

Dec. 27, 1965

Dear Bernice and Jack -

Nope - not mad, hurt or sensitive - just kept putting off writing because I couldn't find anyone who knew the name of that darn canyon! Also haven't done any research or scouting around so nothing new to write except same old busy routine. And I'm the one who is sorry, because I like to receive your letters. I'm also envious, would like to see the amazing things that Mr. & Mrs. Mardou are going to show you. When I consider the things you have hinted at, my curiosity is aroused and I am anxious for you to hurry and take your trip into these mountains.

Did write you a letter just before Christmas to send with this magazine for a card but it was a rainy, gloomy day and the letter was a



gloomy one so I threw it out and this is my first opportunity to put two sentences together - you notice I didn't say "coherent sentences!"

Lillian received a "Easy-Bake Oven" which cooks with two light bulbs so we have cooked!! Today - two cakes and a pie - tomorrow, pizza! And all this to soft guitar drumming - Susan's.

Need some new furniture, which I am going to buy, and I am threatening to find a new house to go around the furniture. The land trade for the Reavis with the USDA is on again, and Stony is working on a proposal we received to buy Tortella - so it is possible that we may have a first-class upheaval around here before too long.

Your letter describing your shipwreck party was very interesting. Sounded like a real swinger! What

(Cops - ran out of stationery)

2

interests me most is - how did you engineer
your volcano? What a wonderful decorating
idea to set a party mood.

^{you note pleased but did not surprise me because}
I knew you would accomplish some

sort of plan for Indians and ~~was~~ ^{am} so
glad you have established exactly the kind
of help for them you had outlined to us.
I knew you would because you were enthusiastic
and determined, and you deserve congratulation
and praise for having determination and
perseverance enough to plan, present and
push such a plan into existence and then -
see that it is launched properly - only you
two could have conceived and executed such
a wonderful program! It is said that just
being aware of a need imposes the burden
of trying to ease that need - seems to me, you
all just picked up the burden and started
running - may it be the proverbial acorn!
Thank you for telling me - makes me so
proud that we know the Mcfees.

Can't remember what I have written and
what I had about writing.

STONE MAPS
Butane truck driver from Globe told
me that he recognized areas on Stone Maps
as being north of the river (Salt) and that
he and two other men had found a small

Spanish mission north of the river, had filed a claim and promised to send location and pictures when claim was recorded - but he hasn't. Also, in talking to Mr. Morehouse he told me of a couple named Dennison, here in mesa, who have followed some of the old trails between missions with a metal detector and he says they have found a number of interesting items - spur rowel, knife hilt etc. But supposed to call Mr. Morehouse one of these days so he can set up an introduction. But getting a free evening set up in advance, and coordinating a sitter, Stony, Susan and unexpected company with said evening is frustrating.

Susan graduates this year and so what will I do for a built-in sitter next year? Lillian may have more unlikely stories to repeat than any other child in second-grade, if I have to take her with me.

Did I tell you I discovered a man, Mr. Clarence Post, Benson, who worked for Jack Fraser as a boy? Helped turn over the estate to Clemens when he bought the JF's. Know both Clarence and his wife so wrote him a long list of questions - last time I saw them they invited us to visit them so he could tell me some of the answers - says he doesn't like to write and Maude

is too busy, so I just have to get me a tape recorder. I told Santa Claus, and told him, but somehow he didn't get my message. Also mentioned color T.V., but that didn't get through either. Ah, well - there is my birthday soon - I'll try again.

Earlier this fall, Mr. Reser was by here - said he had written you and received your letter. He also has a place in the Superstitions he is planning to dig.

Back to your letter of Sept. -

Yes - Gladys and Hoolie Bacon are the same people that Mrs. Woody mentioned. Gladys is my mother - Hoolie adopted us when they were married. ~~He~~ I know Mrs. Woody - rather knew - have written her, but not seen her in several years (about twenty years!). Went to school with her daughter and write Jean occasionally. Another supposed to - am supposed to visit Mrs. Woody so she can answer questions I wrote her. Thank you for copying items from Tucson newspapers for me - perhaps some day I'll find something of interest for you. Clara Woody used to travel all over Pima County running down stories and, I remember Jean and I laughing and teasing her about all the long-winded stories she listened to - now she really has the last laugh, doesn't she? Do not know how she looks now, but she used to be

a huge woman - grossly fat - probably 300 lbs
with thin, delicate feet, ankles and hands.
husband ~~was~~ ^{is} small, short man - always
made me think of Jack Sprat and wife.

Since I seem to be down to going
better quite and go to bed. You can tell
by my writing it is getting late and
soon neither you nor I will be able
to read it.

May you have a Happy New Year -

Sincerely,

Lucille & Stony (only
because he read this)

P.S. Didn't find your story on the
newstand. - Please ~~to~~ tell me again
the issue.