

Scott - Miss McVeigh will mail your paintings
Saturday. p.m.

Dearest Boys:

Am sitting under the hair
dryer at the Beauty Shop watching
all the old ladies (like my eef)
get beautiful - try to that is. I
guess they are all going to the
J.C.U., Kansas game tonight as
I am. You both know how ma
likes foot ball. J.C.U. has a very
poor team this year so I'll be more
squirrely than ever.

Dad has been here since last
Monday. As I told you Uncle Bill
Hines was stricken with a massive
brain hemorrhage a week ago yesterday
and died that night. Of course

we all feel terrible but if he had
pulled thru he would have been
paralyzed and unable to speak.
no one would want that for him.
Dad was a pall bearer at the funeral.
He brought your travel credit
cards with him and I'll send them
to you.

Captain Gregory arrived in town
yesterday but have not seen him
of late. Am anxious to see him of
course.

Peter called yesterday a.m. and
sounded very happy and so enthusiastic
about his setup. He and four other
boys rented the downstairs of a really
old house - has five bedrooms. It is
in the slum area and the neighborhood

is full of "queers" but they sound
very happy about their setup. (The
boys not the queers.) They have
been scrubbing for a solid week so
the place is filthy. One bathroom is
painted Mexican pink and one is
orange. Pete has already done
16 autopsies and is very pleased
about that.

Bucky Partwood is at U. of Texas
and did not get asked in a fraternity
and his mother has cried ever since.
Life is tough ain't it?

The Allens sold their house
to Mr. + Mrs. Bayard Friedman (and
five children). They intend to make
a show place out of it - so we'll

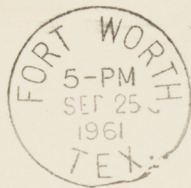
Wait and see.

Stuart dear, both Suz and I have been very faithful about the watering and everything looks good. So relax. Ray will come out tomorrow and cut grass - so it will look nice.

Andy finally had to give the "Big Sleep" - he was all covered with sores and was a mess. Mandy is fine - acts so strange at night - guess he misses you two cute bugs.

Have not seen "Dutch so don't have any heights phob" - Please write and remember I love you both so very dearly. Luck, luck, luck,
Mother

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air mail

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