

Sunday evening.

Dearest Sweetheart -

It is church time but I'm not going.

This week has been one of the tough ones for me. Wednesday night after talking and writing to you it rained. Did you ever hear of the black-land district of Texas. It is a strip of black-soil country that extends from Sherman to Austin and is famous, in Texas at least, for its good crops. It also ought to be famous for its ~~black mud~~ and the black thoughts that the deep black mud after a rain brings into the mind of any one trying to travel. There is nothing like it this side of the gumbo in the west. If a car gets stuck in it, just guess that car fast until a team jerks it loose. I sure ought to go to church after going through that mud but maybe it won't rain this week.

There is a nother on here. These Texas nothers in this part of the state consist of a little misty rain maybe but always a hard damp wind that goes right through you. Very few of the small town hotels are prepared for cold weather further than having a stove in the lobby. The lobby here is a little smaller than the Jeffries parlor (can you remember that parlor) and there are nine men sitting around talking and smoking so if I sound a little bazy just blame it on the weather.

This is my third letter since getting one of yours. I expected to get here Wednesday and find a letter

written Sunday and forwarded from Moalin but wasn't counting on the rain so I didn't get in until yesterday and was hoping there might be two letters.

Louise must have failed to forward your Sunday letter and Will Hays was slow if you wrote Wednesday or Thursday.

Several times I have run onto places where it looked like there had once been a still. Friday I hit a place where I'm sure there is one. It was against a high bank in thick brush along the Trinity river. There was a fire and several barrels standing around and two men sitting talking. A hard wind was blowing so that they hadn't heard me and I back tracked away from there and went around along the top of the bank. Just above where the men were, a number of auto tracks showed where cars have driven up away out from any house and in a sandy old cotton field. What would you have done: bought a gallon.

The new Ford has a good even coating of mud nearly all over it and two or three inches of mud stuck up under the fenders and one fender has a good big dent in it. Perhaps by the time it gets back to Oklahoma it will look about like the old one. You'll feel at home in it then.

This crowd is about to dawn my thoughts. They are knocking the Red Cross and Liberty Bonds and a

little mule-trader is telling all about what made  
the porch on his house sink and just how he fixed and  
a lot more such bunk. You see they have so nearly  
drowned me out that I am writing about it, so goodbye  
and good night.

I wish I could just squeeze your hand once to show  
I still ~~love~~ love you.

Jerry

Address Guinlan, Texas.



Miss Edna Cash

214 E. Main

Edmond, Okla.

Ran into  
a still.

FRANK BUTTRAM, PRESIDENT

ERRETT R. NEWBY, SECRETARY

**BUTTRAM PETROLEUM CORPORATION**

313-314 MERCANTILE BUILDING

TELEPHONE MAPLE 7277

OKLAHOMA CITY, OKLA.

Thursday

Dear Edna -

I am leaving this afternoon  
for Maramec to return Sunday and would  
like to come up that night. If you have  
other plans please drop me a line at the  
American Hotel at Yale, Okla.

Better save up those papers and  
we will mop up on them Sunday.

Sincerely,

Jerry.

After to return to  
BUTTRAM PETROLEUM CORPORATION,  
313-314 Mercantile Bldg.,  
OKLAHOMA, OKLA.



*Miss Edna Cash*

*214 E. Main*

*Edmond, Okla.*

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# THE COLONIAL HOTEL

MISS RUBY DIRR, Proprietress

We Cater to the Commercial Trade

Calvert, Texas, *Wednesday evening* 192...

Sweetheart, you're a long ways off but it surely does me a lot of good to sit down and talk a little at you. Does it bother you. Do you suppose it will make the Jeffries suspicious. Of course not. Why should it. Had I better just address you at Edward with an occasional letter to 214 E. Main. It isn't my intention to reel up one of these things and ship it each day but I do intend to write as often as I can and have anything to say. You don't need to feel at all obligated to answer each one of my letters for my evenings on the average will not be occupied nearly so much as yours, but do write when you can and tell what you are doing and how



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MISS RUBY DIRR, Proprietress

We Cater to the Commercial Trade

Calvert, Texas,

192

you are. Louise is staying at Marlin and will forward my mail when necessary. She gave me your letter to Graham today.

I drove the old Ford yesterday and hit some bad sandy roads. It took me back to Corsicana but before it got there, judging from the sound it made, was complaining terribly of neuralgia, earache, corns, a weak back and appendicitis. I hate to think of the loss in parting with it but it must be done as its continuous demand for new clothes and knick-knacks exceeded my financial standing.

After supper yesterday I left Corsicana in the new Ford stayed overnight in Hubbard, worked around there most of today, drove

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We Cater to the Commercial Trade

Calvert, Texas, \_\_\_\_\_ 192\_\_

into Marlin and found Louise but not Will, came on down here and found that Will is in Milano tonight. We will meet in Cameron tomorrow ~~at~~ <sup>at</sup> dinner time and maybe then I can tell how long it will be before I'll see you again.

