

"The all-girl choir is singing 'In the Garden'."
as I fold your letter. It is beautiful!
9.5.24.

2801 Lexington Rd.

Louisville 6, Ky.

May 20, 1945

Dear Bob -

It is always good to hear from you - and yet, Bob, letters like your last one upset me so. First I find myself feeling superior "I've been through that and know" and sort-of think you are collegiate - to wonder. Then my sin of pride strikes me full force. Second, I decide just to forget any part of your letter except the descriptions of India. Thus by "overlooking" I can escape answering. Third, I reason you must not be sincere that you are just trying to "dig" my Baptist beliefs. But I do not remain long here - finally I convince myself that the Bob I keep thinking of is the old one - the one I knew in Augusta.

But the new Bob who has been called to the highest office in this world is different. And so after all this process I'm driven to my knees again and I just pray "Oh God help me to be a real friend and to think & write what you would have."

after all this prologue no doubt you are wondering just what did you write. Well, you will have to remember yourself. It seems

odd that I should write a letter like this on Whituesday and yet fitting too - for it was on that day that the Holy Spirit came to men. Ever since then we have had the promise of John 1:12. - It is that power which men need. as I help out with street meetings, services of all sorts, types, + kinds. Yes, some make me cringe for their crudeness but then I keep saying to myself what Paul said in I Tim. 1:15. If this was Jesus' purpose in life - so it is mine. Then too although I'm not a minister I feel as though Paul has charged me even as he did Timothy of old + I accept II Tim. 4:1,2. as my working orders. also.

And yet Bob I am interested in all of life. But as I speak at colored mission conventions (as I did 2 hours ago) or at League of Women Voters meetings (as I will tomorrow) or work in the A. A. U. W. - or the A. A. Social Workers or attend a C. I. O. meeting or Inter-racial Council - I do for just one reason - that men might know my saviour and His power.

For years I've looked forward to this year

1945 - my 30th year. It was when our Christ was 30 that He began His public ministry, all my other years I look on as preparation. Each day I've tried to fully surrender myself this year. There's been a difference. I feel an urgency of the gospel more than I ever have before.

If the letter were not downstairs in my office I would copy parts of it. It came from the Pacific describing a prayer meeting the night before going into combat. The men had participated in sentence prayers - the last one was something like this "O God - I've made my peace with Thee. Some of the men going into battle tomorrow haven't. O God, if it is Thy will that all should not return, please take me and give the others another chance." Bob - that to me is the urgency of the gospel. as Bishop Miles of India + Ceylon wrote - my people have just one burning thirst, "Sir, we would see Jesus." If you can give them Jesus in a different way - may the Lord bless you in your service. Just feed men with spiritual bread - not social reforms. The reforms will come if men truly are born again and have become sons

of God.

Bob, I believe in you - if I didn't I wouldn't be writing you like this. There is much you will have to read between the lines. Letters will always be inadequate. But often I read "The Ordering of Priests" and I know some day you will take the pledge "are you persuaded that the Holy Scriptures contain all doctrine required as necessary for eternal salvation through faith in Jesus Christ? and are you determined, out of the said Scriptures to instruct the people committed to your charge; and to teach nothing, as necessary to eternal salvation, but that which you shall be persuaded may be concluded and proved by the Scripture?" - and when you answer "I am so persuaded, and have so determined, by God's grace" - you will say so because you have been used of the Lord to bring salvation to many.

I must stop - V-mails will have to suffice for the others tonight. The Hour of Charm is on the radio. All is peaceful - it's hard to picture India's 14 million child widows under 14 years of age who need the joy that Jesus brings. You are my ambassador now. Would that I could be there too. Best wishes ever, Joy-Eden

P.O. Engraved in article about
Miami also @ Hugh Calender
Gloria Coronet - Lilla and
both enjoy reading it
look forward to getting it
every month.
Dear Pop.

9 - July 45
Jacksonville Beach
Florida.

It was so nice to hear from you again. Lilla joy-
warded the letter and then I sent it back for her to read.

I have been here at the Beach for almost a month
and I truly believe that I am very much better, I feel fine.
I go for a dip in the ocean every day and surely enjoy it.
The folks here are all well and the horse is full fun -
fact Rooney turns them away everyday from all over the coun-
try by the dozens besides all the nippers get. It is a grand
here most of the time. The horse. The gentle beach in the
would be a grand surf, high breakers and swells -
makes it grand for ocean bathing.

We had a letter from W^m yesterday and it had
"they Fleet Post Office, N. Y. C. and it had been censored.
So I expect he is on his way overseas - he is such a
darling and so sweet and at times steel just a little bit.
I would hope you are sick but all we can do is pray and have
faith that he will come back safe and sound.

Yes, Lilla and I both read forward every day but
I haven't since I left Miami. Down here at the Beach
at Paul's By the Sea their regular ministers in the day
and they have a retired Englishman who is 82 yrs old,
he is a Bishop, but he talks and looks like about 60.
He preaches a druggie sermon, a little too long tho.

I had a letter from Lilla yesterday and said that Don
had heard from Louise and that he was terribly upset
and that she, Lilla was afraid he would be back in
the hospital. I talked to Don and told him that
Louise said that she was there with him and nothing

he said or did would make her change her mind - that she
had begun telling him and trying to make him understand
that she did not love him and months ago all she wanted from
him was to be left absolutely alone but now just won't give up.
He loves her so and can't realize that sometimes love dies -
I wish you would write him. He thinks a lot of you -
His address is Sgt Donald F Crane, Carribeau Hotel
Miami Beach.

