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817 Univ Ave, BP, Tx 79902

Jan. 3, 1985

Barb, Lud. 806 Dext. 49431

Dear Barb and Bill:

Much pleased with all the good news on your Xmas card. *** Laura's diamond: Chicago's not too far! *** Pam and Ralph hatching you out a grandchild. Great! *** Sue still holding on. Eric still at Ferris, whatever that is, heading toward a pharmaceutical career, maybe. *** Jettie and I still holding on. She's starving today for Lower GI exrays tomorrow, bad time. She's been diagnosed as diverticulitis. I had it in 1969 in the hospital. I'm back on 3-month rotation with Dr. *** Election's over, 49 to 1, so I can declare my faith:

Reagan the Fagin
Sometimes when I'm drinking coke & rum
I think I should beat upon a small drum
I have a thought so clever;
Old Ron can't last forever
Some day will see the end of Fagindom.

Happy New Year and much love.

Aunt Jettie & Uncle Joe.

from the desk of _____


DR. JOSEPH M. RAY

B)LD 2nd

January 5, 1986

Dear Robin,

Happy New Year to
one and all. What a
nice long rest the bird
has had in Minnesota.
You see, it has been just
too cold for it to fly.
It has been too cold
for anything to do any-
thing. For as long as
the bird has been
circulating - and much
much longer, it has not
been so cold during

December. We expect it to calm down now - or the weatherman says. We have our windows covered and cracks closed as much as possible, and still we haven't done enough insulating to keep the cold out - or the heat in.

Scott, your letter ^{with} and its description of your trip is wonderful. Keep telling us things as you remember them. You, too, Jettie.

We had a most restful

and warm Christmas.

Bill's sons from California were with us. We always miss being with the Ray-Sutter Clan, but travel here in the frozen north is difficult at Christmas time.

I hope all the rest of you had pleasant holidays.

Sylvia, your comment about pictures made me realize how much I like pictures, too. Jettie looks wonderful in the picture with her Texas friends. An article in the paper the

other day advised people
to identify the people in
their photographs so that
people in later generations
will know. The article
published pictures of an
unknown family and asked
that anyone knowing the
subjects would contact the
historical society. There
were no identifying signs
at all.

Bill Moore has to skip this
time. And we have no pictures
at the moment. Next Robin
I'll enclose some. I've been
remiss about pictures up to this
point in my life but plan to
improve! Love, Emily

1/6/85

I have had this Robin way too long. We had a very nice Christmas. Joe & Jettie came for Omas eve - we spent Omas at my sister's home. Her two daughters came in from out of town.

David took his vacation so both he, Beth & Mike were off. Mike was a little bored because his best friend was out of town the whole time.

Anxious to hear about Scott's trip to England. All the best to everyone in the New Year.

Dorothy

511 Park Dr.
Lebanon, Ky.
January 28, 1985

Dear Folks,

The Robin arrived this time amidst a fierce snow storm & deep freeze which plunged unsuspecting Lebanon to -20°F . Needless to say, school has been out for several days, & I have had the luxury of enjoying the letters at my leisure.

Bob, although a confessed RLW, is not a reluctant letter reader, & he, too, has enjoyed pouring over all your letters.

Barbara, I am excited at the prospect of seeing copies of old Robin letters in upcoming Robins! Bill Sutter, when I took your letter to my local pharmacist, as you suggested, for deciphering, he charged me for three different prescriptions. Jesting aside, we always enjoy your contributions. Am I right in thinking

Pam is expecting a baby in the spring?
 I don't recall reading anything about it
 in the Rabin, but I believe Aunt Joanna
 mentioned it in her Christmas card.
 Or am I all mixed up?

Pill Moore, like Uncle Joe, I want
 to know just what a lutzfisk is.

Uncle Joe, I am amused at your saying
 that the reason Dad always wanted to
 receive the Rabin but seldom read it or
 wrote was that he wanted to prevent his
 siblings from talking about him. And
 all this time I thought it was because
 he simply didn't want any of his brothers
 or sisters to get anything he didn't get!

Glenn & Sonya brought Dad to Lebanon
 a few days after Christmas, & he is still
 quite well & active at 85. But he is finally
 admitting a few limitations. Driving is
 one, ~~that~~ ^{and} he is wisely beginning to curtail
 the long, tiresome trips by himself.

I think all of you have by now read the recently unearthed 1901 + 1910 letters from Viria Scott Ray to her sisters and mother. I continue to be fascinated by these glimpses of the past and ~~I~~ have savored every word of the letters. In this batch of letters I find particularly interesting the letter of 7-year-old Ruby. Also I had to chuckle at reading of Dad's being jealous of his mother's taking out time to write + his trying to disrupt her by bumping her arm as she wrote. He must have been strong-willed even at 18 months old.

Bob and I have whiled away most of the day watching inauguration festivities on TV. Being snowbound, ~~we~~ ^{we} had hardly anything else to do. I rather enjoy the dramatic aspects of any inauguration. This is the

4

third time in the last few inaugurations
that snow has turned out school +
allowed us to watch ~~the entire affair~~ ^{the entire affair}.

Scott, you must have had a great
time in Christmastime London. Japan
sounds exciting. Have you been before?
Celeste told me recently that she would
like to see The Stephen Foster Story.
I told her we'd plan that for this
summer, as she has never seen the
production.

Summer! What a nice ring that
word has.

Love,
Sylvia

(Continued from end of back side) That 40 below is too cold to keep our/ffrom anywhere.

Tell Bill it's about time for one of his good letters in the Robin. Glad you're promising



to change your ways in regard to Robin pictures. Love to all;

The University of Texas at El Paso

February 2 (Lincoln's Birthday)

817 University Avenue
El Paso, Texas 79902

Hate to be so messy ending my letter. But it's a

JOSEPH M. RAY
President Emeritus

disaster to find the last of such a messy missive.

Dear Robins:

It's been a con'sage since the Robin was here before, it was before Scott went to Japan on September first. I used to arrogate to myself the role of flagellant (as did Ed, too) but this time I put it off for two months on my own decision, and everybody else caught the same bug and this way we'll do well to have 2 robins a year. I have no right to fuss at anybody, but I'll try to show my feelings by setting a better example. Thought one we might as well, following the example of most of you this round, myself included, hold it here until; Scott comes home for the Easter vacation late in March, but, dang it that's what happened this round. If we get it off to him in Geneseo in a few days, he can get it out to Sylvia in a few days before leaving for here. *** His letter, I thought, was his very best Robin letter, telling about Japan. He phoned us last night (Japanese were talking about bringing his show back the year after next, but now some are whomping up for against next summer). We'll be dang glad to see him when he gets here. I've not seen him for a year, and his Mom saw him briefly in Nagoya or someplace in Japan. *** Also this issue also has no letter from Joe and Celeste because it was there at the time of their big trouble that ended up in the little hand-made coffin. I am able (happy) to report that they're on an even keel again and they expect their next baby in August; Celeste is again her happy and ebullient self, I'm glad to report; she's one of my very favorite correspondents, and the Robin is bleaker without her, for me. *** Scott, I've mentioned before your good letter on the Japanese trip. Everybody else has already read it so details aren't in order. I've at times thought of you as an RLW, but you just haven't slowed down to write as you did this time. It was wonderful. *** I'm sending Scott's letter to Barbara for the collection. & *** Jettie's letter made it a round fine, but my letter for this round got waylaid someway. I'll send Jettie's and Scott's to Barb. *** Sylvia, Mrs. Gorbachev will eclipse nobody; she's just the only Russian woman outside the ballet we've ever seen dressed up, even dowdily. Mrs. Khrushchev was a disaster. Your hope to see the Robin again before spring may be realized, if Scott gets on the ball before he takes off for El Paso. *** It wasn't a harbinger of spring when Joanna wrote, with

OVER

ABLizzard blowing. Jo, your visiting around at the Upper Peninsula, Mackinac, Cadillac and Frankenmuth (wherever that is) is a bit much in the winter time. You always write good letters. And the report on Abby; nobody ever really suffered from too much attention; all it does, maybe, is to their self-esteem, but the impartial rest of the world will knock that out of them soon enough. And her sampling all grown-up food: shades of her Grandpa Ed (great grandpa) as report in my Mama's 1904 letter, trying to sample coffee and getting scalded at 7 months. And, Jo, I liked the beautiful photo of Sylvia at 37 with a majority of the Red-Headed League; my guess that the remaining one was left out to photograph. The trip to Geneseo was the frosting on the cake. We've had no snow at all worth mentioning, just blowing flurries. If you think it will help, tell the library board that the elderly faction of the Ray Robin heartily favors Pam for Librarian. *** Pam, you're getting to be a bigshot, word-processing letters, etc. I'm honored to be conceived of as an Old Ray, from whom your book review activities are considered a chip. You'll have to do better than running Abby down 13 steps in a walker. It was lucky that the Babie Doll/got to go along to Grand Rapids Hospital to get over the shock over Abby's travels down stairs. Now she's walking, keep a lasso handy to pull her back from impending disasters. Ralph's/grand parents show good sense taking off for Florida. *** Barb, your two youngest are accustomed to barging around Michigan in weather that would buffalo me. Jettie doesn't tell anybody much about her trips; even I hear first about somethings when the Visa bill shows up with two items purchased in Canada (on the trip to Geneseo). You mustn't judge others by yourself, because rarely does anyone report travels as thoroughly and joyously as you did Russia and Scott did Japan.*** William Frederick, I didn't realize before today you're named after two Kaisers. I'm all for it. I got one from the Mother Mary's husband. I don't know of any woman who would shoot a deer after looking into one's eyes. Byron Skelton wrote me recently that he got two deer and two javelina hogs last month, and him soon to be 82. Deer hunts, somewhat like fox hunts, are sometimes social occasions as well as killings. Barb is like me, if there aren't things to do, she'll invent some. My current useless labor of love is manufacturing limericks in my favorite sport of Reagan the Fagin traduction. They keep me hopping; did 152 in January and am still working getting them on gummed labels for the album. That detached retina. Hope the binocular vision returns apace. You're right on beable being able to export some thing the Japs want and are willin' to pay for. Happy New Year (belatedly) right back at you. *** Emily, Minnesota is too cold for dang near anything; also Robin flying. I fear your wish an end for stories of litemisk is forlorn; the north country won't let it lie. See top 1st side

15 Feb February '85



Dear Everybody,

My parents came to visit us the day before the Robin arrived and our new band saw mill came a few days after, so we are once again a part of the Robin's pokyness. I never thought of us as particularly busy people, but it has to be more than a coincidence that every time the Robin comes, we are in the midst of a big project.

Joe is busy these days getting into the milling business. He has been working all week felling trees, and will probably fire up his new "toy" tomorrow or Sunday. We figure that the logging business must be in his blood as his grandpa's

Alexandria is becoming more and more talkative these days. She amazes us almost every day with a new word. We have found that we have to be mighty careful about what we say these days, as it usually gets repeated.

We are patiently awaiting the arrival of spring. I think this winter has been wonderful personally, though we might not agree. It was quite a bit like the winters I grew up with up north. Alexandria loves the snow as much as I do. If and when spring does arrive, we are planning a big garden. Until then we have much to do to get ready.

Hope everyone's Valentine's day was lovely!

Love Celeste, Joe
& Alexandria



William F. Sutter, M.D.
220 SOUTH JAMES STREET
LUDINGTON, MICHIGAN, - 49431

Feb. 20, 1985

Dear Robin:

Always so good to hear from everyone again, even though I got into the Clan through marriage. Figure I made a pretty good bargain all around. Hope that the two from El Paso are doing better. My sympathy go out to you, Jettie, on the lower GI. Had one old fellow that I told should have a repeat one done. He told me he would rather "croak then have another one of them Damn things" Being the days of malpractice suits, I quoted him directly in the hospital chart so if it ever came up again later it was obviously not my fault he did not follow up.

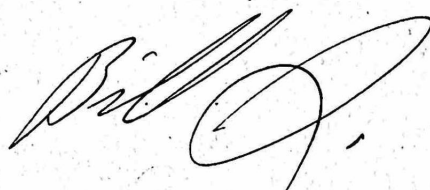
I donot think that there is anything the least bit humorous in Lutefisk. I had to eat the stuff as a child. It is as close as my parents ever came to practicing cruelty to children. It is a Scandanavian dish especially served around Christmas. I believe it is Cod or Mackerel, anyway a large coarse fleshed fish which is filleted and then is treated with lye. This makes it as hard as cord wood. It actually used to be stacked in the stores. Before it is ready to cook it is soaked in running water for a few days and then boiled and served with white sauce. It is truly pretty sad sort of stuff to have to eat.

I enjoyed the picture of the two little girls in pigtails. Reminded Me of Our little Susie. When I went to take the two girls to the New York Worlds Fair I had to learn how to do Susies braids. I got so that I could do a pretty fair job of it.

