

Saturday

Eve.

Oct 2-43

My Dearest:-

See I have a new typewriter ribbon but it is rather stiff and so is my ~~fingers~~ fingers. The type is dirty and now I will have to get a brush and begin on that, if it isn't one thing it is two. So I went out and got the brush and some cleaner and I think it is worse than before, this paper sure looks like it, maybe it will be better by the time I get to the bottom of the page.

Well, I didn't get this letter off today, Saturday so you will be missing one day. I'm sorry but yesterday afternoon I decided to go to Joe Alverson's funeral and I am not sorry that I did altho it left me feeling pretty blue. His grandson was back from camp in Texas and the poor lad has no father or mother and he was just crushed. He remained quite until he could no longer hold himself and he cried out the most anquished cry that you ever heard from a man, yes he was a man in the eyes of the world but in his heart he was another very lonely and sad little boy. No one to say a comforting word to him and no one to put their arms around him for just a minute. Some male relative just patted him on the shoulder and said, "Now den't do that" several times and it just made me want to go and take him in my arms and tell him how his dear old grandfather after living a good full life and a long span of years had now gone to rest and would be there waiting for him if he would be just as good a lad as his grandfather was.

He does not like the Army and the camp and he didn't want to go back, so I heard some say at the cemetery. I went to the lad and told him that his grandfather and my grandmother were old friends and that Grandmother had only kind words for his grandfather and that he could live to meet him in that wonderful city beyond and that I would remember him in my prayers. He was a kind lad and he just broke down and cried harder when I talked to him, he was so hungry and starved for a kind word and someone to know that he was full of grief. He had lived with his grandfather and it was about the only parent he knew. Well you know how it was with you and Dad and Mother.

Then to top off my misery, I drove down to Batavia to see Mon and Dad and the cemetery there had not had the grass cut or weeds pulled all summer long and the headstones were all covered with long grass and now I will have to go down and cut that with the grass shears as it is lying down and about 10 to 12 inches long so that a cycle or mower never would make a dent in it. I want to cultivate around the little tree and get the grass down because if fire was to get in the grass after it dries it would burn up to the little tree and burn it up or kill it from the heat and I wouldn't want that to happen for you and Mother and I set it out and then you and I transplanted it so it is very precious to me.

I will go down one day this next week and take care of it. It j just seems that I have to be on the go all the time at something and I have one of the busiest two weeks ahead of me that you ever saw. Leemis is on a deal to trade his car in on a house on the southside so if he does that I will not even have a neighbor here and heaven only knows what Barten's will put in this place next door.

They are people that will do anything for a dollar. Mrs. Loomis tells me that Sis is coming back in the spring to do some repairs on the place and to dispose of the things stored upstairs and they expect the rent to be raised on them. Within my heart I hope the deal don't go thro.

Believe it or not, Clarky is married, a month tomorrow so he told me. Loomis was the first to tell me so I congratulated him today when he checked the tires and he told me it would be a month tomorrow. Well, well, no fool like an old fool.

Well that disposed of yesterday and then I went to church in the evening. Had a splendid crowd and splendid service. No alter call. You would be shocked by the number of strange faces that is in the church now, it don't seem like the same old place. The Hobbs girl's sweetie is back on leave and he was there.

Then Sister Taylor died at 3 o'clock Friday morning and after church they solicited the choir for flowers to make a floral cross to put in her seat in the choir with the words, "The Radio Choir". That went to put in for you and I and then our class took up money for a boquet too. I suppose it was all right but she taught a class instead of being in our class. Well I had to give for that too.

Margaret Tibbetts Cropper has been converted since her mothers death or maybe before, but she has been coming to church faithfully once and twice every week. She always comes to me when she can get a seat by me and so last evening she came and was so cheerful and happy that I wondered what was behind it. So pretty soon she told me that her husband had been drinking all their married life, 10 years, and he would go away on these sprees for 4 to 5 weeks at a time that she never even knew where he was but would come back after he had all he wanted to drink and so this last time he went away she had gotten sick with just the back door trots and she felt like praying as she was in bed and she prayed not for her own body but that the Lord would heal him of his decease, the drinking, and low her body was healed and in 10 days he came home and she said to him, "Why are you back so soon I didn't expect you for three or four weeks anyway" and he answered her "Well I just had a feeling to come over me that I didn't want to drink any longer" and was she ever a happy girl. It has given her so much more courage to pray and more faith in having her prayers answered. The sermon that night was Faith and Patience. Faith in knowing our prayers would be answered if we prayed in the spirit and patience with God that he would answer them when the time was right to do so.

We had a good choir practice afterwards and some bawlings out for our actions of the Sunday before when they messed up the song. Mrs. Smith let the cat out of the bag when Sister Welshen said, "What was the matter with you sopranos anyhow, you seemed to be waiting on one another to start out" and Sister Smith said, "I geuss we was all waiting on Sister Loring and depending on her to lead us". So Sis Welshen said, "That serves you right" for you all have your own responsibility and that is to sing for yourself. I got a laugh out of that. Sister Welshen said today that she just couldn't realize that I was going away again and in fact she didn't want to think of me going.

But, God willing, I am going to my dear one and be with him just as long as I can. But his ears are sure going to pay for it for I am going to give them the doggonest wrinkling they ever had. They need loosing up.