But you would really adore Sally & Lynn -
they are darlings and such fun.

I am going to Clyde, N.C. for three weeks
with Ethel, my sister-in-law & Ethel Deal -
Ethel's family live there. Clyde is between Asheville
and Waynesville. It is quiet and I can get a lot of
rest, then on the 15 August I am going to
Attamout, not far from Blowing Rock for two
weeks. I have friends from Atlanta who will be there
then.

Henry Thomas, my older nephew is working very
hard. He is the one with the bad heart.

It seems a shame that Randy has to ~~go~~ to the
Pacific after being overseas so long. But I do
hope you will bring your mother to see us - that
will be one nice thing to think of after the war.

There is so much talking I can't think. Take
care of yourself and pray for me every night and morn-
ing. We do love you Bob.

Mildred.

11 July 1945

Dear Bob

~~opened by mistake Mildred's~~

letter to you, so I am going to enclose
this. I have been waiting for a
chance to get some U.S. paper and
got some yesterday and was going
to write you today any way.
Things are about the same here
Mildred a way snakes in house
but I haven't had much time
to myself really. I go to church Thurs
days & Sundays with Cherry
Mildred told Don I would get
any thing for my self so he comes
out after he usually get the dinner
and washes the dishes too so you
see he is no trouble. I have been trying
to save points so we have rice or some
thing of the kind & I haven't had any
meat as he gets all the scraps and I
don't care much for meat. I got a chicken
yesterday to broil. I don't know how
my cooking will turn out. I have
an egg plant to roast & Caulif flower. I
enjoy you your fruit is hard to

of my company and presence, and of my property, of
herst experience too.

Mildred retrace your letter which
enjoyed so much wish I could write as
entertainingly to you.

I expect Mildred write you about Don &
Louise, but Don is the most stubborn
person I have ever met he must take
no and Louise has said & done things
that I should think could finish him
she has forbidden his "trespassing" on
her property and must give him the use
of the house & piano etc, but talks
about her all the time and really he is
in a bad way for a nervous truck driver.
I met Louise last night we had dinner to shut
Dutch out, but she is drinking eight to
evening out for dinner.

Well Elliott & Sherry Mary McCalla friend
young married (I don't know if you
met her mother Emily McCall) and my
self to a guild Card party last Friday
they stayed the air conditioned house, but
I think something must have happened we
nearly melted. She had several door prizes
they called my number & it was not the last one & I
selected the larger pk. & my! it was an immense
mango tree rich in circumference & size with
long. Don & I ate it for dinner that night.

Bob & Mary are precious I too think of you & friends these days
especially Mildred's nephew who has gone over seas N.Y. just
at her so I expect he is in the Pacific. Love Bill & E.S.

225 E. 53rd Street
New York 22, N. Y.
July 26, 1945

Dear Bob-

For weeks I have longed to write you and just tell you all the grand things that have happened in N.Y. for I felt that you would enjoy them too. Each noon hour as I attend St. Paul's chapel I cannot help but put you in those robes and think of the day when you too will be a minister. But, I kidded myself into thinking that I was too busy to write - and just put it off. I am more than sorry that I did for now your letter of July 11th has come and I hesitate to write anything.

If anyone knows the power of a letter I ought to. Many a one I have received in Burma that upset me for days and when I would try to answer it the person who wrote it would have forgotten what was said. Consequently I have tried to be careful - but seemingly I have failed miserably. It seems unfair to ask forgiveness - I hardly know what to write for I am afraid it will be misunderstood. So, just know Bob, that I'm just a sinner saved by grace and that no one could make more mistakes or fall shorter of Christ's example than I do!

As I try to peck this out I stop every other word and look out of the window at the Empire State Building and Rockefeller Center - and then at the children playing on the street. It is a far "piece" to Karachi from this situation. It is another world. There's only one safe guard that I know and that is love. And so I must move on from a place where I knew you as a person to argue with (as I did in Augusta) - to one whom I prayed for - and prayed most that I might believe in you (my place since you've been in the service) - to one of love. If I love you, not because of what you believe or what you can do - but love you as a person for yourself - then I need not worry for love is kind - is not puffed up (and you know the rest better than I do.) My prayers are no longer for you but with you. I covet yours. Don't be alanned - it is no romantic love - but the kind that I hold for Milton, and John, and Dick, and George - and scores of others whom I believe in.

Isn't ^{it} true that if you read the books which are meaningful to a person that you often understand that person better? My guide is Rollo May's The Art of Counseling. In it he describes a religious worker - and what he should be. Would it be possible for you to find a copy over there? If you would care to read it I'll be glad to send you one - then we would not have to write and hurt each other - for perhaps we would better understand what is below the surface.

This is a poor sort of a letter. I've stayed home from school to write it. I leave for school each morning ~~and~~ at 7:50 and my last class ends at 3 P.M. - then I work in the kitchen of Stouffer's restaurant from 4 to 9:30 P.M. and study later - It is necessary to make ends meet - but I am thankful I can do it. Understand me when I say, Love,

Ray Ellen

July 28, 1945

Dear Bob,

Started a letter to you yesterday and realized I didn't have the main thing I was writing about - Tom Holdsworth's address. I heard from his mother yesterday and here is the address:

Mr. Tom Holdsworth
Venesta Ltd.
Kamarhati
24 Pergannar
Bengal, India

I hope you can meet him and have a good time - I have no idea where Bengal is in relation to your place but will look it up on the map when I have time.

