream wool suit, long jacket and New York fur hat, and Marie said I
looked as well as any one there. Mildred wore a dress Marie had given her five years
ago she said, green beaded heart shaped neck on black, and a bright green sequen hat,
and Marie was over-dressed in cream wool dress, very pale, flower hat, and a red or
Fusia shade velvet coat, slashed on the sides, and low swung coat. I doubt if Mildred
thought she was dresssed right because she kept saying how proud of Jettie she was when
she took her to a benefit bridge, and she was ever proud to walk down with her so
stylishly dressed. The Lanesome I enjoyed, but the bridge I did not. Mildred was my
pianist, and said such cutting and hateful things about my underbidding my hand, but
I made my bid every time I played, and when she played she always complained about
my not bidding another suit that would have suited her better. Their friend, they
said was a rich old maid, but picked them to pieces to me all the time, and was
horrified at their extravagance, and said she knew the "Neal" was not financially able
to spend like she did, and Marie she didn't really know about, but that she thought
it was awful the way Mildred urged her on to spend more and more, and she thought Mildred
maybe expected to get handed down to her what she urged Marie to buy, six dollar Christ-
mas bails, and twelve and fourteen beaded, and gold-leaf light string. I thought she
was no friend of theirs the way she talked about them, and did not answer any of her
pertinent questions, and when I would evade the questions, she would say, "I thought
you said you had known them all your life." I guess I wasn't too much pleasuer to that
old wagging-tongue. She never stopped, babbled all the while, and didn't stop
talking during the bridge game. They were used to her. they said, and she was RICH.

Mildred's house is very cheaply build, with glass sliding doors opening on
to Pato from Living Room and Bed ROOM, but Marie's house, which she is having to sell
because Ralph's Shot Machine business want on the rocks, and he cannot keep up the pay-
ments of over three hundred a month, is a luxury dream-house, wall to wall white carpet
a pink marble bath-room, a black marble, and a blue marble bath, shower and tub in each
bathroom; the guest bed-room I used two single beds was done in pink and rose, her bed-
room in blue and green, and the other bedroom in gold and green, not finished she said.
Marie said she has thirty-six thousand in her house, drapery and carpets, and would have to take a loss, willing to sell for thirty-three thousand, and was talking to a buyer when I left. She told him they could trade if he would give her eleven thousand cash, and take over the financing plan, and then she would have enough to make a down payment on a duplex apartment she wanted there in Ft. Lauderdale. The front has a blue iron railing around large front porch, painted blue, and the back has a much larger patio, a built-up platform as long as the kitchen, and a step-off onto this large patio, ground level, and furnished in blue painted iron furniture, screened in, looking out on three beautiful yards, landscaped with palm trees, flowering shrubs, and poinsettia, magnolia, and three yards join in the back without fences, looks like one large back graced yard. Marie's kitchen is a dream kitchen, natural wood cabinets, antique brass knobs, blue and green tile around sink and stove, white rug, and three telephones, one in kitchen one in bedroom, and one in den, or bar; just off the living room, which could make a fourth bedroom for sensible people who did not have to have cook-tail parties. The Bar does not show from front door, and is done in black and gold, many colored glasses in front of mirrored shelves. I forgot to say, Jettie, Marie's draperies are exactly like yours in living room, only her's in a space of longer to include the den or bar. Her couch is very much the coloring and material of yours only darker shades, and two Kelly green chairs to match the green in the couch. In the far end she has antique, grey and gold dining room furniture, with caned-back chairs. All in all it is one of the prettiest houses I was ever in, and she puts around as slowly as ever Grandmother did, arranging and re-arranging this and that. Ralph called and said he could not get a reservation down only the next day and came a week before she expected him, and she was not ready for him. So, I left the next day, took a bus to Plant City, and when I got there round out Aunt Mandy Wilson was not coming down, because Margaret, Rose and Beatrice Wilson had rented the apartment she wanted to Tina, Eibert's wife, who married another man, alcoholic who spent all Elbert left her, and then left. She is doing night nursing, and living in apartment with the Wilson girls, eats dinners with them. Mrs. Wilson, that is Clarence (Aunt Mandy) was so much put out when she found out they had rented all their apartments, she decided not to come to Plant City this winter. I got on the South Wind at Plant City at 12:23 P.M. and without changing trains stepped off at Bowling Green, at 1:15 P.M. the next day, three hours late. It should have gotten in about 9:23. The trip was not bad, very few children and only one or two colored women, two colored men. There were four or five nice ladies in the next coach who came in our coach when we were hooked onto another train, and with them was a Mrs. Casey, who nurse here, and she recognized me and told me how very much she thought of Mr. Harman, and after they went back to the coach, I don't know what she told the others, but I was certainly popular after that, one after the other sitting with me for a visit, and coming by to go to dinner with me. At Jacksonville my seat-mate got on, and shared her blanket with me. The coach was not very warm after sitting side-tracked so long. She said I slept very well, so guess I snored. I told her I was sorry if I kept her awake snoring, and she said she never let that bother her that her husband snored, and she was sure she did also, as he said she did.