Yes I will be a grandfather in about a month or less. Pam is due the tenth of March. Pam is quite sure that she is going to have a boy. Think she would rather have a girl. Doesn't make a bit of difference to me. We have had our share of Winter. Schools and a lot of other things were closed all last week. Had about thirty inches of blowing snow which closed all but the city streets and highways up tight. Had one lady from the coutry that the plow had to go in front of the ambulance to get her. The village firemen all got together to shovel her driveway and help carry her out. She said the men had been shut in so long that it was almost like a festival. ~~Barb and I are looking forward to a two week trip to Russia come the fifth of May. Will be a medical trip and include Moscow, Leningrad, Tashkent, Samarkand, Bukhara. Fly from New York to Helsinki on Finnair and then to Moscow on the Soviet Aeroflot. Am doing lots of reading. Bought some language tapes and have about decided it is a lost cause. Have mastered the word for beer (piiva) and beef steak. Still have to learn how to say Mens rest room and then figure Ill be all set. May have to put in an emergency call to Bill Moore come the end of April. After reading his tale of the Czech being in the male I don't know how much help he would be. Sad to see a fellow loose his grip on reality like that. He always seemed fairly stabile. may be acute Lutefisk poisoning and He will recover.~~
Come time for her to go home and she couldn't get there. Had to stay an extra day and a half.

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Have carried on long enough, if not too long. Wish you all lots of health and happiness. Love



Mrs. William F. Sutter
806 Dexter Street
Ludington, Michigan 49431

March 6, 1985

Dear Robin,

Luckily the Robin came through all of the turmoil at 806 Dexter, and I will take it to mom tomorrow. Maybe Pam will be over and have time to write a note, also. We have new paint & wall paper in the living room and new carpet all over the downstairs. I started trying to get this done before Xmas. We just moved the load of the furniture in from the garage tonight. All the doors still have to be cut off. I think we will really like it once the fuzz dies down. I would really like to suggest that my friends and relatives think twice before carpeting everywhere at once. There isn't any place to put all of the furniture at once. I still have books all over the floor.

Yes, Sylvia, Pam is expecting any day now. March 10 was the expected day. She just quit work last Friday and

Lydia, I have the copies home but need books as I don't have an instruction book, can get help.
+ plan to soon

is getting clothes, crib, etc. together. They were given four big showers so had a lot of things already. They have also been house shopping. Susie is still substitute teaching. She also has two jobs tutoring plus a small job at the mental health clinic. Laura is home now for her spring break. Chicago and being on the crisis intervention team (1 of 4) at Loyola gets a little much at times. She likes over peace and quiet. Eric has been home and is back at school. He went down to Chicago to pick up Laura for us. She will fly back Saturday.

The School Board is still interesting and we've been able to make more changes lately than I ever hoped to. Two of our group have been gone since January. Two of us have been holding the fort. It takes four votes to pass anything so they have needed one of ours to accomplish anything. They have been very nice to us and it makes for a nice change. I'm sure it won't last.

Love,
Bob



The University of Texas at El Paso

March 18, 1985

817 University Avenue
El Paso, Texas 79902

JOSEPH M. RAY
President Emeritus

Jo, 310 N. Harrison, Lud.,

Jo, I have just written four pages of letter, not this morning, or I wouldn't have any poop left for this, to Jack Ray, telling him all I can remember about the impact of Miss Ella Jeffries on the gang at 1232 Kenton Street, after Mama died. I was then in the first or second grade; she watched me through Demonstration School. She had long since taken over Will Brown, had him under her wing, or otherwise he would have turned out a day laborer, and through him, she got onto me and Ruby and El, and later Ed when he finished Bridgeport, with six or eight grades, and guided him through college. But I think it was through Will Brown and her will, to help him through that she took on the big old house on 15th street and played hostess to four Rays (all but Virginia and me) and guided our educations. For me, Ruby took over where Miss Ella left off. Then the whole raft of Masons and Boyds. Few people have the capacity and opportunity for improving the lot of so many others as she did. I just want you to know that the Ray family thought she was wonderful. May God give rest, satisfaction, contentment, and happiness to her sweet, thoughtful, and selfless soul. As a little boy, they gave us some kind of aptitude or intelligence test; a boy on Chestnut Street and I made very respectable showing (I don't no what test nor how well we did), and I was in Miss Ella's presence when another teacher told how well we scored, and I will never, as long as I live, forget the look of satisfaction, joy, and selfless pride that formed a glow on her face. It still makes me wish I could have made the Methodist preacher she wanted me to become. You know, I guess, that she willed me her Bible to me. I thought it was such a waste on me, and Will Brown might want it, but it became clear to me that he is tied irrevocally to a patent new bible, and Barbara told me she would like Miss Ella's Bible; I ~~did~~ knew how deeply religious Barb is, so I lied to Will B. and told him I wanted the Bible (Jeffries), and it didn't mean much to him, and then I mailed it to Barbara. You doubtless have seen it. Ella Jeffries was A TRULY IMPORTANT woman.

Love, Joe



The University of Texas at El Paso

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Jo, 310 N. Harrison, Lud.,

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Love,
Joe

3/19/85

Dear Folks,

I believe spring is just around the corner on the last day of winter. The sun is very bright, and it surely will melt the snow still deep in my back yard. I really have not minded the winter, although we are told it has been the second worst on record. We have had only two blizzards, I didn't get mail or the Free Press three days straight those two stormy periods.

Well, I suppose I am privileged to report on the addition to family. My first great grand-child, Abbie Lou, was born at 5:15 A.M.

Thursday, March 14. She is a cute little trick. Mother, Father, and baby visited the grandparents on the way home from the hospital yesterday. Grandfather Bill says she is a crabby little type.

I have been on the go so much lately that I hardly know where I live. Within the week I have spent two days in Lansing, one day in Mesick, and one day in Muskegon. I have attended meetings in Ludington on the other days. I am tired! I have two meetings today!

Scott, your summer plans are interesting. Could you hide me in a Southern belle costume and take me to Japan?

You will be a well-traveled man if you repeat this year's journeys often.

Jettie, I hope your health problems are over and that you never again have to undergo the Lower GI. I have not had that experience.

Joe, I have been enjoying your notes, book reviews, clippings, etc. I already knew all that the article from the paper said about you, but it was good to read that others know, too. You should put a copy in the Robin.

Sylvia, your three red-clad children are handsome. I suppose you are thinking of starting the garden. School will soon be out and you can relax on the comfortable porch.

Celeste, it is good to get the news from your home in the woods. Someday I want to see it - and Alexandria and her parents.

Dorothy, you seem busy at all seasons, and I know you like that. Do you still substitute? Have the pigeons set any records lately?

Jettie, I have read that Americans are being advised to stay away from Puerto Vallarta(?). Would you be afraid to go there now?

Today we will learn the fate of the MX. I think the argument for it is the acme of stupidity. It may be needed - but not for the reasons advanced.

I wish all a happy Easter!

Love, Joanna

Springfield, MO

Jack H. Ray

4-30-85

Witnessed a complete (full-arc) double rainbow from ~7:44-7:51 p.m. The rainbow appeared after a 1" rainfall and about 20 min. before sunset. The double rainbow lasted ~7 min. with a single rainbow present ~4 minutes before and after the double (outer) rainbow appeared/disappeared.

The double rainbow measured one hand-width (thumb against index finger) at arm's length. The space between the 2 rainbows was a maroon color. Incredibly, at about the same moment the last segment of the rainbow faded away, a long cloud to cloud stroke of lightning illuminated the area where the rainbow had been. No lightning had occurred for at least 20 minutes beforehand and only 1 distant thunder occurred afterward.

Minneapolis
April 27, 1985

Dear Robin Readers,

As T. S. Eliot used to say, "April is the cruelest month," and we have been teased 6 ways from Sunday this month. A little hot stuff at first and then a lot of squalls with intermittent nice weather. Buds are out and most of the farmers have their wheat in, but it's now pretty soggy. Tennis courts are still sort a bare.

I am still busy at the University museum, sorting out their folk art survey for the state of Minnesota. I travel some around the state and that is fun except for the weak coffee and the atrocious habit of keeping baked potatoes warm by wrapping foil. Tastes like a week-old ice cream cone after that.

Well, now, Easter is just past but we had a good time here in Minnesota. On Easter Saturday I visited a local Eastern Rite church and watched the priest bless the Ukrainian Easter baskets prepared by the families of north Minneapolis. Pretty colorful stuff - more than mere eggs. It included "babki" (Easter breads), lambs molded from butter or sugar, flowers, and certain symbolic herbs like horseradish etc. to symbolize the bitter side of life.

Easter Sunday we strolled up the street to the nearby Lutheran church and watched that event, sung some hymns and came home to a big lamb dinner. Spontaneously invited some neighbors to join us and had a bagg-up time.

One of the Norwegians at the church service told me about his uncles up in the northern part of Minnesota. Seems they were homesteading a while back and the 3 brothers were sort of just "making do" in their shack. Hadn't been to town but once a month and almost never to church. So when the new pastor took over from Pastor Lundeborg (who retired, you know, and moved off to Arizona), he made sure that he got out to the farm to see these 3 boys, men for sure, just after the snow melted off enough to really get around.

Well, he got there and figured that he would query the boys on the meaning of Easter. First he got ahold of Sven and asked him the question, and Sven sort of scratched his head and leaned way back like he was lookin' for the answer up in a tree, and he said, "Ja, well, sure, dat's ven da kids get all dressed up and go around for da trickor da treat."

The pastor was visibly disappointed and turned to the brother, Oley and he asked Oley about the meaning of Easter, and Oley replied, "Ja, vell, I tink dat's ven all de people buy a turkey and have a big dinner, ja."

Shaken by this erroneous attitude, the pastor turned to the youngest brother, Lars, and he asked about Easter and Lars brightened and said, "vell sure, I know dat one. Dat's when we celebrate the resuurrection of da Lord Jesus. He was in dis cave and after just (yast) three days he got up and walked out, but den he seen his shadow and went back for another six weeks!"

Emily is urging me to give up on this treacherous typewriter that skips more than a 12th grader in late May, so I'll say goodnight and I hope you all get your gardens planted. Maybe next time I will be able to tell you the full scoop on a man who was, as a boy, captured by mosquitoes in northern Minnesota, raised as one of their own and today, believe it or not, flies through the air. But only in certain seasons.

Cheers — Bill Moore

April 28, 1985

Dear Robin,

Well, we have really done it this time. We have kept the bird ^{too} long a time. It's a combination of Bill's being out of town and my starting a new job. Our apologies.

I appreciated the letters. People seem to have been in fairly good spirits. Lutefisk brings out the best in Bill Sutter's humor. Maybe we should all try it next Christmas to see if we want to adopt it as a tradition. It could go along with jam cake.

I hope Jetta has a chance to tell us whether she's going to Japan - i.e., I hope she's not already gone by the time this gets there. Scat, it's wonderful that this is actually happening. You'll tell us all about it next Robin.

Bert and Bill will already have gone to Russia when the Robin gets around to

them and they can tell me all about it.

My new job is with the Minnesota Pollution Control Agency - helping county governments make good decisions about what to do with their garbage. It doesn't sound very glamorous, but it is what I want to do at this point in my life.

Spring in Minnesota is really glorious - the best time of the year. I know for some of you that's not saying much - given the rest of our year. People really get out and spend time at the city lakes, and it's fun to go down there. We walk down often. Josh and his friend ran around it today (3 miles), stopped and swam in it, and ran home. Jen and Phil and I walk around it quite often.

I promise to be a bit speedier next time around. Happy spring to all of you.

Love,
Eva



The University of Texas at El Paso

817 University Avenue
El Paso, Texas 79902

SOZE RAY May 10, 1985
NOT HAVE SEEN THE REPORT ON
MY INTERVIEW ON THE PRESIDENCY

JOSEPH M. RAY
President Emeritus

Dear Robin:

I believe this is one of the best Robins I have ever received. Scott is overflowing with his British visit, Sylvia is her usual bubbling self, Celeste is her usual sweet self, letters from both Bills, Sutter and Moore, both in the same Robbin, both partly about Tutfisk: makes me want to swear off fish (but I eat it every time we go to the cafeteria, which is often), and I can't because the white fish is so good. Jo's letter is just a story of a busy woman, and so is Barb, and Em dashes off good letters in the middle of busy-ness. Neither Bob nor Joe Aden is a RLW, maybe so, but I recently received good letters from both of them; from Bob acknowledging some books I mailed him, and it was a good and intelligent analysis of the books and cordial letter, to boot; and from Joe, because I had dreamed up an offensive statement I thought I had made in a letter to him & Celeste, and he wrote me the sweetest and best letter I have received from a male Ray since Ed died. It was a real good one; he's a good letter writer. I hadn't hurt his feelings: he and Celeste don't get hurt feelings against people they love. ***

By the way, he's completely rounded the circle: he's back in the business Papa was in which killed him. I've warned him not to get on the downhill side of a big log depending on a boom pole not to break. Guess we don't have boom poles any more. *** How could I have got this far into the Robin, Bill Sutter, without commenting in your granddaughter? Welcome to this fast moving and wide-traveling clan, Abby, bless you little heart. England, Russia, Japan, name it, some of us will be there before the year's out. Joe and Celeste, honeymooned in Ireland. Sally and George took a ^{CRUISE} tour to Alaska. I myself went to Japan and Korea during the Korean war, & to Britain, France, Germany and Spain for Maryland and the Air Force. And Jettie Pearl and I spent two weeks in Colombia, in South America. And she, I'll bet you money, will go to Japan with Scott: she's already arranged (I think) for a sleep-in maid to watch over me. All she needs is a companion, because Scott will be too busy with his troupe and production to pay her much mind. And Bill and Barb already in Russia. *** SYLVIA: -20°, whew! Coldest I ever was was 12 below in Amarillo. I'm with you, all agog over old Robin letters from Barb. W. B. is OVER WONDERFUL PHOTOS OF THE LITTLE SORREL TOPS.

