

7-27-93.

Dear Pat & Stephan:-

I'm tired tonite so I'll sit here & scribble on my lap & hope you can read it. I want to straighten you out on our old neighborhoods first. Now I'll tell you about the Hornets first. We were renting part of Wick's Lease when you were 2 yrs. old. He had a load of Kindling wood delivered & you were standing there watching when you stepped on the nest. all you had on was a sun suit & they stung you over & over! you were poisoned by the venom & big jackets & pus appeared all over your body. you had a dreadful fever & were desperately ill. Good old Mr. Puckett to the rescue! (can you read it?)

And about our house in Oak Hill - It has been well

maintained & I remember helping your father build & install that Ventilator you see in the peak. Also I helped him pour the concrete Walks, etc. We built that house ourselves & moved into it in August 1941. you were 1 yrs. old. The property you remember as a development was the old Phenix farm & is now a nice residential area. But our old neighborhood still stands as it was.

I'll try to cover every thing you mentioned - you were confused about Wick. About the time you were born your Dad helped to build the main Hwy that runs thru town. Wick was foreman & he taught him to build farms, etc. They also worked on

Loring projects together & Wick gave him his first knowledge of the building industry. However, he surpassed Wick in knowledge & Wick worked for him a lot. They were friends until Wick died. He was Justice's father, Brady & Martha Lee's grandfather & Bill Rhoads' uncle. Also Chas Legg's father-in-law. Our whole family liked him & aunt Fannie dated him once. Quite a likeable man & very honest & above board.

I must not forget to tell you about the Stanley St. house. The state took it when Interstate 4 was built & it was rolled away on wheels to somewhere in Winter Garden but I never saw it again. It too was in good condition. There is

a walkway over I-4 above where our house sat & it is known as the Fairbanks overpass. As you know our street was just off Fairbanks.

You said I was still bowling it 1979 - I bowed until 1986 & had my first angina attack at the bowling alley. I never bowed again but I loved it. I started at 58 & bowed til I was 70 - not a great bowler but had a few 200 games.

About my health - No spinal surgery but all the nerve roots in my spine are inflamed & I am on a very dangerous drug. The pain is excruciating but I'm slowly getting better. Don't worry about me. I had an eye exam today & the

Mr. Was pleased - No cataract  
surgery yet for which I'm  
very thankful.

You spoke of your strong de-  
termination to do as you pleased  
no matter who it hurt - you  
came by it honestly - Your father  
& his mother were exactly like that.  
I spent 29 yrs. of hard work & hurt  
feelings & lack of funds - How  
did I ever raise a family against  
such overwhelming odds! But  
somehow we all made it.

I'm glad you liked the mo-  
mentos I sent enough to put  
them on the bulletin board. I'll  
send more as I run across  
them. Sue & Larry are buying  
me a plane ticket to come  
visit them on Labor Day.  
Perhaps there will be more

interesting things from there.  
Those children are all ab-  
solutely brilliant! Also very  
ambitious, you're missing a  
lot by not knowing them. Their  
eldest daughter has her own paten-  
t And Larry Lee collects royalties  
all time on his inventions. I can  
believe you are all so accomplished  
& I'm just a dead beat country hick.

I'm sure you could write a lot  
about Frank & Jim Sonich - But  
a pooraylor - He never made  
much headway - was terribly  
crippled with arthritis a long time  
before he died.

I'm running out of gas  
& it's getting late. No Peep  
in touch. Life gets shorter.  
P.S. See you back.

As always, mom.

P.S.

Saylor Warkline  
Was Weeks' nephew.

Remember Lee & Corlee?  
Corlee died while we were  
there & he died years later -  
Very old & feeble. D also feeble-  
minded.

I'll add, too, that the  
board & room Wark paid  
brought our groceries. It was  
a good deal for him & us  
too.

