

ELBERT AND ANNIE . . .

A BOOK OF MEMORIES



INTRODUCTION

This book is dedicated to the memory and memories of Elbert and Annie Reeder. It is a story-book spanning eighty-two years of memories, from 1896 to 1978, from the time of Elbert Reeder's earliest remembrance at sixteen months of age, to the time of his recording it in 1978.

Its contents, the correspondence, diaries, and keepsakes of their two lives and their life together, are typed exactly as written or recorded. These are the bits of memories which Elbert and Annie chose to save and which, when presented chronologically, tell quite a story.

The early Watson family story may be pieced together through the diaries and letters which Annie saved. Although no other resources are available to tell the early Reeder family story, we have Elbert's invaluable tape, "Story of My Life."

Pictures help to complete the story. Captions appearing in quotation marks are the original captions found on or with the pictures and are followed by the initials of the writer, when available.

For readers unfamiliar with the families, the next three pages give the full names and relationships of the persons mentioned in the book.

Some of the originals are fragile and will not withstand much more handling. For this reason, we find it important to compile these precious keepsakes in the form of a book and to share this book with others who will cherish its contents as we do. It is our gift to you, and we hope you enjoy it.

Compiled By:

Rosalie Reeder
Becky Bowser

November, 1984

ELBERT AND ANNIE'S FAMILY

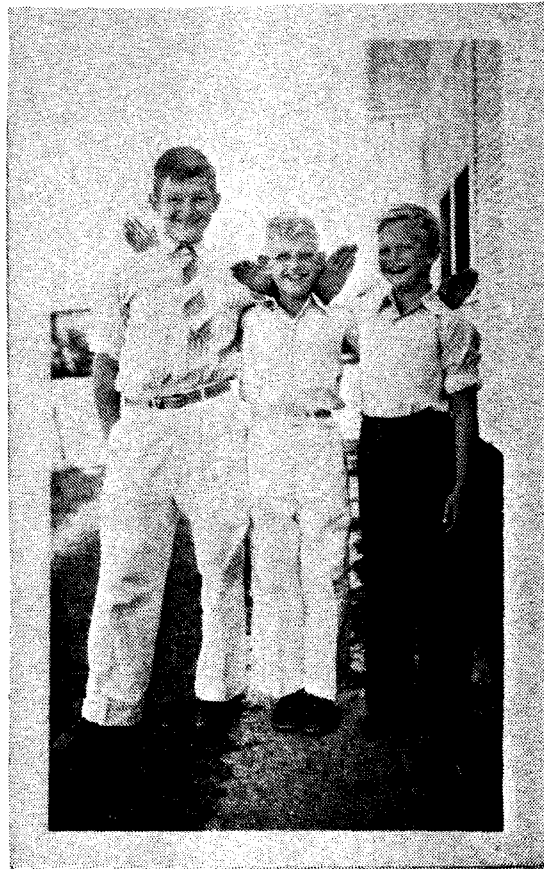
Elbert - Elbert Munsey Reeder, Sr.

Annie - Annie Trull Watson Reeder (affectionately called
"Nancy" by her mother)

Bert - Elbert Munsey Reeder, Jr.

Billy - William Edward Reeder

Hugh - Hugh Sidney Reeder



ELBERT'S FAMILY

Papa - Hugh Willoughby Reeder

Mama - Lottie Rosetta Miller Reeder

Mama (Stepmother) - Mary Louise McCollough Reeder

Grandma and Grandpa Reeder - Joshua Whitmore Reeder and
Mary McAtee Reeder (Papa's
Stepmother)

Brother - William Jennings Reeder

Sisters - Faye Elizabeth, Oma Catherine, Hallie,
Mary Louise

ANNIE'S FAMILY

Daddy - Edward Italy Watson, Sr.

Mamma - Mary Jewett Trull Watson

Ned (Brother) - Edward Italy Watson, Jr.

Met (Ned's Wife) - Emmetta J. O'Brien Watson ("Mettie")

Little Boy (Ned's Son) - Edward Italy Watson, III ("Sonny")

Sidney (Sister) - Mary Sidney Watson Martin ("Aunt Diddy")

Mr. Martin (Sidney's Husband) - Ernest Lenwood Martin

The Twins (Sidney's Children) - Ernest Lenwood Martin, Jr.
John Edward Martin, II

Helen (Sister) - Helen Olive Watson Gear

Mr. Gear (Helen's Husband) - Elijah Sylvester Gear

Mary Helen (Helen's Daughter) - Mary Helen Gear ("Pretty,"
"Marylen")

Tibbie (Helen's Daughter) - Sylvia Josephine Gear

Junior (Helen's Son) - E. S. Gear, Jr. ("Junie")
Changed name from Elijah to Edward

Will (Brother) - William Bell Watson
(Lovingly known as "Uncle Billy")

Dolly (Sister) - Dorothy Elizabeth Watson Peterson

Grandmamma (Mamma's Mother) - Anne Maria Morrow Trull Cottelle

Aunt Wese (Mamma's Half-Sister) - Louise Cottelle

Aunt Ollie (Sister-in-law to Grandmamma) - Olive Trull from
Massachusetts

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HELEN WATSON'S DIARY

Age 12 Years



Wednesday, Mar. 22, 1911. I am now just getting up from the measels. Dorothy was 2 years old Friday 5 days ago. Five of us had the measels at the same time. I want an apple and cannot have it.

Mar. 23, 1911. Thursday. I am feeling better today. I still cant have an apple. We had milk potatoes for dinner and I had to tend to the baby all evening. We are going to have beef stake for supper.

Friday. March 24, 1911. I got up after all of the rest had eaten breakfast and then mamma had to wake me up. I tried to wipe the dishes but dolly wouldn't let me and so I kept her all morning. Mamma has got her now. I cant have an apple yet. Sidney wanted to make some candy but mamma Wouldn't let her. Sidney went out and got some roses but we cant go out yet. Will has laid down all morning and Annie has a loose tooth. We had milk potatoes for dinner again today. I made me a paper hat. Aunt Wese came and bought some canned cherries. Daddy got some cheese crackers. I drew a lot after supper and Aunt Wese helped me.

Sat. Mar. 25, 1911. I got up just as Aunt Wese and Daddy were leaving. The vegetable wagon has just gone. I wiped the dishes and drew all the rest of the time. Daddy is going to bring home some apples this evening. It has rained all day. We are going to have some turnips for supper but I dont like them but we are going to have some cabbage pretty soon mamma says. Daddy works tonight. He bought us a bag of apples and bananas.

Sunday Mar. 26, 1911. I got up before mamma did. Ned had the funny papers first and Will had it next and I was going to have it next but Annie woke and she had said she was going to have it first. So she had to have it. We are going to have baked apples for dinner maby. Will and Annie both made them rag balls and have been playing all morning. Annie found a small rubber ball this morning. I fixed Dollys hair and Annies too. Daddy got some canned beets. I read a lot this morning. Mamma says my verses are silly. But some of them are not I dont think. Grandmamma and Aunt Wese came this evening. They brought a funny paper with them and a lot of greens and some radishes. I cut my thum.

Mon. Mar. 27, 1911. I got up a little after mamma did. And after we ate breakfast made up our bed. Annie ate a

long time after we got through. Mamma wont let me draw any but I drew two or three any how because I found some green craon. Aunt Wese bought nine bananas and we ate all but one. Will has just now dropped his ball in a dish on the table. He is using the couch piller for a glove to catch his ball with.

Tuesday Mar. 28, 1911. We had a good time today. We cut grass and made it into bailes. It laid around all day and finally I threw it out. We had a doll washing and ironed them. Then we dressed our dolls and took them for a ride out in the yard. Mamma is now nursing the baby. She wont let us come in the room.

Wednesday Mar. 29, 1911. I got up in time for breakfast with Daddy. I drew the pictures of two babys in the fashion paper. I have found another picture to draw. It is of a baby playing with a powder box. I made a new doll waist this morning. It is blue with a pink collar and a pink pocket. Ned went to Grandmamas this morning. Will took off his shoes to climb up on on the house after Annies ball. Mamma is making Sidney a new dress.

Mar. 30, 1911. They say we are going to have soup tomorrow. I drew a picture of a little baby with his pants on.

Mar. 31, 1911. Tonight is Aunt Wese's night. I drew nearly all day. I worked $2\frac{1}{2}$ pages of arithmetic. We are going to start to school again monday maby.

April 1, 1911. Aunt Wese came last night and when she left she hid a nickle in mammas room and Annie found it. I made Dolly a ball.

Sunday April 2, 1911. I got the funny paper second. We are going to have soup for dinner. I found a pretty white rose. A pearl of the darder. And I found a yellow rose.

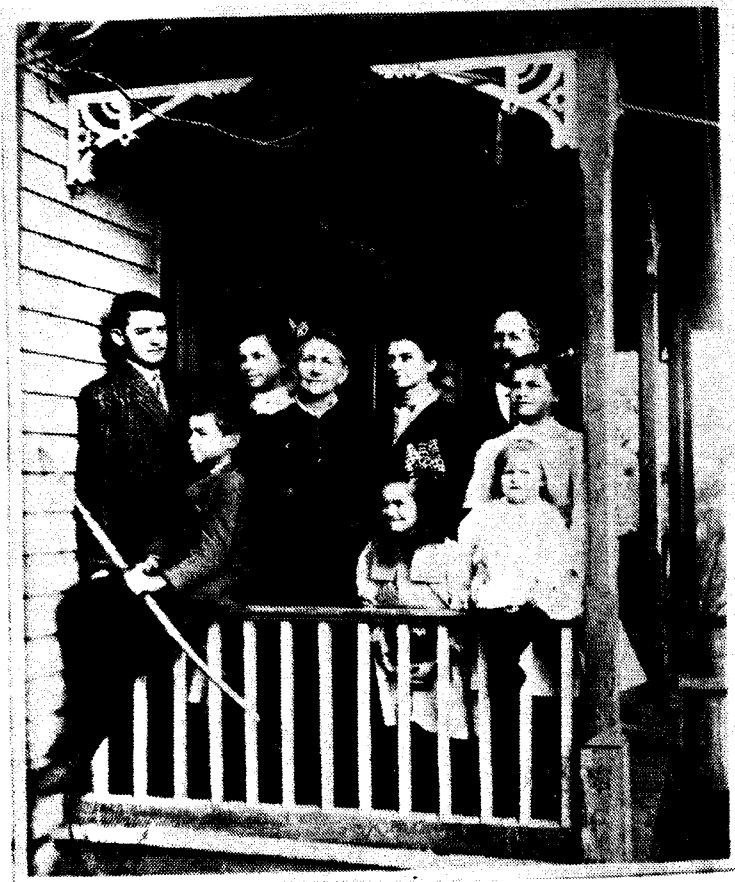
April 2, 1911. Too cool to go bare footed today. I made a P.O. out of Annies box.

April 3, 1911. It rained a little last night. I made two doll dresses and a doll hat. It rained and hailed after dark tonight. We didn't get to go to school today because it rained. Aunt Wese didn't come tonight because it rained.

April 4, 1911. We went to school today. The first time in one month and a day. My pen, pen holder, ink and paint brush were gone when I got back to school. And one composition book.



Will, Sidney, Annie, and Helen.



Ned, Sidney, Grandmamma, Mamma, Daddy, and Helen. Will, Annie, and Dolly.



Annie
"Is the angel here or just above?"

"The Missing Story"

Annie Watson
English L III C
November 17, 1919



"Oh, glory! I've got a short story to write before eight-thirty in the morning! English comes first!"

This tragic assertion came from Mary Smith. It was ten-thirty Sunday night, and Mary had been thinking, or trying to think, of a short story for a whole week, and had arrived at the conclusion that she had no imagination, had had no remarkable experiences, and that authors are born, not made.

The family tried to suggest topics for a possible page and a half story. The experiences of an ex-lieutenant cousin, who had been wounded sixteen times in the ambulance corps, had received several medals, had been elected honorary captain of a Serbian regiment, had come home to be nearly killed in an automobile wreck, were discarded, as they had no surprise.

The cat, Sylvia, who had been named for Mary's brother-in-law, Sylvester, who had found her in an oil barrel behind his place of business, been fed with a medicine dropper until she was big enough to lap, offered no better foundation for a short story than had the cousin.

The dog had nothing unusual about him except one kink in his tail, where the door had slammed on it when he was a pup, and the fact that he had been named Binky for the best character in Kipling's "The Light That Failed."

Imagination was all that was left, and Mary had none. If surprise was what the teacher wanted, I suppose she got it, as she found on one paper the next day, on the outside neatly written, Mary Smith, English L III C, November 17, 1919, and on the inside was--space.



SCIENCE OF PEOPLE

(Me in Particular)

Annie Watson '21 B.H.S.

Including "A Private Note" from Helen

SCIENCE OF PEOPLE

(Me in Particular)

Annie Watson '21 B.H.S.

TUESDAY NOVEMBER 23, '20. Yesterday afternoon I left my petticoat in the basement, while we were playing basketball; afterward I forgot to take it home. I had to wear my bloomers and skirt to school this morning and put on my petticoat after I got there! I didn't go up to the room first, but went to the basement. Miss Oppe thought I was late, and nearly kept me in--but didn't, for I was there at 8:25.

Miss Hill gave me a 1- in History!

Yard exercises at little recess, Mr. Hard. My knee was hurting too much to do all of them, tho. After these, Louis Dibrell and Lorans Mabry announced an athletic rally tomorrow night at 7:30, and had us give some yells. I had time to get a sandwich in between tho.

At big recess I got this book, 5¢, at Daffner's Bookstore, without asking Jimmie (Mr. James) anything about leaving at all. Had enough for a piece of cake when I got back to school. Laura Mae Kelso is going to Draughon's. Some boys she knows go there, Emily Longnecker says! Emily and I were walking together.

Did lunch dishes with Dolly. Found 2 violets in the bed. Emptied the ashes, out of the stove that Will took down this morning, onto the flower bed and watered it. Nita came over. Mamma phoned for a turkey, and it came. The stovepipe came too. Sidney brought out 4 Thanksgiving cards: Joe, Morris, Madge Cooper, Keith. Had to iron my blue dress to wear tomorrow. Mamma wants to make my winter dress, and then a little party dress of pink silk poplin. The A&M boys are to give us Seniors a dance at the Galvez during the Christmas holiday. Dolly's dress is Copenhagen blue silk poplin.

WEDNESDAY NOV. 24. Forgot to bring a can for the orphans. Had yell practice at little recess. Got back French note book and test paper, and Lit. Di. Had Lab review of tests for substances. Got note books back. "Very good work. 11-23-20." Mailed cards to the kids in Georgetown at big recess. Got it right in Math.

Forgot to tell Mamma that I had to wait till 2:45 to find out what I am to be in the pageant. Miss Sanford told us yesterday

to stay today to find out what we are. I'm a "memory." We try to lure the Pilgrims back to England; we have to wear pale pink or blue or white and "trip gracefully around," etc! That fat Senior, Helen somebody, is one, too. She's pretty, but as for graceful--?! As I was leaving High, waiting for the car, Dolly came up--on her new wheel! She got it today! It's lovely! My car passed her on the way home, she waved, and ran into the back of a car standing at the sidewalk! Nothing at all hurt. Daddy, Mamma, Will and I had to examine the wheel when she got home. Then she went over to show it to Vera Belle, Mary, Nita, etc. Mary saw it. V. B. was busy. Likewise Nita and Mrs. Hartman.

About 7:20 p.m. Nita phoned to see if I was going to the football rally on the campus at 7:30. I'd been so busy helping Mamma clean up for tomorrow that I'd forgotten all about it. Mamma'd made 4 pumpkin pies, a cake, and done some sweeping, and I'd helped. But I was dressed in ten minutes, before Nita was by for me.

They had a bonfire, a big box to stand on, and a small crowd. But I yelled myself hoarse. Earl Paterson and Lorans Mabry led. The team plays Orange tomorrow at 4:30. We were requested to offer up a little silent prayer at that time! They're going to give the boys on the "big" team little gold footballs! Besides their "B's" we gave 15 for Tony (water), and Tony said his little brother had helped him out. So 15 for "Tony's Little Brother!"

Victor Neil has backed out of going to the sunrise meeting in the A.M. 6:30. Carl Lindell and Charles Keenan may be there, but Chas. may have to go to Orange with the team. Marie Strickhausen will be there too. I'm so hoarse I doubt I'll be able to sing, but I'm going.

As Nita and I got to the corner of 7th and B'd'y, coming home, there was Dolly on her wheel, with her bag; had been to the store. She told me to take the bag, and Guess what! Ned and Met and the Little Boy were here! Run! Dolly hollered, "Be careful, there's eggs in that!" Whee! Little Boy weighed 16½ Saturday! He's nice and big and fat now. Met said Mary Helen was sitting up by herself on a blanket on the floor, with a rattle. Little Boy sits up by himself, too.

Dishes not washed, Met spilt coffee on the clean tablecloth, the turkey was not finished being picked. Mamma and I finished him, and are going to bed, 1:15. The alarm is set for 5:30! Oh, you, Sunrise meeting! I'll ride Dolly's wheel. Daddy put up the stove upstairs today, too, thank goodness. Thankful? O-o-oh!