Josef

2

TOO COMPLEX for anyone to figure out anyway: maybe it's your theory, maybe mine. 85 ain't old. He expects to live to Jan. 1, 2,000, so he shall have lived in three different centuries. I still have on top of my desk my original copy of Mama's letter telling in 1904 of Ed's getting coffee-burnt, Jettie had it encased in plastic for me. I can't stand looking all that long at Reagan the Fagin. SCOTT: Your letter is old hat, ^{TO US} since your two weeks here. It's a good letter. CELESTE: Keeping up with Alexandria is a busy job. I'll bet he does well in the mill-^{JOE}ing business. Whatever Alexandria hears won't hurt her; Scott's as fine a man as I know, and he has heard everything, from the ground up. All ^{A LITTLE TOO MUCH OF IT. STICK FOR DAVID.} three of them, Sally, too. I'll bet you're busier than ever with gardening. BILL SUTTER: Don't forget ^{OF HIS A FINE ONE, TOO} I was there when you got into this clan, totting the cake knife. The clan's lucky to have you in it. Lutefisk, yech! Bet Abby^E has already made your life different. 30" of snow in Ludington! Anxious to hear about Russia. I'm dumb for failing to understand about the Czech being in the male. In Mexico City in the mid-30's I couldn't think of a word for privy in Spanish (on the day we prowled separately) and finally said to a cop, "Look Mr., if I don't find a toilet soon, I'M gonna foul your street." & he said "Toilet, ah, si." & pointed to a park across the street. Health and happiness right back at you. BARB: You're going to have a palace at 806, if you keep on. And has Abby^{LE} made a great difference for GRANDMA? Your two votes tying things up reminds me of Sam Rayburn holding up the govt. of the U.S. by dropping a bill the president (JFK) wanted in his desk drawer -- too long a story: Bobby (Atty.Gen.) was holding up judgeship for Sarah Hughes (who as state district judge officiated over Scott's adoption in 1940) because 69 was ~~too~~ too old, and VP. LBJ could ^{not} get her loose; ^{ROSBY WAS} finally Rayburn traded the lost bill for sending Sarah's appointment to the Senate: She served to 82, & died recently. Jettie and I adored her. JO: You and Barb and Celeste and Jettie (Abbie Lou) and Sylvia and Em are six of the busiest women alive. Abbie Lou: GREAT GRANDMA; Ed missed her by 12 years lacking 3 days, rest his soul. Jettie's in fine fettle. She and I foreswore the U. T. E. P. commencement tonight, because of my failings, but going to the reception afterwards in the Hoover House at 9 tonight, after a nap for me. You don't want to see Joe & Celeste's log cabin manse any more'n I do, but ^I never will. Dorothy, with all her busy-ness still has time for a monumental reading program. Her daughter, Beth, graduates from high school on the 17th. Revolution in Mexico is still far away, I think, despite the robber bsons running the country. Your wish for our Happy Easter was granted. Scott was here for his spring break. We had a big Mexican dinner at our favorite restaurant (15 miles up the pike, 30 for Sally & George) with Scott, Sally, George, David, ~~Sally~~ Dorothy and us. BILL MOORE: spontaneous parties are some (cont

LEAD LRD EARLY ON

Joseph M. Ray

Robin, page 3 5-10-85

~~_____~~
~~_____~~

BILL MOORE (Cont'd) ^{Takes} the best kind, but it takes plenty of victu-
als. I've wondered long years where the groundhog got the
idea for coming in and out (or out and in) of holes. — Your
Norwegian. If you think you have a treacherous typewriter,
don't judge ~~yours~~ ^{mine} by my letter. If I stopped to correct,
my hypertension would boil over. Don't wish a garden off
on me. Jettie's got one, 1/25 of an acre, but does good
work. EMILY: Em, honey, don't apologize for being slow with
the Robin, everyone is this time. Scott doesn't sit still
long enough to write a really full report. I hope we have
heard the last of lutefisk; maybe it will be a favorite dish
in Russia or Japan. If Jettie goes to Japan (and she may)
we'll get a good report, I'll bet. But she goes to central
Texas and to DeGray State Park in Arkansas for the Hollings-
worth Reunion before the end of the Bardstown season in
late August and the trip to Japan, so it won't be the next
Robin unless we're awfully slow with the Robin. I'm proud
of your new job; they don't put a dunce in a job like that.

Robin, p. 4 5-10-85

Joseph M. Ray

(4)

~~_____~~
~~_____~~
EM: ^{MORE} Spring lang since arrived here. Doors open all-day today. Daylight now comes near 5 a. m. Lately Jettie is beating me to bringing in the newspaper. In your new job, don't do what Chicago did: completely poisond Lake Michigan and then diverted their sewage into the Desplainas River and dang near ruined the Mississippi as far down as St. Louis (but that was early in this century). I told that story in my M. A. thesis, "Diversion of water from international Streams." ^{1934,} You're too busy a gal to make rash promises about speedier Robins. Happy Spring back at you. A WONDERFUL ROBIN. God bless you all!

Beth is soon graduating from high school a week from tonight. Let ter from Jack Ray today reports his witnessing a double rainbow: he xeroxed it, so Celeste & Joe and Sylvia & Bob will already have seen it. UTEP commencement speaker tonight is Wilson H. Elkins, one of my predecessors, retired at Maryland after 20 years. Commencement was to honor former presidents; sorry to heave had to decline. Love Joe Uncle Jo

Stubborn visionary

Former UTEP leader presided over turbulence, big changes

By Ramon Renteria 3 3 77
Times staff writer

Of all the titles he has carried and all the things he has done, Joseph Ray is proudest of having touched the University of Texas at El Paso in a profound way.

At 77, Ray still is regarded by many as the visionary academic leader who transformed Texas Western College into a community of scholars.

Ray landed in El Paso in 1980, just ahead of the turbulence that made life unbearably tough for college administrators: the Vietnam War, the Civil Rights movement, the Chicano movement and student unrest.

He found a "little municipal college tied umbilically with the University of Texas." But not fundamentally.

"We turned it around in a great variety of ways, insisting on quality wherever we could," Ray said.

During his eight-year stay as UTEP president, the university matured and blossomed largely because of Ray's insistence on wholesale quality among students and faculty and his diehard commitment to academic freedom.

His crusade in the old days — you can't fire a professor for what he thinks — made townspeople restless at times and heightened his campus popularity.

These days, UTEP's president emeritus (1960-68) spends his idle time reviewing books, reading extensively and corresponding with old friends.

His modesty hasn't faded with old age.

"I'm not brilliant. I ain't God but I've got a good mind," he said. "I was born a fatherless orphan and I still am. I never had an expensive suit of clothes, and I've never been somebody that's going to please the John Birch Society."

Soon after his arrival, Ray began a series of citizen committees to chart the university's future. Most notably, he pushed Mission 73 — a select group of El Paso civic and business leaders who drafted a blueprint for UTEP's development.

For years, Ray pounded on businessmen's doors begging for handouts to develop a program of gift support for the institution. He set up distinguished professorships, lured highly qualified faculty to the growing campus, and began emphasizing research more than ever.

Ray religiously promoted faculty governance, upgraded the library, tightened academic standards and enticed community support for athletic programs.

By the time he retired and stayed as a distinguished Benedict professor in the political science department, UTEP enrollment had grown from about 4,000 in 1960 to 10,000. Millions of dollars were spent on new construction during his tenure.

By his own admission, Ray once "fast-talked" a Washington, D.C., bureaucrat into letting Texas Western train one of the earliest crops of Peace Corps recruits.

Milton Leech, who served in various administrative jobs during the Ray years, recalled one of Ray's favorite expressions: "We're only as good as people see us from afar."

"Those of us who had been around a long time gave Dr. Ray credit for making some pretty significant changes," Leech said. "He had a great vision for what the university ought to be."



— Times photo by Luis Villalobos

"UTEP is not a real university yet. But by God, one day it will be. And it wouldn't have been there if I hadn't done the things I did."

— Joseph Ray

Political science professor Melvin Straus joined the faculty in 1961 and quickly respected Ray for setting high aspirations for Texas Western College.

"I do not forget that he gave more than most professors do in defense of academic freedom," Straus said. "He contributed to the scholarly attainment of the faculty, gave us encouragement and guidance and generously distributed what crumbs there were."

"A great part of the degree of maturity we have as an academic institution was delivered by Joe Ray. That's no poor legacy," Straus said. "He is a just man and was under extreme pressure all the time, but did not deal with pressure as does a saint."

Ray often plunged into controversial conflicts, like the time he yanked the scholarships of black athletes who refused to participate in a Brigham Young University track meet. Another time, he resisted community pressure and refused to dismiss a sociology professor summoned by New Mexico officials to try to negotiate the surrender of Rio Arriba County insurrectionist Reyes Lopez Tijerina.

"No president ever does anything. He just leads, pats a horse on the rump as it goes into war. That's all," Ray said. "I had to defend the faculty. You can't get their respect if you don't. I never disagreed with the collective faculty on academic matters."

Ray often upset community leaders by insisting that UTEP ought to set higher academic standards and stop being a "catchall for anybody who wants a college education."

"When the idea for a junior college came along, I said: 'Yes, we need a junior college. We need something to ease the pressure on UTEP for lowering standards and accommodating every dumb (person) and his brother and sister.'"

Ray said he was forced into retirement in 1968 because he "came at cross purposes" with Frank Erwin, then chairman of the board of regents.

"UTEP is not a real university yet. But by God, one day it will be," he said. "And it wouldn't have been there if I hadn't done the things I did."

May 11, 1985

Dear Robins;

Joe does such a complete job of reporting on all I know I don't know what I can say.

While we are not going to graduation at UTEP tonight, we will go to a reception at the Hoover House afterwards and get in some visiting, which is what we like best!

Also, will add that I'm having a luncheon for Beth on the 22nd. her graduation day. She is making sounds like she'll go to UTEP in the fall. Wants to get a job and get RICH this summer.

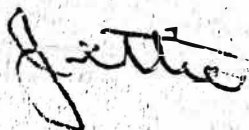
Celeste is a great contribution to the Robin. Hope we can meet her someday! She and Joe carry on a steady correspondence. Know Sylvia is glad to have them nearby.

Hope I can make the trip to Japan and am considering it. Scott and the cast will be too busy to "take care of me" and I'll want to sightsee on my own, so I've mentioned it to about four or five friends and each says: "count me in", so I've quit mentioning it as I don't want too many. About six or seven including me would be plenty so we could split up if we want to go different places. How about your going with us, Joanna? Most likely we'll all get there by different routes...fly to Chicago or Seattle then Japan Airlines to Tokyo. Scott will know more about everything when he gets back from Japan the last of June, so by Sept. we will all know what we are doing...I hope!

Sylvia, thanks for enclosing the pictures. Recalls your visit four springs ago. You said then all of you were coming some of these days, Isn't it about that time! Too bad the Ray reunions stopped. Maybe they could be revived for once every five years. Wish we still had our place in Cloudcroft, N.M. It would be just right except for the distance. Maybe around Mammoth Cave we could manage it. I believe our first one was there.

The yardman is here and I need to talk with him, so must close. Keep up the good work and get this "ole bird" here soon.

Love to all,



MAY 20, 1985
3/20/85

Dear Robins:

Scott enjoyed your last letter. Time is flying around here. Went to a terrific brunch for Mother's Day. My Mom is here visiting now.

This Wednesday Beth is graduating. Granny is giving her a luncheon.

Michael thinks that it is unjust to have to attend school two more days than Beth.
Have to take the car in

June 10

Dear Robins,

There is so much to report about our tour to Japan, I hardly know where to start. It appears that it may be the largest overseas tour ever by an American theatrical company. 60 will go from here, and there is a large Japanese support staff, so there will be about 100 people total.

We were treated royally. Everything is first class, and the planning has been very thorough. The tour is to celebrate the 15th anniversary of Ky. Fried Chicken in Japan, and they now have 550 stores around the country. There are a series of celebrations planned,

Joe & Celeste - please do come to Lebanon & Bardonia!

but our tour is the centerpiece, and the total budget is \$2 million. Tickets will be \$28, 20, and \$12, and are already $\frac{2}{3}$ sold in Tokyo, so we added an extra performance there. Whole show will be taped for airing on national TV there, and a $1\frac{1}{2}$ hour special will also be shown. TV crews were here for rehearsals, opening night, & cast party - we've all had a very good time. It should really put the show on the map. Heady stuff, and I'm right in the thick of it, since all artistic decisions are mine. Opening night in Tokyo is black tie, with Prime Minister, members of Parliament & ambassadors expected to attend!
more in next letter.
Happy Summer!
Scott

511 Park Drive
Lebanon, Ky.
June 14, 1985

Dear Folks,

How entertaining the letters were this time around; everyone seemed to be particularly witty and sparkling. Bill Moon, you have a warped sense of humor - but I must, too, because I usually find myself laughing out loud at your colorful anecdotes. Don't slow up.

Bill and Barbara, we're all eager to hear about your trip to Russia. How long were you there? It had to be a fascinating experience.

Scott, The Stephen Foster story has gotten wide press of late because of the Japan tour. Recently I even saw a news item on Cable News Network about the event. I guess it will be well into the fall before we get a Robin report on your trip.

