

Letters from Crescent in late May and early June, 1972. Transcribed, and scans below.

#1 Thursday, June 8, 1972

Dear Grandad

The reason I haven't written you is that there is not much to write. We just got back from the city. Aunt Phyl had to go to a lot of Doctor appointments. I've been painting some furniture Tuesday and Wednesday. During Tuesday Aunt Phyl and I went to a friend of hers who had been digging in the Zoony mountains digging up Zoony artifacts. Since Wednesday is Aunt Phyl's and Uncle Max's anniversary so she gave them a thousand year old pot. She had dug it up by a skeleton. You can tell it had been used by the fire. I'm going to Grandmother's Saturday.

#2 Wednesday, March 31, 1972

Dear Grandad

Uncle Max is combining right now and it's 9:00 pm. Aunt Phyl and I were taking wheat to the elevator today. Once today I got to run through the wheat in the truck barefooted. (note as of 7/27/2025: all the beautiful beetles were coming to the top.) I learned about the land run and the sooners in 1889. Monday we got back from Keystone Lake near Tulsa. We went camping with two other families. We boys there set up a trot line and caught a 3 ½ pound catfish and a 3 pound carp plus four other small catfish. We used the carp for bait, cleaned the catfish and let the other one go. We went water skiing, but I didn't get up. Another thing about the land run, Max's great grandfather ran for the Cherokee Strip.

Love, Phil  
write soon

(PS: as of 7/27/2025. It hurts to see me asking grandfather to 'write soon.' He couldn't. He was failing.)

#2 Friday, May 26, 1972

Dear Grandad

Right now I'm writing this letter on 10:00 nighttime. Tomorrow we are going to Keystone Lake near Tulsa. We are staying at the lake until Monday. I've been pretty busy lately, pulling weeds, edging walks, and things like that. There's a boy named Bryan across the street that I play a lot with. I seem to start tanning on my arms.

Tonight I picked up the station WHB on radio from Kansas City. It's nice to hear something from home.

There are a lot of wild cats up in the hayloft in the barn. When you are up in the hayloft you can find pigeons that the cats killed—they only leave the feathers.

We always have good meals except once in a while. Tonight we had liver, which wasn't so good.

Love Phil

(PS: as of 7/27/2025. On that stay, maybe for lunch, Aunt Phyl served up some liver and onions, and I ate it up. Later she told me what I had eaten. I learned from that.)

(May 26) 1972

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May 31 wed.

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X Love Phil

write soon

Thursday (6-8-72)

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Love Phil