THURSDAY NOV. 25, '20. I did go to the Sunrise meeting this morning! Nobody but Marguerite Junker and I were there from our church, so I had to make the response. "The Lord

alone knows how thankful we are," was the idea. Carl & Charles weren't there. Marie was. I didn't stay to breakfast; they had hot coffee & rolls, & I don't like coffee. I saw Wilhelmina, Mable, & Eva Mae, as I was crossing 21st Street. They had been down to see the team off at 7:45.

When I got home we had to wash the dishes, get breakfast, do dishes, get dinner, do dishes! Sidney, Met, & I did the dishes. Dolly fooled with the bell on her wheel whenever she got a chance, & rode around & around in the sitting room-- and skinned her knee! This evening she and Louise Seal went to see "A Phantom Foe." They left their wheels at Louise's aunt's house on 19th Street while they went to see the show. Ned and Met went out to see Fort Crockett. Met wore Sidney's new coat, the wind was so strong. They left the baby at home. But a Ft. Crockett car never came, so they tried to find out how the Texas vs. A&M football game turned out, and couldn't, so they came home. Dolly got home late. Then we had supper, talked a while, and then Ned left on the 9 o'clock interurban. The Little Boy was real good. Will and Mamma cut up a while, with Mamma's slippers. Dolly went to bed without looking at her lessons. I am going to bed now, 10:30. Believe me, I'm sleepy.

FRIDAY NOV. 26. "On time?" No'm! Met is going back Sat. morning! Forgot to take my Lit. Di. to school. All seniors met in the Assembly Hall at Little recess. Walter Johnson, in behalf of the Galveston Club from A&M, invited us to a dance at the Galvez, Dec. 28! We are to wear our B.H.S. colors. All the teachers are invited, to chaperone.

Today is Gertrude Mensing's birthday; she's 16. Elva gave her the darlinest little incense burner! It isn't good for much, I don't reckon, except for decoration, but it's awful cute. Pearl Bates' birthday is today too. She's eighteen. Her cake was delicious. Edel said it had some "kick" in it!

Mr. Underwood was going to give us a test today. In the other class Pearl told him he shouldn't give them a test on her birthday! He agreed with her! Incidentally, Wm. Deffarari had stayed home, Pat said, to get out of the test. So they didn't have it. Neither did we.

It's been pouring down all day. My feet were soaking wet when I got home. The wind has been fierce too. Met had intended going to see Girlie, Cousin Rena, and Mrs. Sonn, but . . .! Cousin Rena said she might come over, but she didn't. We all just stayed home, and played with the baby! He's perfectly adorable. He didn't feel very well, but he'd play and all, just like he did. After supper (turkey hash, broiled steak) Mrs. Hartmann and Mrs. Stephenson came over. The baby went to sleep.

Oh, yes. I heard from Mr. Josserand today. I worked out the problem in geometry he sent too.

Going to bed, 10:30.

SATURDAY NOV. 27. Met left. Washing came home. The Little Boy was adorable and as good as pie. Sidney took Met six oranges to the station.

Met is giving Ned a phonograph for Christmas!

Dolly went riding, and then Beth Butler (aged 5) came over to stay while her mother and Mary went to town! She was real nice and quiet, tho! Until Dolly came home! Smocked 3/4 of Dolly's dress. Very sleepy. Going to bed. 10:00.

SUNDAY NOV. 28. Beth came by to take Dolly to S.S. in the car, but Dolly was going on the wheel. I went by for Louise, but she had spent the nite with her sister and wasn't home. She didn't come to S.S.

I was late to S.S. My throat got to hurting so I couldn't read aloud. But it got all right as quickly as it got bad, nearly. Sat with Victor Neil in Church. Mary Sullivan and Mary McClure were at Church, too! Mary S. was most surprised the other day when I said I enjoyed S.S., Church, and C.E.* I wonder if she's trying it out. Mr. and Mrs. Butler brought me home from Church.

Had dinner, did dishes, wrote on my story. A man came to rent the garage, but the floor is all up, on account of the rats, and the man hasn't fixed it yet. The floor was less than 2 ft. from the ground, so the gov't folks came. The man was Mr. Marshal, 132 B'd'y Apartments. He wants Daddy to let him know when the garage is finished.

Sidney went over to see Clarice Johnson's (Hughes) baby, 3 weeks old, but Clarice wasn't home. Sidney went on to the Harpers. I went to C.E. and Church by myself. The Lewises brought me home. Sidney phoned and is going to spend the night with Lucy Vida. Maidie is sick, and Dr. and Mrs. Harper left for there this morning.

Mrs. Hartmann and Nita just left a while ago. I'll help Mamma and then go to bed, I guess.

MONDAY NOV. 29, '20. Joint meting of Civics Clubs at Little recess; appointed a committee to decide on form of entertainment, or other method of raising money for Lit. Di. child-feeding fund. They're to report Wednesday at Little recess.

Chemistry test! Math test! Miss Sanford wanted us to stay after school and rehearse the pageant. But I couldn't.

* Christian Endeavor

Basketball! But in the middle of a game my ankles went bad, so I came home. Mrs. Hard told me to bathe my ankles in hot water, work 'em around some, and put Sloan's linement on 'em.

Smocked some more on Dolly's dress. It's awfully pretty stuff, and Dolly's going to look like a peach in it. It's lovely.

Fried Will some oysters. We others had stew, except Dolly.

Sidney doesn't think I should have my party dress made of the same stuff as Dolly's dress. It's "too heavy." So! Mamma says she'll make my winter dress of that stuff.

When the groceries came, there was a box of Chesterfield cigarettes, partly smoked, that the boy left! Daddy surely must be getting young, to be buying cigarettes!

Nita came over after supper! Mamma helped her with her Latin, and then, oh, farewell quiet! That kid can be the most racketty kid, when she wants to be, of anything I ever saw. I haven't got my chem. notebook written up yet, and I couldn't get my Math! Algebra, now.

Lucy Vida hasn't heard from Maidie yet.

When I write Mr. Josserand, I'll send him that problem in Algebra we have for tomorrow! It was fierce!

Good night.

TUESDAY NOV. 30. Got 75 on chem. test, and 80 on Math. test. Handed in Chem. notebook. There was no general rehearsal of the pageant today. Rings are due this week! Glory!

Maidie had twin boys last night. She is very very sick. Lucy Vida, Sam, and Girlie went up tonight.

Clarice Johnson came over here this evening with her baby. Her name is Marjorie Elaine, for nobody. She weighed $5\frac{1}{2}$ lbs. on arrival. Now she weighs $7\frac{1}{2}$. She's awfully sweet.

Supper. Read awhile, first time in ages. 10:30 now. Must go to bed.

WEDNESDAY DEC. 1, '20. Had to ride Dolly's wheel to school. The car man stood up and looked at me, and then left! But I did get there on time. Meeting of Civics Clubs at little recess. We're to invite all the History classes to help raise money for the Lit. Di. child feeding fund.

In middle of Lab. Mr. James had us all go over to the City Auditorium to hear the Mexican band. It was the prettiest

music I've heard in a long time. All the pieces were beautiful. But we didn't get back to school 'til 1:30 or 1:40. Recess to 1:45. Last 2 periods 30" each. No math. Then there was a general rehearsal of the pageant at 2:45. I heard Geo. Horton suggesting to Miss Sanford that we have a dance in the auditorium after the pageant. She said she'd have to ask Mr. James but she had no objections to it.

On 9th and H the chain of Dolly's wheel jumped the sprocket, and I had to run it home on the front wheel! The chain stuck so. Will had to fix it.

Mary Butler came over to see if Beth was here. Dolly had been playing over there, she said, and Beth had gone off with her, and had not come back. Mamma said she was going to "bodaciously devour that youngun." I had to go hunt her (Dolly).

We got our Lit. Dis. today. But the rings are not due 'til the 5th of December. So we can't get 'em. Reports due Mon. I'm working hard. Watch my smoke! Goodnight.

DEC. 2. THURS. Heard yesterday that Maidie Harper (Mahan) rested that night, and may get well. Haven't heard anything today.

Didn't play basketball today. Took a little ride on Dolly's wheel, though. Cracked an egg when I was bringing some home from the store.

Will didn't take Dolly to the Carnival this evening. He was at the Library. Sidney has 2 complimentary tickets.

Read some after dinner. So early! 9:30! Goodnight.

FRI. DEC. 3, '20. The car came too early this morning, so I had to ride Dolly's wheel! So disobliging of the car!

The Knights of Pythias have offered 3 medals for the 3 students with the highest standing in Civics next June. One gold, one silver, one bronze. I'm going to try harder than ever now. Miss H. says she doesn't think American citizens should need a reward to be persuaded to study American history and civics. But it makes it more interesting, just the same.

We had the "borax bead" test in Lab. today. It was lovely. I had to stay in a big recess to finish it, tho. I did that rather than stay after school. Believe me, I'm going to take Chem. when I go to college.

We had a joint meeting of the Civics clubs at recess. The committee reported that for the Lit. Di. child-feeding fund each class treasurer would accept all contributions and turn the money over on Dec. 22. Also there is a drive for Near

Last Relief, started last year when we sent enough to support an orphan for nine months. Now we're sending enough to take care of it for another 9 months. It takes them 8 months to be self-supporting. One drive right after another.

Got it right in Math today. Have to hand in complete story Monday.

Sidney and Dolly went to the Carnival tonight. Mrs. Hartmann came over, and about 10:00, Dr. Hartmann and Will came in. Will had been to radio class. He took Dolly to the Carnival this evening, but it wasn't open. Sidney left her pearl pin at home when she left tonight. There are too many people at the Carnival. One girl advertised for a wrist watch lost there.

Wrote to Mr. Josserand. Guess I'll go down and help do the dishes now. It's a little after 10.

SATURDAY DEC. 4, '20. Slept until about 8 o'clock, and lay in bed thinking about everything and everybody until about 9:30. Dolly didn't get up until about 10 o'clock.

Wiped the dishes. Last night's were not done either. Swept the bathroom hall, stairs, downstairs hall, and the dining room. Mamma has nearly finished Dolly's dress, at last. She lacks the buttons. She has been interrupted more on that one dress than on anything else she has made in ages.

Dolly was to go to see Rosemary Gwinn this morning, but she wasn't up in time. She is going to go this evening, getting ready now.

DEC. 5, '20. SUNDAY. No more time yesterday. Dolly went down there to the Gwinns, found nobody home. Daddy had to go to work early. Will and I went to the Carnival. "Barrels of Fun" was just what it says. "Over the Falls" was too. "Barrels of Fun," we entered, along with some other niggers--, took a seat, and the bridge was taken up. The man started swinging us, on an axle, and said: "One foot on the floor, one hand over the back of the bench, eyes on the lights, don't kick the lights out as we go over!" Of course, one nigger woman started yelling, and they had to let her out. There was a man and two little boys. One little boy got scared to death, and just scrooched down behind his daddy, but he stuck. The floor, ceiling, and walls also turned on an axle, and believe me, we didn't know whether we were right side up or not.

"Over the Falls" was fun, too. We went in, walked on shaking bridges, and one was 3 sections hinged together, and they would bounce down when you stepped on 'em. Then we stepped into a place, sat down on a seat made of rods. The man pulled a lever and the rods started turning, and we started sliding, onto

an endless belt! There were two men at the bottom to see that we didn't get hurt. Everybody stood at the bottom and watched the rest come down! It was funny. Two men came down just hanging onto each other.

We saw one show that made us a little shy of the others. We left.

This morning Louise and I went to S.S. and church. Dolly was going to go by for Rosemary, but Mamma 'phoned, and she won't be going til after Christmas. Louise went to her sister's for dinner and Mrs. Butler brought me home. Studied all afternoon on French. We have a resume of first 20 pages of our outside reading due tomorrow.

Mr. Ratchford 'phoned Sidney! I thought it was Darcy Wiggins and called her! If I'd known who it was I'd have gotten rid of him some way. Sidney was to meet him at League, abut she sent a note to him by me. She wasn't feeling well and it was raining and windy, so she told him she wouldn't be there. "She had a slight illness"!

At League they announced a party next Friday night at 7:30-9:30, a fire in the grate, stories, refreshments, etc.

A week from Friday night our S.S. class is to have a candy pull at the church, 7:30-9:30. Mary Butler said she'd take us home in her car.

After League, or rather, C.E., Mary gave the boys a lecture on not bringing the girls to things. Mrs. Butler came and took Mary home before church. I stayed. Carl and Charles brought me home in Charles' car. It was raining cats and dogs, and there were no curtains for one side of the car! It's a roadster. Finished lessons and am going to bed: 11:00.

MONDAY DEC. 6, 1920. The car was late, but not late enough to make us late. It's cold, and it rained all morning. Mars. Shaklee, French teacher, wasn't there, but Willie Johnson took up the compositions.

Our class rings haven't come yet! Somebody told Edel Reeve that there was a letter in the office for the chairman of the ring committee. Edel told Pearl, who dashed out, called to Lou Wilkens, from the 2nd story window, got her inside and told her. But it was a false alarm! Sidney brought my pictures home. But I forgot to tell 'em wool and toothpaste!

Report Cards! Department 1-, Eng. 2-, Hist. 1, Math 1-, Sc. 2-, Fr. 2. Whee! If ever I felt like shimmying, I felt like it when I saw that 1- in Math! Glory! Pat is a darling!

Played Basketball at the Y.M.C.A. gym. It's lovely. But Loreine Dalebite is no good as a manager, apparently.

Oysters, fried and stewed for supper. Will's class night. Oh, yes, Louise Cooper came over. If ever a girl needed to go to school, she does.

Mrs. Butler came over tonight. She wanted Mamma to go over there tomorrow at 3:30 to a meeting of a Church society, a "circle," and she wants me to come help Mary serve tea! She's too funny for words!

Will says he reckons his practicing does him some good!

TUESDAY DEC. 7, 1920. When I showed Daddy my report card last night just before supper, he pulled me down and kissed me, and said, "Why, that's good. That's a good card."

Emily Longnecker said she was the only one in the other L4 math class that got a 1 in math. As it happened, she was there when the test was given, but handed in no paper. The others think she ought to go tell Mr. N. that she ought not to have a 1, which shows their narrow-mindedness. She'd be crazy if she did it.

This evening Beth was here when Dolly and I got back from school, and she took Dolly home with her as soon as Dolly got ready. I went over after I had wiped the dishes and dressed. Mary and I made sandwiches for about 14 ladies. The refreshments were: lettuce and mayonnaise sandwiches (utterly unfilling and nothing to 'em!), pimento cheese stuffed into celery stalks, salted crackers, some candy (awful old gumdrop things), and hot tea. I like neither pimento, cheese, nor celery, and I noticed didn't many of the ladies like the stuff either; at least they didn't eat it. On each plate there was a cup of tea, 2 stalks of celery and cheese, one sandwich, one cracker, and 2 pieces of candy. The kids, Beth, Rosemary Gwinn, and Dolly, had theirs on a little table in the breakfast room. Me, I had some crackers and some water! Mrs. Gwinn came by to apologize to Mamma for not having 'phoned her about it. The next meeting will be at Mrs. Wilkens', Jan. 4, '21.

Studied after supper, and wrote to Mr. Jossierand.

WED. DEC. 8, '20. Had to run for the car and had to dodge Margaret Catteral's car, she was picking up Wm. Defferari to get to it. She's the funniest girl. She'll pick up Mary Butler and Wm. D. and leave Fay and Essie Wilkins and myself standing there. I don't care for her company at all, tho, so I don't mind.

In Hist. class we were discussing the defects of city gov't in general, and Miss Hill got off onto martial law here and raved about the city commissioners and policemen and all. Louis Dibrell said "Why pick on Galveston?" She lost her temper and told him that if he asked another such foolish question she'd send him home. Then she made the mistake of

admitting that she had been hasty! Louis asked her after class why his question was silly, and they argued all recess! Also during the lesson she asked us what laws we see broken daily. Speed laws were mentioned. I told her the Sunday law about picture shows and such. The kids kind of laughed. During lab Wm. asked me if I didn't believe in shows on Sunday. I told him that there was a law against them on Sunday. Mary Sullivan declared there was no such law at all. But Dr. Robertson has preached on that too often for me not to know of its existence, and how much it is broken. I know I'm right about it, because I feel it.

The Lab experiment was a bunch of tests. It was lovely. At recess Emily Longnecker gave me some of the cake she had made in cooking. It was real good. She told me that Pearl Bates' uncle, with whom she lives is City Attorney Anderson.

I didn't have my Math homework because I forgot what it was before I got home yesterday. And he took it up today, of course.

While Mamma and I were doing the dishes Mr. Post came to see Daddy. It seems he has money to lend at 3%. I went into the hall, saw that the front door was open, and Mamma came around to the front. We went upstairs to clean up. In about 30" Mr. Proctor and Mr. Lewis, the landlords, came to look at the leak in our room. Mr. Post left when they came. Daddy took them out to the garage, and we had things considerably straighter when they came up. But we didn't get to sweep.

Then Nita came for aid in Latin and Math. I worked a train problem! Glory! They have always been the bane of my existence.

At supper Sidney announced that Day Silva had reached town today. "He" and "she" are downstairs now. They went to a show. His boat started sinking in the Gulf, but they got to port all right.