Welcome to Little Abbie Lou. My children were born in the fall and winter, but I've always thought spring would be an ideal time to have a baby, Pam. Of course we'll be waiting to see pictures.

Emily, your new job in pollution control must be challenging. A plant which handles PCB's is considering locating in our town. I don't much like the sound of it.

Rob's 8th grade class recently took a one-day trip to Washington, D.C., & as I hadn't been ^{there} myself since I was eight (when I went with Aunt Ginny & Aunt Ruby) - I went along, too. We left very early in the morning and returned quite late that evening, but the flight was less than an hour. I was surprised at how many sights could be seen on a tour in 9 hours. Rob got a good taste of D.C., & I got to see Kennedy's eternal flame and the Vietnam memorial, which, of course didn't exist when I was a child.

Rory Pinchert's health has failed drastically in the past few weeks. The Parkinson's Disease has progressed at an alarming rate, affecting his mind even quicker than his body. He has become so disoriented and, at times, belligerent that Mama has come to the conclusion she can't care for him at home, and arrangements are being made for him to have a room in a nice nursing home in town as soon as he is released from the hospital next week. It's heartbreaking, of course, to see such a vital, jovial person change so dramatically, but his cortical atrophy is irreversible. Mama is being very strong, as always; she's had to make some tremendously difficult decisions lately, but she's had a good deal of experience in that field, and she'll make it through. Her spirits are good.

Love,
Sylvia

July 20, 1985

Dear Robin:

See I wrote my last letter in February. Lots has happened since.

1. Have become a Grandfather for the first time. more about that later.
2. Have had a flooded out basement. enough said.
3. Made a visit to Russia, even getting into Asia. More on that later.
4. Watched Barb in the political arena again. Her man won so they still have their majority.
5. Had a call from Eric who was visiting a friend out of town. "I'll be home Sunday and the dressings should be changed Monday." He totaled the friends motorcycle and left lots of skin on the road.

Will fill in the news on the kids first. Pam and Ralph are the owners of a house. Somewhat of a challenge for all the work that it needs but it is coming. The first room to get completely finished just happened to be Abbies.

I am sending along lots of pictures this time. Some of Abbie, Some of the picnic in Gram's back yard when the Moores were here, and a few of Barb and I in Russia.

Susie is spending the summer doing some tutoring and is also the most of the time baby sitter for Abbie.

Laura is the head Life Guard again at the city beach and Eric is one of the guards there. Laura will be getting back to school soon.

Barb and I had a great trip.

Barb had a lot of doubts about it but now admits she had a great time and is glad she went. Started out with four days in Moscow. The whole city was decorated with banners, pictures, and colored lights to celebrate the fortieth anniversary of the end of the war in Europe. That with May day is the most important event of the whole year. From there we flew to Tashkent, on to Bukhara, and by train to Samarkand. As Barb said "Ghengis Khan was a late comer down here." Saw lots of Mosques and tombs. The area is very rich in agriculture, fruit, cotton, and silk. Then flew up to Leningrad. We were there the same time that Gorbachev was. They kept changing our schedule around because he was visiting an place when we were to be there. Our paths did cross at the Ballet when he and our group attended the same performance. Barb got home with silk material to make dresses out of, and I have enough fur hats to keep me warm through the winter to come for a long time.

The reunion sounds like a good idea. My family gets together every other year at the Macinaw Bridge for the Labor Day bridge walk. We really look forward to the event. I would think that Kentucky in the Spring might be an ideal time and location.

I am running out of space and things to say at about the same time. Also getting around to bed time.

Best wishes to all of You.

Jove
Bill S.

Wed, July 24, 1985

Dear Uncle Joe and Aunt Gettie,

Had a good vacation. Things were kind of slow at the Center, so I decided to take off a couple of weeks and head home. A run-down of the high points follows.

This time, I broke the 8 hr. drive to Joe + Celeste's in half. I stopped in south-central Missouri to float the Current River. I put my raft in at Big Spring, reputed to be the largest single-outlet spring in the world, and floated 9 mi. down the Current River to Cataract Landing, where I set up my tent and camped overnight. I had floated that stretch of the Current before (Jan. '83) but a second look was worth the effort. I incidentally, it was that stretch of the river where I saw my first Bald Eagles in 1983.

The next morning I arose early and headed for Mammoth Cave. Got there just in time to catch Celeste and Alexandria before they left for Nashville to catch a plane to New York to visit her parents. The next day, Joe decided to take a couple days off and we both headed for Red River Gorge, a very ^{scenic} ~~scenic~~ river valley in eastern Ky. approx. 50 mi. east of Lexington. We camped overnight and hiked much of the Gorge the next day. Red River Gorge is an area we had both intended to visit for many years. The trip was very enjoyable - both the scenery and the visit with Joe.

Next, it was on to Lebanon for a week. Part of my vacation plans involved Rob, who is now age 14 and nearly as tall as I am. I figured now is the time to introduce him to the outdoors since he does not have the

(OVER)

1st PAGE OF LETTER FROM JACK RAY

advantage of growing up on a farm as Joe, Glenn, and I had. Our first excursion together was rafting a 10-mile segment of the Rolling Fork River, located approx 9 miles SE of Lebanon. It was his second float trip, as I had taken him once before last year. He particularly enjoyed the small rapids we crossed and the birdwatching - we identified 25 species.

Our second outing 3 days later was overnight camping on Putnam Knob, which boasts the highest point in Marion County. Rob racked up several "firsts" on this trip, including his first overnight/outdoors camping; his first deer - a young buck with developing ^(velvet-covered) antlers; first bat; and ~~the~~ the first meteors he had ever seen; also, the first campfire he had ever helped build. At daybreak, we cooked bacon and eggs, which he claimed was the best breakfast he had ever eaten. While an exaggeration I'm sure, there is something about cooking and eating outdoors early in the morning that makes it special. After breakfast, we hiked 3 miles along the knobs and recorded 19 different species of trees. I must confess I had as good a time as Rob did.

Two days after our camping trip, Mom, Sylvia, Rob, the Twins, and I went to visit uncles, aunts, and cousins (on Mom's side of the family) who live near Crossville, in east-central Tennessee. Good time had by all. Back to Lebanon (only 150 mi north) after the third day, then on to Springfield, MO the following day.

Dear Pokino

Aug 3, 1985

Abby is helping with this letter. Actually I am hoping she will get bored with this and fall asleep. She hates to close her eyes. She is so sure she'll miss some action.

We had a busy day today. We went to the flea market this morning. We bought a vase and a bonnet, jacket, top, 3 pairs of overalls and a short romper for Abby. I have been getting a lot of nice clothes for Abby at yard sales and flea markets. Mother thinks she is excessively overdressed. She has to wear girlish clothes, or everyone thinks she is a boy.

This afternoon we went



to the craft fair. I only bought a Christmas tree ornament for Abby. I may go back tomorrow and pick up some other things I admired.

Ralph went on a canoe trip today. He arrived home exhausted. He was then called out for a water call. When he arrived the problem had been solved by the people who called. He was glad it wasn't a serious problem.

We have been busy with the house. We are not yet organized. I hope to have a functional kitchen soon. We need to wallpaper the walls before we can hang the cabinets etc. We like the house but need more time to work on it. Summer is not a good

2 time for us to get projects accomplished. The library has been very busy this summer. I don't recall a summer like this in my 6 years of working there. I do a story hour for children one day a week. This past Wednesday we had 58 children and 10 adults for story hour. We were happy to get that over with. We checked out over 500 items that day. Average is 150-250 per day. The weather was the cause of our popularity. It was rainy and cold.

Ralph has been playing softball again this year. His team is 5-7. They did beat the only undefeated team in their league. Tournaments start next week.

Ralph and his coworkers have been moon-lighting this summer.

They are installing water lines. So far they have done 7 this year. One was ours! They have one or two more to do yet this summer.

Ralph is about to retire for a while so he can get some time in on the house. He also picks Abby up from the sitter and spends two hours with her until I get home from work at 6. She is daddy's girl. They really enjoy the time together. He is very proud of his little girl.

I hope you all enjoy the photos of Abby. Her granpa does a good job of photographing her.

I think a Ray family reunion sounds great. We are going down in October to show aunt Jan her name sake baby.

8/7/85

Dear Folks,

This is the best Robin that has flown by in a long time. It has been in Michigan three weeks now, partly because of the travels and vacationing of various members of the clan.

Joe's contribution - a first - should not be the last. He and Jack write so much like Ed. They never knew him, but the three would have had a lot in common.

The trip to Japan will be exciting, I know. Jettie and Scott, are you reading up on the culture so as not to offend? I hear that a pat on the head is a no-no, and a hug is a real blunder.

At last we are getting plenty of rain, and grass is green again, and plants are growing. I have a tiny garden - a pyramid - and two short rows of beans plus three tomato plants. The rest of the backyard is in flowers, which I can't eat.

I recently spent a week at Albion College where we had courses on Native Americans, the environment, and the Book of Daniel. It was

an interesting but rigorous week. We arose before 6 A.M. and never got to bed before midnight. We had homework assignments!

Sylvia, I am so sorry to hear about Ray's decline. He seemed so alert and jovial when I met him last summer. I hope your mother's life is easier.

Joe, I liked your reviews of Lask's book about Eleanor and also Gallagher's about F. D. R. Apparently you read when you are not writing limericks about your favorite people. What better way could one spend time!

Scott, this summer will surely be one to remember for you!

Celeste, you will probably remember your trip from Nashville a long time. On our way to Albion recently we had a flat tire, which could have caused us serious trouble. We still count our blessings. It happened in the only place we could have pulled off out of heavy traffic, and an AAA tow truck was there to get another car with the same problem. The driver assured us he would return for us, which he did. In the meantime four cars stopped to offer aid, one being a policeman and one an AAA representative who

said he would see that the AAA truck came. We made it to a discount tire store 15 minutes before it was to close. We were delayed only an hour. The driver says she hates to think of what might have happened if she had been driving her old car instead of the one with front-wheel drive which did not go out of control from the flat.

As you can see from the pictures, the new member of the clan is pretty cute. She is growing and changing so fast. I see a big change from one week to the next - about the length of time between visits.

I am going out to lunch with two friends. Then we will go to the church to study up on the Discipline to be ready for an assignment for a workshop on Aug. 13. Does that sound exciting? I hardly think so, but I must get ready. I don't want to keep this Bird longer and will mail it before I return.

Love,
Joanna

August 16, 1985

Dear Robin,

Happy summer. The bird is just wonderful this time. I want to mail it soon, so ~~so~~ flavor gets lost, and so I'm scribbling this to mail now before we go to the Renaissance Fair for the weekend. Gosh, Jo, and I are working at a booth there tomorrow and Sunday, and we're going to brave the elements to camp out there tonight, too. Bill is staying home for some much needed think-time.

Barbie made the most interesting comment about geology. Interesting because I, too, have a block against eskers and such geologic formations. I think Dad tried to teach us those concepts because when we were too young. My kids hate the idea

of atoms for the same reason.
I liked Joe's comments a lot, and
Jack's record of the double rainbow.
Jettie and Scott are going to
have a wonderful experience. I
wish Joanna would go with
you.

Septuia, you are already back
at school by now. Our kids,
for the first time in ages, go
back September 3rd. The Minnesota
legislature almost legislated that
schools must wait until after
Labor Day, because of the tourist
trade and State Fair. Our district
complied without being forced.
Congratulations to Beth, the
graduate. I find it hard to
believe! Joely is not far
behind. Love to all, Emily



The University of Texas at El Paso

August 24, 1985

817 University Avenue
El Paso, Texas 79902

JOSEPH M. RAY

President Emeritus

Dear Robins: This is by far the best Ray Robin, certainly since Ed Ray's day; I used to reveal in his letters: not their least attraction was his occasional lapses into his own brand of spelling: always a delight. Shades of Bridgeport school out on the bluff above Massey's Mill bridge ~~over~~ Drake's Creek. I turned down that whole school in the Friday afternoon spelling match when I was a fifth-grader, Ed, Rena Thomas, the whole mess (It was in July; they started earlier than town school so kids could be free for spring planting). *** I read everything in this Robin with gusto. Even Bill Moore and Bill Sutter. Only Celeste and Bob Tatum were left-out in-laws, and Celeste has long since earned her Robin spurs; so that leaves you the only "But-law," Bob. You've been out for an awfully long time, and I, for one, know you can write awfully good letters. *** The Robin is so rich in things to comment on I couldn't possibly hold out to write about them all, so I will hop and skip about. *** DOROTHY: your letter, written May 20, so long ago, had mainly to do with Beth's graduation, and was short as Robin letters this time go. *** (Beth ~~and~~ SCOTT: wrote early in June from Bardstown, all hopped up with prospects of the Japan trip, which now soon is coming to fruition; it presaged a fine summer. SYLVIA; all set out on early summer, and sad story of Ray Rinehart; I gather from personal letters that he's better at times. The chance of violence concerns me: hope Audrey won't let affection displace discretion there. *** And Joe from the log cabin (becoming a mansion) writes every bit as good a letter as he recently did to me -- and leaves all of us agog over ~~peakers~~ and stuff; sounds like Ed Ray to me, too, Barb. Jack writes just as good letters; I'll inclose a page from one of his letters, just to show you he's as scientific as Joe. Celeste, Jettie & I both write, Barbara and Bill Sutter both do, and Emily and Bill Moore both do, so you both could, too. And that picture of Alexandria backpacking on my much admired namesake is something I would like on the bookshelf in front of my desk, where I can see it all the time (Also, Bill Sutter, I would like one of those pictures of Abby, my great, great niece, for the same purpose). (And I'd like a recent photo of the Junior red-headed league, when one becomes available). Not the least advantage of the backpacking photo is it's a good profile of what Joe's Mama once called "all that hair." You tend to forget that huge beard unless you're reminded. Incidentally Jack writes that he is now clean shaven, and