I am going to bring the choir picture with me because I know you will enjoy looking at the faces again, some gone, never to return and some gone who will return like Charlie Thompson has, but for Sis Taylor, never again. Brother Welshen said that he has never had fear in his heart at any time that any of our boys would not come back. I listen to his every word for I feel that he is one man in the pulpit today that walks very close to God.

Ezaline Orman is going to go to Bible School. She decided to do that. I geuss she couldn't get any work or something and she only had \$50.00 a month to live on and no doubt she can get work up there part of the time and go to school. I wonder what she would do if she only got \$37.00 and had a house, insurance and all the things we have to look after?

Mrs. Taylor's funeral is to be Menday afternoon at three and I geuss the choir is to sing in robe and the floral cross will be placed on her chair.

Well, my darling, when I got your letter this morning I nearly split a gut laughing at it. Now will you learn to keep house better and keep your Clorox in the bottom of the sink? But I went out today and got you a gallon of Sorghum \$1.85 and a half gallon of honey \$1.25 and two small jars of syrup. I could not find any Log cabin maple syrup or even any Vermont Maid Maple so it looks like the ladies will have to take sugar and make their syrup and then flaver it with Mapleine extract like Mother used to do.

So you boys will be keeping up the work alone for a while? Well I know you will do your part. And John knows that he can depend on you too for he told me so. He said you were one that never caused him any worry about your part of the work and that he could trust you in any matter you undertook and that he certainly did appreciate it and I don't want you ever to fail him in that trust.

I hope you had a good time Friday night, as good as we had down here at old 2nd and Jefferson but I know that is impossible as you do not have the kind of people that we have here. And you don't have the same blessed old preacher that we have nor nothing any ways near like him. If I could bring him and Sis Welshen and Jerry back with me I wouldn't half mind being in that miserable country, would you? Jerry put her arms around me last night and said, "You know, I told my mother that I would certainly go back with you if it were not for teaching school". I told her that I hoped an epidemic of measles, mumps or something broke out so that they would have to close the school for a week or two then. I'm mean but I sure would enjoy her for company back, she wouldn't go to sleep on me but be wide awake and taking in every inch of the ground.

Good news, the "A" stamps are still 3 gallons, just the "B" and "C" cut to 2 gal. That gives me 24 on my "C" and 24 on my "A" and 42 still to be used here with Clarky. Over

If I have any left with him I am going to send Welshen down to get some, Clarky said it would be O.K, but to keep it quite.

I saw the most people down town today that I hadn't seen for a long time. Lucille Krumpholtz. Nellie Biggs Jones, Mrs. Davis, that is Mrs. Maclins "X" sister in law and she is night superintendent in a big hospital in Wyo and on the jump all the time. Her son is out on a boat somewhere and so homesick. Again I praise the Lord. For his goodness to us, of course, not because her son is away. He was such a short little ~~thin~~ chubby fellow, do you remember him?

Nellie is going up next week to be with ~~Harold~~ Harold at Detroit for a while, they have a wedding anniversary coming up. She sure has lost a lot of weight. I saw Peggy Postalweight and she just nearly cried when she saw me she was so glad to see me and hear how I was. I saw Billie Seadore and he was hurt this summer while putting up hay, the hag fork knocked him off the wagon backwards and he had eight ribs broken and was in the hospital for a while and then Cy has been in the hospital here at at Rochester both and they told him at Rochester that they could do nothing for him so he is laid up too. So is life.

Nora is supposed to call me this evening but I suppose she is waiting until after "Truth or Consequence" program is over. She said Joe was not feeling a bit well this evening.

You sure are having a time with the mice and the paper. Yes I got the letter from Miss Rachel and should answer but it won't be long until I can answer it in person I geuss. I want to get away the 14th or 15th but it depends on how things go here. I am going to wash and iron this week, that will be my last dip on it and the tire should be here the first of the week and I have the drain to paint and a lot of little things to tend to. Such as going to the Court House to see if they will make out my assessor's sheet before I go and to the Metropolitan and I do want to get the grass cut down at the cemetery. So if I miss a day getting a letter out on time don't be worried and if all goes well I will leave the 14th if possible and try to get away by the 15th as I would like to be with you by Sunday 17th if I can. So send me what money you can spare without robbing yourself because I can make it O.K. if you need more but don't send me any after the 15th pay day unless you hear from me to that effect.

I took the last roll of films up to be developed today, they are the ones I took of Vernon and I will send in the films to have extra ones of yours made for the people who want them, Peggy, Sis Noland, Garnett Richards, and Jerry. I got a funny card from Vernen this week. It was a fat blond girl walking past an old farmer and he says. "There's many a fatted calf around here by Heck" and the card above says "Everything grows in a big way here". So if I can get that card at the McComb dime store that has the little boy standing behind the tree and the spiget in front and woman saying "My but you are a peculiar little boy" I am going to send that to him. That will hold him a while, I'll bet. Oh yes, I am sending a card of Sympathy to Taylor from you and I but it would be nice if you would write him a letter.

So now my love, I will close and get to bed early so that I can get off to broadcast in the morning for then is when they need help. So now by by to the sweetest, grandest and most wonderful person on earth and God bless you, is mine and Bobby's prayer.

Photo of Vernon from [unclear]