

OFFICE OF  
RICHARD M. CALDWELL  
SUPERINTENDENT OF CITY SCHOOLS  
HOBART, OKLAHOMA

Jan the New years day - 1909

copy 60  
Carpenter 15  
Lott 1

Dear Mine and Mrs I and Mrs II

I cannot refrain from writing you that you  
may share an very-delightful Christmas season.  
To sit in order the long series of delightful  
events, on Wednesday I began to experience  
a rapturous sensation, that lasted 15 minutes  
and repeated itself about four times an  
hour - I cannot find any where in the  
deep recesses of my vocabulary the adequate  
characters by which to explain those sen-  
sations - so I must be content with  
simply giving you a diagnosis of the  
case, the chief symptom of which was an  
irresistible tendency to hang over upper part  
of his disposition over a slop jar, and  
go thru some demonstrations that were  
noticeable more for their audibility than  
their musical properties - accompanied  
by oscillatory manœuvres which gives the  
performer the appearance of making a  
series of unsuccessful efforts at  
swallowing his own head;

But, as I had eaten nothing for two days  
all this elaborate program, was not unlike  
the performance of the "devil shearing a hog".  
(Turn this over and read as per directions)

The only thing I recovered by the whole process was a pair of socks which I had not taken off when I retired.

After I had exhausted twenty four hours, as well as my strength, and the neighbors' patience with this rare sport, we decided that, in order that we may be able to ascertain the exact result of the performance in might be well to summon the assistance of a medical personage to umpire the last half of the game.

He put in his appearance while I was making one of my grand stand plays.

After looking down on me for an epoch or two, like an old experienced gaudar looks down on ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> scaly, ~~scaly~~ <sup>cow-catcher</sup> of a

scaly un-regenerate, un-circumcised, Draufish, he took out a quart bottle full of pills and gave me both of them, and with all the dignity of a Socrates, he reached for his merry widow, and left, with the consoling observation that, "if I could keep that medicine on my stomach, I would begin to enjoy a little relief in about ten days. But, of all sad words, of tongue or pen

The sadder are "It couldn't wrap" - They wouldn't stay down: But I shall live and

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die in the honest belief that if  
I had been able to stand up  
thirty minutes, aided as I would have  
been by the law of gravity, those pills would  
have staid down. But, as a horizontal  
position, (with a slight declination at the poles)  
was much more in keeping with all existing  
Conditions, the pills did the boomerang  
stunt, and landed in the receiving vessel  
with such decision that "She" began  
to put down the windows, thinking a hail  
storm was approaching. These "ups" and  
"downs" - (for to every "down" there was an equal  
~~up~~ proportional to the square of the diameter  
of the pill) they continued in variegated shades  
until Christmas morning, which found me  
sitting up, clothed and in my right mind.  
But our Christmas fun was supplemented  
at eight o'clock Christmas morning:  
Wayland, - has my first wife's oldest child.  
He is a great believer in the effects of Coffee,  
and being an Osteopath he prefers it robbed  
on rather than poured in. So he proceeded  
to jerk a half a Coffee pot full of boiling coffee  
over on his face and neck and "Christ."

In as much as I had been enjoying a liberal amount of leisure, pending the ultimatum of those medicated base balls that had been playing loop frog up and down my "swallow" I had just just gotten out of bed, and had not as yet donned all the ornaments of apparel that is customary to be displayed by one who is contemplating running on large, but when Wayland announced himself as a candidate for the undivided attention of the ranch, I straightway ran for the doctor, presenting the appearance of Max coming home from Pah's before he got up. But as the doctor lives north door (as he did, but he is moving today so as to get into a part of town where his practice would be so straining on his family's nerves) but as he was north door, I made the round trip without getting a bad cold or arrested.

The doctor came (slightly before New Year's) and we all succeeded in getting clothes on the burn. But Wayland had received such burning evidence against his belief in his practice of astrology, he turned Christian Science, and began to remove the bandages. We had that kind of

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fun, played with the variations  
ever since a week ago today.  
But so much hilarity not being natural my  
nature, I decided to take a vacation and so  
I went on a business trip to Oklahoma City,  
and while I was there, leading a quiet  
settled business life, I called up on long distance  
and when "She" took down the receiver, I  
began to smell iodine, and I knew she  
was still pointing the town - anxious to  
have my share in the delights of the  
Christmas vacation, I took the first train  
home, and as I came in at midnight, as  
I approached the house I heard the din  
of the merry-making, and found that the  
joy was all as a result of what the belated  
Santa Claus had brought to Wayland - it  
was the Whooping Cough, and I was informed  
that with "She's" sore-throat, and Wayland's  
presents from Santa, - they had not wrinkled  
the bed-sheets for two nights. Last night  
we slept two hours, and fell good to day:  
Well I know and who, what are you and little  
She doing for Christmas.  
You never saw any body as proud of any thing

as we are of that little chair - Wayland  
thinks more of it than he does of me.  
Now I will tell you why we hadn't spoken  
sooner - we got a boy to bring his camera  
and take his picture sitting on his little  
chair, and when he wrote to thank Helen  
for it he meant to send her one of those  
pictures, but the boy has never finished  
them, and it begins to look as if he is  
not going to. We would have some one  
else do it but can't have his picture made  
while his farm is burned.

Kim, I was elected Supt of the S. S. the  
other Sunday. I hope it will not have the  
effect that it did at Sodam.

We still plan on our program when  
you visit us. you keep us "posted" as to  
the time you will come. We can't wait.

Kim going to stop right here.

She is going to write a letter to the Harris and  
Helen - yours till you come to the State,  
Kim above.