

Emmett L. Bennett  
1950 Bigelow Street  
Cincinnati 19, Ohio

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Dear Emmett:

You should know that being the earliest of your tribe to enter the mystery of archaeology does not give you exclusive or even primary rank. Mother's 1957 dig is apparently over; but when did you ever go out into your front yard with a spade and uncover a pavement laid down by unknown people of unknown prior ages? She did, some day of week before last as I write, week before that as you read. At a certain point she summoned her remaining helot and pressed him into the labor without a pickaxe, there being none about. As soon as he had three bricks out she halted that phase. Those three are available for your close attention, and if they should get mislaid before you turn up there are probably as many more which have been kicking around all the while, from which you may learn as much. We would rather have a learned disquisition on supposable antiquity, of course, than propound the prosaic notion that some prior owner dumped a foot of topsoil over and old walk from Dorchester Street to the front door, and then put in new steps and a walk to Bigelow Street. And if Mother's rose thrive, which she planted in the hole whence came the bricks, who shall know when excavation will be resumed?

About two weeks ago we had a reunion, incomplete by the absence of New Havenites. Clarence came Thursday, Shirley and her cohorts the same evening but late, and Myron Saturday morning. Clarence left Sunday, Myron Monday, with Harry along for an eastern circuit. Shirley and the childred stayed until Thursday, when Harry returned to go with them to Detroit.

Clarence writes that he has accepted the RCA offer. Tell Marja she need have no qualms about his survival of the attentions of the quintet. There simply isn't anyone more addicted to nieces and nephews than Clarence, and the partiality seems to be reciprocal, as we have observed it. Nature's wonderful.

You are doubtless informed of changes hereabout; but I have clipped occasional bits, and send on such of them as have not absconded.

Mother's siege of Latin at Walnut Hills ended a fortnight ago, after six weeks. Now her season is slack: she was at Hughes one day of each of the last two weeks, and at a Basin school with second graders yesterday afternoon. That is all since Walnut Hills.

Mrs Busch's Aunt had to have an operation so I had her classes for 2 days she had told them Yours, about you so when I mentioned that I had 3 sons one kid asked Dad to let them about my "favorites" son. Some of them seemed very much interested in the Cynoscotta. I seem to be developing into a first choice Latin for substitute I would like to be better. Marja if I were take a summer refresher course at U.C. what would you suggest would be the best. I'm woefully weak on "Prose" but I think that can be



ding out without a teachers help. I certainly learned a lot of it these last 2 months. I also learned that the regular teachers can become pretty ~~weak~~ weak on the parts they arent actually teaching.

I finally sent in the coupons for Kathy's cook book. I wonder if it has arrived. I just got from the library a record "French Folk songs for Children" Allan Mills with guitar. They are delightful.  
Love Mother

About two weeks ago we had a reunion, incomplete by the absence of New Advents. Clarence came Monday, Shirley and her cohorts the same evening but late, and Myron Saturday morning. Clarence left Sunday, Myron Monday, with Harry along for an eastern circuit. Shirley and the children stayed until Thursday, when Harry returned to go with them to Detroit.

Clarence writes that he has accepted the RCA offer. Tell Mary she need have no qualms about his survival of the attention of the church. There simply isn't anyone more addicted to nices and nephews than Clarence, and the partially seems to be reciprocal, as we have observed it. Nature's wonderful.

You are doubtless informed of changes heresabout; but I have clipped occasional bits, and send on such of them as have not absconded.

Mother's stay of Latin at Walnut Hills ended a fortnight ago, after six weeks. Now her season is slack; she was at Hughes one day of the last two weeks, and at a Basin school with second graders yesterday afternoon. That is all since Walnut Hills.

Myra's French is much better than I have an opportunity to stand her classes for a long while. I am sure you had told him. Yours, I tell them about my "famous" can. Some of them seemed very much interested in the little I have to be doing with a first class Latin in substitute. I would like to be better. Maybe if I were like a summer. I would like to be better. Maybe if I were like a summer. I would like to be better. Maybe if I were like a summer.