Pat -

I keep thinking of things I  
think you'd like to know. Our  
parents came to Oak Hill from Chal-  
ottesville, Va. in 1914 - a year before  
I was born. Aunt Grabel just didn't  
bother to go back to school & went to  
work for Mr. Duncan, a dentist who was  
born & raised there & practiced for 50 yrs.  
you may remember him. He was a huge  
man & played Santa Claus every Christmas  
on the street.

Well, Aunt Fannie was very edu-  
cation-conscious & wanted to teach  
school so bad. Mr. Duncan saw the  
potential & sent her to what was called  
State Normal College in Huntington, W. Va.  
It took all of 6 wks. & cost all of  
\$60<sup>00</sup>, but it was great. She taught  
for 42 yrs., always taught the  
1<sup>st</sup> grade & was voted the best

primary teacher in the country several times. She always hungered to learn more & kept going to school evening & summers until she got her masters.

But to add a little more zip to this story - Aunt Hazel worked for him for years, then her daughter, May Lou worked for him for years & And then her daughter worked for him for years. They really had a monopoly on that office, didn't they? Three generations, & far all I knew May, Lou's grand-daughter may have worked there. The Doomb family was well Brown also was a big family - Had their fingers in a lot of pies.

You asked if Uncle Brownie had syphilis - I don't know about that but something happened to him in World War I & he was

impotent for the rest of his life. Could be why he had such a drinking problem. Can you remember Lou we used to laugh about the time he wandered down into our house one Sat. nite & the cat walked over to the ice box & meowed for something to eat - And Uncle Brownie said "One too?" In other words, "I'm hungry too". Lots of laughs along with lots of sorrow.

Grandpa Doomb used to tell about the one hill billy who met another one on the street & told him there was a lion in the house with his wife. And he responded "Well, hill just have to get out the best way he can". He was known for his great wit.

I'll close now but I'll watch for moments that may interest you. I hope you will keep in touch.

Love ya mom.

6-3-93.

Here is a little  
Reepake for you.  
The top emblem says I was  
the most improved boulder,  
the second is my first  
200 game (actually 210) And the  
third is a 500 series. All  
this happened in one day and  
I topped 160 boulders!

Put it down  
among them  
Please



Dear Pat:

I was glad to hear from  
you & the pictures are great.  
Stephanie is a fine looking  
woman. I would never have  
known Gretchen it's been so  
long since I saw her.

I liked the brochures you  
sent & how nice it would  
be if I could attend some of  
those concerts. But time has  
done its thing & I know I  
never will.

Jennifer called the other  
day & told me they would be  
coming over real soon, at long  
last she is in a home of  
her own (they're buying it) & I'm  
happy for her. Alan seemed  
very nice but he was not a  
good provider. She seems to  
be very happy & says Bruce  
is good to the children. You

Hadn't heard that Allison is divorced? It seems that she couldn't handle marriage & a career - Said she had to spend so much time studying, & she really looses what she is doing. She's a lovely girl & I like her very much.

I told you you wanted copies of the genealogy. Perhaps he will send them to you. You are right - Grandma Meadow was 1/4 Indian - And a lot of other things! She thought hers was the only religion & that she was perfect. She died long about 1965 in a nursing home. Grandpa lived to be 99 + 2 mos. He was a good old guy.

My health is not good at all & I may be facing back surgery at this time. Will

a year today since Mac died. I will always miss him. He was good to me.

I'd like to see what you wrote about W.Va & dear. Who ever made you want to write about Joe Cooley? She finally took the little boy & left him. That was a peculiar couple.

I'm sending you a few pieces of memorabilia - will try to find more when I write again. There were 12 of us kids & there are 4 left - Aunt Kate, Aunt Becky, Uncle George & I - The cemetery is full. There are a lot of memories. When you get time please write again. I'm getting older every day & I write diligently for the mail every day. Don't let me down. My best to both of you & take care.

Love & Kisses,  
Mom.