(over)

won't quit shaving again until the autumnal solstice to grow another, which now/^{he} expects a seasonal growth, off again in the hot weather. But Joe's is truly "all that hair," but Celeste never saw him without it, and I for one want it to continue. I grew a beard in 1969, but my stroke slackened my jaw muscles and I drooled in my sleep, and a saliva-soaked beard is just too much. Will B & I agreed to let our whiskers grow, but he chickened out when the old biddies in his deep-water Baptist weekly sashay didn't like it. Most of you have seen photos of my beard. (Incidentally, I haven't seen Bill Moore since he has only a mustache, and didn't know him in Bill Sutter's photos until I caught a picture with him and Josh.) Back to Joe and the backpack:

I much enjoyed the letter, Joe, and hope you find occasion to write frequently in the Robin; I know you tend to take on more doing than can get done on your mansion-cabin, but do write. ***

SEND THIS FIRST LETTER TO BARBARA IN LUDINGTON FOR THE ROBIN FILE

~~Bill Sutter~~ BILL SUTTER: Hope you all didn't get sprinkled with "spy dust" by the commies, if there is any such thing. Fagin has to keep the air waves hot as a fighting warrior before the Summit. I'll tell you now nothing but froth will come from the Summit, because both John Birch and the Commies have goals they value above peace; both aim at absolutes. Wonderful photo of you & your Barbie Doll. And of Josh & Abby teething on his finger. Is Al Susie's husband? Em is getting to resemble her Papa, rest his wonderful soul. And in one photo I mistook Barb for her Mama for a minute. And I want one of Abby: maybe the one with Josh if you can give me one.

The mother of your granddaughter is a damned good looking woman, as are all three of your daughters

*** ~~BARBARA~~ BARBARA: Your letter on Russia is positively wonderful. I read it twice, just to soak in. I'm sending you the clipping of my interview report as you asked. One of the professors

wrote me it was O. K. as far as it went but -- and then he proceeded to list several omissions, including a comparison of my presidency with that of the one I respect above all others, at

HERMAN WELLS

Indiana in Scott's student days there. Jettie is sometimes impatient with my zeal for courting approval of my UTEP performance, and when I say, I just don't want them to forget; and she says "They're not going to forget you." And I really don't think they will. Sorry your basement's

flooded. Must be a mess. *** ~~Joanna~~ JOANNA: You run yourself to a frazzle. Jo, my limericks are what keeps my mind going; I don't miss a dang thing. I now have written 2,525 with this month's crop -- many more than I send to friends; 108 this fortnight, for example. I admire you and Jettie; you're much alike, always filling your days clean full. *** PAM: a lovely letter all

about Abby; she is a doll, and who can blame Ralph for being foolish about her; even I am, this far away. And that was a wonderful snapshot of your great Dane. *** BILL MOORE: still more on Lutfisk. It seems even the Minnesotans are getting their fill of such crap. Reminds me of



②
The University of Texas at El Paso

817 University Avenue
El Paso, Texas 79902

JOSEPH M. RAY
President Emeritus

the put-down of the Texan, on and on about second biggest state, to an Alaskan, and the Alaskan finally got enough: "We've heard enough; shut up or we'll divide Alaska into four states, and that'll make you the fifth biggest." Lutfisk us some more if it's as good good as this one. I can't forget "the Czech's in the male." *** Last Robin I spliced out with note paper, but I asked a faculty friend to arrange for another ream for me (I would pay for it) but he got (wangled) two reams for me, no charge; so I've got a supply of this letter-head that'll last much longer than me and I won't have to skimp. *** EMILY, Honey: I fear your new job is ~~wax~~ wearing you down; you look thin in the photograph Bill Sutter sent in the Robin. There, that completes the roster. Reminds me of my UTEP limerick on a sorry professor:

An education prof named Neil Foster, *** We're zeroing down on Labor day, when Jettie leaves,
Than whom no one is more loster,
 He reads to his classes, I think for ~~Alaska~~ Seattle to meet her plane for Japan.
 Who sit on their asses,
And wonder why he's on the roster. We're both in top fettle, she's in top shape; I fear she

will run too much, but you don't get to go to Japan but once, and she's going to make it count, including two days to Hong Kong, Hongkong. I have yet to ask her if she is willing to let me include in the Robin the schedule to Japan of the STEPHEN FOSTER STORY, and hangers-on to Japan and Hongkong. *** As usual, when she leaves, Jettie lays in a full larder for me: I haven't missed a meal from my home economics dietitian wife in 52 years. She has arranged for a former Hoover House maid of ours to sleep in and baby sit me, just in case. And our regular maid will come in for cleaning up and laundry on Mondays and Fridays, as usual. Snug as a bug. My two doctors, (heart & psyche) have me in fine shape, and I, just today, ordered for laying in for the duration all my prescriptions: Bill, for your info Capoten, Moduretic, Zylprim, Ethaquin, and Nodular, the latter for sleep. All set for the Nipponese. *** It's highly gratifying to me that the Ray Robin, at this late date, is flourishing in as great shape (or greater) than it ever has.

*** One further comment: We get around: Jettie to South America, Africa, Europe, Mexico, Canada, West Indies, Japan and Asia (Hongkong). Joe to Europe, Japan, Korea (Asia), South America, Mexico, West Indies, Canada, 47 of the 50 states. Barb & Bill: Europe & Asia this

(OVER)

and on and on.

Love to you all,

A stylized, handwritten signature in black ink, consisting of a large, looping initial 'J' followed by a smaller 'e'.

Kenneth Kyle Bailey
3033 Federal Avenue · El Paso, Texas 79930

8/27/85

Dear Joe,

I wanted to respond to the good letter you wrote about three months ago, but I got bogged down in the first summer session and then we were in northern New Mexico for six weeks on vacation. I did see Jettie at the wedding of Harbell Monroe's daughter.

I want to elaborate somewhat on remarks I've made about your UTEP presidency. The truth is, it is not a very great compliment just to say that you have been the best president the school has had since Dewart Holcomb or since anyone else. It was (and is) my opinion (and was that of Bob Riegl) that you had the stuff that our country's great university presidents of this century have had - like Herman Wells of Indiana University.

OVER

JOE RAY
817 UNIVERSITY AVE
EL PASO TX 79902

BARB:

A MAGNIFICENT
ROBIN LETTER.
JETTIE IN JAPAN
BACK SEPT 13

THESE FOR
THE ROBIN FILE.

Joe

you had and have high intelligence
(highest honors at UT Austin). You
had and have a good fundamental
comprehension of how a decent
college/university should function and
what should be accomplished; you had
great energy and a sense of order
and priority (you could dictate a
well-phrased letter faster than I could
think); you really cared about what
went on (that is, PR and survival,
per se, were not your primary concern);
you had a good sense of humor and
good common sense; you were not
afraid to use power and to admit
that you were using it. In a word,
you had the stuff that was in fact
needed.

But no one as good as you could
have survived much longer than you
did with the Regents, faculty, and
community you had to cope with. You
should realize (and you probably do) that
surviving much longer would have
necessitated compromises you could not
make and at the same time retain your
basic integrity. It was just the wrong set up -
I would say there was absolutely no way
you could have survived and remained the
really great person you were and are. You have
every reason to be proud.
With very highest regards, as always - Ken

FOR ROBIN FILE

The College at El Paso

Smiley at S.M.U. when he was a student majoring in French. He was notably intelligent and personable.

At Texas Western, Dr. Smiley had to confront a problem of serious dimensions. The problem, as usual, involved finances, but at that point it could have become devastating. The main issue was low faculty pay and the possibility of an exodus of staff members. Salaries averaged only \$5,175 for nine months work, and they provided a bare existence. Raises during the past three years were only \$348 per instructor. The Texas Association of College Teachers ranked the pay at Texas Western as 16th among 18 state-supported schools. A survey on the campus revealed that 83 percent of family men had to work elsewhere to make ends meet. **JOE RAY**
817 UNIVERSITY AVE
EL PASO TX 79902

days at S.M.U. A number of teachers were making other jobs.

Facing the situation, President Smiley submitted a budget to the State Legislature that would meet realistic needs. But in Austin, the legislature

la THE EDUCATION OF A WEST TEXAN
th A Personal Account, 1899-1985
S: Texas Western Press, 1985, \$24.50 pp.179-183
University of Texas, with the approval of the legislature, approved a new formula for appropriations for public-supported schools. Money would be made available in ratio to student enrollment and the workload of teachers.

Unfortunately, the basic figures from Texas Western had declined more than seven percent. The College was especially weak in the number of graduate hours. The formula provided \$9.47 for each semester hour completed by undergraduates in liberal arts, \$22.50 for students in graduate courses, and \$39.26 for graduate students in engineering. To many professors at T.W.C. and to many other persons in El Paso, it seemed clear that the money formula had been weighted heavily in favor of The University of Texas, which was relatively strong in graduate and engineering work, while ignoring smaller schools such as the one struggling for existence in far West Texas.

T. W. College Advances — President Ray

Yet in spite of the setback, the College managed not only to survive but also to move ahead. An increase in enrollment, to 3,600 students, provided needed income. Faculty members proved their loyalty by remaining on the job. The State Legislature came across with money for

several new buildings. Morale on the campus improved. Victories in football and basketball stimulated college spirit. A successful debating team fostered intellectual interest among students. Writers such as C. L. Sonnichsen, Rex Strickland, Haldeen Braddy, John Haddox, Wayne Fuller and Kenneth Bailey had their works published. Texas Western Press issued a series of Academic Reprints of distinguished articles. The University at Austin gave recognition to its "poor relation" when its Texas History Center published a study titled "Thirty-Five Years of Hertzog Printing."

But for President Joseph Smiley, the pressure and frustration of his term in office had been intense. He therefore welcomed the opportunity to withdraw from his post as president. Fortunately, and significantly, the Chancellor and Regents of the University System had recognized his exceptional skills as educator and administrator. In what was obviously a promotion, he was named Provost of The University of Texas at Austin.

The next head of Texas Western was an exceptional man, a professional educator of rare ability whose administration would have a lasting impact on the institution. He was Joseph M. Ray, a native of Kentucky who had migrated to Texas, worked his way through The University of Texas at Austin, and emerged as a Phi Beta Kappa with a Ph.D. in government (1937). He had specialized in public administration and was eminently equipped for university leadership.⁵

I had known Joseph Ray as a student at U.T. Austin. Immediately after his graduation, we at S.M.U. offered him a position in our department, but the salary was too low and he chose North Texas State University instead. From there he moved to the University of Alabama, then to the University of Maryland. He became president of Amarillo College (in Texas) in 1957, and served there three years. He finally came to Texas Western College where he took office as president in September, 1960. He remained in this position until retirement in 1967.

During his seven years as President of Texas Western, Dr. Ray brought about notable advances on several fronts. His primary objectives were to raise academic standards and salaries, restructure and tighten the administrative process, promote physical growth, and enlist the support of faculty, students, and townspeople in a joint effort to improve the institution. And of course, he was tireless in his own efforts to win the approval of the Chancellor and the Board of Regents in Austin for changing the name of the College. These efforts were

committee that worked unstintingly for the new objectives. "Mission '73" stimulated broad interest in and support for the school and its plans for the future. The program was a vital force in moving Texas Western College to the goal of University status. The Texas Western Press published the papers relating to the project in 1963. The following year, we published the *Jubilee Papers*, celebrating the fiftieth anniversary of the school's founding.

On the campus itself, major changes were under way. These extended in all directions: to athletics, library operations, faculty recruitment, teaching standards, building programs, student activities, scholarly research and publication, and academic freedom. The dominant idea was to make Texas Western a superior school — one deserving the rank of university.

One of the areas in which Joseph Ray took a personal interest was Texas Western Press. He explained his attitude in a report of June, 1968, which was published by the Press as a book titled: *On Becoming a University*:

Upon my arrival at El Paso, I recognized immediately two persons who could constitute a tremendous resource for the institution's development. They were J. Carl Hertzog, heading the Print Shop and an amorphous, somewhat furtive press, and Dr. S. D. Myres, Associate Professor of Political Science, whose distinguished career as Director of the Arnold Foundation at Southern Methodist University had been lost sight of in his transfer to this institution. . . .

Around these two men we built an Editorial Board with Dr. Myres, Editor of the Press and Carl Hertzog as Director of the Texas Western Press. With modest annual appropriations from the Cotton Estate Trust, the Press is today a going concern. Many first-class books have been published. . . . Perhaps the most significant sustained accomplishment by the Press has been the publication of *Southwestern Studies*, now in its fifth volume and proceeding apace. . . .⁷

My connection with the Press began, somewhat obliquely, in 1962, when Carl Hertzog and Joseph Ray asked for help in editing a manuscript written by Professor Eugene Porter and titled "The Fallacies of Karl Marx." President Ray had seen the manuscript and thought it was good but too short for a book. He asked me to write a

lengthy introduction to fill out the space and possibly contribute something to the subject matter. Working diligently for some two weeks, I completed the assignment by tracing the rise of Marxism in Russia and evaluating its influence in the world at large. The result was a paperback volume — 34 pages of introduction and 96 pages of text.