Also Sidney brought home a letter from Helen, an "Ode to Infancy," as she called it. She was right. But there was a private note for me, asking for measurements for Dolly's doll, and a few other things. Christmas is comin'!

11:45. Oh Math! It's fierce.

THURSDAY DEC. 9, '20. A sign might have been seen on our blackboard this morning which said: "Rings may be obtained at Salzman's this afternoon between 4 and 6 o'clock, only!" I had forgotten my basketball shoes, so I came home at two, got my shoes and ring money. Mrs. Butler wanted Dolly to take, or rather go with, Beth to dancing school, and she came for Dolly just as I was leaving, and she took me back to town. Then we played basketball until 4:10 or 15. Emily, Marie, and

Sunset Heights, Tex.
Dec. 7, 1920

Dear Annie:

This is a strictly private note so when you have read it bury it in the dark of the moon or feed it to a black cat or burn it at midnight by the light of a yellow candle. If you bury it be sure to dig a deep hole in the dark before you put it in.

I want you to please tell me the following measurements-- the length of Patricia Margaret's skirt from her waist line to just a little below her knees. [10" or 10½"] (2) Measure around her head--a tam, you know. [12 ¾" or 13"] (3) the size of her feet by the pink shoes. (4) the length long brown silk stockings out to be on her. [8" or 8¼"] (5) her waist measure. [13 (skin) 13½ (dress)] (6) How long a night gown for her should be. [scant 19 or 20]

Also please look in the little box in the top of the big trunk and get that A&M design for me. I thought Ned might like another pillow top like that.

Also again--look in my little post card box and get me that Jewett coat of arms. I will return it when I'm through.

If you will do all these things right away quick I will write a note of thanks to you! and send you Mary Helen by parcel post for Christmas. You can send her back on the 26th.

Love to all

Helen

P. S. Please send 'em right away. I need 'em.

I walked down to Salzman's and got our rings. I had worn a hole in the heel of my stocking so I couldn't wear my oxfords, and when I got home Mamma was quite wroth. Apparently, yea, evidently, she does not enjoy the looks of my basketball shoes! But the ring is most beautiful! I'm crazy about it! Absolutely!

Mr. Post came here about 1 o'clock, Mamma says, and stayed until about 3. He was here while I was home.

Dolly and Beth came over here and played until after six, when Mrs. Butler came for Beth and took Dolly with them to supper. Mrs. B. had been to a party and had come home to have Mary tell her that the Dr. said she has chronic appendicitis. She was quite blue. Both boys have had it.

Sidney brought Day Silva home with her. But he had had supper. But he ate a baked apple. They are downstairs now. I'm gonna go to bed. 10:35.

FRIDAY DEC. 10, '20. Today is really Mon. Friday night I went to the C.E. party. I was catching the 7:30 car when Mary and Gordon Moore passed in Mary's car and picked me up. He and Mary stayed just a little bit and then went to a dinner dance at Jack Hopkins'. At 8:00 Mr. Lewis turned out the lights and we listened to Mr. Plunk on the Mormons, for 40 minutes. Then we toasted marshmallows and ate apples and talked for a long time. Dr. Robertson said he'd take me home, but then Carl Lindell asked me, so I went with them. We had to leave at 9:30. Charles' car is a 3-passenger roadster. Charles drove, I in the middle, Carl on the other side. And Clifford Rankin hung on the outside next to Charles and Victor hung on next to Carl. Oh, I had a body guard, all right!

Mrs. Dustin said she knew how to hypnotize. One stroke on the eyebrows is "a," 2 is "b," etc. She spells it out to you that way, and you do it. If you don't understand, why, somebody didn't concentrate! But nobody wanted to be hypnotized!

Sidney and Day were at the minstrel show.

SATURDAY DEC. 11, '20. "Raining, raining, raining, raining." You said it, I didn't get up until 10:30! About then Mrs. Gwinn 'phoned. Rosemary was on the verge of tears for fear she wasn't coming over. Dolly went down there about 11 o'clock. It was raining at 12, when she was supposed to have come home, so she had to stay to dinner. She came home about 4 o'clock. Saturday afternoon I made a cake. Mamma finished her dress. Daddy is going to give Mamma a coat suit for Christmas, but as soon as he can get it. Christmas is coming! Will is going to give her a hat, gloves, and silk stockings.

Sidney and Day stayed home. Will and I went to the Queen, "Conrad in Search of His Youth." It was good.

SUNDAY DEC. 12, '20. Louise did not go to S.S. That girl needs to be spanked, sent to school, and not allowed to have dates with boys for a while.

Margaret Keiler sat with me in church. Studied all afternoon, or rather part of it. I read some. Mary came by to take us to C.E. but Sidney wasn't ready and I had to wait for her. Mary had to go for some other body, tho, so she went on. She told me to bring the roll.

Day Silva was to meet Sidney at C.E., but he didn't get there 'til after church had started. It was "sailor night." The boys had distributed dodgers along the wharf, and some cars had gone out to a gun boat at 39th and brought in some men. There was a big crowd of them there. The music was fine.

Sidney gives me a pain occasionally. After church she just naturally left--without talking to anybody at all. She walked very slowly, but she left just the same. Usually she goes around and talks to folks. As I had gone down there with her, had had to wait for her, she couldn't shake me; I tagged clear to home. We went in to the Daisy. In the car when I am with Mr. Jossierand she puts him in the middle. She puts Day next to her, with her in the middle. She makes it too conspicuous. I know, she's kind of crazy about him, just like he is about her, but she's so funny. Day had some pictures of Veruna, Mason's baby, and she's too cute. Sidney said she looked something like Day--her ears maybe! Day said, "Sure, she's good looking!" Sidney held the picture out for me to see. I said, no. She was too good lookin'. Sidney didn't like it very much right then. It tickled me to pieces to see her.

MONDAY 12-13-20. Today is Tuesday, too. Miss Hill absent. Basketball practice, Y.M.C.A. Mr. Hard said that Elizabeth G. and I were fighting for a place on the first squad, 10 girls. Oh, Mamma! Mary Carter, the forward I was guarding, said I had a "keen" chance. We'll know after Thurs. probably who will get it. Chem. test today. Bum!

I had to ride Dolly's wheel today, and it was against the wind all the way. I thought I had pneumonia by the time I got to school. But I was on time!

TUESDAY 12-14-20. Got back our chemistry test papers. 65. Yesterday Mary S. said she made 95 on it. As it was she made 75. But she kicked. And continued to kick. Miss Oppe told her that if she kept on disturbing the study period she'd take off the few points she had given her, and make it 68. If she wanted to discuss it further, to come after school. It was most humorous to see Mary sat down upon.

Miss Sanford is sick today. I left at 1:15! I went to town for wool for Daddy's sweater, but it was not to be found, except at Kress', 10¢ a ball. I bought 10 of them!

Mamma ordered her suit today from the National Cloak & Suit Company.

Dolly went downtown with Elma to do some Christmas shopping (Elma's). After she had wiped the dishes.

Sidney 'phoned Mamma and said she and Day would be out to lunch. Mamma ordered oysters. Just as the man came to the door the phone rang. Day could not come. We had oysters for lunch. Day was going to have the 8-12 watch tonight if the boat went out, but she didn't. He came out about 8:00. He had some lovely perfume! I smelt it the minute he came inside the door! Last night he brought some candy, but he didn't tonight. Also last night Sidney finished his pillow top she's been working on ever since last summer. We didn't even get to see it. But they went out tonight.

WED. 12-15-20. Caught the proper car this morning.

Last night after we went upstairs Mamma & I discussed fashions. I discovered a dress, a party dress, that I'm actually crazy about! It's got ribbon double-ruffles on the scallops that are at the bottom of a straight skirt on a long waist. Sidney got the pattern today, & samples of the goods, pink Jap. silk.

Today for history we went into Room 19, where all the maps are. Miss H. had us clean the room, if you please! The boys had to tend to the boards & floor, and the girls had to sweep! She had a broom there & a dust pan & brush; Helen Scott & Zenia & I had to clean the cloak rooms; we found a bundle of Billy Potter's football clothes, Lit. Dis., papers, posters that fell down on us at every turn! Louis Dibrell says he is going to write a petition to the H4A Civics Club & ask them to please clean their room. But we got out of a lesson, anyway; and she said we worked so quietly and so well!

We "Memorys" will have to practice Thurs. & Friday afternoons. But Thurs. we play basket-ball! And everybody has to be at the City Auditorium Saturday morning at 9:30. I asked Margaret Buchannon to spend Fri. night with me. Mamma says I can ask Victor & Charles & Carl out & make candy, if Margaret can come.

I've used up almost 3 balls of that wool!

Wiped the dishes for Mamma, & when Will came home from class, he said he'd flunked a 17 word a min. test.

THURS. 12-16-20. Margaret Buchannon is almost sick & her mother won't let her come, so I didn't invite the boys.

Last night my nose bled. It bled again this morning & made me late to school. Miss Oppe says we can have a party

down in Lab., maybe if we're good, before Christmas. In Hist. we have some gold-fish. We "Memorys" won't have to practice until Friday.

I was afraid I wouldn't be able to play very well (Basketball) this evening on account of being a little weak, but I guess I played all right. Mr. Hard put me in with the Big Team, but Lou & I nearly froze, 'cause we had no opposition in center and the ball never came down to our end. I hope I can make that 1st squad! Betty wasn't out today cause she had such a cold and it is so windy. The wind is rising now, too.

Mamma is cutting out my party dress today! It's the prettiest pink silk! It's perfectly lovely!

FRI. 12-17-20. Very busy. Made candy for Dolly's candy sale Saturday. Some for Will's birthday, too. Mamma sewed on my dress.

Mary Butler had cramps in school; they had to carry her out to a car and take her home. Night before last Mrs. Butler phoned to see if Mamma had an orange. Mary had acute indigestion, and she and the Dr. had been working with her for over an hour, and the Dr. wanted to give her some oil. But we had no oranges. Yesterday I went over to see how she was but they had gone down to see the Dr. then.

SAT. 12-18-20. Will is 20 years old today. I kissed him, as I'm broke! Dolly gave him the candy last night. Sidney gave him "The U. P. Trail." Daddy and Mamma gave him some cufflinks. He wanted boxing gloves. We're all going to double up on them Christmas. I had to go down to the Auditorium this morning at 9 o'clock to practice for the pageant. Mary Sullivan, first and important speaker, was an hour and a half late. Consequently one morning was wasted. When I got back I went to see how Mary was. She is in bed, and can't seem to think, has lost her pep, no energy! I took her some books, as she said she had none. She's better than she was, but our S.S. class will not have its candy pull.

Dolly went down to Cohen's corner this morning, for the candy sale. Marguerite Seagraves was going to go by for Mrs. Johnson in her car, and was to ask the man if they could sell candy on that corner. But she forgot about it! Finally they came. Mrs. J. had to phone the girl, first, to remind her that she had an engagement.

Dolly came home with Sidney at 1:30, & was to go back as soon as possible. They made \$11 and something. The money is for Files Valley Presbyterian Orphanage. When they came home this evening they had made \$17 and something! Our class won't have but about \$8.

I made Will's birthday cake this evening! But two out of 3 eggs had spilt the whites, and I had to put in some extra water, so consequently, the cake was kind of tough! But the filling was good.

I finished one sweater sleeve, but it looks awful. It's ruffled at the top and is fierce. I'll have to rip out to way down! Tough luck! Sent a note to Helen with requested information, but forgot the A&M design.

WED. Jan. 5., 21. Merry Christmas! Happy New Year! Glory used to was. School started Mon. Everybody was extremely sleepy. Yesterday I felt so bad I didn't go. I stayed in bed all day and had nothing to eat until last night about 8:30. Then I had 2 poached eggs.

I'm going to ask Mrs. Shaklee to let me off that parallel book. I haven't had the time to do the reading, much less the resumes.

This morning Mamma didn't wake me up. . . . I didn't go to school. And today is Lab. day.

TUES. Jan 11, '21. Went back to school Fri. Lab. Note books due yesterday. I got mine in today. I was late yesterday, & Miss Oppe kept me in 30". I was going down the outside north steps, on the way to the basement, when suddenly the ground flew up under me with such force that my right ankle turned completely. I just did get into the basement, it hurt so. When I did, or while I was getting there I cried, "Dog-gone-it!" How naughty! But the thing hurt like everything. I went out & played basketball, tho.

FEB. 4, 1921. Last Wednesday we went to Texas City to play basketball, boys and girls both. We went in cars. In Piggie Williams' car there were: Piggie, Caroline Menard, Billy, on the front seat, Sam Somebody, Itchit Campbel, Greg Schuler, Elizabeth Garrett, & myself, on the back seat. The scenery was most exciting!

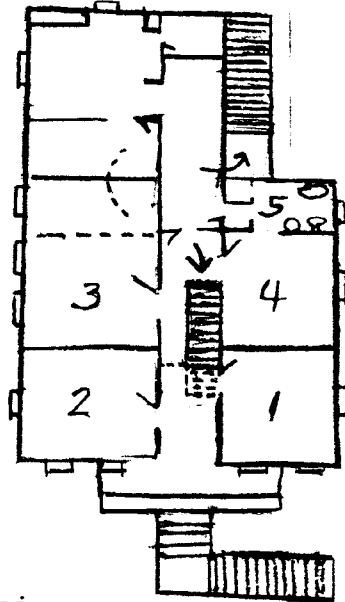
MARCH 30, WED. It's been some time since I've written in here, and so much has happened! Daddy has bought a place--1814M $\frac{1}{2}$ --and we have moved. Sidney caught a cold, immediately after we moved. Will's back has been hurting ever since. Then I got sick, missed 3 days straight, one extra, besides the one we moved on, Feb. 23. Then Mamma got sick, and isn't exactly well, either.

Exactly one week before we moved, Wed., an old gentleman drove up in a buggy to serve a notice on Daddy--we had not moved! Daddy was to appear before the somebody in a week. Daddy bought the house on Sat. There were three families in it: upstairs, 4 rooms, renters of whole house, Sextons (2 children); and 2 rooms, Oxtells; downstairs, 3 rooms, Mrs. Mevius, with her son, Arthur Mevius, and daughter

Grace Monroe, both grown. The Oxtells moved out on Wednesday morning, out of the front door, while we moved in the back. Tired!

The house faces south, like this:

Under 5 is a kitchen; under 4 and the back part of the hall is floored. Back of 3 is open.



Only rooms 1, 2 and 3 are finished up downstairs, and 3 goes just to the dotted line. The dotted lines in the hall show the arrangement below.

!!!

We want to get downstairs as soon as possible. Mrs. Mevius has bought her a place over on 15th and Market, but they can't get the folks out. The Sextons moved out after we had been in about three weeks. We had 1, 2, and 4. Six of us in three rooms! We girls had 2, Daddy slept in the bosom of his family, sure enough, with Will, in 1, the living room! We cooked, ate, and lived in 4 and 1. All our books are still downstairs, tied up just like I fixed 'em, except for a few we've had to have.

We are now occupying the 4 west rooms. Mr. and Mrs. Curran, Grandma Curran of Canada, and 7 months old Kathleen, have 1 and 4--at 25 a month.

The boys gave us girls a boat sail last month, and Mamma went! She wanted to know when we were going to have something else to chaperone! Glory!

Before we moved, several weeks, Will invited Mr. Paul J. Suit out to dinner. For the last five or six Sundays he has been coming out to see Will in the afternoon. They usually go walking, out towards the beach, and ask me. Mr. Suit left his leg in Belleau Woods. Mamma said: There's more to that boy in one minute than there is to Mr. Josserrand in ten. Mr. J. is out of the hospital now. He has written two photoplays! I've read one of them, and it's funny, but most improbable.

Cousin Rena & family have been coming over more often since we've moved. We're just 5 blocks from them. She brought over a lemon pie one Sunday night.

Girlie has a new little boy, born Easter morning! Cousin Rena phoned Mamma while we were eating dinner, to introduce Mr. Charles Hardy Blake.

APRIL 14, '21. THURSDAY. Last Wednesday night Will took Dolly and me to the circus. Thursday night there was a business meeting of the C.E. at Mr. Lewis'. It rained. Mr. Lewis phoned and wanted to know if we would go if he sent Charles Keenan and Victor Neal for us. We would. Mr. Suit had come out, and he went out there with us. We had a lovely time. Friday night we read and went to bed. We had started tearing the paper off the walls in the S.E. room. Saturday was very busy. At noon Mr. Jossierand walked out with Sidney. We had moved the things out of our south room into the living room. We are so crowded that the chairs are on top of the beds! Sidney told Mr. Jossierand that he couldn't come in! He was waiting on the front porch. I went out. He had one of his photo-plays with him, that he wanted me to read. He also made a date for a show that night. Sunday morning I went to S.S. I don't think I care to go into the class Mary Butler is reorganizing. At Church, before I sat down, I was talking to three boys, Carl, Charles, and Mr. Weatherby. I had a little rosebud that kept nearly falling; so I said "My Mamma says to give it to this one." It came out Mr. Weatherby. I met him at the business meeting the other night. He's an old friend of Mr. and Mrs. Lewis. I walked home with Elnora McGarvey. She is eleven, 12 in November, and as tall as I am, and not skinny. She began teasing me about giving a rose to a boy, and I told her I had wanted to give it to somebody else, but I hadn't seen him right then! She asked me who it was, and I told her Mr. Suit; so she changed to him. She took my umbrella, poked me with it, pinched me, walked into me, tried to upset my hat, tried to make me carry her Bible, and made a general nuisance of herself. She's as pretty as a picture, and has bobbed hair. She had wanted the rosebud that I gave away! I went up the alley just to get rid of her.

