

Dear Cathy and Joyce:

Now that you have lost your Granddad--you never saw him (he was a nice, good person). You both would have loved him. He was sick a long time but he was always jolly, but no Daddy, no Granddaddy, you have missed a lot. Your Father was the finest person on earth. He sure did love you both. It is sad you can't remember him, but Joyce, you are just like him. Your Father was an air brush artist and drew beautiful pictures. Your Granddad was a writer. They both were dreamers.

At night, after supper, your Mother, Daddy and Granddaddy would play checkers and eat big dishes of ice cream with chocolate syrup all over it. Your Granddad was the winner always. They both loved shows and to fish. We always had an easy, quiet life.

Your Granddad left both of you some money and it will be put in trust for you until Cathy becomes eighteen. Then you can sell 867 Springdale and divide the money. With what you have from your Daddy and Granddaddy, you will be all right if you manage to guard what you have. It is hard to save money. It is easier to get rid of it. Money is not the whole thing in the world. If you have an education and are not lazy, you can always make money. I used to tell Daddy if he wanted something bad enough he would hitch his wagon to a star and work like heck and there you are and he said it always worked for him.

Don't want too much. God doesn't want us to have too much. He wants us to be good, honest, loyal, sincere, and trust in Him. You are never alone. He is always with you. Don't ever ask for anything. Just thank Him for what you have and be grateful.

We gave your Dad everything he ever wanted, in our power. You both love dogs, so did he. One day we had to go to Memphis on business and left him at home at Gulfport. He said he wanted a wheel and a speedometer. We bought them. He was so pleased. About ten minutes later, he went down to the beach and came back with a cute little baby dog. When we asked him where he got it, he said, "I gave twenty-five cents and my speedometer. His name is Weasel." Granddad had stomach trouble and could eat only oyster soup. Weasel ate the oysters out of the stew three times a day. He got so fat.

We promised your Dad a car when he was sixteen. He was off to school but came home on his sixteenth birthday. Went down town, came back a few hours later with a new Chevrolet coupe and a salesman. His Daddy exploded! It cost \$800.00. He got it.

The first money he ever made was one quarter chasing golf balls. He was ten. He gave it to me. The first money he made drawing was when he went to Chicago Art School. He always got broke before his check came from home, so he and another boy would go to the roof garden at a Chicago hotel with their art books and pencils and all of the young couples would ask them to sketch their pictures. Then your Dad would autograph each one and he got \$1.00 each. He made \$10.00 that night. The next day he bought and sent me the prettiest white bag I ever had, and in it was a note "To the Dearest Mother in the World."

When their term was over, he called me and said he was leaving for Memphis, but instead he took a bus to Santa Monica, California, where his Dad was. They left the hotel and rented a nice apartment off of the beach. They had a nice six months together and then they came back to Memphis. He then went to St. Stanalaus Boys' Broading School and finished. It was on the beach at Bay St. Louis, forty miles from New Orleans. Wish you could go there some day, Joyce. On both feet his second and third toes were grown together like a duck and his Dad's and also his Granddaddy Moriarty was like that, also.

He was in the Coast Guards and had a break-down and got a medical discharge.

I gave him the land next to our home on Charles. He had a sub-division and it is called "The E. J. Moriarty, Jr. Sub-Division." It is a memorial to him. The houses will be there fifty years or more.

He made money and spent it. He died at 29 and that is too young.

With all of the pretty houses, you all always lived with me. It was not intended for you all to live in one.

Ask your Mother to tell you about the turkeys and chickens and also the dress factory, broom factory, and floor furnance guards, also the two Collie dogs they had on the hill. Also the little foreign car they used to own and how your Mother learned to drive. The house was called "Hill-Top at 855 Charles.