The president seemed favorably impressed. At any rate, he called me to his office a short time after the book appeared and indicated that he had decided to get behind Hertzog's enterprise and make it a part of the program for excellence at the College, which was advancing steadily. To supervise the operations of the Press, Dr. Ray said that he had in mind an editorial board, of which he asked me to become chairman. Hertzog would continue as director of the Press. I agreed at once with his request.

Within a week or two, the president announced the names of the board members. They were, in addition to Hertzog and me, J. H. Haddox, C. S. Knowlton, J. M. Sharp, Ray Small, C. L. Sonnichsen, and W. H. Timmons. In our first board meeting, we adopted rules of procedure and procedures for reading and approving or rejecting manuscripts for publication.

From the beginning, we worked well as a group, in a businesslike manner, and with little purely academic discussion. Minutes, carefully drafted and adopted, recorded each decision. During the seven years that I served as chairman of the board and editor of the press, we had no serious problems among ourselves. All decisions were made by consensus and not by formal voting.

While the editorial board was getting organized and considering our first publications, I talked with Dr. Ray again — this time about a special project for the newly constituted Press. The idea was to publish a series of scholarly monographs, one each quarter, on subjects relating to our region.

The series might be called *Southwestern Studies*, and copies could be sent to a select list of interested persons to indicate the undertaking. The plan was copied directly from the Arnold Foundation's *Studies in Public Affairs* at S.M.U., which had proved successful there. Dr. Ray and the editorial board approved the idea.

?
initia

Casting about for material to be used in the first issue, I located a dissertation that a young instructor named Leonard Cárdenas had recently completed for his Ph.D. at The University of Texas at Austin. Cárdenas readily agreed to let the Press use the manuscript and to join me in adapting it for publication. The result was "The Municipality of

Mrs. William F. Sutter
806 Dexter Street
Ludington, Michigan 49431

Aug. 8

Dear Robins,

This was a good bird but I had begun to fear that it had died for good this time.

We are coming to the end of our summer and I don't even feel that I have taken advantage of it this year. I have not even been to the beach. Laura and Eric have been there enough for the whole family. Laura has gone back to Chicago to get ready to train her staff for next year. She plans to come home and work over the

Labour Day weekend.

We had a grand time in Russia. So many good things happened to our group that our Entrourist guide, ^{Olga,} called us the golden group. The Moscow representative of our tour company got us tickets to the Bolshoi Ballet for our first night in Moscow. Olga was not pleased as she had a big party with music and dancing planned. We all voted to go anyway. She decided that she had a bunch of ballet nuts on her hands and arranged things accordingly. We went to the ballet at every stop which was grand except for a terrible one in Tashkent. The lucky ones

slept through² that one. At the
Bolshoi we saw ~~Ronald~~ and Juliet,
and it was magnificent. At
the Kirov in Leningrad they
changed the program because Borbecho
was there that night - he sat
right beneath us. There were
three acts from different ballets -
Swan Lake, the Siege of Leningrad,
and something to music by Chopin.
I can't read the program so don't
know what.

We met Olga at the Moscow
airport and she stayed with us
for the whole two weeks. She
organized our travel and meals.
At each stop we got a local guide
who took us sightseeing. Sometimes
Olga went and sometimes not.

We were surprised at the degree of freedom that we had. We did not have to stay with the group or with a guide. Olga would give directions for the subway or any side trips and we just could go alone. We didn't go off on our own very much. I have been many places where I didn't speak the language but never where I couldn't read it. We had subway maps in English but that didn't help with any of the signs or directions written in Russian. I would spend much more time on the Russian alphabet and reading simple signs if I were to go again.

The subways³ are gorgeous and I would have liked to visit every station. In Moscow each of the fifteen states ^{or republics} had a station named for it and decorated in the folk art style of that region. They are gorgeous, also clean and fast trains. We took a short subway ride in Tashkent and people got up to give us their seats. Some of our friends had the same experience in Moscow.

I didn't like Moscow at all.

It is like New York City without traffic. It was possible to believe everything you've ever heard about the KGB in Moscow. I turned the radio in the room off and about five minutes later it came on.

Sharing English language news
all about our terrible behavior in
Michigan. The people seemed
appressed and hurried. The
atmosphere was very different
after we left Moscow.

Central Asia was fascinating.
We were very near Afghanistan
and Iran. Two of the towns
Bukhara and Samarkand were
on the old silk route from
China. I've heard of Bukhara
carpets for years and was surprised
to find that carpets were now
made there. It was a central
market point for: rugs from Persia,
Turkey, India, China, etc. Decorative
motifs used in the mosques, fabric,
etc., are mixtures of the styles of

those places also.^{H.}

Leningrad seems like a European playground. It is a beautiful city and seems to be a good travel value judging from the number of Europeans in our hotel and in town in general. The Hermitage, the palace built by Peter the Great, is the most magnificent building I have ever seen. It is an art museum now but still had some paintings and some kept as they were.

The trip was in no way relaxing but I would like to go back in five years to see what progress has been made. One interesting thing is that Olga knew nothing about

Mrs. Gorbachev. Some of us were talking about the good impression she has made abroad. Shortly after we came back, I read that she had had some publicity in Russia for the first time.

Scott, Japan sounds like a fine experience. I wish we could see some of the performance on our T.V. I wish Mom would go with you, Aunt Jetta. She always has such a good time with you.

Uncle Joe, the newspaper article is really great. I will leave it in in case the Mums haven't seen it but would really like a copy for the archives. Speaking of archives - my copying is still

at a standstill.⁵ We moved all the furniture from the basement (including copies) to the garage because of the water problem. We must dig up the floor to get to the drainage system to find its problem before we move things back. Ralph is going to capture a plumber for me soon (I hope) so we can proceed. I had called him ^(the plumber) to no avail so far. The garage is a real disaster now that Eric's windsurfer and assorted things from his school room have been added.

Jo Ann's letter sounded just like Ed Lay talked. It must be in the yard, and I didn't get any of it. I never could see the thing Dad got so excited about

that the glacier had done. I must
have looked up ~~looked~~ twenty-five
times and I still can't remember
what it means. It was one of his
favourite words.

Maybe we should all wish for
more car trouble as waiting in
garages seems to help the Robin.
I will take this to Mom tonight.
She read it and promptly left
for a big Methodist meeting.
She is back now, and I know
she wants to get her car
serviced so we'll see what
happens. Pam is also supposed to
be writing a letter today if Abby
takes a long enough nap.

Love,
Barb

JACK + JOE: I'VE LET MY BEARD GROW; 10 YEARS BEHIND
JOE 3 WEEKS AHEAD START ON JACK'S AUTUMNAL
EQUINOX START.
The University of Texas at El Paso



817 University Avenue
El Paso, Texas 79902

JOSEPH M. RAY
President Emeritus

SEPT 18, 1985

Report on Jettie's trip to Japan:

I've asked Jettie to write me a report on her trip to Japan, but apparently she was completely buffaloed by the Japanese place names: couldn't even call them. She flew from here by way of Salt Lake City to Seattle and joined her tour (separate from the big plane that took Scott and his musical play troupe; they saw him only one time and witnessed only one performance of THE STEPHEN FOSTER STORY, I believe at Osaka, but not sure). I got a card from Scott during his Japanese stay, I think also from that City: the Japanese treating them like kings; the whole ^{Tour} was sold out, the organized ^{at 10} for handling them was superb, he had already appeared on a national broadcast, touting the tour, and that night's performance would be filmed in its entirety for nation-wide television broadcast. They had a tightly-knit group of tourists in their group, I believe only nine, mostly from Bardstown, Jettie's roommate from I believe Chicago, a friend of Scott's. Their trip was long, I don't know how long, all in the dark of night, traveling ahead of daybreak. They landed in Tokyo, and from there on it's a jumble to me; but it does contain a visit to Kyoto, the old Capitol, Osaka, and other places. She brought me a beautiful post card from the Great Buddha of ~~Kamakura~~ ^{Kamakura}, which I saw when I was in Japan, the New Miyako Hotel in Kyoto, the Hakone Hotel Kowaki-en, Fuji-Hakone Izo National Park (It was foggy the whole time that they could have seen ~~the~~ Fujiyama, the big mountain in sight of Tokyo.) She took times off to rest from the rest of them. She bought me a black shirt (the snazziest garment I ever owned, with a type of woven braid in ~~the~~ it across the front; I've already worn it three days, have it on now), the only thing I knew she bought in Japan; all the rest bought in Japan; all the rest of her purchases, I think were bought in Hongkong. Japan she says is the most beautiful place she has ever seen. The telephone rang at nine (she was completely bushed when she got home, and this is the ^{Wednesday} following her return home Friday night, and she has lolled around and rested up all the time, but did watch two football games. She usually arises at six, but this morning (Wednesday) she overslept until nine; I went in to see her when the phone awoke her: she's due at the beauty parlor at 9:30, so she's now rushing around to get

(OVER)

READY and go; she just looked in, dressed in one of her red Mexican dresses, her hair ~~combed~~
Now 9:10
and face made up and a cup of coffee in her, heading for a hair-do. The nine tourists had a
full day at Hongkong also. She bought for herself two of the most beautiful (I think silk)
suits there. ^{SHE HAS EVER HAD.} She says she didn't know there were as many people in the world as there were at
Hongkong. She bought something for all the kids here; a sweater for Dorothy and one just like
it for herself; matching knitted yellow shirts for David and son Michael, and all the rest.
Came home with a photo of the whole nine in Hongkong; one couple from Lebanon, Kentucky, knew
Bob and Sylvia, and a small plate with her Hongkong photo baked in it, really a good photo,
a beautiful post card photo of the tall Hongkong buildings behind a Chinese bark in the harbor
with a mainsail, a fantail sail, and small sail in the bow, the mainsail ribbed and hand-
made, and a beautiful card showing through some colorful flowers the swankiest side of a hotel
I ever saw, THE PLAZA, where they stayed in Hongkong. They flew back to Tokyo from Hongkong,
all the way back to Seattle in daylight, with her beat to a frazzle. At customs, she had had
to rest when she should have made out a purchases list, and the customs officer took pity on
her and offered to settle for \$200 more than the \$400 allowed, with no hassle, and she paid up
^{50 HOURS FROM HONG KONG TO EL PASO} on that. *** Here at home, from Labor Day, when she left, until September 13, at 9:30 ^{WHEN} she got
home from the E.P. Airport by taxi, I got along famously; she had arranged for 11 nights for
a former maid to sleep-in and babysit me; it worked out fine; it sounds silly but the burglars
are a constant threat here, and more so with me deaf & can't hear the telephone, and safer be-
cause Juana's (the maid babysitter) car in front & lights left on; ^{HOUSE} and our regular maid coming
in on schedule to clean up after me. I ate out (with David & Dorothy, George & Sally, and former
colleagues) all nights but two, when one night I shared some stew Jettie had left for me (ate the
last batch of it when she was back home) with Juana, and the other night saw the Dallas Cowboys
beat the Washington Redskins 44 to 20; turnovers by the detestable Washington quarterback's in-
terceptions (Joe Theisman, insufferable in victory and even snotty in defeat). I was three
hours past my bedtime when Jettie and I finally turned in on the night of her return, but I
got caught up with my ~~rest~~ ^{FASTER} and sleep than she did; her three hours of oversleeping this Wed-
nesday may even yet not have done the job for her. I'm not going to show this to her; she'd
have fits about some details ^{OF WHICH THERE MAY BE MANY WRANG.} and will send copies to everybody; just a worm's-eye view of a
trip to Japan and Hongkong. *Jee.*

Oct. 11, 1985

Dear Robins,

Well, all the travellers have returned safely to their nests. Sounds like we all had a grand time!

Japan was all we expected it to be - clean, modern, safe. A beautiful country. Tokyo is very modern, since so much was destroyed in the war. Public transport is excellent. Most streets have trees and bushes, so the feeling is not one of concrete. Also, there are not that many tall buildings.

We had excellent hotels, ~~many~~ ^{many} parties, and were well looked after.

All the Tokyo performances were sold out before we arrived, and the 2 in Osaka sold out shortly thereafter. Only 1 performance in Nara (a matinee) did not sell out (about 3/4 full), but the producers were thrilled, because Nara is a small city by Japanese standards and the theatre had never come close to selling out. The evening performance there was sold out. They produced a beautiful souvenir program, which sold like hotcakes at \$6. ~~They~~ All color photographs - they had sent a battery of photographers to Bardstown in June. Many articles in newspapers and national magazines.

I did a 1 1/4 hour press conference with others for 60-70 reporters

and photographers, a 15 minute radio interview + 2 newspaper interviews.

A 90 minute national TV special showed much of the show to those who couldn't get tickets. We had videotaped the 3rd performance in Tokyo.

The Japanese do not applaud much during a show, but "Old Folks at Home" stopped the show at every performance. A music critic in Osaka said he had never heard such a reaction from an Osaka audience! Of course, it was thrilling.

The third week, about $\frac{1}{2}$ the cast stayed on to do additional TV shows and 2 theatre shows. They said they felt like rock stars - people following them, asking for photos and autographs. It was all very heady!

