

Hilliard, Ohio  
April 19, 1965

Dear Mom ✓  
Jewell, &  
Dorothy

If you will forgive my laziness in writing one letter to all three of you at once, and the cheap stationery, here we go with the late happenings at our house.

Dorothy, since you happen to be the last listed above you will receive the second carbon and I will try to remember you as I press down on the pencil. We appreciated your call the other evening, especially since you are like me and don't write letters very often. Ann said I should have invited you and Eddie to come on over here from Trotwood on Easter Sunday, and I said, well see what Dorothy knows they're welcome at our house any time —

Jewell, is it true that you and Ray plan on a trip East this summer? I don't have your last letter handy. Dorothy and I discussed on the telephone how families are pretty slow to get together for visits, and oftentimes don't make it at all until or unless there's a death. Perhaps, if you are coming over this year, we can all gather for at least a day or two at Lansing. Russell and I can each bring our tents so everybody can bed down at Mom's.

Lancing people will think a band of gypsies have hit town. Even so, I think this would be fun, and better than scattering out to other houses or motels. Oh, I forgot that Jewell and Ray have a tent — how about that — 3 tents pitched in your front yard, Mom? I can hear Mom saying, "Poor children, have to bring their own sleeping quarters!" or — "what kind of nomads have I raised, anyway?" I'm sure we would have a lot of running in and out of the house before we all got settled, but maybe Mom could stand it one time, and she and Caroline should feel quite secure with all that family around them outdoors. Jewell, may we have Chico for a sentry? I don't believe Mom has one since Reenie departed.

Well — even if it never happens, I almost feel like it already has, writing about it.

We had a real nice Easter — Judy sang in our Church's Junior Choir on Good Friday. The Hilliard churches combine for a 12-noon-to-3-Pm service on Good Fridays — this year it was held at the Methodist. Then our Senior Choir sang at both services (we have 2 because our building isn't big enough yet) on Easter

Sunday - and we had two anthems at each Service - So now we get a break - no choir practice this week, and no performance this Sunday. As Dorothy already knows, we plan a trip to Cincinnati this weekend.

I'm glad none of you are living on the bank of the mighty Mississippi right now. Also glad the tornadoes somehow skipped over all of us. I guess we're pretty lucky. Tornadoes in the Cumberland Plateau are rare, aren't they, Mom? They can be expected in flat country.

We are all OK here - trust all of you are too.

Caroline, whose tent do you want to sleep in? Be sure to get some fresh batteries for your flashlight.

Mom, say hello to Alice and Truman. They can consider this as a letter for them, too - Tell them we're still looking for a visit from them. Also, of course, say hello to Johnny & Burrence (Mom or Dad).

Love to all,  
Bill