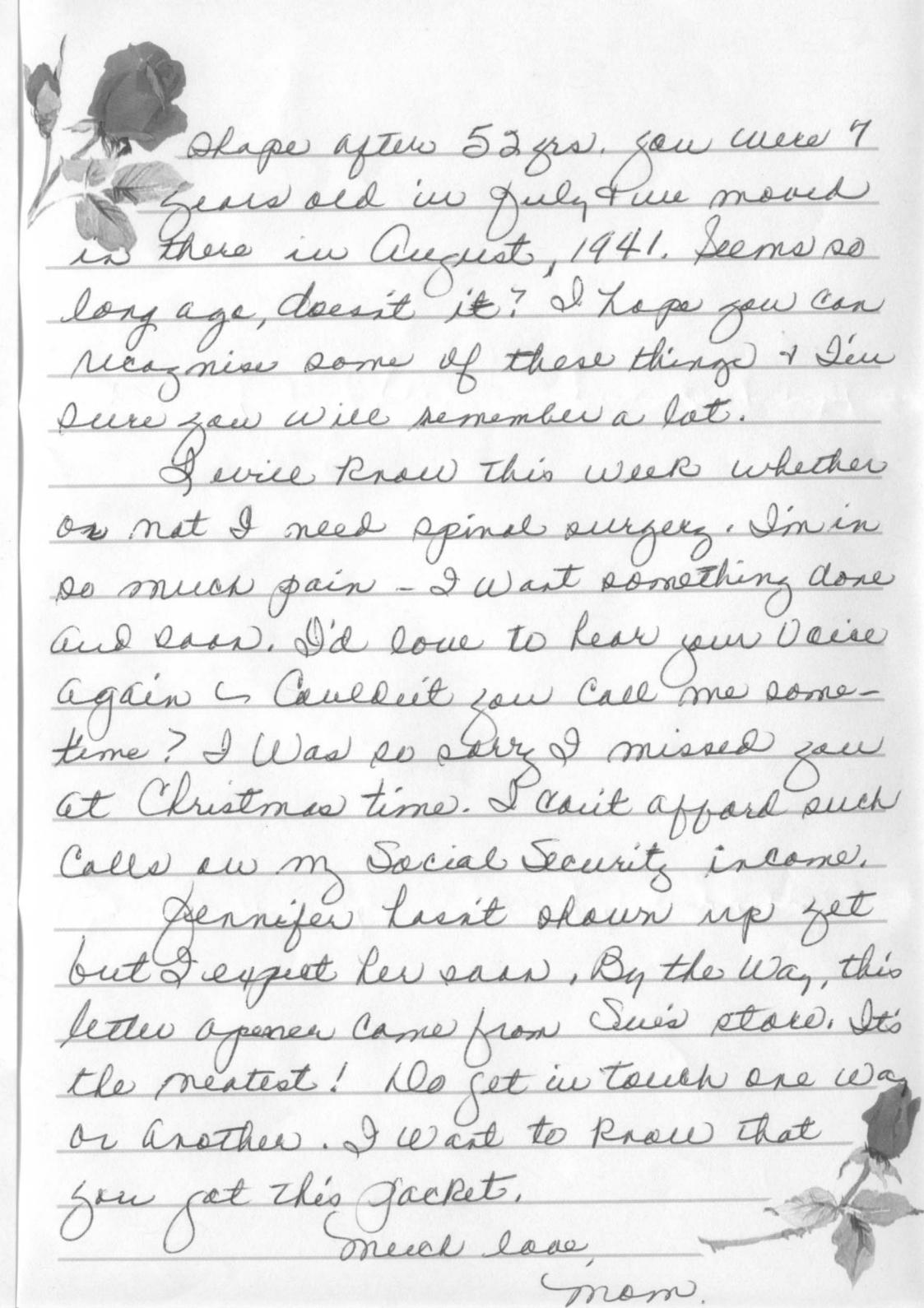


Sunday June 13<sup>th</sup>

Dear Pat -

Sue & Larry went down to Oak Hill & took lots of pictures that I'll share with you - along with some old pictures that you may want. As I get older I realize that you kids may want some of this memorabilia I've clung to all these years - And before I forgot to tell you - Sue said tell you she was going to answer your letter - just hasn't gotten it done - And she said to tell you she loves you & is very proud of you - And that goes for me too.