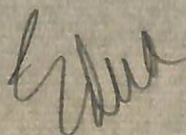
Mrs. Holdsworth (Cousin Florrie), his mother, said that if ever any of my friends called on Tom they would get a big welcome, so I hope you can go. If you do, give me the low-down. I've never seen any of these cousins, although one of them came to Philadelphia when I was in Washington, but he thought I would be too tired from my trip from Augusta to see him!!!! Can you imagine that. Mrs. Florence Holdsworth (whence comes the Florrie) is my mother's first cousin - her father was Matthew Rutherford, I believe, who was my grandmother's brother. My grandmother lived with us all my life until 1929 so I feel a little close to that side of the family.

Guess what? John Booth came to town and called me up but I was out. Wasn't that disgusting? I was so surprised that he called me, and would have got such a kick out of talking to him. Damn.

The 4th Div. arrived, and Carlos called me last Saturday from New York. Connection was wonderful - sounded as if he were right in the room and he said I sounded the same. He is very tired and confused and although he has 35 days' furlough he is not coming down because they have to report back to Fort Dix. They will be stationed at Camp Butner, N. C., near Durham, later on for further training and he expects to come on down then. He thought I would come up to New York and I would have one whale of a good time with that gang - if I could take it! - but I can't get away from the office at this time, nor do I feel like braving travel conditions while the boys are being deployed. If they were not coming down to N.C. later I would try to go, of course.

Everybody is ready to go so I will have to stop. Bill got another 10 days extension - a furlough of 60 days - can you imagine it. I think they just want his bed at the hospital and he doesn't need medical attention - besides his buddy is the one who gives out the furloughs. He left on June 6th and expects to be back August 7th. Gosh, wish I didn't have to stop - I'm going good now! However, I've kept everybody 15 minutes overtime now! So see how expensive this letter is!

Best regards,



July 9, 1945

10:10 a.m.

Dear Bob,

What a job I have! being able to write a letter at this time of day and not get fired. However, I am "standing in the need of" conversation with a friend right now, so I will take one of my famous "ten-minute vacations". (Enough of these, and your day is quite pleasant!)

Your letter this morning was a delight to receive and to read. And I always enjoy your clippings so much, and am always relaxed when I know that you appreciate my little jokes. (I'm thinking particularly of the one about looking for a certain English cousin of mine in India, which I know is lousy with Englishmen - sometimes literally!) The thing that leaves me absolutely frustrated and limp is when my humor is not understood, and this frequently happens to me because I might not at the time have the physical energy to put the snap in the words or the light in my eyes. A lot of people, you know, don't recognize wit or humor unless these things accompany it. They simply think I am sour, when I am really pulling a darned good piece of wit. I wring my hands figuratively on such occasions, and pray to God for one understanding soul. (This isn't just fun - I feel this lack sometimes very keenly).

Receiving your letter this morning was strange. For some unaccountable reason I was thinking of you yesterday quite definitely, and had decided definitely to look up your last letter and write to you today. Coincidence, eh?

While I think of it, Jimmie Hanahan here showed me several days ago a letter from Henry Shaefer (to Mr. Conger about business) and in it he said that he is now teaching naval communications and seamanship at Columbia University! Wish I had a copy of the letter (will make one if possible - Jimmie is out of town now) to send you, as he gave a brief resume of service which would be interesting to you.

I looked for your letter in which you commented on Bill, but seem to have misplaced it or left it home. For heaven's sake, lay off that Mrs. business! I could see Bill tearing his hair and heading for the first deep lake or river. Like most bachelors, he is terrified of being "Tied Down" (and I use the capitals knowingly). He has almost a phobia on it. Now I have no desire or intention of Tying Anybody Down, and it amuses me to have it assume any importance, especially as the person afraid never seems to realize that perhaps theremight be some nice things about being tied down, or that the female in question might not like being tied down either, or that there might be enough understanding of life between them not to make the yoke uncomfortable. Bill is a very complex person and I found it hard to discuss things with him because he was so very reticent about his own feelings and life. However, I think most of his fears come from being afraid he will hurt somebody else by his shortcomings. He is very generous and kind, and I'm afraid somebody has taken advantage of that at one time and hurt him very much. This is all a guess, however. He left June 6th on a 30-day furlough and I have had one card and one letter from him since that time. Don't know what has happened or whether he is still away on an extension of time. He said when he left that he would call me from Denmark, S. C., which meant that he assumed I would meet him when he arrived by bus at Augusta. He has been very busy helping a friend in a dairy in Pa. on his furlough, but I wonder??..... I enclose two cards from him, just for "atmosphere". He has a good

sense of humor. The card from Oliver General was sent me while I was seeing him practically every day, and taking him back to the hospital in my car. I sent him some jokes, etc., and signed the letter Toodle-oo, so that is where he gets the Toodleoo 2U2. The yaller card was sent on this furlough. He was a sergeant but was busted for talking back to a dietician in England in the hospital. He has only recently mentioned that he might try to get his rating back, but prior to that he concentrated on wanting to get out of the army. I have an idea he is spending this furlough, to a large extent, in getting settled about a job. He has had several offers in his own previous company (life insurance -Metropolitan), and also an offer of a political office if he would run. Well, he gets the news and knows what's happening, so when he does get back I imagine I will have a good time listening to all of it.

I'll tell you all my side of things now, since it would be entirely too obvious to bring your letter out and answer it!