A little before dinner Mr. Lewis phoned and wanted me to go riding with them at 3:30. Mamma said I'd be delighted so I told him I would. Sidney and Mrs. Curran, Sr., were going out to Ft. Crockett. We dropped them at the Fort and went back to get Aunt Mary, but she wouldn't go. Mr. and Mrs. Lewis, Mr. Carr (Miss Debbie's nephew), and Mr. Weatherby, that they call Earl. We went out to the cemetery and saw the Clothier lot. They've raised the cemetery, you know. Then we went out by Offat's Bayou and passed Will coming back. Then we went out to the University Hall and got a girl from there. Then they took me home. Mr. Weatherby got out there and said he would walk back. (Miss Sanford says not to write "he'd"). But he asked to take me to C.E., so as it was nearly League time then, I had to ask him to come in and sit down. Mamma brought us some cold sliced

roast, and bread and butter, and tea, and stuff, in the sitting room, for the kitchen is not yet presentable to strangers. Mr. Ratchford asked to take that Miss Hunter home! Sidney said someone should warn the girl! Sidney, Mr. Suit, Will, Mr. Weatherby, and I all walked home in a bunch. On Monday, not much done on the papering. On Tuesday I had a nosebleed when I should have been taking the History test. We had Lab., which means we didn't get out until 3:30. I slept all afternoon. Mr. Suit came out that night to fix Sun. nite's program.

The Chatauqua is here this week; if we go to a lecture and take notes, we won't have to describe the city park!

LATER ON THURS. Lab 3:30. But we got up half the ceiling paper in the afternoon. Thurs. night Mr. Suit came out, and we had a papering "Bee!" We all papered. Friday night Sidney & I went to a lecture, "We Americans."

SATURDAY NIGHT. Mr. Suit took me out to the beach. We rode on the "Dodgem" six times, and had a most glorious time on the Figure 8, the Whip, and the Derby. Then I got a box of very good candy. We got home, I don't know when. But he left about 11:30.

SUNDAY MORNING. Mr. Weatherby sat with me in Church, and made a date with me for C.E. Mr. Suit walked home with me and tried to. I told him he could come out in the afternoon if he wanted to. He phoned later, and came out to typewrite his talk in C.E. that night. He was leading. I had helped him with his program, but it nearly ran out. Mr. Lewis got up and asked Dr. Venable to talk, though, and we were saved. Mr. Weatherby brought a box of candy, when he came before C.E. He had told Miss Debbie (Mrs. Lewis) about what I had said last Sun. on the way to League. I'd said that boys came in handy some times. They were good picture show tickets; and ice cream and things are quite nice! He said: "All right, I'm squelched. You can let me up." So I had to admit that there were some that you could have fun with, and that I'd had a lot of fun that afternoon. He said they were good for candy, too, but I said there didn't seem to be any candy steadies around right now. He had told Miss Debbie about it, as a big joke, and she had taken it in earnest!

As Monday, April 18, was Mr. Suit's birthday, Mamma invited him out to dinner. Monday afternoon I had to get some things in town; came home; discovered Mamma had gotten 2 chickens for dinner (although Will had protested and wanted fish on account of their not having feathers); Clarice and the baby, Marjorie, were there. Sidney had not gone back to work; and later, after Clarice was gone, Cousin Rena & Jim-Sam came over! The chickens were late getting on (Mamma had made a cake--coconut), and consequently were a little tough. But the cake was lovely. Sidney had got

red candles, Will had got white holders, and it took Mr. Suit three blows to get them all blown out. When we came into dinner, and Mr. Suit saw the table and all he looked so queer, and after a little said that it had been a long time since anyone had done anything like that for his birthday. We had strawberries and cream, too. After dinner we sat in by the stove, which happens to be in our bedroom. After while Dolly and Sidney went in to Will's room and went to sleep. The man seemed to be enjoying himself hugely, and we "cut up" to beat the band. His eyes are most expressive and he looked like he was feeling good, when he left--at about 11:50! But he told Mamma he appreciated it, and made a nice little speech just before he left, and she forgave him everything at once, of course!

Will had to get Dolly to get off his bed, and when she came in she looked like a little refugee; and I had not looked at a book! And--report cards: Math 3-, Hist 4 (test), Eng. 3 plus, French 1-, Chemistry 3 plus! Mamma declared I would have to go nowhere else nights until Friday nights. Mr. Suit and I are going to see "The Kid," then!

Later. Mr. Suit had to work Fri. night. I was all dressed up in my pink silk, and a gentleman phoned that Mr. Suit said he would have to work! Dolly and I went over to see Girlie's new little boy. He looks like Girlie and Mr. Blake both. Sidney says he will not be as much a work of art as Tommy is, but he will be a "regular boy." I hope so. When we came back I put on a middy and skirt and helped Mamma and Will paper the S.E. room. I was official paper-paster. We didn't quit until 10:10. Will says "When do we rest?" Sidney had a date with Mr. Josserand. About 9 o'clock Mr. Suit phoned. "Hello." "How do."--"I'm Sorry." S'm I! It sounded so funny. Then he talked some, and wanted to come out Saturday night.

Saturday morning my throat was sore, and my dinner was not wanted. I had breakfast, did dishes, and lay down--and continued to lie down! I was sick. Tea and toast for supper. Sunday morning I woke up at 11:15. They had finished the room Saturday afternoon. We had soup for dinner Sunday. Nita came over. Then Mrs. Hartmann and the Dr. came for her in the car. We were so glad to see them!

I went to C.E. Sidney had a date with Mr. Josserand for the 33rd St. Methodist Church. Mr. Weatherby brought me home, and Mr. Suit stopped at First Methodist Church, for there was no service at ours. Mr. Suit had been working until late. He came into C.E. at about 7:30.

On Monday we had a Chemistry test--copper! And we got our "B's"! Glory! I'm so glad I played basketball. Mamma and Will were tearing off the paper in the big room,

preparatory to tearing down the wall to move it back to its place. Mr. and Mrs. Lewis came out about 8 to fix programs for the next 2 months.

On Tuesday: Chemistry notebooks due. Lab. Got back our test papers. 75. There is to be a League party Fri. night.

Wednesday. Went to town after school and got me a new dress--pink and black and a tip of green, plaid--tissue gingham (75¢ a yard). There was an awfully pretty piece there of blue and tan plaid; but Mamma wanted pink, and it's pretty as can be. Also, I got a trig book. Daddy and Will were tearing down the wall, the one to be moved.

Thursday night Mr. Suit (Daddy calls him Paul) phoned. Sidney answered the phone and made him say he was coming out without asking him. The crazy man didn't leave until 1:30. When he found out what time it was he blushed like everything and left immediately. It was funny to see him. And he had to get up at 5:30 the next morning.

Friday night Nita phoned and wanted to go to the C.E. party with Will and myself. She came over at about 7 o'clock. We left at about 8. I wore my pink silk. Will came pretty near deciding not to go because Mamma said he must wear a stiff collar and he said there were none on the place that fitted him. So I told him to wear a clean soft one, and he went on. Just as we were going out the gate Mr. Suit rang. (We stopped to see who it was.) The folks wanted to know if we were coming.

We had a lovely time. I just naturally felt good, and I cut up like I don't know what. I had 3 jassemines and I wanted to give them to somebody. I pinned one on Mr. Suit, one on Mr. White, a friend of Mrs. Guess' brother, that I'd never seen before, and Estelle Chism wanted the other. Mr. and Mrs. Lewis brought her. But Clifford Rankin took her home. Charles had seemed quite interested when Mr. Lewis mentioned bringing her, and we told him somebody was beating his time! If anybody was to ask to take Nita home she'd have sunk through the floor. She said that Mr. Lewis had to shove her over to the table for refreshments--there were three boys there! Mrs. Guess says "Get you a boy and go sit down and talk to him." Earl was right there and offering his arm quite formally, so I took it, we went and sat down, as instructed. We had ice cream and cake. Boys are the funniest things. After that Victor Neal played the piano, and when he wants to he can make it talk! I came very near dancing right then. I had a lovely time. When we got home, Nita said I cut up, not bad, but a good deal. I wish some more girls would come to C.E. They could have such a good time. We got to bed about 12:30. Mr. Weatherby had made a date for a show Saturday night. When he did he



Annie and Friends--Party Time!



"March 26, 1920--Juniors at Oyster." A.T.W.

said he hadn't been to a show all week. I said just what I happened to think at the time, which of course, was not the proper thing. I asked him what had been the matter, was he broke? And then I quit. Goodness! But he said not. He had worked five hours that week! I felt quite unnecessary about that time.

Saturday everybody was busy all day. Mamma tried to get my pink plaid dress done in time to wear that night but she couldn't. The collar and cuffs were down being hemstitched and picoted. Dolly went to the Library and then down to the office to get something Sidney wanted carried home. Dolly was on her wheel with her bag.

About 6 o'clock Mr. Suit phoned and said he was off. What was I going to do. I was going to a show. He said that was the way things went when people had to work hard. It had been that way with him for the last 2 weeks. (I had been rather rude to him Sunday night.) Friday he'd had to work; Sat. night I was sick; Sunday night "he didn't know what happened, but he had decided to forgive me." He said he would see me at church Sunday.

Mamma didn't get my dress done in time for that night, but it was done by Sunday.

We saw "The City of Silent Men."

Sunday night I went to C.E. with Mr. Suit.

MONDAY: School as usual.

TUESDAY: Lab-3:30. Mr. Suit phoned and made a date for Saturday night, beach.

THURS. MAY 5, 1921. I got in from school about 3:40. In the door was a white-headed little baby. Dolly said: "Annie, guess who this is, Marylen, and Helen's here and Mr. Grear!" By that time I had the kid and Helen, too! Oh! Joy! Glory! Whee! The whole family got sick, so they decided to come home for a day or two!

Marylen is too darling for words. She has hair, lots of it-- quite white and straight except in the back when Helen brushes it up. She is just as fat as she ever was and prettier. She has seven teeth. Her eyes are so blue, and she is so white. She is 10 mo. old, and walks everywhere, and if you know what she's saying, you can understand her! She is just as cute and smart and spoiled as she can be!

Also we got our invitations to the Junior-Senior Friday night.

Thursday Miss McKee, the reporter Sidney was going to take to the Alumni banquet at Roger's, got sick and couldn't go. So Sidney phoned home and said that she would like to take Will or Helen or me, and whichever went, to be ready. Will said he was too tired. Helen ditto. So I had to go. Mrs. Curran had just finished Sidney's new blue taffeta dress, embroidered in gold, and I pressed it and my pink silk. Ruth and Reed LeWald were on the same car with us. Menu: shrimp cocktail (delicious), fried fish (tenderloin trout), French fried potatoes, tomato salad (a slice leaning on each side of a quarter head of lettuce, and dressing), crackers, and water. But that wasn't important at all. That is the way the tables were fixed:

_____ |
 _____ |
 *us

Miss Meyer, Mr. James, Mr. Hopkins, and some of the others were at the end table. Down the middle of the tables was fern, and about every 4 people, a bowl of oleanders. Miss Meyer spoke, and a lot of other folks. Mr. James made a great long speech. He has been here nearly 25 years, and 7 days less than Mr. Hopkins. We were right across from Miss Sanford, and Anna May Wimhurst, and Lillian Nicholson. Sidney Love was on the other side of Sidney with his father and mother. We had a lovely time. Julia Arthur Burrell and Miss Oppe gave a playette: Mrs. Chatterbox, and Mrs. Userhead. They gave all the facts about the school, and the comments. We had heard all the facts and the comments, but the dialogue was good. Afterward everybody that wanted to danced, but nearly everybody was too busy talking. We had a lovely time. I was the only Senior there.

FRIDAY, MAY 6. There was a business meeting of the C.E. There was also the Junior-Senior. Mr. Suit took me to the business meeting, at Miss Maud's, and after that we went down to the Auditorium to see who was at the dance. We stayed about 15 minutes. Eugenia Coldwell looked prettier than I have ever seen her. The decorations were lovely-- balloons and flags and bunting. There weren't as many as there were at ours, last year, tho.

Goodness! I can't keep up. Today is WEDNESDAY MAY 25! Well. Up to date we have three rooms all finished, and the fourth all done except the chair rail, and the molding at the top. Will went down to Davidson's yesterday and they are to send out 39 yards of canvass for the kitchen. It will be done with that blue and white tiled paper, and the ceiling painted a light gray. Will started wiping off the ceiling, and instead of its being a dark gray, it is a dirty looking light brown. There must be something permanently stuck in the drain pipe, tho, for the sink fills up about once every two days. It will have to be fixed right away. We are going to move the kitchen and dining room downstairs today or tomorrow.

Sidney had a date for tonight with Mr. Josserand. He is at A&M, just home for a few days. But he phoned last night to say that he had to leave this morning, and wanted to come out last night. He asked me what I was going to do and I had to study. Mamma decided to use the tatted medallions, that Aunty Leake gave me, in my new blue organdy dress; I am to get the goods today.

Mr. Suit phoned, and made three dates. Thursday, Friday for the League bathing party, Saturday for Jingling Bros. Circus. He wants Mamma and Dolly and whoever else wants to, to go. You know, I liked Mr. Suit fine, until just the other night. Suddenly something happened inside me--I don't know what--but I don't care a blooming whoop about him, now. It may be this: He was out Thursday night, we played poker with matches; we went to a show Friday night; we went to the beach Saturday night; we went to C.E. together Sunday night.

This morning before school there seemed to be great excitement at the door to our room. Miss Oppe was down the hall talking to two Miss Grays. They are twins, so I heard. I thought Miss Gray's twin was a brother, someday, but they look so much alike I guess they are twins. The girls were just standing there looking. People certainly are funny.

FRIDAY, MAY 27, 1921. Yesterday we had Lab. We finished the Lab. manual, 3 experiments. Eugenia Coldwell, Margaret Buchanan, and I worked together. Robert Chase and I bent the ends of a pair of tongs, by getting them red hot. Then we had to bend them back.

In the study period just before big recess, Mrs. Moore had sing practice for graduation night. We will sing two songs and then "Auld Lang Syne." I sing alto. "Oh, see their good brands notched in battle" and "Farewell to Summer," (I never think of the first as "Soldier's Chorus.") are the other songs.

Yesterday Daddy put an ad in the News, for our rooms. At about 8 o'clock yesterday morning the phone rang. Mamma told the lady all about them. She wanted to come see them, after five o'clock. Another lady did too. Neither came. This morning another lady wanted to come see them today.

Sidney said she might have come, she didn't ask how much they were. I wonder.

MON. MAY 30, 1921. I told you I couldn't keep up.

Friday night Mr. Suit phoned and said he had to work. Will and Dolly and I went out to the bathing party. Dr. Venable came along while we were waiting. Some had gone in before. The Lewises had not yet come. We finally went in. When we came out the boys made a dive for the lunch. We ate it on the rocks. Miss Gray and her sister had been in, but

they had to leave, so they left their lunch, which was lucky. There were six boys, Dolly, Mrs. Lewis, and myself. We had almost enough lunch! But we had a lovely time. Then we went over and left the things in the car. The boys went to the Queen. Dr. Venable took me on the Dodgem. When the Lewises saw how we worked it they came on. Will and Dolly went on. Then we went on the Derby. Dolly won a free ride. Evelyn and Rosalie Galashow and Dolly and I were all in the back seat coming home. They had met up with Will and Mrs. Lewis. Rosalie and Will used to be in the same room, at school. Will turned us over to Mrs. Lewis and left, before we rode the Derby.

Saturday night, we, Sidney, Will, Dolly, Mr. Suit, and I, all went to the Jingling Bros. Circus. It was good! The side show: Irish twins had the Siamese ones beat a mile: 2 Irish potatoes. "Australian bats" only two in the animal kingdom--2 brick bats. But---when we were nearly at the gate, Dolly squealed. She was ahead. I saw somebody inside, and made a general wild rush. It was Ned and Met and The Little Boy! He started howling when I squealed when I came in. We hadn't seen them since Thanksgiving! Glory!

TUESDAY, MAY 31, 1921. Did not go to League or Church Sunday night. Cousins Sarah, Eugene, and Bob "hit town" Friday night, and came to supper Sunday night. We had dinner at about 6 o'clock.

914 Aurora St.
Sunset Heights, Tex.
Sunday
[January, 1921]

Dear Folks:

We want Daddy and Mamma to come up next Thursday. We have quite a few attractions to offer. We have a new fence! It is only about half--no, about a third done but it seems real nice. And we planted some rose bushes and some grape vine and I'm going to have a flower garden and a vegetable garden soon And--

Mary Helen now has two teeth and crawls everywhere--especially after the oil can and the stove. And she says "Daddy" and will sit in front of his picture and clap her hands and say it over and over. I have made her some darling little rompers and she keeps the seat slick and black! and wears about two a day.

