

February 13, 1951

Dear Dad -

I'm finally getting down to something which has already been too long delayed. With all the commotion still taking place here though, don't know how far I can go at one sitting. By commotion I mean that the boys are still awake - you know the rest. Jerry and Dennis are in the bed, but Billy had a long nap this afternoon and he is all over their bed - and the house too. Whenever he goes -- look out! Sure wish we had a car so we could come down on week-ends - then you could keep up with the kids better. I couldn't begin to tell you all the funny things they say and do - especially Billy and Dennis.

Billy Scott was in Cincinnati this AM with a load of lumber - called me around 9:30 and wanted some information about Mr. Vespie. I didn't know at the time Billy called just how he was this morning, but learned tonight that they are going to perform an operation Thursday - the 15th. He developed some pretty bad internal bleeding, you

know, and they have been unable to stop it completely. They've given him transfusions until his arms are sore from the needles - they have also fed him that way. He's getting pretty tired of it all and was pleased when they told him they would have to operate - he has confidence that the operation will be a success and isn't worried about it at all.

I sure was glad to hear you were doing so much better. If I had been using my phone I would have asked to talk to you - or were you sleeping? But I had to yell and I was on Ann's sisters' phone. They were pretty worried about Mr. Vespie and wanted to get word to Boyd. All these girls of his - (he has 5 of them here now) - are worried sick about their father and say they don't know what they'll do if he doesn't pull through. Ann has been to the doctor twice, thinking that she, too, might have some serious disease. Each time he has told her it was just her nerves - but she keeps worrying anyway. We have decided that the only cure is more faith in God - so we went to church Sunday and plan on making it a habit. She felt better after the services, but she still couldn't muster the courage to visit her Dad at the hosp.

Strange, isn't it, how people forget God until they feel they need some real help. I am guilty of that, I know - although I have on several occasions breathed a silent prayer of thanks to Him when I could feel His presence. That happens when I am doing some little kindness for one of the boys - or Ann - and it is such a good feeling that it is really my staff and guiding light. It has always taken me over the rough spots - and I am quite sure that I would not have met with half the success I have enjoyed thus far without it. This much I shall always be sure of - that whatever good I do on this earth - and whatever success I have in providing for my family - I shall owe it all to you and Mom - - for it was you and Mom who introduced me to Jesus when I was growing up, and it is Jesus who will show me the way. Who was it that said - "There is nothing to fear but fear itself" - Even if it was F.D.R. there's a lot of truth in it, but I think it was Winston Churchill.

Incidentally, speaking of success, there is a possibility that I will some day leave Cincinnati. My friend Mr. Keller, the Texaco Real Estate Agent, called me to a confidential discussion at the office the other day - just Mr. Keller & I - and

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told me that two of the staff members
of our Indianapolis Division office were
very pleased with my work and wanted
to give me a promotion. The staff mem-
bers are Mr. Mauck, the Division Credit
Manager, and Mr. Grant, an assistant
Div. Mgr., Operations. Mr. Mauck, I
understand, would like to have me on
his staff as a Creditman - and Mr.
Grant would like to give me an agency
at one of the bulk plants. They were
discussing the matter with Mr. Keller and
he suggested that they postpone it for
about a year because I had just bought
this house. He explained that if I sold
now I would lose money, but could
break even or ~~even~~ gain some if I
waited at least a year. Mr. Mauck and
Mr. Grant noticed the work I've done
on the accounts, I suppose. I write
a lot of letters to customers and hound
the Texaco salesmen for collections when
accounts are past due. Ordinarily, that
isn't considered a clerk's responsibility -
but I do it anyway. The agent we got
when Mr. Grant left doesn't seem to take
kindly to responsibility - maybe it was a
good thing for me that he didn't. This is
all in the "gossip" stage of course - I may
never get anything better. But the rumor
is more or less hot, coming from the
Credit Manager - and I'm hoping.

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Tell Mom she can consider this her letter, too. Tell Caroline hello for me - and Alice and everybody. Also congratulate Johnny for me - when is he moving to Somerset. Tell him I want to remind him that if he wants to spend a week-end with us it won't cost him one red cent. And that includes his family of course. We would love to have them anytime. The same thing goes for any or all of you, but I was just thinking how easy it would be for Johnny to board #4 at Somerset and drop in on us. (Guess I had better call him John - I can't spell Johnny) How many N's anyway?

Dad - you do whatever the Doc orders now and take good care of yourself. I know your pride will suffer but we know it's always there anyway. Mom - you be careful too. I would give a lot right now to be closer to you - maybe I can work something if I get a promotion. Have to know the right people, you know.

Oh yes - Congratulations, Dad, on your _____? birthday anniversary. Sorry I didn't even send a card.

Past bedtime - goodnight all -

Love,

Bill