I wonder how you spent the 4th of July over there? I spent mine working at the house and for the Red Cross. Most people I heard of spent it working either at the office or home. Things were very quiet here - no accidents at all, which is remarkable - and I didn't see any "fantastics" until about 5 p.m. and then only two or three children.

I am reading "Berlin Diary" - better late than never, I suppose. The trouble is that I buy books and then people borrow them and I forget I haven't read them. I found this over at Margaret's and was much surprised when she said it was my book. It is quite exciting, and believe me, Brother Shirer really got around and observed things too. It is hard to believe that a man so obviously mad could lead a whole country into ruin as ~~Hitler~~ did. The Diary also gives me the creeps about Russia, whom I've never trusted anyway. She has so obviously changed sides whenever it was expedient for her, and thinks no more of treaties than Germany did.

Thanks for that little word about my being one of your favorite correspondents. I can use some nice words like that right about now. Your letters are bright spots for me too - interesting and well written, and showing a curiosity about life without which a person holds little interest for me.

I can not imagine why we haven't heard from the Holdsworths in such a long time. They were in the thickest of the defense area, their own children part of the time not being allowed to visit them. Their son was buying a home and it was blown to bits by the Germans. I hope nothing has happened to them recently. I suppose everybody is just plain busy over there. However, you might write to Mrs. Herbert Holdsworth, "Anok", Tye Common Road, Billericay, Essex, England, if you like and see if you can get her son's address from her. Tell her I suggested that you do this.

What a story John Booth fabricated! He should go far in the journalistic world! Much to my disgust, chagrin, and embarrassment, I am of the introvert type and am always surprised when I find other people with bad inferiority feelings, thinking, of course, that I am the only one! That is one of the things that worries about not having more contact with more people - probably some of those truths would finally be dinmed into my thick head and I would be smarter about seeing the "whys" of things sooner.

Did you know Billy Hogan? He was shot down over Rangoon and was missing for over a year. Campbell
Maiden paid his insurance and the Govt wanted to, but Billy's mother insisted he was alive and wouldn't
accept it. He is at home now and I talked to him Thursday night. He was a Jap prisoner and looks very
thin and rather sad. Must have been terrible.

I can imagine how John would have developed an inferiority complex under the conditions you describe, as I got a beauty myself under somewhat similar conditions - the struggle, I mean. People never know what the other fellow is going through, and children are so terribly impressionable. Being one of four children reared on a teacher's salary, I can understand some of the hardships. I used to be quite embarrassed when I went to high school because I couldn't afford street car fare both ways, and couldn't afford any lunch at all. I worked in the lunch room for two sandwiches a day. Some wages, eh? All the time, I had the most valuable things in the world -- a good background in my family, and a perfectly superhuman mother, who charted her course and never once turned back or grumbled about it. She taught in the morning, cooked for us, and made all our clothes, even to my two brothers' -- in addition to supporting her mother for twenty-some-odd years and occasionally a brother, sister, or in-law. I don't see how she did it, and she says now she doesn't know either. The only thing that matters so much about poverty is the worry it brings, and of course the limitations in education it puts on people. As you say, we should seek to cultivate a happy temper and a generous spirit, than which there is nothing more attractive or God-like.

Thanks for your advice about not giving up my job and going into town. Fortunately for me, I had a job in town once, and really knew underneath it all that it was not what I wanted. Since writing you last, I got stewed up about all the raises that were being given and none coming my way, when I have really sweated for this place at different times in work that was not my job really, so I sat myself down and put my thoughts on paper --- which, thank goodness, were put down with exceptional calm and lack of feeling, I thought. I got an answer asking me to wait until he (the pres.) came down in June and I agreed. We finally got around to it six weeks later, during which time I was as sick as anybody you ever saw, worrying about having to squabble with a man who was a born talker and salesman, and who could always outtalk me. So, I sat myself down again and put my thoughts on paper again, and when he came down there was not even a discussion. He simply told me how he had arranged to give me exactly what I asked for. I suppose he saw my mind was made up.

There are many things about this place that are discouraging, as in all jobs. I only wish I could not see the inefficiencies and unfairnesses, and could work along as I did when I was 17 years old - thinking the world was a great big place and all I had to do was my little typing, etc. The trouble is that I know my present job backwards and forwards, and am ready to advance, and there is nothing to which I can advance here. There is an excellent opportunity for them to open a sort of "personnel" or "personal relations" department, which I think I would like to handle, but that is far far ahead of the progress at this place. If a man disagrees, he is fired, no matter how long he has worked sometimes. I would like to see the man brought in and given a chance to tell his side, and have a fair minded person to arbitrate, but I would be laughed at here if I mentioned it. That is only one of the things that could improve this place. Instead of that we go backwards, the pres. sending his brother back as manager, and he not knowing how to discipline himself, much less others. The morale of workers working for someone they do not even respect, much less like, is of course practically down to sea level, and it even reaches me. What is the use of getting enthusiastic about your job when the top man slows up everything and shirks his job?

However, I know that I have an easy time, and especially considering the salary I get, plus transportation. I suppose most things are dependent on the way one feels anyway, and when I am feeling good, this place gives me a thrill - I always get a thrill when I near the actual construction of something or can see results. It is when I am made to feel "little" (as this man is very good at) that I get really mad! That trait of making someone feel little is a good indication that the man is little himself.