She crawls with one foot under her and walks with the other, and just goes a hiking. It makes her furious to put a long dress on her. I have shortened some of them. She refuses to wear stockings. She keeps me worn to a frazzle. The door sill into the kitchen is no obstacle any longer. And a chair there makes her very angry. She--oh, well, you just ought to see her. She has really got Sonny beat all to pieces. And is lots prettier and brighter and is getting more and more wonderful all the time. And I am learning to have a little patience. I think I have been spoiled and I am too conceited for words but I am trying to improve. With a perfect Darling for a husband and a perfect beauty of a baby I can't help but try to be good for ever and ever.

Helen

Same Place
Wednesday

Same Folks:

Since when I penned (penciled) that hasty line I've been pursued by Father Time. I guess it is the darling's teeth that make her wail and make her weep--wheee.

I'm all out of breath from that. As tomorrow is Thursday you can just use the invitation for the next Thursday--I had to stop and pull down the window shade so Pretty could play with!--to resume--

You can let us know when to expect you and then Pretty and I can meet you and you can stay out here for lunch and dinner and then go on over to Ned's. Sonny can't crawl yet and hasn't any teeth but he says "Daddy" and "Mom mom!"--Oh, yes--and Mary Helen said "by-by" yes--today! I think she is trying--here she comes--to say "Sally Jane"--(her doll). She makes the queerest kind of noise when she picks her up, and keeps on whispering to her.

They want to put Pretty's picture in the Sunday Chronicle! We may let them. We want to have a big one taken anyway.

I must go and wash her dirty duds. We will expect you next Thursday. Let us know--Love from all.



Mr. Grear and "Pretty."
Ned and "Sonny."



Annie, Will, Helen,
and Mr. Gear.



"Annie Watson and Junior
Gear--1923." E.I.W.



"Dorothy Watson--1923--
Bless Her Heart!" E.I.W.

Home
 Jan. 5, 1924
 Sat. a.m.

Elbert Reeder--

Don't you dare go and get pneumonia. And you can just quit playing in games where your lungs are going to be bruised and you're going to be bunged up. You scare me to death! Now see that you mind what I'm telling you.

Pardon this pencil, but I'm in here just for a minute warming my feet up and the pens are in the living room. And my feet are--large!--icicles and I have just put a cake in the oven and have just a minute or so. If this letter smells like cake dough you'll know I didn't wash my hands good! Dolly is getting the baby to sleep now. He is getting better all the time.

I spent yesterday and day before over at Helen's. I'll get the letter I started over there, finish it, and mail it, so you'll know I did start writing you yesterday anyway.

Must go and look at my cake now . . .

Howdy--how are you? I'm back now--at 7:20 p.m. And I have my pen now, too. You know one of your resolutions must have been to write me every day! Was it? For I have three letters here now, that I have not answered. The first one was written Dec. 30--10:20 p.m. If you are still eating on that cake I'm afraid you are having pretty dry stuff! And as to the mirror--well, I love the whole business, and the mirror is a beauty. And I'm glad I have it. But the thing I use most and enjoy most is the brush--it's a dandy--stiff enough to take out tangles and soft and fine enough to make my hair shine--and it's a pretty thing, too. The mirror is certainly a good one, heavy and nice, but say, the powder box is a thing of beauty and a joy forever! The clothes brush is a good one, and I use it! It's fun to brush with it. And I found all the crooked lines 'neverthing; and aren't the scissors cunning? Dolly says they are the only ones she ever saw that she could cut the nails on her right hand with; they're good and sharp.

I was glad to see in today's letter that your cold is better and oh! I'm glad. I'm sorry you lost the game, though. And how are the black spots--any of them cat-shaped?

Elbert, sweetheart, you say you don't know whether I feel like you do or not, and then you put into words the very feelings and thoughts that have been mine for nearly a month, and that I could not put on paper for lack--of vocabulary--? time to use what word power I have?--I don't

know. But the thoughts--well, I love you more all the time; this last year--from the very beginning--has kept me wondering what would happen next,--when I have had time to wonder! I came home with a rather blank future before me; plans were indefinite more than anybody ever knew--except Mamma perhaps--and then things began to happen; and it seems they were things that counted a lot. And I love you so. And this year--I don't know what's going to happen so far as this family is concerned! We may have the other two children later, if Helen does go--and I think she will. And I've wondered a little if I could, with a clear conscience, leave Mamma with all three babies--Mary Helen will be 4 in June. Goodness! Poor Mamma. It will not affect Daddy so much, I mean the children's being here, but Mamma's program depends entirely on her family! But I'm just trusting in God to bring things around--and I'll be ready for what comes--and I hope and pray it will be you--and Covington! And doubtless it will be! For Mamma let drop the other day that she hoped I did marry you; that she likes you. And she knew I was "going to marry somebody"!! And I'm so glad your Father likes me. And you better believe that we are going by there this summer--it does sound sooner doesn't it?

Now for the second one: written 1-1-24--11 P.M. I hope you hurry and write the "long New Year's" letter you planned to for two days before that day. Only I don't see what else you could say after that last one! I just enjoyed that; but it made me lonesome. The ladies can "Mother" you! But I don't suppose they will. And I really hope they will Mother you.

P.S. You're not the only one that's "lonesome for a lot of loving."

P.S. Tell the ladies, for me, to take good care of you, and thank them for me, too.

Now for #3: written 1-2-24--5 P.M. I am sorry you did not hear from me on that day. But remember what I told you about dates interfering with your letters, and be comforted--for I am doing as I think you would have me do.

No, Mr. Martin did not give me anything but a pretty green box of St. Regis--Houston butter chocolate--candy--2 lbs. and not that until a day or so--nearly a week--after Christmas. You see he thought that he'd wait until some of Sidney's 9 lbs. were gone. And he doesn't "think so much" of me--he's just got the habit. But Miss Smith is back from her holidays now and is back rooming at his house, so I rather doubt if I see as much of him now for a week or so! He likes her. Only I can't tell how much!

I'm sorry the blizzard broke up your hike--whose was it? And how about Mr. Rebstein? Has he joined the Church yet? And which one?

I hope you had plenty of milk with your New Year's breakfast cake! If you didn't I'm afraid it was pretty dry!

I certainly shall not borrow a sock for Christmas-- neither will you borrow a stocking! That what makes it all your own! But I'll let you have some of the stuff out of mine, I guess. If you're real nice and fill mine up to the top.

Elbert you must have run into some more Charlie Boyds and been treating them accordingly, judging by what the S.S. Supt. said! Goodness! I wish I could have seen you!

Oh, about Mr. Martin's Church. He was baptized in the creek when he was a boy, by a Christian minister, although the last he heard of that one was that he was drinking himself to death! And he was a pretty good preacher, too, so Mr. Martin says.

I am glad to hear I am to have a "Kluxer." But I don't notice the answers to all my other questions!

Elbert, I've not played basketball in two years, and don't see much chance of playing any this winter! At my present rate, the night before our wedding I will be putting the baby to sleep! Or fixing his bottle! Or something else just like that! Have you written Jo about the Tennessee team being beat?

As to keeping my nose powdered, when I get up there, my new powder box will remind me! Don't you think that solves the problem? It does here!!! Now what do you think of that?!!?!?!?

You know, for the first time in my life, I had good luck with cooked chocolate filling for my cake! Please congratulate me!

Along with my today's letter came the dearest kind of calendar--Thank you--only it has not one crooked line on it! The advice for January is certainly apt--"Be diligent"--"Work"--"Lost time is never found again"! As if I had any time to lose these days! I'm glad the next month says to "Smile" and when do you think you'll be coming down here? July? Well, you'll notice that July says "Not by might, nor by power, but by My Spirit, saith the Lord of Hosts." Rather appropriate, isn't it?

Goodness! I didn't know this letter was going to be so long. I guess I had better quit and finish pleating Dolly's new blue skirt that she wants to wear Monday! And it's little tiny pleats!

I love you, Elbert Reeder, and I don't want any more sick people on my hands, so please take good care of yourself. My sister is a case ready for a sanitorium. Mamma is tired and has neuralgia. Sidney is working pretty hard. Daddy is not well. Dolly is not as strong as she might be, gets tired too quickly. Thank goodness Will and I are healthy young animals! I love you Elbert. Thank you for today's letter. You don't know how I enjoy them.

Yours--Annie



"Flash-light of Yours truly
in the act of writing a letter
to his 'sweetie.'" E.M.R.

A LOVE LETTER

1-24-24

Dear Sweetheart,

I regret that circumstances are such as to deprive me of the much wanted privilege and pleasure of personally placing this modest little token of love and faith on the hand that shall be companion to mine in the God-given duties and privileged tasks, that lie in the life before us. This regret, however, is submerged in the joy and sacred thankfulness that is mine in the knowing that your love for me will permit me to present the ring in this manner, with confidence that it will be accepted and worn, proudly and prayerfully, because you realize as I do, that it signifies, or is an evidence of, a true love that is to culminate in the greatest, most divine relation this side of Heaven.

Annie, I want you to know that out of the depths of my heart I thank you for the blessing of your love, and for the privilege of making this gift with the meaning that it implies. And I thank God for it all too, and pray that I might be worthy; that our relations and our lives will always be of such character as to warrant His richest blessings.

I am--

In love with you!

Elbert

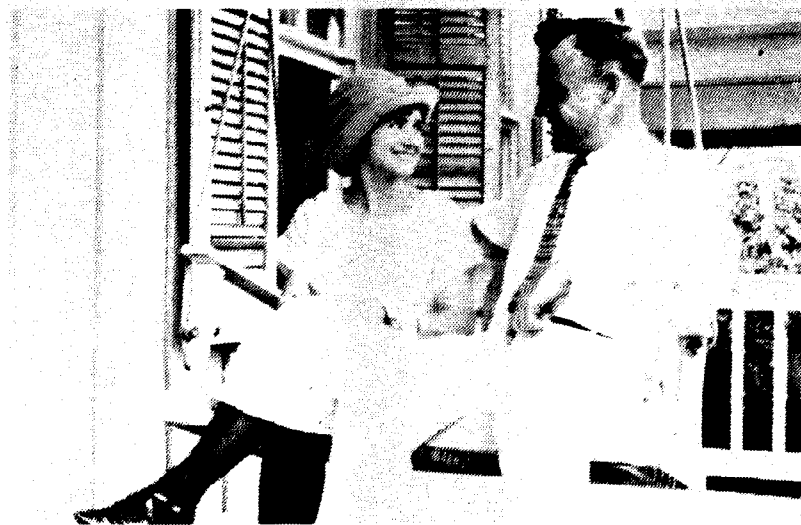
P. S. Happy birthday!



Annie



Elbert



Sweethearts Forever



"Yellow brick front on a red brick house. Just the front wall is yellow, that's all. Side entrance is ours. It's what they call a St. Louis--That front room is Sue's. The window over the side porch is our front one."
A.W.R.

Covington, Kentucky



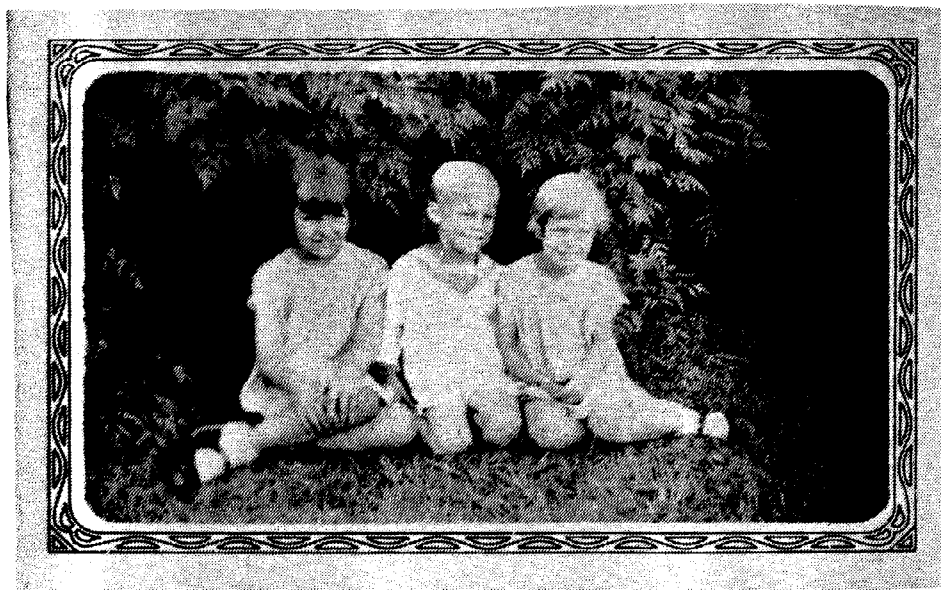
Annie and Elbert in their first home.

905 Myrtle Ave.
El Paso, Texas
May 1, 1927

Dear grand-Mother,

How are you and Junior, and ever-body. I was sick, but I am getting well, I had the measles, I had a cold with it. We Have some new Easter Dres's, and shoe's, and hats, and a pockte-book, and a new Hanshit. the Easter Rabbit brought me some eggs, and brought Tibbie some too. And a Rabbit and chicken, brought us bouth them. I have a pink basket, Tibbie Has a blue basket, Sylvia and I have a ball, the balls are Red. my big fat doll is named Petite, she has the little baby that grand-Dady give me, it is named Ruth. Sylvia said too tell you that her Ducloch doll is named Jack. and Tibbies baby doll is named Mary Helen. Sylvia havent the measles yet. But she going to get then for she is as cross as two sticks. Mama said that is a good sine she is getting them.

Love from Mary Helen & Sylvia.



Mary Helen, Junior, and Tibbie

1108 Threadneedle St.
Beaumont, Texas
Sept. 19, 1927

Dear Annie:

Well, we are here. The things are rather in a disordered state yet, but give us (or them) time and everything will [be] in good shape. I closed the trade for this place on the 12th, but we never got possession until last Thursday and we moved the things from the depot on Friday. Mamma and the babies arrived here over the Santa Fe Friday morning at 11 o'clock and we went over to the S. P. depot where we met Dolly from Ned's at Houston at 11:50, went to the restaurant where I usually get fed and had refreshments then took a street car for the new place. The street car is only a block away from the house, but Twenty Minutes (20) from town. It's three-quarters of an hour from town a-foot. I have walked it once. Mamma is raising sand about me walking it after working all night, but as it is before the cars start when I get off in the morning I don't see what else I can do. And besides I and everybody else think the exercise will do me good. Mamma took Mary Helen to her school this morning, only three blocks away, but she didn't stay long. A teacher discovered some heat broken out on her arms and sent her home with a note to get a doctor's certificate that it wasn't itch, which they have been bothered with here. Guess she'll go back by and by. Mamma also went out to South Park College with Dolly and she enrolled as a student there. I don't know what the program out there is, but I suppose she will go to school every day. Anyway she says she has a class at 8 o'clock in the morning. She says she is going to major in English, but I don't want her to be less than a colonel in that. I will leave it to Mamma and Dolly to give you the correct information. Last Sunday (yesterday a week ago) I was surprised to have a call from Ned, Met, the children and Dolly at my room at the Harris Flats. Dolly was staying at Ned's after Mamma gave Possession in Galveston. She sold the house to a man and his wife named James. They also have five children. Sidney still has the apartment she rented from us. She expects to buy a house of her own as soon as possible. The twins are flourishing remarkably and seem always to be in a good humor. Sidney and Mrs. Hartman expect to come over soon. But, as I started out to say Ned thought Mamma was already here and they came over to see us (or her). They came to the house and found the folks not yet moved out, so came on to Harris Flats to find out about it. We powdered our noses and went out to Magnolia Park, quite a lovely place,

and ate the sandwiches Met had brought, and Dolly took a nap on a bench and then we came in to the cafe for coffee and other refreshments, and then took in the town in the car and they left for Houston about 5 o'clock. They will be back about October 1st. Ned has an Essex car and it rides good and doesn't use much gas. There is a fine road from here to Houston, concrete pavement most of the way. Mamma has a new stove and a new refrigerator of which she claims to be very proud. They can tell you the rest.

Tell Bert he ought to be here to play with our kids. They seem to be busy all the time having a good time mostly. Hope all of you are well. I see from the papers that winter was over soon after I left there. It was some cooler than usual when I got back, but it has been hot enough for a few days, Write us soon. With love,

DADDY.



Daddy



Mamma

Sept. 19, 1927

Dear Annie:

Yes, I enrolled today at South Park College. And felt, and I suppose looked, as dumb as I felt. I was going to major in English, whatever that means, but I can't take Spanish and major in English for some unknown reason. So I suppose I'll have to major in something else. It doesn't matter much, anyway. I have to take Chemistry, to get my B.A. degree at Southwestern. I don't like it, but I can't help myself. I am also taking Trig, History, and Spanish. He is going to let me take second year Spanish, because I have already had three years of it. But my Trig and my Spanish come at the same hour on the same days, and so I'll have to change one of them. I think they are going to arrange another Trig class, so I'll have to go in it. I didn't know what I was going to take until I got there. I haven't any of my books yet, but my Trig book will cost \$2.25. Ain't it awful? I have to be at school every morning at 8 o'clock, and get out at 11 except on lab days. They have a cafeteria out there, and so I'll eat there on lab days. I don't know yet what they'll be.