The tour organization was superb, and we had no serious problems. Amazing, considering there were almost 100 people on the tour. We took 63 from Bardstown and added stage + technical crews, staff, and translators.

Everyone got very chummy, and there were many tears and regrets when we left.

They want us to return in 2 years - also may do a Far East tour, perhaps China, more time in Japan, + maybe Europe! I'm ready anytime!

Happy Halloween + Thanksgiving!
L # J

St. Paul
Downtown 7/31/85

11



SORRY!

This "crossed my desk", as they say, and I know you all wanted to see it. Especially Uncle Joe. "Taste of Minnesota" is an annual ethnic food fair held on the capital mall in St. Paul.

I'm concerned about Bill Sutter and I know we all wish him well — and soon. We're all fine. Jenny has completed driver's education & is ready for demolition derby. Josh has awakened his interest in

fizzling at this year's Renaissance
Festival. I am inundated with
work & feeling puny. Thus,
little spark & less creativity
this time. Sorry.

Bill Moore

511 Park Dr.
Lebanon, Ky.
October 29, 1985

Dear Folks,

Enjoyed the vicarious visit through Russia recounted by Barbara and Bill Suttis. Is Princess Diana in danger of being eclipsed by Mrs. Gorbachev? We hear so much about Mrs. G's elegance. Of course, I guess, compared to former Soviet "first ladies," nearly anyone with an ~~ounce~~ ounce of style would look good.

Betsy Abbie is quite the photogenic young "first lady;" apparently she can't take a bad picture.

As I've said before I do love pictures in the Robin. Bill Moore, recumbent amidst a bed of daffodils is engaging.

Enclosed is a photo of the children and me taken by Jack this past July. Rob is now a freshman; Susan and Audrey are in the third grade.

The excursion to Japan with "Stephen Foster" was intopicating, I'm sure, for Scott and Aunt Jettie. Scott gave us a preview of what

was expected when he was at our house
in August.

I'm sending this off just before
Halloween. Hope to hear from everyone
again before spring!

Love,

Sylvia

Sunday, Sept. 29, 1985

Dear Robins;

The Robin has been here much too long but for several reasons; first I wanted to get my trip in before I wrote, Scott would not be back to Geneseo until the first of this coming week so it was no use in its getting there before now. I got home a week ago this past Friday...flew from HongKong on Friday the 13th. to El Paso....24 hours, so I've been dead with jet-lag as well as exhaustion. I don't think I'll ever be rested! But the trip was worth every ache and pound I added! Joe has written a report to all of you so I'll not repeat it. It was just unbelievable. Japan is such a beautiful country, my eyes are still blurred. To a desert rat every view is out of this world. Everything is so clean and the people are so friendly. I'm sure Scott can tell you more about the country as well as the show.

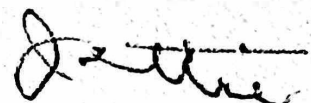
Joe got along fine. He was so organized on going out that he didn't have a day left to visit David and Dorothy. He took them to dinner one night and they wanted him to come out to their house, but the days ran out by the time I got home! We have enough food in the freezer that I fixed for him, that we can live out of the freezer for six months!

I loved all the letters and pictures. Just wish I had time and felt like exchanging comments. ~~Maybe I'll get back on track by the time it gets here again.~~

Scott called this morning. He is back in Geneseo...two or three days earlier than I thought he would be. He drove from Bardstown to Geneseo yesterday. His school has been going about three weeks so he'll have lots to do there.

Sylvia, I want to tell you about a couple who was on my tour called "The Stephen Foster Story Fan Club"; all of them except me and a friend of Scott's from Toledo, from Bardstown. The only couple of husband and wife are from Lebanon and only man of the 8 on the tour: Mr. and Mrs. or rather, Anne and Ben Browning, who know you but knows Bob's brother better. You may have heard from him by now. The whole group was wonderful...so friendly and congenial.

My love and best wishes to all of you,



November 15, 1985

Dear Robin:

Winter is here, have snow on the ground, and Deer season started today. Ralph, Al, and Susie are all out in the woods. Have strong doubt that Sus could ever shoot one, but I might be surprised.

Eric came home today to be here until after Thanksgiving, and is now between terms in his first of three years of Pharmacy.

Laura in her job as resident advisor at Loyola turned in a black girl for rules infractions and Jessie Jacksons committee are after her and the school for Racial Prejudice. Other than that she is busy but seems to be doing well. Susie is now employed full time. She is the teacher for the preschool school of three classes each of fifteen students, three and four year olds. She really likes it and it sounds like she is doing a good job. They went out to a pumpkin patch at a local farm to see the real thing before Halloween. She always has enjoyed working with that age group.

Pam is now the acting head of the library. Has been for about two months, since Her old boss "resigned". The first of the year they decide if she keeps the job, if she decides she wants it.

Barb is still very busy with her school board work. The school just lost on a milage proposal, which made her very happy. She feels a lot of fat should be trimmed.

I am back to work full time again after a "vacation" that was not planned nor welcomed. Awoke one morning a few months ago with a large black area in the visual field of my left eye. Had a detached retina. Had to have surgery, both eyes since the other one had a number of little torn areas as well and was in danger of doing the same thing. Had the one eye patched for several weeks and used drops for months. Coming well now except on close work and reading I see double and thus have very poor depth perception but even that is improving. Vision at the checkup this week was correctable to 20/30 in the bad eye and 20/20 in the better one so once they get back to working together I should do fine. First real experience on the "other side of disease" and I really don't care for it.

Glad to hear that the Japanese experience was so pleasant for Jettie, and also the entire Play company. Good to be exporting something to them.

Time to dig in for the Winter now. Don't really have anything planned, no trips etc.

Will finish this up for now and wish all of you a great Thanksgiving, A very Merry Christmas and a Healthy Happy and Prosperous New Year!!!

Love

Bill S.



817 University Avenue
El Paso, Texas 79902

The University of Texas at El Paso

11 24 85

JOSEPH M. RAY
President Emeritus

DR. WILLIAM SUTTER
806 DEXTER
LUDINGTON, MICH. 49431

DEAR BILL:

YOU'RE A FRIEND INDEED. I PAY
33¢ A PIECE FOR THOSE CAPOTEN PILLS =
 $18 \times 8 = 144 \times .33 = \47.72 + POSTAGE =
OVER \$50.00, THAT'S A REAL WINDFALL.
AT TWO A DAY, IT LASTS 72 DAYS.

MANY, MANY THANKS.

JETTIE + I ARE O.K.

WE HAVE A WARM FRIEND FROM OUR
TUSCALOOSA DAYS COMING BY PLANE TOMORROW
MORNING FOR 3 OR 4 DAYS.

KISS YOUR BARBIE DOLL FOR HER PROUD
UNCLE.

THANKS AGAIN FOR THE WINDFALL.

LOVE TO ALL

Joe
THAT GRATUITOUS DEXTER ON THE
ENVELOPE ISN'T MY FIRST NOR LAST
MISTAKE.

JETTIE + SALLY FLYING TO GENESEE NEXT WEEKEND

Dec. 2, 1985

Dear Robins,

We had a lovely Thanksgiving at Grandma Jo's house. It was Abigail's first Thanksgiving and she liked most things better than the turkey - sweet potatoes and jell's were really appreciated. She is a darling even if I do say so.

Bill and I were planning to take Laura back to Chicago Sunday and stay a few days with her. It was raining and trying to freeze all day so we waited until a real blizzard arrived today. A friend of her's who is a sheriff's deputy

talked us out of going Sunday.
He took her today in our 4 wheel
drive Blazer but they had no
trouble after getting out of town.
We had a state of emergency from
9 A.M. until 4:30 P.M. which means
stay in unless there is an emergency.
Eric left after dinner tonight
for his 1 1/2 hour drive to school.
We hope to hear from him soon.
He is moving into an apartment
when he gets back so is traveling
with all kinds of food and clothing
should he get stuck.

I haven't done any Christmas shopping.
Usually I am almost finished by now.
If winter is here to stay it may not
get done this year. Thank heavens for

L.F. Bean and U.S. They have computers now and tell you when you call if something is in stock or not and when to expect it.

We haven't done anything exciting (medical emergencies excepted) since the last Robin. Aunt Jetty, we hope you will write more about your trip next time. It sounds really interesting.

We're very happy that Bill's eye difficulties waited until we were home from Russia. He was ^{or} amazingly good patient and is still improving. One good thing was that he got a good physical exam which I had been begging him to arrange for some time. He passed with flying colors, but can't bring himself to cut out

red meat and all alcohol as
the internist advocated. I don't
think Bill will be going back to her.

Eric just called and he got
back. Now all we have to worry
about is Laura's friend Laude and
the Blazer. He will be coming
back tomorrow. It is a five hour
drive at the best of times.

Mother was going to write her
letter today, also, and if driving is
reasonable we can get this off tomorrow.

Love,


Babs

Joseph M. Ray
817 University Avenue
El Paso, TX 79902

5
ONE SIDE

Joanna, Barb, & Emily

The xeroxed clipping in the left margin of this is of my old and warm friend Steve Mellnik's recently deceased wife, Thelma. Steve and I climbed the Franklin Mountains in El Paso together on Sunday mornings for years. *** Recently Steve has contracted cancer and having a hard time with it. *** When Joanna and Ed were last here, I took him over to the other side of the mountain for a climb alongside my friend Steve. We proceeded up a canyon that we had turned back from for fear of a 20 foot fall; Ed glanced at what had daunted us and went right on up, and we followed him. Back down in the valley we found a snake skin, and he talked to us about snakes for thirty minutes and then another hour at the Mellniks house, with Steve and Thelma enthralled with his obvious competence in herpetology. And many times after both of them marveled at how he captivated us all.

~~Best wishes for a Happy and Prosperous New Year for you and Dr. Bill and your offspring and their spice and the granddaughter.~~ Love 

Michigan did nobly at the Fiesta Bowl.

TIMES
11 26 85



MELNIK

THELMA DOROTHY MELLNIK, 79, died in her sleep on Saturday, 23, November 1985. The previous evening she appeared to be in excellent health and spirits as she hosted a party for her husband's birthday. She is survived by her husband, Brig. Gen. Stephen M. Mellnik, U.S. Army, Ret.; three daughters: Mrs. Thelma Wesner of Lanham, Maryland, Mrs. Stephanie Richards of Thousand Oaks, CA, and Mrs. John McQueen of Heidelberg, Germany; Sister: Mrs. William Green of Andalusia, Penna.; ten grandchildren, and many friends with whom she had close rapport. She was born in Bristol, Penna. and named Thelma Dorothy Freas. She graduated from the University of Penna. with a BA degree. She was a member of the Sunset Heights Garden Club, the Retired Regular Officers Wives Club, The Delta Zeta Sorority in which she held a fifty-year membership pin, and the Pan American Round Table. She worked as a Red Cross Volunteer at Wm. Beaumont Army Medical Center, enjoyed cooking and doing needlepoint tapestry, and cultivated a beautiful flower garden. A Memorial Service will be held for Thelma at 11:00 AM on Wednesday, 27 November, at Chapel #1 at Ft. Bliss (the main chapel). She will be cremated and the ashes buried at West Point, N.Y. at a later date. Martin Funeral Home is making the necessary arrangements. In lieu of flowers you may send a contribution to the American Heart Association or your favorite charity. Directed by Martin 3839 MONTANA 566-3955

SCOTT RAY

CHRISTMAS, 1985

DEAR FRIENDS,

FORGIVE THE FORM LETTER, BUT IT WOULD BE IMPOSSIBLE TO TELL EACH OF YOU INDIVIDUALLY ABOUT MY WONDERFUL TRIP TO JAPAN LAST SEPTEMBER. AS MOST OF YOU ARE AWARE, WE TOOK MY SUMMER SHOW, "THE STEPHEN FOSTER STORY," TO JAPAN FOR A THREE-WEEK TOUR, PLAYING TOKYO, NARA, AND OSAKA. BUT LET ME START AT THE BEGINNING:

IN MAY THE GENERAL MANAGER, MUSICAL DIRECTOR, SET & LIGHTING DESIGNER, AND I FLEW TO JAPAN TO SEE THE THEATRES AND HAVE PRODUCTION MEETINGS. THE TOUR HAD BEEN IN THE PLANNING STAGES FOR 3 YEARS. THE TOUR'S PRIMARY SPONSOR WAS KY. FRIED CHICKEN OF JAPAN, WHICH WAS CELEBRATING ITS 15TH ANNIVERSARY IN JAPAN. OTHER SPONSORS WERE JAPAN AIRLINES, MITSUBISHI GROUP, AND ASAHI TV AND BROADCASTING CO. ALL BIG-MONEY COMPANIES. THE TOUR WAS PRODUCED BY ONE OF JAPAN'S LEADING ADVERTISING AGENCIES, AND ORGANIZED BY A LEADING PUBLIC RELATIONS FIRM. ONE OF THE LEADING THEATRICAL PRODUCTION FIRMS WAS HIRED TO PRODUCE THE STAGE PRODUCTION. WE WERE IN VERY GOOD HANDS! THE BUDGET FOR THE TOUR WAS 1.5 MILLION. WE SAT IN THE PRODUCTION MEETINGS, AMONG ALL THESE MILLIONAIRES AND HIGH-POWERED BUSINESS TYPES, AND TOLD THEM WHAT WE WANTED. MONEY WAS NO PROBLEM--THEY WERE THERE TO PLEASE US. A VERY HEADY FEELING! AWAY FROM THE MEETINGS, WE STAYED AT THE SAME HOTELS THE COMPANY WOULD STAY IN: THE PACIFIC MERIDIEN IN TOKYO, A DELUXE HOTEL, AND IN OSAKA AT THE OSAKA GRAND, LESS LUXURIOUS BUT MORE CONVENIENT, SINCE IT WAS IN THE SAME BUILDING AS THE THEATRE. WE WERE WINED AND DINED, SIGHTSAW, SAW OUR PRODUCTION COMPANY'S FIRST-CLASS HIT VERSIONS (IN JAPANESE) OF "A CHORUS LINE" AND "CATS". WE RETURNED FROM JAPAN ABSOLUTELY THRILLED WITH OUR TREATMENT AND LOOKING FORWARD TO THE TOUR WITH GREAT ANTICIPATION.