Joe Wile and the boys were waiting on the Bowling Green platform, Joe walking with a cane, and suffering with rheumat. The boys had been sick, a virus, and Dr. McIlvray took them to hospital and gave them Glucose, as they could not stop the vomiting and dysentery any other way. But the boys spent the afternoon with me, and seem just fine, ate two ham sandwiches and milk shakes, but didn't want any ice cream or custard, said they didn't like it any more, had too much I guess.

I never was so glad to get back in my apartment, and no place ever looked so good to me. I eat down and crocheted five yards of idiot's Delight, or Mile a minute without stopping while resting from my trip. The next day I read the rest of a book I started at Marie's which I got from the Library in next block from me, "The Day They Shook The Plum Tree." Marie thought I should read it and they would show me the Hetty Green place in Miami, but Ralph came and we never did go and see it, and it rained three days before he came, and we decorated the house, and put clothes in place to make room for Ralph. Marie has enough clothes, shoes and hats for any movie star. In fact, I doubt if many movie stars have as many expensive clothes as she does. I could wear some of her things, as I am down to 130 now, and she gave me two summer dresses, sweaters and two hats, and costume jewelry.
The Scott and Wilson sisters, our mother's first cousins, were quite pitiful. Ruth Scott Lett is in her late seventies and can hardly get up when down and walks very poorly, her knees give way she says. Nellie Scott who cooked and served the dinner with Ruth's daughter, Merrill Lampl's help, seems better off physically than any of the others, the only thin one. Margaret Wilson will weigh 300 pounds, and on the bed most of the time, has just had an eye operation, a hemorrhage damaged the retina and they buckled it back together, and will not know for six months if she can see. Rosa and Beatrice both weigh over 200, and complain all the time about legs and ankles sprained. All of these cousins of our mother visit me every time they have ever come to Kentucky, and they were delighted to see me, put out their best silver and linens in honor of my visit, and served wonderful home-cooked meals, in too bountiful servings, that is for me, but what they were used to eating.

Ruby, you know we are kin two ways on the Wilson side. Aunt Fanny Wilson, their mother was a sister to our Grandfather John Marshall Scott, and Virginia Hickman's sister married Wash Gardner, a brother to Uncle George Wilson's mother, Angeline Gardner, making Uncle George Wilson and our father first cousins. Margaret gave me a tin-type picture of our GGrandmother Virginia Hickman and her husband our Ruel Scott, our Great Grandfather. She also told a different story about the mother of our Great Grandfather Ruel Scott's mother. She said the two old Gardner ladies told her who visited Plant City just before they died. Ruel Scott's mother was a Gardner, and a dau of Marshall Gardner, and married this Frank Scott, who worked for her father in the wheat crop, married her and her father run him off. Her son Ruel built a two room house for her and she lived and died there. Whenever the weather gets better, and this six-inch snow leaves I am going to Glasgow, and do some Research on these Gardner's, and see if I can find a marriage bond of Frank Scott marrying a Gardner girl in say about 1776 or 1777. Lucille gave me three picture Christmas of which I am very proud, one of Grandmother when sixteen, Grandmother Callie, same picture Rhena had put in a pin like Baba has, and another one of Grandfather Scott's sister Amanda Scott. They are all just precious, and Ed I think you should have one of Grandmother when she was sixteen, and plan to get you one soon.

I spent the day out at Lucille's and Aunt Hettie's Saturday, and Lucille and I worked all day on her John Cox bar she is sending in, and the same line I am copying papers for Mildred and Marie. Lucille and I always enjoy doing the same things, and she would like to go with me to Barren County Court House, but is still teaching, and working hard, too hard. She asked me again if I would want to live out there with her if she outlives her mother, and I told her to ask me again when I was eighty, and I might say yes, but now I can walk to all the libraries in town, and go with anybody on a minutes notice to Nashville or Louisville to Fision Club Research Library, and out there, not driving a car, I would be jailed up. Lucille is going to be our only RICH cousin. Bert has willed or deeded all our Scottsville property to her, and Uncle & Aunt Hettie deeded that farm to her, and town lots are walking right up to their line, and they own the store building and two houses on Cemetery Road, they get $250.00 a month out of, "The Positive Land, 1275 years old".