We like the house fine, and the location, too. There is a lot of vacant space around here, tho, that makes it sound like the country at night. It is so still. There are several new houses going up, however, and perhaps some people will live in them some day. There has not yet been the sound of a phonograph, or saxophone, or piano, or anything around here, and I sure miss the sounds of the old neighborhood. I wish I could hear the Ervin's band practice just once more.

I was glad I was late to school this morning, because they took the Fish girls into a room, and painted their faces, and made them put their dresses on hind part front, and take castor oil. They may get me yet, but I'm going to do my best to avoid them. I'm going to be real stuck up when I see a Soph. My word! We don't know anybody in this neighborhood yet, but we have procured a nigger wash-woman.

A lot of the kids come to school in their cars. Or their parents cars. I saw a girl come out of the drug store that is across the street from the college with a package of cigarettes in her hand. She got into a car with four more girls and drove off. I hope they're sick tomorrow. I'm not going to try to keep up with that kind. Cigarettes make me sick.

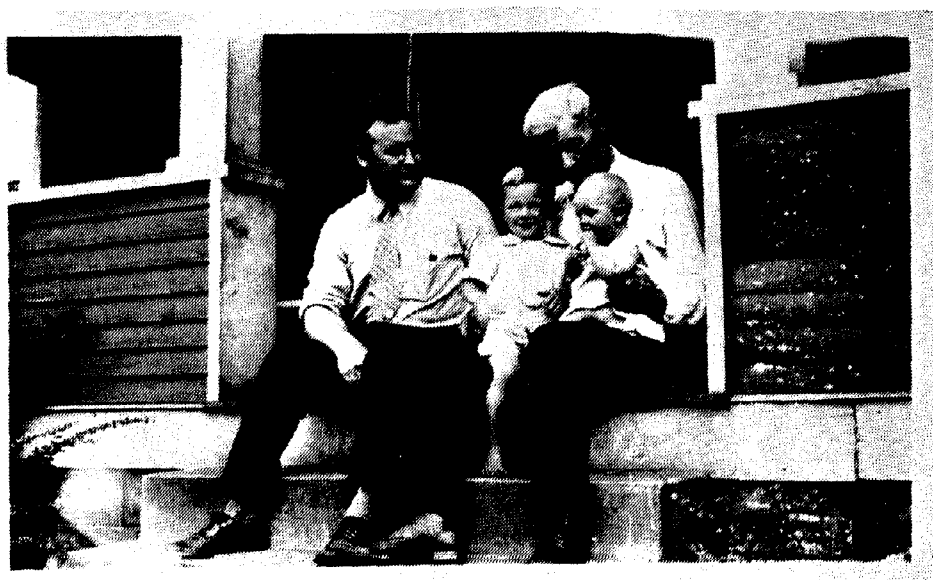
Well, I have nothing else to say, except that I send our love to every one up there. Such being the case, I will close.

With much love,
Dolly.



"Our home--March 20, 1927." E.M.R.

715 East 5th Street
Owensboro, Kentucky



Elbert, Bert, and Bill with Papa.

Robert E. Lee Hall
Blue Ridge Association
Blue Ridge, North Carolina

7-26-29

Dear Annie,

I just mailed you a letter this morning but it was one that I wrote several days ago and put away till I received from you a reply to my request for your street address. I have had two letters from you today, both of which featured the information I wanted.

I willingly admit that my memory is very stupid. I am too mentally lazy to make anything indelible on my mind which I do not recognize at the time as being something that I will have to have later.

Somehow that no. 1108 Threadneedle has come to present itself every time I came to address a letter or card, but I could not draw a tangent to some definite connection whereby the said numbers were placed in the dusty archives of my stupid subconsciousness and consequently I hesitated to affix them to a missile which I wished to reach its destination with some degree of certainty. I am glad you have finally confirmed my doubtful memory in this particular and shall endeavor to write more often. I appreciate the frequency with which you have written lately. I hope you remember that.

I enjoy your good letters very much. I am particularly interested in news of yourself and the babies, and anyone else that I know, but I am not fascinated with detailed descriptions of Dolly's beautiful girlfriend. There are more pretty girls around here than any place I ever saw. I see them so much they are common.

Papa keeps me guessing. He is feeling fine tonight and right now he is playing checkers here in the lobby. He goes to Bible class with me regularly and also attends some of the other classes and lectures. Evening vesper services are real good. We hear lots about isms, ologies, sciences, etc. As well as get a lot of real good fundamental Christian doctrine. This morning I took Papa with me to hear Dr. Groves, famous sociologist, who spoke on marriage problems, birth control, etc. I asked him afterward how he like it and he said he was not interested, "Didn't need it."

They feed mighty well here. Papa started out eating three big meals a day and the result like to have been serious. Now he only eats two and gets along nicely.

I will send you a bunch of pictures when I get back. I have taken several--"Old Kentucky Home"--"Lincoln Memorial"--"Lincoln Spring" etc.

I have made two trips to Asheville where I participated in archery shoots. The Asheville Champ defeated an Indian chief, (Rheindeer of the Cherokee reservation), in an exhibition for a big convention. Following that exhibition I defeated the Asheville Champ in a match all our own. But on the following day he defeated me.

This afternoon I made my mountain climb again, a distance of eight miles and elevation of 4300 feet. When I got half way round it started raining and continued the balance of the way. I got back wet and muddy.

Well, I have paid my bill here and we are leaving tomorrow p.m. (Sat.) instead of waiting till Tues. or Wed. We are both anxious to get started and I feel like there is too much going wrong back at Owensboro for me to be away too much over time. Will call for mail etc. at the Washington Y. A telegram (if necessary) would reach me there but not a letter. Please write me immediately on receipt of this letter and direct it to Y.M.C.A. Huntington, West Virginia, and put on the envelope "Reeder will call." And you had better have a letter for me at home about the 3rd.

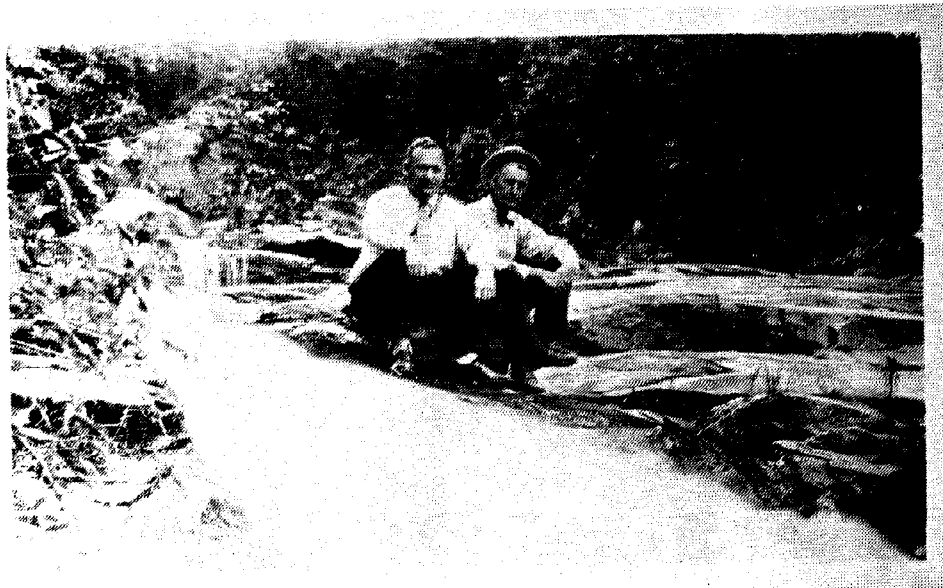
I will send you cards and short letters along the road.

I love you heaps and barrels full! and am missing you a lot, spite of the whirl of things. Wish you could be with me.

Elbert



"Blue Ridge, North Carolina--
a mountain scene from R. E. Lee Hall." E.M.R.



Elbert and Papa at Blue Ridge



June 6, 1930
 Box 395
 LaMarque, Texas

Dear Annie,

I am almost overwhelmed--and I hope you are not. It had not occurred to me that you might name the baby for me. And I think it is very appropriate to name him for his Grandfather.

Tell Mr. Reeder that I feel quite honored at having my name linked with his that way--It gives the baby a very English name, doesn't it? Nice--I think. Just the Hugh Reeder is nice.

I mean I would think the combination makes a nice name even if he were not named for me.

Bert, Billy, and Hugh!! Two more will make a bowling team--or basketball, six more for baseball, or eight for football. And they would probably all be boys.

Who does Hugh look like? How much does he weigh? Can you nurse him? Etc?

Daisy got another girl May 27. Beverly Jane is 4. Daisy was sick a lot beforehand but only one hour at the time.

I wonder if I could have a girl. I bet it would be twin boys. And only one set of them is plenty. They are the most interesting things in the world and they get along with each other so good.

Ernest is so tickled because they carry on a conversation with him. We never have told them things to say except "thank you" or "Bye-bye," of course, so they think up their own conversation.

Mamma and Daddy may come over here and bring the children a week from Sunday.

I guess she wrote you about having to go see Aunt Ollie. She will get to see Hugh this summer. Wish I could.

Tell Elbert I thank him very much for wiring me.

I feel all lit up!!!

I certainly do hope that you and all three babies are all right.

Every once in a while I catch myself saying, "Bert, Billy, and Hugh."

After next Sunday my family will be, "Mary Helen, Sylvia, Junior, Ned, and Lenwood." Not to mention Ernest.

Does Elbert ever get a vacation?

As Ned says, "I too tiahed."

Write me soon if only a brief note.

Congratulations and love--

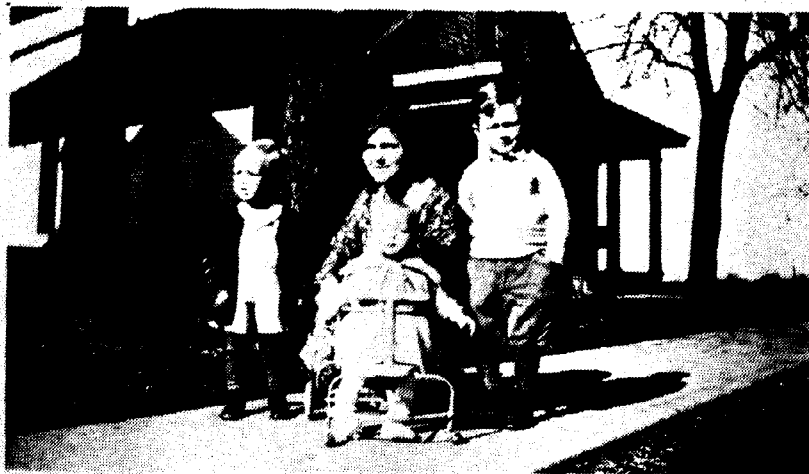
Sidney

XXXXXXXXXX

✓ Kisses for you and all your "men folks" from Hugh to his Grandad, incl.



Lenwood and Ned . . . or . . . John and Ernie???



The E. M. Reeder family in Kentucky.
1930 - 1931

Happy New Year!

Beaumont, Texas
Jan. 2, 1931

Nancy Love:

Glad you had such a large Christmas. Santa Claus was most generous with us too. Can't tell you all the things all of us got, it would take too much time and space, but everyone had plenty and more besides. Sidney and family came over Christmas morning. Forget what she brought Daddy and the rest, but this paper is some she gave me, besides a lovely pair of embroidered pillow slips with pink hems in the ends and a pretty green glass cake plate.

We had a package from Ned and Mettie with a dozen linen napkins and two hfs. for me, two pairs of silk and wool sox and hfs. for Daddy, silk hose for Dolly, hfs. for Will, and purses for Mary Helen and Tibbie and a toy gun for Jr.

Will is still enjoying the candy you sent him. He took it to Pt. Arthur with him and eats some every day, he says. All of us enjoyed your package immensely, and I have been wearing my part of it right along. Junior was delighted with his pencil box, and all three had to write over everything to use some of the nice pencils and things. They had gotten the \$1.50 you sent them and put it in with their Christmas money. They had been saving all, or nearly all, the coppers from my purse for several months and had accumulated over \$2.00, about \$2.65, so they bought something for each one of the immediate family and a box of hfs. for their father-- nice ones, three in a box (.75). They have not heard from him since Sept. 2, but sent the package to the address he had then. But it doesn't seem to bother them. Aunt Ollie sent me \$10.00, \$1.00 each for the children, and one for Dolly, the rest for myself. And Dolly had your check for \$1.00 for Daddy but hasn't decided what to get yet. Thanks sweetly for all the nice things. I knew the smock we sent you would be long, but you can hem it up. Dolly was afraid to get a smaller bust measure. Glad the sweaters fitted, or did they? I didn't think Billy's was loud, just gay for a small boy. We gave the twins sweaters, too, just alike, and they wore them over Christmas day. We didn't put anything in Sidney's package for her except the silk hose Will sent her, but had a three piece jersey knit dress here for her when she came, and it fitted her and looked so nice. The skirt and jacket are blue and tan mingled and the blouse is a solid light blue, with sleeves in it too, and is very becoming. It is really a nice dress and she needed it, and we were glad to give her something we knew she wanted. Ned and Mettie came over the day after Christmas, think it was, and were enjoying themselves. They had intended coming the Sunday

after, but Ned had a belated vacation of a week beginning Christmas Eve and ending Jan. 1st so they were planning to drive to San Antonio to see Virgie, and Ned thought he would take Edward and drive over to Georgetown for a day. Don't know whether they did it or not as we haven't heard from them.

The Thanksgiving turkey was so large and lasted so long that Daddy said he wanted ham with cloves stuck in the top, and some all pork sausage, instead of turkey for Christmas; something, so he said, that could not be made into hash afterward. So I partly boiled and then baked a nine pound ham, and Daddy selected his pork and had the butcher clean out his mill and grind the seasoning in with the pork, and it was fine. And we had cranberry jelly and celery and tomatoes on lettuce with salad dressing, and potatoes and turnips and peas and mince pie and chocolate and coconut pecan cakes for dinner.

Dolly had intended having a watch party Dec. 31, but Mrs. Heensley, Stattie May's mother, died Dec. 27th and they phoned for Dolly to come to the hospital and Dolly stayed over at the house nearly all the time until last Wednesday p.m. Funeral services were held at the house Sunday p.m. and the body was taken to Frost, near Waco, and laid to rest by Mr. Heensley who died 15 years ago. Stattie was too sick with flu to go, and so were two of the brothers, but the other four boys and a sister-in-law went, coming back two days later. When they all came back Dolly wanted to come home but Stattie wanted her to stay that day, so she came home that night and Stattie rang for her the next morning before she was up. But they are all better now so Dolly was home yesterday and today and has a cold herself, is out at a dance tonight however, and Stattie rang for her tonight so Dolly will go over there after the dance.

Could write another hour but must catch up a little in sleep myself. Do hope Billy boy is alright. Keep him warm and dry and be careful about his food. Lots of love for you all.

Mamma

Tuesday, Oct. 10/33

Dear, Dear Mamma:

Found your letter and the alimo---I mean remittance-- when I got home from work! this p.m. They are printing a great big code (not NRA) at the Gulf Pub. Co.'s and I got a job reading proof on it. Horray! It will last about two weeks, I think, and at the same time they are printing the phone directory, which will last probably three weeks and I may get in on that. I went over one day last week (Friday, I believe) and they said they were lining up their proof readers and would call me when they needed me if I would give them my name and phone number. I gave them my name and Tietzie's phone number. Said Tietzie claimed to be very much pleased if he could in any way helpin getting me a job. But Monday I showed up at 8, and they told me to come back this morning and go to work. I was much elated, which elation seems not to have abated up to now. They gave me a last year's high school girl to break in as copy holder, a Miss Klieneke. She is from Cuero and denies kinship with any other Kleinekes in this part of the state. She is intelligent. She is kin or kin-in-law to some high-up proofreader or somebody working there. Glad to hear Junior is waxing so big. Wish Dolly could come in oftener. Shall write her and find out how her farm comes on. Glad Annie, etc., came up. Have been sleeping in my heavies, and I wish you would examine my light knit union suits and get the buttons on and whatever else may be necessary to get them ready for occupancy. It is my intention to call for them Friday night if they don't work any at all on Saturday, but on Saturday for sure if I have to make the trip at night. Thursday is pay day. Have been borrowing a little from Sidney for a few days, except that she lent it to me first. Even two days' pay will be a lot of money, but I don't know what the scale is yet. Mr. Cox got in this morning before breakfast, having left Calvert at 3 this morning. He rode with a friend. Expects to get a milk wagon job. Takes \$100 to get it, but I know who ain't going to put it up. About dark so must mail this. See you Sat'day.

With love--Daddy.

Ned hasn't heard yet about the RFC job. All are well except Mettie's Hay fever.