WE HAD A GOOD SUMMER SEASON IN BARDSTOWN, RECEPTIVE CROWDS AND GOOD PUBLICITY ABOUT THE TOUR. 20 JAPANESE CONNECTED WITH THE TOUR IN SOME WAY FLEW OVER FOR OUR OPENING NIGHT, INCLUDING MUSIC CRITICS AND PHOTOGRAPHERS AND THE WOMAN WHO WOULD PRODUCE THE SOUVENIR PROGRAM FOR THE TOUR. DURING THE SEASON SOME OF THE JAPANESE PRODUCTION STAFF CAME TO BARDSTOWN TO SEE THE SHOW AND HAVE MEETINGS. ALL SETS WERE BUILT IN JAPAN. WE TOOK ALL COSTUMES AND SOME OF THE PROPS, 26 BOXES IN ALL, WHICH WENT ON THE PLANE WITH THE ACTORS. 52 PERFORMERS AND 8 STAFF WENT FROM KY, AND WE PICKED UP ANOTHER 30-40 PEOPLE (INTERPRETERS, STAGE CREW, ETC.) IN JAPAN. SO WE THINK THE TOUR WAS ONE OF THE LARGEST EVER UNDERTAKEN BY AN AMERICAN THEATRE COMPANY. WE KNOW IT WAS THE LARGEST TOUR EVER BY AN OUTDOOR DRAMA, AND THE FIRST TO THE ORIENT.

THE STAFF FLEW TO TOKYO SEPT. 3, THE CAST FOLLOWING THE NEXT DAY. SPACE DOES NOT PERMIT A DETAILED DESCRIPTION OF THE THEATRES, BUT THEY WOULD MAKE A BROADWAY PRODUCER DROOL. THEY SEATED FROM 1400 TO 2800, ALL WITH AT LEAST A 60' PROSCENIUM OPENING, HYDRAULIC STAGES, EXCELLENT DRESSING AND BACKSTAGE AREAS. FESTIVAL HALL IN OSAKA HAS A PROSCENIUM OPENING OF 100 FEET! TWO OF THEM HAD CLOSED CIRCUIT COLOR TV IN DRESSING ROOMS. THE CAST WERE DELIGHTED. TWO OF THE THREE TOKYO THEATRES WERE CONCERT AND OPERA HALLS, SO ACOUSTICS WERE VERY FINE. WE VIDEOTAPED THE WHOLE SHOW IN OUR FIRST THEATRE. THIS WAS SHOWN THE FOLLOWING WEEK ON NATIONAL TV AS AN 85-MINUTE SPECIAL WITH HIGHLIGHTS OF THE SHOW. AFTER 3 PERFORMANCES IN TOKYO, EXTREMELY WELL-RECEIVED, WE MOVED TO OSAKA FOR 2 SHOWS AT FESTIVAL HALL, THE MAIN THEATRE FOR TOURING COMPANIES, AND ALSO WENT TO NARA FOR 2 SHOWS. SIGHTSEEING IN BOTH PLACES. OSAKA AND TOKYO BOTH MODERN, CLEAN, SAFE, FASCINATING CITIES. I ADORE JAPAN! WE SOLD OUT ALL SHOWS EXCEPT ONE MATINEE IN NARA, BUT PRODUCERS WERE THRILLED BECAUSE THE THEATRE THERE HAD NEVER COME CLOSE TO SELLING OUT--WE SOLD OUT THE EVENING PERF. WE WERE FETED, PARTIED, GIVEN MANY GIFTS. THEY WANT US TO RETURN IN 2 YEARS AND DO A LONGER TOUR, INCLUDING PERHAPS CHINA AND OTHER ASIAN COUNTRIES. AFTER THE FIRST 2 WEEKS, MOST OF US FLEW TO HONG KONG FOR 2 DAYS R AND R, THEN HOME FROM HK VIA A 26-HOUR MARATHON OF AIRPORTS AND PLANES. REST OF THE COMPANY REMAINED TO DO MORE TV AND PERSONAL APPEARANCES. THEY HAD A GREAT TIME! IT WAS A DREAM TRIP. I WISH THE SAME FOR ALL OF YOU. HAPPY '86.

Dear Robin:

The last time the bird flew around school was almost out & Beth was graduating. Now Mike is back in school and Beth is working. She works at an art supply store cashiering, filing, framing pictures, etc. She is also happy because she gets a 40% discount on her art supplies. She is planning to go to UTEP part time in the spring.

David has started his fall race schedule & won the first one. He was surprised because he had a disastrous training flight. Seems his birds ran into dove hunters and most of them came home with broken beaks or sprained legs. Quite a few did not make it.

I still do volunteer work at the library one afternoon a week. Since school started the place has quieted down and you can hear yourself think. The place is one two in the summer.

Broke down and bought a car. Kept the old one for Beth to get to work. Michael is happy with this arrangement as Beth drops him at school in the morning - means he can sleep a lot later.

Barb and Bill enjoyed the pictures of your family and Russia. Bill Moore - several people have come into the library asking for "hate Wobegon Days". Always think of your mention of it in the Robins when they do have,
Dorothy

Em I want you to know I am now a big Bloom County fan. The Scottville library had a collection of them that I checked out. There is a new book out. I am hoping they buy that too. Abby has ~~to~~ really been wearing the purple outfit you sent. It is just great. It really washes nice too!!

Abby did fall asleep before destroying this letter! If she doesn't shape up I'll send her to Japan with Scott! That would really complicate things. I hope you do go Aunt Jettie. I have always wanted to go there - mainly to buy some pearls! A high school friend of mine was an exchange student to Japan and just loved it. Some day we may get there! Right now things are too complicated to contemplate

③ We figure Abby will have to pass inspection. I don't know what we will do if she is unacceptable. I think she is past the warranty stage! We will also go to Alabama to see Ralph's grandmother. I have not yet met her. She is looking forward to seeing Abby. We will also go to St Louis to see Ed & Mary Ellen Sutter.



Abby's contribution before eating the pen & paper

71 overseas travel! I hope the tour goes (or went) smoothly, Scott - best of luck!

Sylvia, it amazes me that Rob is so old. I can remember him as a little tyke. I think it takes real stamina to accompany a group to Washington D.C. I am afraid my nerves would be shot after that! We'll see if I change my tune when Abby comes of age to ask mom along on class trips.

Abby's hair color is still a mystery. I am hoping for blond or Tatum turn red. At this point it could be anything.

Alexandria looks cute on papa's back in her back pack. Abby likes hers too. She can really go places in it. We frequently walk to the little store 5 blocks

away to pick up items. It is especially fun when people do at Abby. She loves attention! We have yet to back pack to Grandma Jo's but we stroll once in a while. The stroller is not as popular lately because it limits Abby's movements.

I could carry on and on, but I better finish up so the Robin can be on its way.

Love to all. Next letter I'll bore you with the progress on the house - if there is any.

Love
Dad Ralph &
Abby

JMRay 817 Univ. Av. E. P., Tx, 79902 X 6 1 85

Dear Barbara:

The enclosed xeroxes are from photo and letter that Rena (Sichy) Thomas sent me; I figure she saved Eleanor's letter from Grandma's things, she was on hand and none of us were, I guess. I'm much pleased to have them. How's about saving your copy here with the old Robin letters? I was delighted to have them. Best to Bill & the kids and the grandbaby. I sent copies of the enclosed to Emily and Joanna. Cutest thing in the photo is six-year-old Ed. Uncle Joe.

Joe



Horse: Thomas's Old Dan; Time 1909; 1 to r. Vivia Scott Ray, Joseph Malchus Ray (2) Edward Marshall Ray (6), Will Brown Ray (10), Ruby Ray (14), Virginia Ray (13), Back of Buggy Amy Eleanor Ray (8) Iris Scott, Mama's twin;

In buggy, Rena Mae & John Holmes Thomas (5 or 6, & 7 or 8). Bowling Green, Kentucky: Photo: Aunt Kate Thomas
ENLARGED BY RENA THOMAS

CAMP MAMMOTH CAVE

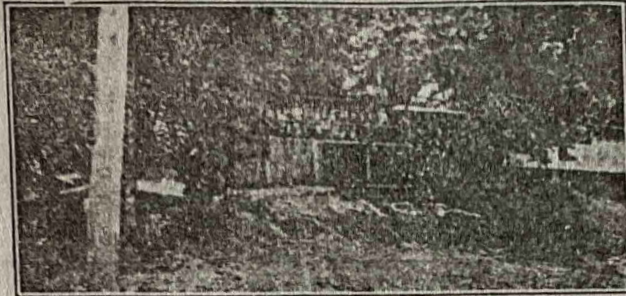
①

A Christian Training and Recreation Camp, Conducted by State
YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION OF KENTUCKY

L. L. ANDERSON
President

卐

PHILO C. DIX
State Secretary



E. G. HOWE
State Boys' Work
Secretary

卐

H. S. TUCKER
Camp Business
Secretary

LETTER PRESERVED

Bowling Green Lodge

By RENO MAETJENS

Mammoth Cave, Ky.

July 21 1925

My dear Grandmother:

I told you I would write to you right away. Every thing is so interesting and new that I haven't had time to turn around. I have wondered about Uncle Alex. I am sure he is better. Please write and tell me how he is and how you are feeling.

You said you wanted to know every thing I'm doing so I will tell you from the beginning. We get up at six. Every morning and fix the tables and eat breakfast at seven-fifteen the people all come in and we

we serve them cafeteria style. The work is not hard and I enjoy it to the limit.

There are four of us working. Two from eastern Ky. and one from Tenn. They are all very nice. Carol Brown and Margret Clark, are college graduates and Juanita Maupen is from College at Greenville Tenn.

Juanita is my roommate and this is her first year here too. The other two have been here two years before. We have lots of fun. There is also a life-guard who is around with us a lot. He is from Tenn. He plays the piano and sings well.

The manager and his wife are very nice. We are becoming attached to them both. They have two little children.

The cook has the sweetest little baby. He is so fat and cute that I would never get tired of playing with him. He's eight months old and he and his mother stay around the kitchen alot.

Cleaner Route
Y.M.C.A. Camp
Mammoth Cave
Ky.

NANCY ELEANOR COLLIS
SCOTT BUNCH



Mrs. R. C. Bunch
1232 Kenton St. KY.
Bowling Green
Kentucky.

(2)

Bowling Green Lodge
Mammoth Cave, Ky.

The other day I brought him up here to our room and he turned the stop-over over on himself.

July 22 1925

Two days have passed since I started this letter. One of girls and I are in front of Echo River or rather where Echo River comes out of the ground. This is the prettiest place you could think of. There are moss covered trees leaning over the little stream and layers of big rocks on one side and the end. The reflection of the vines and rocks is so wonderful that I like to just sit and look at it all. A Kentucky Cardinal is

singing for dear life just above our heads, I wish you could be here. Every thing is so peaceful.

We have girls this week. There are about seventy-five. They are all going for a boat ride on a motor boat this afternoon. We four girls and the manager's wife are not going. We don't have anything else to do today ^{because} they are taking their rate. We worked all morning getting them ready.

My room mate has never learned to row or swim either. Last night, we four and the life guard went for a ~~no~~ boat ride. There are twelve unsinkable boats at the campers disposal. We go out rather often. The other morning, three of us went over a mile up the river to the ripples. Our boat got caught on a sand-bar. One of the girls got out and pushed us off. I am learning to row and am getting

CAMP MAMMOTH CAVE

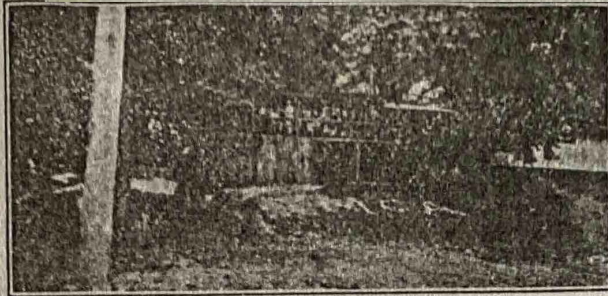
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3

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Bowling Green Lodge
Mammoth Cave, Ky.

quite a bit of practice. I have
corns and blisters all over
my hands. The river is awfully
inviting, but I haven't been in
yet. I may go into morrow.

We can hear the girls
hollering from here. They are
having games and races
until time to start down
the river. They seem to have
a good time all the time.

When the big boat starts
tonight we are going to ride
the waves.

We went horse-back riding
yesterday and today we are
all sore and stiff. My horse
was a scrub and he just
about jolted me apart.