Well, this is the third page, and I must read the Robin over and write some answers. Ruby, what you write about Vivian's church work does not sound like my kind of work. Here, no doubt with young folks, maybe the most needed type of work. I always refused working with youth groups, and never consented to teach a young peoples class, supplied for adult classes, and never did any kitchen work. My church work was and always has been executive work, promotion in the Methodist Woman's Society. Some of my promotion ideas still being used. I wrote stacks of letters, attended endless committee meetings, board meetings, District, Conference and Annual Meetings, and Ray never objected to any of it; seemed more proud of my executive offices than I did, and bragged about where I was off to and how he was running the house and managing the boys. Vivian must be a Cub Scout Den Mother, which I always refused to do under any kind of pressure, and never even encouraged our boys to do Scouting. I felt they had enough scouting over the Allen County hills at Grandfather Harman's, gathering Chestnut, wild grapes, hazelnuts, walnuts and Hickory nuts with their Dad and Grandfather on week-ends. However, they both did belong to Cub Scouts and boy scouts, but preferred to spend week-ends at Grandfathers to taking week-end hikes with scout group. Sounds like Vivian is a much better all-round mother than I ever was, and takes more part in her boys activities.
Even if I can look back now and know I was not a very good mother, I thought at the time I was. I was always at home when they came in from school, hooking rugs, or ironing, baking, sewing or busy with something, thinking being there and riding hard on the gang of boys ours brought in was doing what I should. I never belonged to any bridge clubs, Eastern Star, W.O.T.U. Women’s Clubs, Garden Clubs or Literary clubs. I was just not a joiner, and thought all I needed to do was be there when our boys came in, and cooking barrels of oatmeal cookies, and had them ready when fights started, or the basketball got too loud. If I had my life to live over, I would not hook a rug, have somebody to do the ironing, and go on more picnics with the boys, and be more interested in what they were doing. Ray and I used to take our vacation cooking for a gang of Sam’s and Joe’s friends at Barren’s Club, but all I did then was to feed them well, and keep their bunks clean and dry. Ray and I never did enter into their activities, except Ray would never let them row down the river unless he went with them, but he didn’t do that to make them have more fun, just was afraid they would take chances and somebody drown. I never went to work until after the boys were 14, but if I had that decision to make over, I would not work, but stay home and make them enjoy their home more, and play games with them.

I am only drawing about five more dollars a month Social Security than I would be drawing it I had never worked. I gave up too much not making it black. I have never wanted one, showing my shape too much.

Your dress you are crocheting sounds pretty, what color. Hope you are not making it black. I have never wanted one, show my shape too much.

I did not even put out a sprig of Holley this Christmas. Didn’t get home in time to bother with it. Being up here for the first time I didn’t have time to do it. I have been holding the Robin, writing more and more expecting Ed and Joanna to come by, but think they must have started home by now. Thanks Ed and Joanna for the twenty dollar bill. I think I will either get a typewriter chair or an electric stove to keep my feet warm typing. I must get back to work on my cemetery inscriptions, about half finished, and plan to catalog Fairview just as soon as the weather will permit, and Mary Oex may come back and help me. I am typing this all up, and she is going to get it published. We now are so far afield that we will probably have three volumes, the first to sell for $5.00, second $10.00 and the third $15.00. Carlisle Kirby, my co-worker and his wife in this project are adding new cemetery all the time, and I work so hard my blood pressure went up to 220 over 110, and Dr. Gilbert said I should stop typing for a week, take off some place and do nothing, so this trip to Florida was the answer. After all, as rich as I am going to be, selling cemetery records, I should worry about spending $50.00 I didn’t have to spend coming back from Fla.

When I finish copying tombstone inscriptions, I want to write a history of our Posey Family, beginning with Humphrey Posey who came to Kentucky from Va. in about 1760, and naming every child born since that time. I have collected a lot on that family. The following is a cute thing I just copied out of an old newspaper: “Mr. John Scott and Miss Nannie Callie of the Gothen District, being enamoured of the sweets of married life and contrary to the will of the old folks, set out from home last Saturday night for Tennessee; this great refuge for run-away matches. They were married and we hope the parental household will become reconciled and the young couple will live in joy and peace together.” I copied another letter from Amanda Scott, Grandfather’s sister who married William Kirby. “Brother John and Nannie Callies were married May 19, 1872 in Tennessee just before daylight. I and Monroe Wix, Dan Lively and Mat Epperson, Billy Kirby and Billy Gooby went with them. We started on Sunday night about ten o’clock on horseback, and got to Mr. Edmond’s just before four o’clock in the morning. Signed Amanda Scott, and written to Uncle George Wilson and her sister Maria Scott Wilson. I copied a stack of old letters while at the Wilson Sisters home in Plant City.”

Ruby, I forgot to tell you about Ida Kate Hinton, or do you remember her. You do not remember as well as I do, and I am amazed when you say I made it up something I know to be true. She lived out on Broadway, and her brother was Tillman, Ruby and she was kin to Susie Hinton, and her Aunt Toy married Dr. Allie Callie, his 2nd wife. I called her up and she wanted me to come out and have supper with them, and I never enjoyed a visit more. We talked and talked, and they took me back to Mary’s, got lost and Marie was getting worried, standing in the door looking. She wants me to come down next winter and take a apartment in her building. I told her there wasn’t a chance but if she would get me a job as companion to an old lady a hundred a month and living I would come. I could tell you more, but this is absolutely all. Love Virginia.
My flight is 6:00.
Be glad to see you.

Mrs. Mrs. J.M. Ray
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Texas.

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