I got Beryl Bredenburg Eubanks to substitute for me in July, on account of the heat's being so bad for Mom; at the church, I mean! I thought I could help prepare dinner and thus save Mom some work in the heat. The church closes for August, so that means I have my week-ends for two months - which is really very nice. It seems Beryl lost her voice for a while, but is getting it back, and, of all things, somebody told me she didn't have much volume! I always thought that was what she did have! She seemed delighted to substitute for me, and they say she reads music like lightning.

Earl is rather nice (I never liked him before), but it is pathetic the way he is so thrilled over different girls who show him a little attention - I mean the ones who come here on the stage, etc. I feel sorry for him when he shows their letter, or something, as it is such a dead give-away about his lack of force or lack of being able to find somebody for himself. I suppose when he is 90 he will still be showing pictures of beautiful women and the letter they wrote him! Don't think I am criticizing him - I just feel sorry for him, but perhaps this is misplaced sympathy. I was early to choir practice (another thing that annoyed me - I ALWAYS have to wait 15 or 20 minutes on the others) several weeks ago, so I walked up to Gardelle's and bought a cool drink. As I was walking back, a man came up behind me and said, "Hi Babe, where ya going?" I looked around and it was Earl, and he told it several times at choir practice thinking that he had shocked me; I was delighted to see that he had that much spunk.

I would like to see your gang - especially the Sikh, complete with beard and turban! That must be a sight. "Little did you think" when you were at the C&S that you would ever be in such a place at such a time and in such surroundings, eh what? You should have a picture made and send it back here. To me, would be best, of course!

I had a birthday in June, and received a card from Martha Craig, although I seldom see her now. We still think as much of each other--- it is just harder these days to get together. Haven't seen the McClures in a long time - sent them an Augusta telephone book in case they needed one, but haven't heard a word.

I had heard of the editor of the Lamar, Mo. paper and his policy of truthfulness, but am glad to have the clipping. I think I shall subscribe just for fun, and this clipping gives me the necessary address. A little more publicity of that sort, and I imagine a lot of unnecessary side-stepping by individuals would be curtailed. However, I would certainly hate to be the butt of one of his articles! He must have to live a very careful life himself, or maybe he keeps things about himself out of the paper! I'm sure he can't be perfect. I liked that touch about "God, it was badly managed" too, although I disagree with him in saying that "there never was a better girl than Jennie" -- after all, there a lot of babies born BEFORE wedlock, and Jennie's wasn't. Jennie just damned lucky that Don married her after all!

This begins to look like a book - and not a best-seller, either. Hope it doesn't floor you but I'm having a whale of a good time, except that I'm sure there are lots of things in here I would have a terrible time backing up all the time. Why don't I keep my mouth shut? But as I said once before, consistency be damned. I'm just mad I didn't say consistency be damned about 20 years ago, but at least I am letting it be damned eventually. (Well, I can throw caution to the winds for a few minutes anyway, can't I? I'll have to go back to typing letters about poles in a few minutes - let me be free a while!) (By the time I finish this it will have made me feel so good I will think I've had a highball or two).

It seems the 4th Division is due to land in the U.S. the last of this week sometime - they left France on July 5th, the paper said. I can hardly imagine they are back again. I suppose we will be getting a long distance call from Carlos soon, or perhaps will be started some evening by having a dark-complexioned kangaroo come bounding up the steps yelling at the top of his lungs and flinging his long thin arms around. He hasn't a place to stay in the U.S., so I suppose he will head for our house. He is so excitable it will be a show to see him, and he will try to talk out everything at once.

I was invited to go up to Spring Lake Beach, N. J., on my vacation, by Mrs. Evelyn Simpson, nee Evelyn Petit of Cracker Box fame. She said the beach was restricted for dogs, Jews, and women in slacks. After learning the rates and costs of things there, I wrote her that it seemed to be restricted for working girls also, and that I would not be coming up. I don't want to travel on the trains or buses now anyway, as they are at their most crowded time, due to veterans' returning, and I have a ride to Jacksonville Beach in August with three other girls if I give them two "A" tickets -- four weeks' supply of gas for me. I have decided on the Jacksonville Beach idea, though, and after giving my word have had an invitation to go to Sea Island Beach and use the Ed Douglas's cottage! (My cousin works in his office and he offered it to the girls in the office). What a time! I looked for a new bathing suit Saturday and the only one I liked was \$10.98 at Belk-Luke's --- the store supposed to be "cheap"! I decided there wasn't much a bathing suit could do about my "figger" anyway, so I will take my old one - after all, I can stand anything for a week, and I've given up hope of meeting the well-known "Prince Charming" on a vacation!! I've had the rose-color taken out of my glasses anyway, and princes Charming I can't imagine! (Another name is "getting old" - ha!ha!)

You should have seen me painting our bathroom several weeks ago. I really should have charged admission. I had on a bathing suit, black suede pumps, and a small bath towel tied around my head. Later on, of course, I added to my costume large spots of yellow paint and white paint and beads of perspiration. The choice performance was when I tried to paint in the corner back of the tub - one elbow rubbed the paint off the left wall while my head rubbed it off the wall in front of me! For future reference: the only trouble about painting in a bathing suit, is that I got paint all over me, not the suit only. I had a speckled chest and nose and large yellow spots on my lower extremities. I have much more respect for painters than ever before, and will never again be irritated with them for spilling a few spots on the floor. They are indeed remarkable people. Well... here again I have not left room to taper off this letter gracefully. I will just have to stop abruptly. Write me again, and thanks for your fine letter this morning, that raised my "sper" at least to a point of visibility.

