

Dec 9th  
8 pm

1967

Dear Bernice and Jack,

Tell me more--sounds fascinating! Before I continue, let me assure you there is nothing wrong with your social graces. You have all the charm you need and more, your only mistake is entertaining discourteous and procrastinating (sounds nasty, doesn't it?) friends. We really enjoyed our evening with you at the Bunny Club and you naturally know we enjoy your company anytime. I have thot about you all several times and mentally composed a letter but you know also, Bernice, when I start writing I never seem to quit asking questions and run on and on--so I would decide to wait until I could sort the little odds and ends of info I glean occasionally from the paper so I can at least sound intelligent. And I have waited quite a while and nothing is sorted yet. Did however buy you this magazine, altho I'm sure you subscribe to it, as a combination Christmas Card and peace offering last week--how about that for mental communication since we got your card when we got home this evening.

Just arrived home about six from the annual CattleGrower's General Convention which started Thursday and seems like we have been gone a week--the meetings weren't that long, but the parties darn sure were. They should just rent closet space, since the beds are only used for everyone to sit on. So forgive me if this is not too coherent, but if I wait until tomorrow to answer your letter another year could elapse and I'm against that since your letters always arouse a feeling of frustration in me that I can't be doing some of this interesting research and learning some new things about the history of this country and all the related items we've talked about. Couldn't possibly learn them all but sure would make ~~a~~swipe at them in passing. Besides, think of the interesting people and places--.

Didn't even write a thank-you for the census report you sent in August of 1966--even if the Stone listed wasn't on Stoney's family tree. However, somewhere in this scrambled assortment of material there is a genuine Reavis Ranch donkey (burro?) shoe which I picked up with the full intention of sending you. Who can say, might even have come off Reavis' burro since it was about three feet deep in dirt in a creek bank--so you can tell whatever story fits the occasion.

Where were we when I forgot how to write? Last December we sold the Reavis finally to the Forest Service altho' they had issued news releases in October so the general public figured the ranch belonged to the general public and the dear peopul proceeded to steal everything on the place--even the anvil from the blacksmith shop. My pots and pans, lamps, rugs--whatever was there--but what really got to me was they stole my two indian pots I had been putting together piece by piece and even the odd pieces stuck in an old iron pot I had found. In about six weeks, the ranch looked like it had been abandoned for years and reclaimed as a garbage dump. I don't think about it 'cause it makes me sick.

We built a two bedroom cabin at the IV's which is just off to the right of the Apache Trail and across Lewis and Pranty creek before you get to the place where the Reavis Road turns off. Stoney said

he-f

- When I send it

felt like a pioneer last year--clearing land, building corrals, and the rest of the bit. Even in this mechanized age, pioneering is hard work and damned expensive. The water tank sets on the hill like a sore thumb and leans ~~lig~~ slightly ~~so~~ on ~~side~~ altho' Stoney stoutly ~~enies~~ denies this and insists my vision is lopsided.

We also have moved across the railroad tracks since you were here to a most interesting house. Rooms where you don't expect them and lovely big closets and two (2) store rooms. It is an older home, if you count five years as old and built by a custom builder for himself and his wife. We rather figure he was caught in the finance squeeze last fall with more houses on spec than he could handle since he sold this one at a price we could afford and ~~we~~ moved into another of his ~~houses~~ east of Mesa. His wife is an interior designer and decorator so we have the benefit of many unusual features--and so darned many lite switches we are still discovering them. The ranch sale did not buy the house however, I mean the Reavis Ranch, since we did sell half the whole outfit to Kenneth Lockwood and now have a partner. This is what provided this home.

Susan is now in her second year at the University in Tucson but has the sophomore doldrums or whatever, so wants to transfer to Tempe at the semester and probably will. However, I would prefer she live at the dorm in Tempe instead of trying to commute.

