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Eustace, Tex,
7/4/1985

Dear Cousin Robert & Cara,

Sorry I've waited so long about writing and thanking you two for a lovely tour of Hilton Head and the plants. They survived the trip nicely.

Betty and I went to Robertville the next morning to see the church and cemetery. And as before when Crystelle ^{and I} went, it was raining. We did go to the door of the building and sign the register in the box on the wall. We also noticed that some of those at the Reunion had been there on Saturday. I remembered the Churches. And while I'm on that name they did get the material you sent by us. I stood in the rain and made two pictures of the church. They turned out to be good. I was surprised. We didn't go into the

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cemetery - too much water.

From Robertville to^{we} drove onto Charleston and toured the point or Battery. Took a boat tour to Ft Sumter. We got pretty wet from the rain blowing in on us. Luckily I wore my sweater. The Augustat Church was not open like the man at the Information Center said it would be. So we decided to spend the night and try to see it the next morning. It opened at 10:30. We took pictures which were quite good.

We left Charleston about 11:30 and headed for Bham, Ala. The night before we'd called some of our Stewart Cousins that we'd be there around 8 p.m. But we got there around 6. We gained an hour. Since we had to be back in Jayarkana by Wed and Thurs. for sure we didn't get to see Middleton Plantation or Magnolia. We passed by both of them on the way to Augusta. Maybe there'll

be another time for us whenever not so short on time.

I did call Crystle. Her family was better. She expressed regrets that she wasn't able to attend the Reunion.

I've been quite busy since I got back trying to catch up. Most of the fruit is gone and the vegetables are gone. We are very dry. We thought yesterday we might get some rain but it passed us by.

Must close. While writing this the electricity went off and was off for a while. I'd decided it wasn't coming back on, maybe, for an hour or more. So I started groping my way, or trying to, through the house to the bed. It's an eerie ^{sp} feeling to be in complete darkness trying to find your ^{way}. But it came back on in about 10 minutes. Write if you have time. Again

thanks for your hospitality. Was good to see all again. Love Ruthie