

4 April

Monday evening

Dear Aunt Eva and Uncle Henry,

Today at noon I received your letter dated 4/1/49, stating that you had not yet heard from me re your letter of 3/17/49 with check enclosed.

I sent an airmail letter to you Saturday 3/26/49. I dropped it in the neighborhood box at 10/30 p.m. You should have received it by no later than Wednesday 3/30/49. I received your letter of the 3/17 on Wednesday evening 3/23. I should have answered it immediately, of course, and for not doing so I apologize. That week I got caught, as they say, "in the vortex of a whirlpool of simultaneous and successive events".

Tuesday afternoon Tedi received a request from Pins & Needles, a local customware shop, asking her if I would construct a 16' cutting table for them and install it over the weekend. So, Tuesday evening, I drew up a sketch. Wednesday morning Tedi took it to a local cabinet shop and got an estimate of \$100. Since I deliberately designed it so that there would be a minimum of assembly work, I knew it should not cost that much. So, Wednesday night I drew up a bill of materials and called up the owner offering to do the job for \$60 in place; the offer was accepted so the next day Tedi ordered the lumber to be delivered at the house. Meanwhile, Wednesday afternoon, Mrs McCrossen called up Tedi and told her that her husband had received a gift of 3 North Dakota pheasants and wouldn't we come over with the children Thursday evening to help eat them.

It was a pleasant evening. Mr & Mrs Will Shuster brought along their little 9-year-old son and the children had a party in the corner for themselves while 7 of us attacked the pheasants. By pre-arrangement of Mrs McCrossen, a young friend of theirs who manufactures toys came over and took the children to see his workshop and store. For ~~there~~ adults there was pleasant conversation after dinner and the evening drifted on to 11 o'clock before we broke up.

The following morning I was picked up at 7:30 a.m. by Herb Hall, the chief engineer in charge of plans of the highway department, and taken to Albuquerque for the convention. I did not get home until midnight. Saturday morning I spent on the back porch while it was snowing, constructing the table and later knocking it down for transportation. Saturday afternoon I spent with my tongue hanging out. Saturday night I wrote and mailed a letter to you.

Sunday morning I piled all the junk on top of the car and took it down to the shop, carried it upstairs, erected it, sanded it, varnished it (all with the excellent help of my fine son).

LAST WEEK NOTHING HAPPENED!!!

Last Saturday, as Tedi and I were drifting around the plaza, we dropped into a silversmith's shop, run by an acquaintance of hers. She had previously been in there and ordered the initials HG engraved on a pair of cufflinks. While there, we saw a ~~XXXXX~~ couple of little bug pins made by the Zuni Indians we thought you might like. Anyway, they and the cufflinks should be on the way to you by now. The cufflinks are the product of a local native Spanish-American silversmith. Let's hope they fare better than my letter.

The only delay additional to the 3-day lapse between receipt of your letter and mailing mine that I can think of is that perhaps the letter was not picked up immediately. You know Santa Fe is not a part of the United States even if it is in the United States. The predominantly Spanish population still speaks and thinks the Spanish of Coronado's time, and apparently nobody was in much of a hurry in those days. But, why am I telling you this? I should have known better and I should have taken the letter down to the post office where it might have got a better break.

Anyway, if you ever get a letter from me dated 3/26/49, please let me know.

Meanwhile, please accept our thanks for the check and our apology for the delay in answering. Maybe it's hard for you to believe, but actually we have all been in a daze since it arrived. Getting \$500 checks is not what you would call a commonplace event in our lives. The greatest similar events in our lives are all traceable to you and Uncle Henry.

All our love and gratitude,

Jim & all