Affectionately, Ed

September 24, 1945

Dear Bob,

I wrote you a long letter on the 19th but it didn't get mailed because your address was at home, and now I think I will begin again. I'm in a foul mood---"down with men" mood--- today, so I'd better work myself out of it at your expense. I wish I hadn't grown up thinking men were the stronger sex--- they are the biggest babies, sometimes. I'm so sick of being the goat in an office I can hardly stand it.

I thoroughly enjoyed your Holiday in India, and will read it again because my first trip through it was so hurried. I let Margaret read it and she enjoyed it too, and then Earl DeL. read it. He said he thought it was very well written. I'm thinking of starting a lending library with it.

We have started choir practice again, and it was fun. Emily, however, is going to have a baby in February, so she has had to give up the choir on doctor's orders until after that time. Mrs. Lucas is pinch-hitting on the organ again. Emily is a peach - she is so refreshing to me because of her frankness and lack of inhibitions, especially because I know she had to go through fire to get that way. Her father is a very narrow-minded Methodist minister, and I think she was wonderful to overcome some of the things she did.

My friend Bill is still here and very attentive. However, I'm afraid he is a real bachelor, so get that romantic idea out of your mind. I'm afraid I've had enough of getting along with men in offices for the last twenty years anyway! He is really very nice, but like all bachelors, a little afraid of life. He is making a wonderful transition to civilian life (which he hasn't really made yet) but I mean from actual battle-field to our life here.

Bill and I and four others drove over to Columbia on the 15th. We went to the Country Club, which is owned by a GI friend of two of the boys in our group, and then to the Elks Club. Bill is a past exalted ruler in his home town, so of course they always give him a nice welcome. The Columbia club, however, is purely commercializing on Fort Jackson, and is worse than a Service Club. Bill was shocked to see their actual lodge room full of GI's drinking beer and hard liquor, some of them sitting right under the charter and the star (whatever the star means). It did give one a peculiar feeling that they would allow such in the inner sanctum of a brotherhood.

Speaking of rides, which we can again, thank goodness, you should hear about my "vacation" and I say this with many reservations. My vacations are notoriously Jonahs, from the time I met a boy and his mother and went to Chicago to the time I intended to visit a family and the mother broke her hip. I did meet the boy and his mother and after starting on the trip found that I was the only one in the bunch who had a single penny!!! THAT was a LULU. I've never been more miserable. Well, to get on.....

First, I was invited to go to Jacksonville Beach with two girls at the Arsenal in their car. This was fine, because gas rationing was still on. Everybody was to chip in two gas tickets, which suited me all right. We had to leave in the middle of the week, which I detest but which I had to agree to because the others worked at the arsenal. (Later I learned they didn't have to do that if they didn't use public transportation). So, everything was planned for August 8th. A few days before that time one of them (the car owner) called and asked me if I could go on the 15th instead. I said yes. (I know my people here thought I was nerds). So, all was set for the 15th. A few days before the 15th, the same car owner called and said that she had to attend a conference in Atlanta on the 15th and 16th and we would have to go down on the bus, the arrangement being that she would go to Atlanta in her car and come on down to the beach when the conference was over, using OUR tickets. I protested immediately, saying that the auto trip was my main reason for going on a beach vacation. Beach vacations do not appeal to me now, as I can't see without my glasses very well, and had no good bathing suit. She had arranged everything with the Government before calling me and said that it would be too much of a job to change that. I suggested we go in my car and she go on public transportation, since there were three of us and only one of her. She finally agreed to this and we were to start Wednesday morning at 7:30 o'clock. Monday afternoon, I went to the Partridge Inn Beauty Shoppe to get a manicure for the trip, and lo and behold the two girls were there and they informed me they were not going at all! One's vacation had been cancelled (she said) and the other just decided she'd better not go. I was thoroughly disgusted.

I called my cousin Bessie White, whom I knew intended going down on the 19th and asked if she would like to go with us. She said she would, so she telephoned her landlady down there and asked if she could put up two more girls. So we started out on Sunday the 19th! About 12 miles out of Augusta, the rear end of my car looked as if it were burning up. We jumped out and took the suitcases out of the trunk but could locate nothing except that it appeared the exhaust pipe had started something to burning. We coasted back to the Alfrid Lombard's and Mr. Lombard said he thought it would be safe to go back to Augusta. Since it was Sunday, the shops were closed, so we went to Graham's Taxi place (Preston Graham having married my first cousin) and had their mechanic put in a new exhaust pipe, and new fan belt. We lost three hours that way.

Everything was all right until we got about 5 miles out on the Jacksonville Beach Road, and the FRONT end seemed to be burning up then. We called a mechanic and he promised to be out in 45 minutes. We gave him an hour and a half's time and then called again. He came out and stepped on the starter and the car started up. He looked at me as if I were one step lower than an idiot and said nothing was the matter. I told him I knew there was. He said there was nothing he could do, charged me \$5.00 and sailed merrily away. We drove about two miles and the same thing happened, only now it was 2 hours later and we were stranded on the beach road at 10 p.m. with not a house nor a store in sight. I was disgusted sure enough then. I got out and tried to flag somebody down, but I'm sure they thought (and I don't blame them) that I was a decoy for some thugs inside the car, so they

sailed on by. (I'm depending on the fact that you have plenty of time in India to read all this). Finally a man stopped and since he had had an old auto once he knew how to look for the trouble. It was a leaking radiator hose, and we had nothing to patch it with. We finally stuck match stems in it (all this while the highway patrol stood guard) and the man asked if we had anything he could use to dip water. I gave him my thermos jug and he dipped water from the ditches at the side of the road (thank heaven it had rained for two weeks previously) and filled the radiator. He laughed and said he was putting in frogs and mosquitoes. He was a wonderful person - very good looking, well educated, and with a very quick mind. His wife and little girl were with him and they were most attractive. He led us into the beach and right to where we were staying, after first making sure we had reservations.