Friday, Oct. 20/33

Dear Mamma:

The millennium is over. They laid me off yesterday at 5. Small favors are thankfully received. The work didn't last as long as I expected, but I made nine days' pay--with time-and-a-half for half a day--to \$68.45. Dues on this will be some 3 or 4%. This morning I invested in a pair of half-soles (\$1), a pair of hose supporters (49¢), and a shirt (98¢), and now have on hand \$53.54. Am sending you \$30 by registered letter and as soon as I get my tire and pants will do what is right by the balance. It was a pleasant place to work. There was a not a single complaint from either them or me. The girl might have been more pleasant and efficient. Two proof readers and two copyholders were laid off from our cubbyhole. But hooray! Ned has an engineering job, civil engineer on the dredgeboat San Jacinto, working in the Houston ship channel. He got the job, it seems, through the indigent (unemployment) agency where he has been working at \$12 a week. Mettie is not sure but thinks his pay on the San Jacinto will be \$125 a month. She thinks it, not sure because she so hopes it will be more. It is a very big relief. They had been asked to move some time ago, so as soon as I got my pay yesterday I went directly out to see if they needed financial assistance in moving or something. Ned had left for his job at 11 and Mettie had gone right in to see the landlord, and he relented on the moving on the supposition that Ned would have a pay day on the first, and Mettie showed me that she had over \$10 in cash and refused my assistance. Sidney also had refused any pay. So it is up to us to spend all this money. I leave your liberality to Dolly up to you with the assurance that there is no limit to what I would like to do for her. Mr. Cox went home this morning. He will have a job after the 25th representing the Press at Richmond, and thinks he will make somewhere from \$80 to \$100 a month clear. He will have to have a car and buy gas. Sidney had a letter from Pablo this morning with a money order for \$15 and the papers on his car to aid Bill in bonding himself to somebody with a job for sale. It will take only \$10 cash deposit on the Press job so they will probably use the car instead of mortgaging it. Paul's letter was fine, a lot of it being very complimentary to me. His offer of assistance to Cox is a rare specimen of generosity. Took supper with Mettie last night. She was in high glee.

All well except the hay fever, which is better. Sidney is pretty tired, as I have not been here to wash dishes and sweep. But she hasn't done it all. She may yet go to Hattie's for a spell. I shall show up again at the Post and also look around for work. Since being laid off I want to go home! Mrs. Brown and I stopped by Ned's to leave the greens and Mettie fixed us a good lunch. I then left her at her hotel and came to Sidney's before they retired. It has been warm and the mosquitoes bad. Must now close and get this off. Hope I get a letter soon.

With love, Daddy.

1108 Threadneedle St.,
 Beaumont, Texas,
 February 22, 1943

Nash-Kelvinator Corporation, Detroit.

Gentlemen:

My son, W. B. Watson, purchased a Nash "600" car, model 4148, serial #K 32408, engine #K 32408, from your dealer here, Mr. J. E. Evans. (My son is now in the navy serving his country and has left the car with me.) On October 30, 1942, your Mr. G. W. Mason, addressed a letter to the purchaser of the car in which he practically unanimously indorsed the car and commended my son on his choice, made (purchased) on June 24, 1941. My indorsement would not be quite as enthusiastic as yours. I do not complain because it makes only 22 miles to the gallon instead of 25 or 30 as you claim, or that it will use a little oil and won't stay full of water as long as it should. These things have been going on for many months before my son joined the navy and we have been informed by different auto mechanics that the squeak in the clutch cannot be eliminated except by throwing the clutch "out of the window" and installing a new one. I am writing to get some inside information as to how to throw this squeak "out of the window" instead of the clutch. The car has 24258 miles on the speedometer and is entirely satisfactory except for the infernal squeak, which I can relieve by pushing down the clutch pedal about two inches, which action may not be entirely harmless either to myself or the car. Please sympathize with me even if you can't do anything about it.

Respectfully submitted,

E. I. WATSON.



E. I. Watson (right) and the infamous Nash. Unknown companion may be Watson cousin from Tennessee.



W. B. Watson
1943

Bert Reeder
English 311-11

Our Back Yard

Our back yard is my favorite spot at home. Our back yard is a giant canvass on which is painted a scene which might well be called The Spirit of The Family. There are the scars and relics of events that make up our family history for the past thirteen years. Just inside the fence is the fish pond that my little brother started digging, one rainy day, without parental consent. There is a hole in the garage wall that will always bring to mind a volume of family history. The hole was put there by a slug from my first home-made shot gun shell. I have only named a few of the many items in our back yard, but perhaps you have formed a general idea of why I say: Our back yard is my favorite spot at home.



Hugh in the
back yard



STORY OF MY LIFE

E. M. Reeder

STORY OF MY LIFE

E. M. Reeder

I am E. M. Reeder, oldest son of H. W. Reeder, deceased. I was born in Garland, Texas, July 29, 1895. My oldest memory was when I was sixteen months old. I remember a big crowd of people at our house, and someone told me something had happened to my Mama. In fact, it was the lady who was holding me in her arms in the midst of the crowd. I am sure it was the occasion of her funeral, because I have a younger brother who is sixteen months younger than I; and Papa has told me that Mama died with galloping consumption and childbirth. Papa told me later too that Mama was a devout Christian and died singing, "I Shall Be Whiter Than Snow." That has always been a precious thought to me. It always carried a suggestion that I try and be the kind of man that mother surely wanted her little son to be.

After my mother died, Brother and I lived with one we knew as Grandma Dabney. They were very close friends and neighbors of the family. We were there for quite some time, about a year I think, before we went to our grandparents, Grandpa and Grandma Reeder, in Milam County, near Buckholts. The county seat is Cameron, Texas. We spent our time there for several years, roaming the pastures, climbing trees, throwing rocks at big wasp nests in the woods and getting stung occasionally.

Grandpa was a member of the Methodist Church, a Steward. The preacher was what they called a circuit rider. Grandpa always had him stay at our house when he came to Buckholts. The preacher always ate at the first table. We kids always waited for the second. That was customary in those days in big families. I don't know why exactly, unless it was that the adults wanted to be sure they got something to eat. Grandpa was a great joker. The preacher was his favorite target and usually proved a good match. I remember one time he passed the butter to the preacher, and Grandpa said, "We get fifty cents a pound for that butter;" and the preacher would say, "It's good butter, pass it back here."

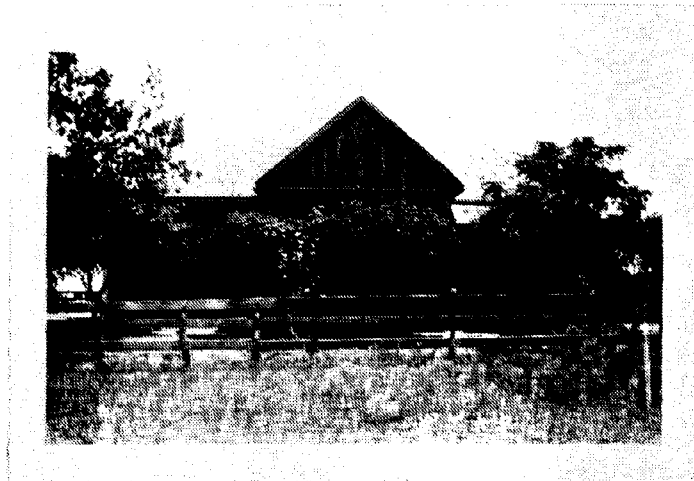
One day we were told that Papa had gone on a trip to Garland and that he was going to bring us a new Mama. Of course, we were elated. That meant a new life for us. We moved into a home about three miles farther out in the country than Grandpa was. I loved and appreciated my stepmother. As I think of it now, she was often frustrated by a couple of little boys, kind of like the hen who had some ducks in her brood. There was a pond near our home, a wonderful place to play. Mama's frustration would turn very acute when we



Lottie Miller Reeder



"The Garland home where we were born.
Mr. Jim Rainey lives here now--the
Rainey that used to live across the
road from West Garland school house."
E.M.R.



"G'pa Reeder's old home place at Buck-Holts. The board fence is the one that we used to walk on when kids ha! ha! This is front view or looking at it from west side. Note the yard is a rock pile as usual." E.M.R.



Hugh W. holding Mary Louise.
Oma, Faye, Hallie, Elbert, and William.

boys would return home from playing at the pond, muddy, wet, and clothes badly disarranged. My stepmother was a cultured lady. She had been to college. She played the piano beautifully. She and my Dad would sing together, she playing the piano, both singing; and their favorite hymns were "Whispering Hope" and "When They Ring Those Golden Bells" plus several others. Those were happy moments, in fact the happiest moments in our home. Mama wanted me to learn to play the piano, tried to teach me, but it didn't take, and she had to give it up.

Mama called me in one day and told me, "Elbert, you mustn't play all the time. You must spend some time reading." She had subscribed to YOUTH'S COMPANION, unbeknownst to me. She told me to sit down in that chair and read a story she had selected. I remember willingly doing her bidding. I enjoyed the story, found another and another, eagerly reading them. I was soon looking for a reading books, have been an avid "reader" ever since, in fact as well as in name.

I remember one day at the dinner table I said I did not like one of the dishes Mama had prepared. Mama was quite positive, "Elbert, everything I put on this table is good food. If you don't like it you eat it and learn to like it." Now, that may sound cruel to a lot of people, a cruel way to treat a little boy; but I knew my Mama loved me and was teaching me a good lesson. I have always thought of that lesson as one of the most valuable I received during my life as a boy. I have known so many who have gone through life a big nuisance to themselves, their mothers, wives, or whoever undertakes to feed them. I know for a fact one can do just what Mama told me to do. All my life I can eat and enjoy whatever is served.

I learned other very valuable lessons in my home as a boy. My Papa was a man of strong character, a loyal, devoted member and officer in the Methodist Church, a Mason all his adult life. I never experienced temptation to drink liquor, be profane, gamble, or do a lot of other things that were wrong because of his example. Now, I remember one night I was preparing to leave for a young people's shindig, party of some kind. I had a beautiful rubber-tired buggy, beautiful horse, brand new harness. Papa came to me, "Elbert, if you can't pay your way at these parties and programs, then don't go." I have thought about that lots of times in life, especially when I meet cheapskates who manage to let the other fellow pick up the tab and pay the bill instead. I find it much more comfortable to feel that I have done my part.

Now Papa was not perfect, none of us are, and I learned some of life's most valuable lessons as a result of his imperfection. Papa was a firm believer in a man's wearing the pants in the family. I often wondered the last twenty or thirty years how he would get along in today's world. Perhaps it was

this attitude that explains his imperfection: his reluctance to ever admit to Mama that he was in the wrong, reluctance to apologize or to ask for forgiveness. I, as a mere kid, suffered great fear and anxiety through late, late hours many nights while they fussed and fussed and fussed, and when I knew that Papa could admit he was wrong and make amends and everything would be okay. It was then I resolved that when I grew up I would admit my faults, beg for pardon, and end it all with a hug and a kiss and a reassurance of my love. Annie and I both have worked that way. It worked for fifty-two years of happy marriage. Another good resulted from those miserable nights of fear. Annie and I adopted the policy of not fussing when and where the children could hear us. I know how it hurts. I wish all families would observe that rule. Someone has truthfully said, "The greatest thing a Dad can do for his children is to love their mother."

Now, in spite of rough spots in our family life, home life, our family was a real family, one that contributed to the fullness of life. There was a total of five blessed events in this second marriage of my Dad. Unfortunately, two died young. Three lived to maturity. All three wonderful girls made wonderful women. I wish Mama could have lived to enjoy the fruits of her motherly love and care. We were a close family. We brothers loved our sisters and sisters loved their brothers. Now there is ample and beautiful proof of this. Papa worked we boys awfully hard on the farm. Lots of mornings we would get out of bed, go feed the stock, milk the cows, eat our breakfast, go into the field, and wait for the day to get light enough to pick cotton or whatever we were out there to do. Papa said idleness was the Devil's workshop, and he would allow the Devil no workshops on his farm. During these heavy working years Papa was able to invest in some land in the Texas Panhandle. That land turned out to be a very lucky investment with potential value. When Mama died, the inheritance laws gave Mama's daughters an advantage over we boys. Our sisters said no to such a settlement. They insisted we boys had worked hard in helping make the money that bought the land, and we should all share alike. Thanks to them it was all so arranged. You just can't find better proof of closeness and love in a family than that. Now, Papa has said several times that his daddy-in-law had worked his daughters to death on the farm, and he was not going to be guilty of that. That was one explanation he gave of why my mother died so young. I am the oldest member of the H. W. Reeder family. My brother and two sisters have gone to their reward. Just me and my youngest sister left. She, Hallie, is in California. We write or phone each other quite often.

Mama was a member of the Christian Church, Disciples of Christ, Papa a member of the Methodist Church. They often had friendly arguments about which church was truer to scripture. It always seemed to me Mama had the stronger argument. When

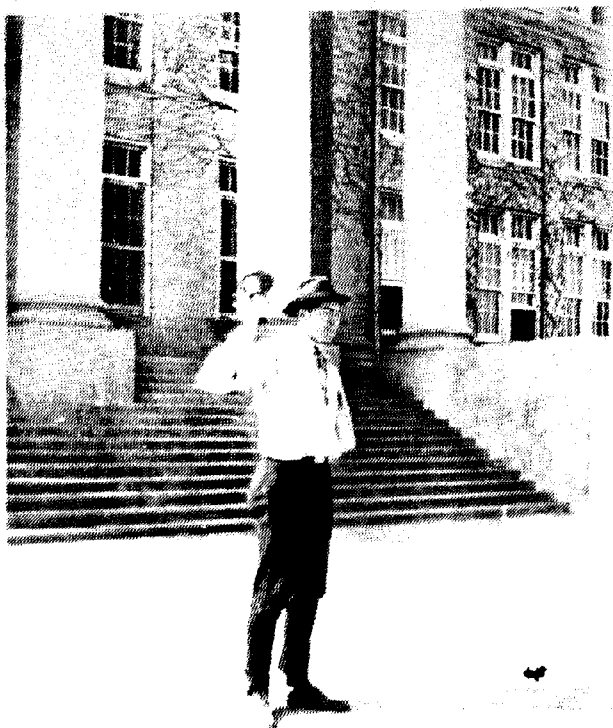
either church had a big meeting, like revival meeting, our whole family went to the services. I had joined the Methodist Church at one of those meetings under pressure. During the invocation after the sermon the preacher would pressure the Christians in the congregation to go after the sinners. A bunch of them seemed to think I was a choice prospect, or the biggest sinner or something. Anyhow a bunch of them gathered around me every night, all praying at the same time for my soul. That went on night after night. Finally I decided to end the embarrassment by joining them. I went forward, made the good confession, they sprinkled me, and I was one of them. No more embarrassment. But I was very unhappy about the whole deal. I was about fifteen years old, and after going to Sunday School quite regular for years, I knew that was no way to give one's life to Jesus and join His Church. So after much thought I decided to do it right, kept this a secret in my own mind. At a meeting one night in the Christian Church, I broke away from the family. We were all there. I went to the front and told the preacher I wanted to give my life and heart to Christ, I wanted to join the Christian Church and be baptized right. The preacher quoted me word for word to the congregation. Afterward my Papa said he was never so surprised, said one could knock him down with a feather when Elbert walked down that aisle. Now, I wish to emphasize two truths here. First, that confession and act of joining the Christian Church was the greatest single act of my life. Every day of my life has been more meaningful. Life has been fuller and richer, with greater joy, hope, and promises than could possibly be realized by any other course. Second, the first point I am emphasizing could be just as true in the Methodist Church, if I had joined the Methodist Church with the same attitude and motive. I learned that one cannot give himself to Christ and join His Church for selfish reasons. It just doesn't work.

I graduated from high school in Garland, Texas, played football on the high school team for three years, never out of any game for even a moment for injury or any other reason. Our team was champion of North Texas for one year. This included the Dallas teams. I remember one day we had two games scheduled in Garland the same afternoon, the high school game early, followed by a game scheduled by the town team. After playing all the high school game I was asked to play on the town team. I played all that game. In college I had to work my way and was not able to give the time necessary to make the football team. TCU was not giving scholarships in those days. Otherwise I have always flattered myself in the hopes that I might have had one.

I went to TCU and enrolled for academic work and for Bible study in Brite Bible College. From the time of my joining the Christian Church I had committed myself to the ministry. I was ordained my second year and held several student pastorates, officiated at funerals, weddings, baptisms, preached sermons,



Garland High School Football Team
1914



"Class Time" at T.C.U. E.M.R.



"High Point Man, S.M.U. meet."
E.M.R.

and made lots of visits. I enjoyed the work. I have been real active in church all these last sixty-five years of my life, held one four-year pastorate after I retired from Texaco at age sixty-five. At this point it is in order for me to explain that I have never been anything but a very poor half-baked preacher. When I went to Brite Bible College, the school ordained students in their second year of academic work. Since then the schools have learned better. Last May, 1978, I had a grandson who was ordained from the same school after four years of academic work plus three years in Divinity School. That's the practice now.

My stay at TCU was interrupted by a call to duty in the Armed Services, World War I. There was a call for volunteers before the draft was put into effect. I reasoned that one who planned to give his life to the ministry should be willing to fight for that right to do so, so I volunteered early. I joined in Dallas, and we new recruits were housed in the cattle pens in the Dallas fairgrounds while we waited for Camp Bowie in Fort Worth to be finished and ready for us to move in. Training was strenuous, but we were all able to take it. It wasn't long before we moved to Camp Bowie. In Camp Bowie we lived in IC tents. These were tents that had been used on border patrol and after long use were inspected and condemned for further use. They were marked in big letters with white paint: IC--Inspected, Condemned. We lived in those tents through the winter of 1916-17. It was a hard winter. I still remember well shaking the snow off my bed before getting up lots of mornings.