1966 August we went to the Oregon coast for a short vacation and loved it so much we planned and saved all year to go back this past August. Spent a month eating our way thru Arizona, Utah, Idaho and most of the time at Depoe Bay, Oregon. Enjoyed it immensely and with all the eatin' a few other things got immense. Stoney came home and built fence so he is down in shape. I came home and started YMCA Slimnastics class--but I'm a dropout. Just gotta do something about these pounds and inches besides talk about them but what, with the holidays coming. The way I look at it right now--somebody has to buy the bigger sizes.

When we moved, Lillian didn't like the new school, and cried when she had to go--made me feel like a dog and wish we hadn't moved. But this year, everything's changed including her name--that is, as far as school is concerned. Her teacher told the kids they could have a name they wanted except--that would be it for the year. She debated a couple days and decided her middle name, Edith, would be it but she would stay Lillian at home and at Sunday School. Doesn't seem to have started a split personality for her but sure gave me a shock the first time I called the school about Lillian Stone and was told there wasn't no such child there. Glad I didn't have a dozen, couldn't have weathered the confusion. Oh, yes we had another little crisis last year, like Susan getting engaged, not wanting to enter college (we forced her to do so, like mean old parents) then getting a diamond at Christmas--talking about this past July as a wedding date and then giving the ring back just before Easter. And in these few lines quite a tale is to be told and you should see all the new gray hair I have!

And now to more interesting things--you now can say you know someone who found half an arrowhead--the pointed half--on the Columbia River in Oregon 'cause I did. There Also we heard the pin drop in the Mormon Tabernacle and it really is a pin--amazing acoustics. We didn't see the inside of the Temple, only the outside since we aren't Mormons and even they can't if they have taken alcoholic beverages, smoked tobacco (didn't mention pot), drank coffee, tea or cokes and been guilty of a criminal offense

or have a pending action against them in some civil disobedience (not sure whether that covers polygamy or not -nobody asked, either) and since we felt they wouldn't qualify us as simon pure, we just left. Anyhow, at the Maryhill Museum in Maryhill, Wash. (where else?) just across the Columbia there is a display of incised rocks with the notes about where they were found and where others are still in place. Some of the carving is so smooth and polished it is a work of art. In fact, parts of that country are just one mass of petroglyphs. Lots of legends too.

In thinking about where your vikings might have wandered, the legends about rivers changing courses should be considered. The one that is a recorded fact is in Bancroft's history when the Rio Grande changed in a flood and started flowing down the western divide instead of it's present course. The indians under Spanish control diverted it back to its channel -or so he says. Also wish Mr. Coxen had been here before the dams on the Gila and Salt were built--bet the water covers lots of pictures. In my notes, if someone hasn't already sent the info, I have a couple articles on two caves south of here. One is just north of Blackwater and supposedly has petroglyphs in it. The other is south of Ajo or Gila Bend and was written up by Don Dederer with a couple pictures. Then also, there are lots of picture rocks and incised ones on the west end of the South Mts here in the valley. Or they were there, if not packed off.

Have to quit, can't even see what I'm typing and the carriage keeps on moving ~~after~~ my fingers quit and I don't think I'm making sense. Tune in tomorrow for the second chapter.

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Jan 7--Happy New Year and if I wait much longer to finish this it may be in time for the next one.

Jan 9 - 8:45 AM

A whole month! mailing you this today even if I'm not there talking (or writing) since I'm going into seclusion - Stoney is going to lock me in the office 'til I finish the ranch books! And have church meeting at 9:30 AM

Would you believe Stoney is moving cattle off the mountain because the snow is still so deep in the canyons, the steers won't follow the trails off the mountain as they normally do.

Why don't you just stick a carbon in letters you write all your knowledgeable friends - then I'd know a few of the fascinating

things you know? Besides, that way maybe  
you would forgive - or at least overlook -  
my not answering your letters. Believe  
me it's not for lack of thinking of you two,  
only you see what happens? Was just  
going to add a note.

Also have a get-well card to send you  
but haven't any more time to search for  
it - Lillian may have taken it for  
"show and tell" at school. Yep! It's that kind.

Sincerely-

(The stone that was lost  
with the Dutchman.)

Lucille