

Aug. 5, 1964
Salisbury, Ill.

Dear John,

I was very pleased to get your letter and to find out that there was a real flesh-and-blood person attached to the name. Now I'm not writing to an abstract idea. To bring you up to date on Haptonstahl news: ① Terry has a new baby boy (her little girl, Jenny, is almost two) As you may know she and her husband, Jim Jackson, live in Livonia, Michigan ② Next week Steve will go to Cleveland for a week before beginning his basic training in the Air Force. — He has enlisted for four years and plans to be married in Jan. after basic training. ③ Mom & Dad are going to Livonia next week, which leaves me to spend my week off with the other seven barbarians, who, I'm sure, are already cooking up

appropriate deviltries for a rollicking week!

The kids were surprised when I said that I hadn't known who you were - they call you "Jo" (which also happens to be my fifteen-year-old sister's name).

I think I can truly say that your account of the physical condition of the Negro schools did not surprise me. Probably, if the Northern mentality makes any mistakes in its ideas of that situation, it is overestimation and overemphasis on the direness of it. On the other hand, no doubt many white Northerners completely fail to see the existence of the mental anxiety or ^{to know} why the Negro becomes, as you said, "angry and bitter and sore."

My 14-year-old brother punched this hole - his way of saying HI!

Thurs, Aug 6 [1964]

Back again. It's hectic around here, to say the least.

There's not much for me to comment on about the freedom schools - the whole idea sounds marvelous and challenging. How wonderful to be doing something positive. I'll never stop yearning for that, but I'll try to control my impatience. Maybe I should tell you that my tentative plans (as of about a year ago) are to enter a Maryknoll missionary sister novitiate ~~in~~ a year from this October. That means even more years of preparation for action than a college education would last. And the more rational part of me is convinced that my mission, my most important job, my whatever-you-want-to-call-it right now is to be a dutiful child, a helpful sister,

and an ardent student. Sounds great
sometimes, but at times it takes on a
character of unbearable frustration.
I'm too analytic, I know. Don't take
me too seriously - I probably bore
you talking about myself all the
time.

Had quite a jolt today. My father's
brother died last night of a heart
attack ~~only~~ ^{he was} 49 years old. His 14-year-
old son (from whose mother my uncle
was divorced some years ago) has had
about the most unfortunate experience
of anyone in our family. I hope his
made of good stuff or he's going to
come through adolescence stunted
for life.

Sincerely,
Edie