Episode at the beach!: The next morning the tire appeared to be going flat on the right front wheel. (I had four new tires and had thought I would at least be free of tire trouble. I had also had a complete check made on the car--\$7.50--before I left, which evidently had not been a check-up at all). Margaret took the car to a garage and had the tire fixed. She also patched the radiator hose with friction tape. I, in the meantime, had fallen UP the stairs at the Lodge and almost broken my toe and my foot swelled and got so blue I couldn't wear any but the very oldest shoes I had taken with me.

One of the girls we met at the beach, from Augusta, had a brother there who was a mechanic, so I asked him to take the car into Jacksonville and give it another complete check-up. He brought it back to the beach on Saturday night and said he would be willing to go to California in it. (Knowing mechanics, I kept my fingers crossed and my face straight). Sunday morning we started out on the return trip, and about 18 miles this side of Jacksonville, again in a very lonely spot, the front tire began to go down. I said, "Girls, I think that tire is going down," and they said hopefully, "Oh no, the road is just graded for this curve." Nevertheless, I pulled off the highway and there it was. That same damned tire. Well, we knew we had to change it. A colored man came along at the rate of about .000003 miles per hour and I asked him if he would help us and he said, "Lady, I'm trying to catch a bus", and knowing how far he would miss the bus at his rate of speed I felt more sorry for him than for us. I opened the trunk and took out the suitcases. And let me say here, I will NEVER NO NEVER be a redcap. I NEVER got so tired of lifting suitcases in and out in my life. We had all just taken one each, so of course they were large ones. I discovered that somebody had removed the screw driver from the trunk, and I thought the hub cap would floor up to begin with. However, I remembered that I had once thrown an old windshield wiper in the compartment, and I looked and there it was. I used this as a screw driver to get the hub cap off. Bessie and Margaret got the jack under the car and we went to work. We had worn shorts and bathing suits at the beach so much, we didn't even think how we looked - we just yanked up our dresses, sat down on the highway and changed that tire. I'm sure it didn't take us more than 10 or 15 minutes.

We "flew" into Callahan at the terrific rate of 35 miles an hour and had a man fix the tire while we ate lunch. The tire was synthetic and it had melted down into blobs of "rubber". The tube was prewar but seemed to be all right. That man couldn't find anything wrong with the tube either, but I decided to leave my spare on - a recapped pre-war tire. We came on and finally reached Wadley about 7:30 p.m. I was almost sick and thought surely I would have to ask one of them to drive. My eyes were hurting terribly and I was beginning to be nauseated. However, we ate a light supper and that little bit of food corrected all my troubles. I felt like

a million dollars from there on in. On checking up, I found that the repairs to the car were approximately \$49.00 and the gas and oil on the trip was \$9.37, making a total cost of \$58.37. The bus fare round trip to Jacksonville Beach is \$8.49. Figure it out for yourself! However, I know that my car is old and this long trip showed up troubles that wouldn't have developed in town, and also gave me a good story.

The letter from Henry about which I wrote you was written to Mr. Conger who sent it to Jimmie, and I guess Jimmie sent it back to Mr. Conger. I told Henry when he was here last that he certainly had seen a lot of the world, and he said, "you mean a lot of water." So you can be thankful you are not in the Navy. Everybody I have talked to from overseas seemed to mind the water trips more than anything.

The Civic Music Association banquet will be held on October 1st, and rather than struggle I told Mrs. Craig I would take some of the cards. I think she likes us all to get together at the supper anyway.

I was over to Mrs. Craig's Saturday night to play bridge - guests were Caroline Brown, Mary Lou Barwick, and me. I had a very nice time. Had good hands for two rubbers and then lousy ones - one face card most of the time!

I believe I told you about Rex's death, didn't I? We surely do miss him. I hope Margaret will get another dog because she misses Rex more than any of us do because she had to take care of him for so long.

The Jewish people sponsored a Forum series here for several years, and this year they decided to let everybody in on it if one or two other organizations would assist. I believe the Women's Advisory Council is in on it - at any rate, I bought two tickets. The speakers are as follows:

Vincent Sheean, Foremost Writer and Journalist, Oct. 8
Kumar Goshal, noted authority on India, January 31
Maurice Hindus, famous author on Soviet Russia, Feb. 19
Dr. Stephen S. Wise, leading American rabbi, Feb. 27

The tickets were only \$3.30 each and they will be held at the Music Hall. I have heard Rabbi Wise on the radio and he is marvelous. I am looking forward to hearing all these men. Who knows, you may be back in time for one or two? . . . Or are you coming back to Augusta?

Well, I must stop and get to work. Page 5 is a hangover from the letter I wrote on the 19th. I'm in a better mood now, and I hope I haven't transferred my previous mood to you with this letter. I'm trying to do too many things these days, but I hold onto my volunteer jobs because I will need them when Bill leaves. Bill says I have too many jobs, but I see no reason to give up everything for him when he will just say "toodle-oo" some day and I will have to start over. I never liked the kind of people whose loyalty lasted just so long as there was nothing else they preferred to do. If I say I will do a job I certainly will try to do it. If I can't I will "join out" altogether.