I put the old pictures in an old envelope & the ones Sue took are in another one. Be sure to read on the backs of all of them so you'll know what I'm trying to tell you. I'm sure you'll like the looks of our house in Oak Hill - still in good



shape after 52 yrs. you were 7 years old in July & we moved in there in August, 1941. Seems so long ago, doesn't it? I hope you can recognize some of these things & I'm sure you will remember a lot.

I will know this week whether or not I need spinal surgery. I'm in so much pain - I want something done and soon. I'd love to hear you voice again & couldn't you call me sometime? I was so sorry I missed you at Christmas time. I can't afford such calls on my Social Security income.

Jennifer hasn't shown up yet but I expect her soon. By the way, this letter opener came from Sue's store. It's the neatest! Do get in touch one way or another. I want to know that you got this jacket.

much love,

Mom.

P.S.

I Went to Winter Park High School graduation exercise with a friend to see her grandson graduate. Would you believe 700 graduates?! It was held at the multi-million dollar arena which was built 5 or 6 yrs. ago in Orlando. Old Winter Park High has been a trade school for years. The school colors are still orange & black - brought back old memories. It's been about forty years!

Dear Pat & Stephen -

Your call today just put the icing on the cake for me. See & Larry here two weeks ago; your call today, going to Zack's tomorrow - And next week for a visit with my step children, who are also very nice to me. I must have done something right.

I think of so many things I want to tell you from time to time. First, I'm sure you remember Wesley Pittman? Well, Ruth tells me he still lives in the house there in East End. It's on Ingram street & he lives there alone, he being the only survivor. She says he is just letting the house fall down around him. Does that sound like Wesley?

And the Fayette County history book is just great. It's quite expensive, beautifully done & so very informative. I read about people I've known all my life, many of

them already gone to their rewards.  
Pictures of so many buildings that  
Wad helped to build. Remember,  
he was the foreman on the new  
Collins High School, but it is now  
outdated & a more modern one  
has been built. Collins is now a  
middle school. There are pictures  
of Quill's Hill, the old cemetery as  
well as the new one. So many  
landmarks that you're bound to  
remember. Jack says he will take  
me up there this year for sure. I  
was going last year but got sick &  
the Dr. put me on oxygen & then  
Jack was afraid to take me in the  
plane.

I started this letter tonite & will  
leave it open for a day or two &  
try to cram all I can in it. I got  
the idea you both like hearing from  
us country folks back here.

Dec. 26<sup>th</sup> The day after!!

There were 14 of us at Jack's

yesterday - I was the only one from  
our side of the family. It was a  
very festive occasion & I really  
enjoyed being there. They have a  
lovely home & there was a loving  
atmosphere. Wish we could  
all have been there. Jack's boys  
are so handsome & are doing so well.  
Susan is a lovely girl & is married  
to a nice man. He said he had  
visited you over there. We all  
like Henry.

We're having our first cold  
spell. I should have wrapped  
the outside faucets yesterday but  
it was raining & so cold. But  
must do it today. Supposed to be  
worse tonite. You'd be surprised  
how many things I have to do that  
are awfully hard for me. But  
shouldn't complain. When you  
get used to it every little thing is  
an accomplishment. I'll get ready

more later.

2:30  
afternoon Hello again & Dat back from  
Church, had lunch, wrapped the  
pipes & rested a while. Uncle Dick's  
daughter, Betty, called a while ago  
& said she was coming to see  
me in a few weeks. Then I can  
really get caught up on the old  
Home Town. Her parents are both  
dead now & she & her still live  
in that area.

I can't muster up anything  
else to say & I must write to  
someone else. Please keep in  
touch somehow. And I do hope  
you can come home again soon.

Loads of Love,  
Mom.