When time came to leave for France, we were loaded into freight cars for the several days and nights trip to Hoboken, New Jersey. While there we lived in pup tents, that's little individual tents, sometimes two living in one, slept on the ground. It was hot summer 1917. ~~While~~ While there I was on request issued passes to New York City, where I saw the sights. This included going over Brooklyn Bridge, riding across on the ferry, and going under through the tunnel. While in downtown New York I well remember approaching a policeman and asking him where was East Side, told him I wanted to see it. How well I remember his reply, "No, Soldier, you don't want to go down there. Nothing to see but a million bastards living in squalor. And, besides, it's kind of dangerous." I repeated, "Sir, that's just what I want to see." He told me, "Okay, right down that street two blocks and you are in it." Well, all I have read about the awfulness of East Side New York was really an understatement.

Crossing the Atlantic was an experience. I have never been really sick before or since. "Sick as a dog" is a familiar expression. I hope the poor things never get as sick as I did. Lots of excitement as we got near the coast of Newark. Our convoy was attacked by submarines. We never knew how many or what damage we had inflicted, but there was lots



Elbert Reeder
World War I

of cannonfire. Every boat in the convoy had several big cannons with trained soldiers on them ready to start shooting any second, and that's when it all broke loose, a lot of depth bombs exploding. Those depth bombs blew geysers of water hundreds of feet into the air and jarred every boat in the convoy. Our boat dodged a torpedo. I saw it coming. The battle lasted for hours. It all started just as we were beginning to be served our breakfast. A good breakfast was prepared for all of us; but during the battle while most of us were on deck enjoying the excitement, enough soldiers stayed below deck to consume all the food.

Training in France was strenuous. Our company, Heavy Artillery, was held a few miles back in reserve. We did not see action, just a constant threat. I was in the Telephone and Radio section, got University credits in that when I returned to school. On the morning when the armistice was announced, we took the news at our headquarters, Telephone and Radio. I asked the typist to let me have the copy for the General. He gave it to me. I ran about a half mile and delivered it to General Stephenson. After he had his sergeant make a copy, I asked if I might have the original. He gave it to me. I still have it in my scrap book.

Well, we boys all planned a big celebration for that night. We scattered out over the country in our motorcycles and side cars and jeeps and what-have-you, gathering milk, eggs, sugar, cognac (That's liquor) for a big batch of egg nog. That night we gathered around a big full tub. We all had our pint aluminum cups. Oh, it was good. I never drank better. I got my cup filled the same as the others. Then we fell in line for seconds. When I presented my cup for seconds, they said, "No! The preacher don't get but one cup. We don't allow the preacher any more." And they didn't. Anyhow, we had a ball.

After the armistice there was a great period of relaxation in all the services. Up to that moment we had been preparing, thinking, and getting ready for battle at the front; but from then on, after the armistice, we were anxious to get going to home, but it took several months. I had saved some of my money and was ready to travel, had no trouble getting a pass. Saw Paris, the Swiss border, the Swiss Alps, saw France, the famous cathedrals all over France, the one at Reims, the Notre Dame in Paris, the Arc of Triumph, the tomb of Napoleon, the Eifel Tower, plus a lot of other interesting points. One evening I was looking for a place to sleep, saw a sign on a house that said room for rent. Everywhere was covered with snow. It was very cold. When I knocked on the door, a lady came and opened it and screamed, "Soldier! Cooties! No!" and slammed the door in my face. Now here is the explanation. By the way, I spent that night on the floor in the railroad station near a coal-burning heater. The explanation is this: Some of our soldiers who had been

in the trenches had cooties. I have never seen one myself, but cooties was something that everybody knew about over there. And when they tried to do what I tried to do, get a night's sleep and rent a room, they left cooties where they had slept. The French got wise to that and were cautious. That's why I had to sleep on the floor that night.

Now, speaking of cathedrals in France, they are great places of interest, were to me from the standpoint of religion and history. There's a lot in those big cathedrals that's very interesting and valuable to learn about. There is one thing I want to mention. It was a puzzle to me then, and it still is. Women of the street who wrestled all night would flock into those cathedrals to make confession before the priest next morning, and most of them had crosses hanging from their necks. Now, you work that out. I haven't been able to.

We were in France several months waiting to come home. I was discharged from the service in Camp Bowie, Forth Worth, and the next day re-entered TCU. This additional note, please: When I was a young man I was a Christian Endeavorer enthusiast. In fact, I never dated a girl that was not a Christian Endeavorer from the time I left home until I got married, and married an Expert Endeavorer then. While in France I organized the first Christian Endeavorer Society in the expeditionary forces. It got a write-up in the STARS AND STRIPES. I don't know how that happened, but it did, and Yours Truly taking the credit for doing the organizing. The STARS AND STRIPES was a military publication, newspaper, for the Armed Services, distributed in Europe then and to our American soldiers wherever they were.

Our return home was uneventful. Most of us as we came into New York Harbor and looked into the face of that lady, the Statue of Liberty, who was looking out to the Atlantic, most of us looked up at her and said, "Old Gal, you'll have to turn around to see me ever again." That's how we were feeling about getting back home.

When I was going to TCU I had a job at the YMCA, first at the Student Y at the school. Then in my last year I was Boys Work Secretary and Physical Director in the City Y. After I got my bill for my diploma from TCU, I received a promotion in the YMCA, a full-time job. I planned to complete my work for my degree on the side but never did. Now, most of my training for YMCA secretary work was at summer Y schools, one in Lake Geneva, Wisconsin, where I spent two summers, the other in Blue Ridge, North Carolina, where I spent a couple of summers. Now, while in Blue Ridge, North Carolina, an Indian chief visited our school and put on a demonstration of bow and arrow shooting. That happened to be my hobby, and I had my bow and arrows with me. After he put on an interesting demonstration, I challenged him to join me in a tournament. Lots of folks were there witnessing.

Organization
and
 Program
of the
 Fort Worth Y. M. C. A.
 Messenger Boys
 Club

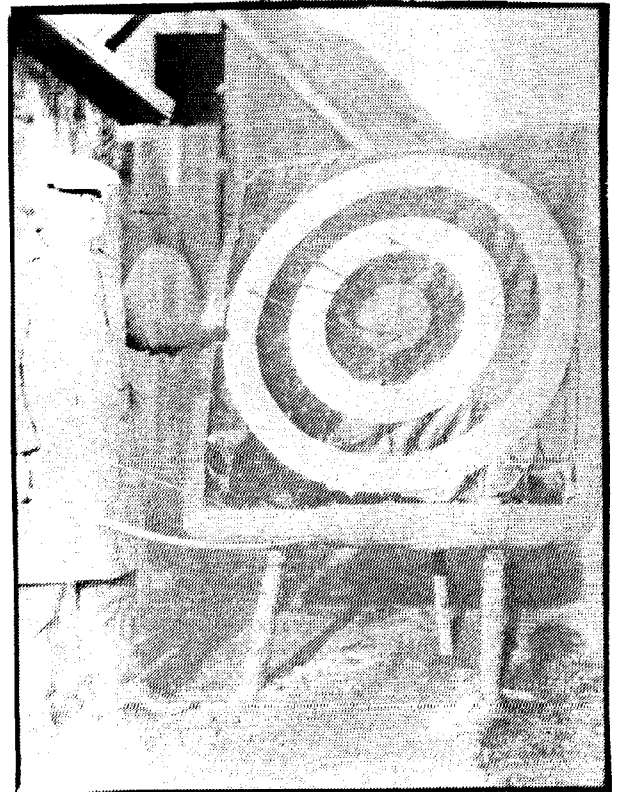
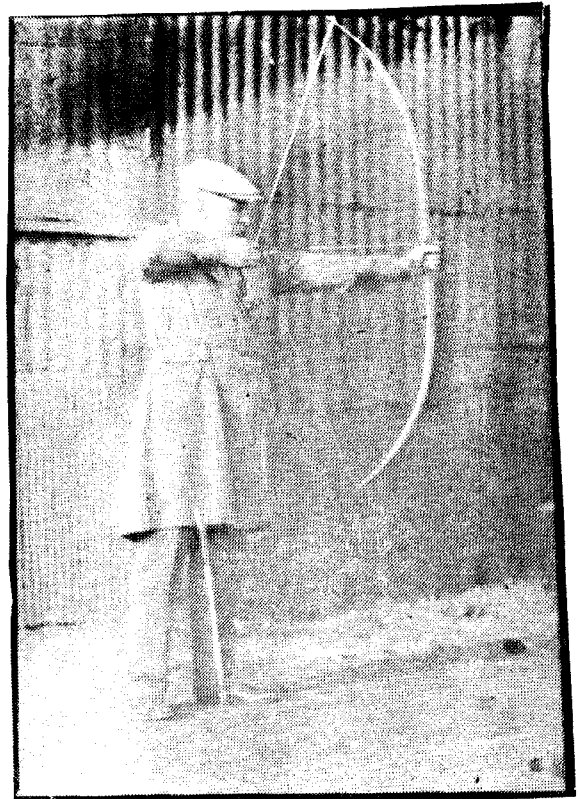


Messengers of Fort Worth, Texas

E. M. REEDER

FORT WORTH

Y. M. C. A.



Elbert showing his archery skills.

I won the tournament. By the way, I am no Indian or part Indian; but I enjoyed the sport.

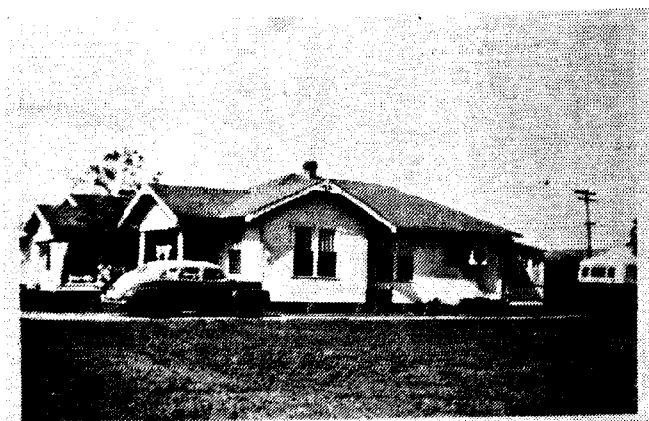
In 1922 I took a job as secretary in the Galveston YMCA. It was there in Galveston that my big prayer up to that time was answered. While studying for the ministry and working in the YMCA, I was quite determined to give my life to God's work in His Kingdom, in the Church or Y. I prayed that he would give me a wife of like mind who would be a real companion and co-worker in my chosen mission. Well, the incident I relate was over fifty-five years ago, but I remember it well. Several churches in Galveston had Christian Endeavorer Societies. That's a youth organization. One afternoon they had a joint meeting in the YMCA. I walked in and there on my desk sat a beautiful little girl, waving her feet in the air. I learned later she was an Expert Endeavorer, that's top rank, and a student nurse in John Seally Hospital there in Galveston. When I looked at her, something said to me, "Elbert, there's your girl." Less than two years later, with a better job in Kentucky, we were married. Fifty-two years later, before Annie died, just before she died, I was sitting in a barber's chair getting a haircut. The barber asked me, "Mr. Reeder, you have done several things in your life, preaching, YMCA, refinery work, Boy Scout work. If you could start all over, would you do any different?" I said, "Over the years, I have answered that question many times. The answer is yes. Give me the same wife, I would go all out for the ministry." I gladly related this story to Annie just before she left for her last trip to the hospital.

When the big Depression hit in 1929, I was Associate State Secretary of Kentucky. The Y had to lay off over half of their secretaries. I was the youngest in age and seniority. That determined my fate. I came to Texas and took a job at Texaco Refinery at 40 cents an hour, 40 hours a week, and was lucky to get that. I retired in 1960 at age sixty-five. During those twenty-eight years with Texaco, I was very active in the Port Arthur church, involved in whatever was going on, was Chairman of the Board for the three years during the finance drive and building of the new sanctuary. I was Scoutmaster of Troop 75, sponsored by the church. That troop became known as one of the best in the whole area. I, a Scoutmaster, to my great surprise at an area assembly of the leaders, was awarded the Silver Beaver. That's the highest award a Scoutmaster can get.

In May of this year, 1978, one Sunday morning, I taught a Sunday School class and with my son Hugh served as Elder at the Table in the morning Communion service. A father and son both Elders, serving together at the Table is a very, very unusual thing to happen. In fact, it's the first and only time it has happened in our church where I have been for forty-six years. Of course, I felt highly honored on that occasion.



Annie Elbert
Hugh Bert Billy



Reeder Home
2339 17th Street
Port Arthur, Texas



Bill and Jiggs



Papa

I have had my troubles in life, several major surgeries, some sicknesses. On the whole, life has been wonderful. There has always been lots in life to enjoy, lots to be thankful for and try to live worthy of. As I come to the evening hours of life, I have a few regrets, no fears. I feel God's promise assures the future.

Before I bring this little story to a close, I would like to try and give my better half, Annie, due credit for most of whatever good we have experienced in life. She was a sweet and helpful companion all the way, always coming out strong for whatever was beautiful and good in the total of life, sweet to be with on the job, in the home, and on the road abroad. All who knew her loved her, and she loved them. She loved all children, was a great mother and homemaker, walked close to her Lord, and knew by memory a surprising lot of His teaching. Annie loved life and its many duties, was a birdwatcher, a shell collector, a lover of flowers and all nature. I am sure she is a big value where she is as well as she was here.

During all those fifty-two years together, Annie and I did not accumulate much of this world's goods, but our rewards were beyond price. Our greatest pride, of course, was our three sons. All of them, with little help from us, finished college. Each is happily married, and each has a beautiful home. Each gave us a wonderful daughter-in-law. Each has given us perfect grandchildren, no exceptions. Each son has his family in the Church, and each is an Elder in his church. Wife and I have agreed many times that we could not possess greater wealth than that that we have.

Thank you.

By Eugene Fielding

I pray that risen from the dead
 I may in glory stand
 A crown perhaps upon my head
 But a needle in my hand.
 I didn't learn to sing nor play
 So let no harp be mine.
 From birth until my dying day
 Plain sewing's been my line.
 And so accustomed to the end
 To plying useful stitches,
 I'll be content if asked to mend
 The little angel breeches.

The Gospel According to You

There's a wonderful story translated for men
 But writ in the long, long ago.
 It's the Gospel according to Mark, Luke and John,
 Of Christ and His mission below.

Men read and admire the Gospel of Christ,
 With its love so unfailing and true,
 But what do they say and what do they think
 Of the gospel according to you?

'Tis a wonderful story, this Gospel of love,
 As it shines in the Christ life Divine,
 And O, that its truth might be told once again
 In the story of your life and mine!

Unselfishness mirrors in every scene,
 Love blossoms on every sod,
 And back from its vision the heart comes to tell
 The wonderful goodness of God.

You are writing each day a letter to men,
 Take care, that the writing be true,
 'Tis the only gospel that some men will read,
 That gospel according to you.

"HOMESICK TEXAN"

I am just a guy from Texas
and I'm feelin' mighty low
Never could get situated
In no other place I go

I have seen a heap o' country
Which I know is mighty fine
For the folks that's raised there in it
But it wouldn't do for mine

All this rushin', pushin', shovin'
Ever' day and Sunday too
Just don't fit the constitution
Of a Texas Buckaroo

When the bullfrogs start to beller
And the Hoot owl sounds his call
Then I get so daggone lonesome
I could set right down and bawl

If you don't believe in Heaven
Where the good folks aim to go
Line your wagon out for Texas
Where there's evidence to Show

"POUTING"

By Myrtle Carpenter

I.

When little folks pout
And their lips stick out,
They spoil the look of their faces
For didn't you know
No smile can grow,
From lips that are out of their places?

II.

Next time you try
When you want to cry,
To turn up the corners just so . . .
A smile will chase
All frowns from your face,
That this is quite true
You must know.

THE ANSWER

When the battle breaks against you and the crowd forgets to cheer
When the Anvil Chorus echoes with the essence of a jeer;
When the knockers start their panning in the knocker's nimble way
With a rap for all your errors and a josh upon your play--
There is one quick answer ready that will nail them on the wing;
There is one reply forthcoming that will wipe away the sting;
There is one elastic come-back that will hold them, as it should--
Make good.

No matter where you finish in the mix-up or the row,
There are those among the rabble who will pan you anyhow;
But the entry who is sticking and delivering the stuff
Can listen to the yapping as he giggles up his cuff;
The loafer has no come-back and the quitter no reply
When the Anvil Chorus echoes, as it will, against the sky;
But there's one quick answer ready that will wrap them in a hood--
Make good.

Grantland Rice

"THAT TEN YOU OWE"

If I should die tonight,
And you should come to my cold corpse and say,
Weeping and heartsick o'er my lifeless clay;

If I should die tonight,
And you should come in deepest grief and woe,
And offer to pay me that ten dollars you owe,

I might arise in my white cravat,
And say: What's that?

If I should die tonight,
And you should come to my cold corpse and kneel,
Clasping my bier to show the grief you feel:

I say, if I should die tonight,
And you should come there and then,
And just even hint at paying me that ten;

I might arise the while,
But I'd drop dead again."

This verse, pasted to the inside cover of a notebook
belonging to E. I. Watson, was saved by Annie.