Carlos has enrolled at Peabody Conservatory in Baltimore for piano lessons. I do hope everything will go well with him, as he is simply crazy about a piano and I'm sure wouldn't be happy in another line of work.

Ed Willingham has a fine series of concerts for the season. He is having reserved seats, too, which is an advantage. The best seats are \$12.29 for the series, but I am not getting any tickets. I feel sure that many things in Augusta during the season will conflict, so I will just buy separate tickets to his concerts if I want to go. The Civic Music is going to bring the Pittsburgh Symphony Orchestra, I believe; Serkin, the pianist, and the Russian Ballet, and several others to be chosen later. Everybody is complaining about the way the children have been allowed to ruin the concerts by running around, squeeling, and giggling all the time, during the performances, and I do hope something will be done about it this year - everybody has doubts of that, however. Emily said she would refuse to support the series unless something is done, but then she is only one person and a newcomer at that, and you know Augusta.

With all the things I have to do now, I often look back and wonder why I used to think I didn't have anything to do. There is really no reason for a person to get lonely or pity himself if he will just look around outside of his own little sphere. I feel terribly sorry for these neurotic women who hug their pet grievances to them and won't let go. I think the greatest lesson one can learn is to learn to let go of things. Nothing can be permanent, and the sooner we learn to take things as they come and let them go as they go, the better off we are. I believe the Lord intended us FIRST to enjoy this life, and to live an abundant life by first putting ourselves in His hands and saying that His will should be done. For many years, I thought I should pray for certain things and certain people--- not asking for things, but asking that this person or that person be spared, etc.---and it worried me because I realized I didn't know what was right for anyone. Then it was that I realized all I had to do was to pray that God's will be done, and the burden of decision was removed, and not only that, entrusted to a will far wiser than mine. Now it is so easy to say, "if it is Thy will, may such and such happen". To be a real Christian is to be really free, if people only realized it.

We took a lot of pictures at Jacksonville Beach and they turned out well. I like to take pictures and if I had money I would make that my hobby. The ones of me, however, look like the "Before" ads of the DuBarry Charm Course. Even Mom said, "You aren't going to show those to Bill, are you?" Oh well. My heart of gold doesn't show up in the pictures. Bill takes a good picture (we made some at Lake Ascauga too) and in one of them he looks like a girl from the hips down. I had fun with it by putting my hand over the top part and showing it to the gang on our way to Columbia Saturday afternoon, and one of the boys in the back seat gave a meaningful whistle. He has well shaped slender legs and boy! did I look like a couple of piano legs next to his! Ain't it awful????

I must stop and get to work - I've been "pleasuring" with this letter for a while, and I'm afraid they'll dock me! I think you are having some marvelous experiences, and if they might not seem so wonderful in the making, just remember how it will seem when you get back here. You can always begin a conversation by saying, "Now when I was in INDIA....." Which reminds me -- I must take another trip before somebody shoots me for another "Now when I was in Mexico....."!

Toodle-oo and write again soon. Maybe you should write instead of

Washington, D. C.
November 17, 1948

Dear Bob,

Your Thanksgiving message which arrived a couple of days ago was doubly welcome because it supplied your current address which, in the shuffle, I had misplaced as usual. Also a letter from Josie arrived yesterday enclosing a V-mail message from you about the wonderful trip you made into the mountains; it sounded wonderful at any rate.

Although I suppose you have already heard it all, I shall give you other news Josie passed along in telegraphic form:

Mr. May is dead (Oct. 26); Margaret Twigg & Cecil D'Autiquae are back in Augusta; the Rausey's are expecting Mack momentarily; the bus company has bought Mrs. Goodwin's house (\$22,000) to erect a station (I am sure Josie ^{must} be on the verge of a stroke about that one) and Mary Baker is hoping she may be able to "unload" for a goodly sum also.

If this letter makes no sense, it's because I have one ear cocked to a symphony broadcast (Ormandy and the

2/
Philadelphia) which Jo is punctuating with light snores from an easy chair. I can't remember whether I have written to you since we found an apartment. It's quite a place, though not what we would like to have.

There is a large living room complete with radio, a big kitchen, bedroom bath, and a small pine-paneled room with studio couch which we refer to somewhat inaccurately as "the den".

A number of minor things detract from the place, but we object strenuously to the two major ones — the entrance is thru the kitchen and the bath lacks an essential piece of plumbing (we run up to the second floor). Nevertheless we were fortunate to get anything.

The place formerly was occupied by your one-time "school chum", Tom Means, and another bachelor. We have seen quite a bit of Tom and like him very much. He was one of the four guests at our wedding and has gone out of the way to do nice things for us. Jo went over to CBS on August 1 and is no longer in the same office with him.

4/
We have just had a good laugh at a radio newscast which noted that Senator Barkley had called for "decorum" in the Pearl Harbor hearings.

I know that I have done nothing but ramble on incoherently so I shall just quit. I have to go out and pick up the clean laundry so we will have something to wear tomorrow.

We were glad to hear from Josie that you may be coming home soon. If, by any chance, your route should be thru Washington we would be charmed to put you up on the studio couch.

Both of us send our best, and thanks again for your message.

Sincerely,

John

P. S. Josie says Dad is doing very nicely at Quire General Hospital in Richmond. The enclosed clipping also came from her.

J.

use this:

2907 Ontario Rd., N. W.
Washington (9), D. C.