My father's mother in her last letter mentioned a plan which if we should adopt would enable us to get married at once and probably go broke soon afterwards. She had just seen one of these moving groceries, a big van with a stock of groceries on shelves in it. Grandmother has reached the stage where she adopts everything new or novel whether it is practical or not. We love her as much as ever ~~but~~ but don't always follow

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We Cater to the Commercial Trade

Calvert, Texas,

192—

her suggestions. Her last idea was that I buy one of those and that John also get one. Then his wife could always be with him. How would you like that. About like I would, I expect.

In spite of your fears I noticed no difficulty in staying awake at the game. If Jennie hadn't been there do you suppose you would have had any trouble that way yourself. I hadn't noticed that the picture you gave me was queer looking in the least. It seemed to me to be the picture of a queen. But since you say in your letter that it is queer looking I suppose it must be. Excuse me, you didn't say queer looking exactly did you. You said queerest

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MISS RUBY DIRR, Proprietress

We Cater to the Commercial Trade

Calvert, Texas,

192---

looking. Of course there is a connection between your remarks and the pictures I had taken and there seems to be no other way out of it but for me to infer that you considered my pictures queer looking. If that is the way you feel you can just ship that picture back to me when you are through with it.

I didn't appreciate what you were saying when you told me of the exams and grade cards you had fixed up last week. You must have worked extremely hard to finish them all up before Saturday. I trust you did such a thorough job that every one of your students received a fair and equitable grade.

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# THE COLONIAL HOTEL

MISS RUBY DIRR, Proprietress

We Cater to the Commercial Trade

Calvert, Texas,

192—

The new Ford is running splendidly and acts like it will excell its predecessor. In fact everything is going good now and we ought to get a lot done by the end of next week. A norther hit yesterday evening and I needed some one to hold my hands today.

Who does C. N. S. play next Saturday. Will you send me the account of O. U.'s game Sunday. I certainly do appreciate that picture.

With lots of love,  
Jerry.

After Five Days Return to  
**The Colonial Hotel**  
CALVERT, TEXAS



Miss Edna Cash  
Edmond,  
Okla.

FRANK BUTTRAM, PRESIDENT

ERRETT R. NEWBY, SECRETARY

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OKLAHOMA CITY, OKLA.

VII

Tuesday evening.

My dear Sweetheart -

They finally gave me your three letters in two envelopes the one with the two letters marked opened by mistake. There are some Newbys living out in the country here and those letters had gone out on two different rural routes. But they hadn't spoiled a bit in the meantime and they certainly did read good to me. This eternal separation is getting my goat. Maybe your five days a week are filled up absolutely full but you do have most of every Saturday and Sunday off. I don't have them to worry me. If there was little for me to do each week end but amuse myself I would surely have as hard a time as you if not worse.

A good suggestion has just occurred to me regarding the finding of a debate subject. If popular reports are true you could just enquire of any newly married couple that had been married just about a year and a half or two years and they could give you a flock of subjects that would start a big argument. Will we ever be like that.

Your letter of last Sunday week hasn't come yet but it ought to be at Quinlan when I get there. It looks now like this week, or, at the latest, next week will finish this idea we have been working on and then I suppose we will hit back to Graham. There ought to be at least a months work there if we don't find anything; more than that if we do, just how much more depending on how much we find and what it is like.

Even the Texas papers gave an inch space to the results of the Better Cities contest. Edmond probably will get all swelled up over being runner-up in that contest and state collegiate champions all in the fall of one year. As long as you are there of course there will be some one to hold them down but it looks like it may just ruin the town when I take you away.

Those letters of yours absolutely were just what I needed and wanted to hear. It gets to be a long drag and eventually becomes discouraging to go out day after day all by mes self and <sup>have</sup> every farmer you talk to ask questions that must be sidestepped and around the hotel every other man tries to pump you either bluntly or by some devious method of attack. Yet get to feeling a little ostracized and useless and lost. And there



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OKLAHOMA CITY, OKLA.

letters just took all that out of me and made me feel that even though some fellows would say I was lost I was mighty happy to be that way. And your Sunday letter - my, oh! my, oh! my - if it takes only a bunch of flowers to strike a gusher of such wonderful honey it will be hard for me to refrain from spending all my money that way. It seems so peculiar to read such things from a girl and to know they are for me and above all that she really means all she says. And the worst of it is that I like it.

These small-pox reports must have been very much exaggerated for the schools are still running and no one knows anything about it. I've been here since Saturday night and hate to leave but it must be done in the morning. The hotel serves table'd'hôte meals a la family style with big old scoovers of buttermilk and good biscuits. To answer your question, my vaccination was three years ago and oi, you know how it did take.

As for plans, I don't see how I can plan much yet except that if we are to be at Oklahoma

City or any ~~other~~ place we certainly are going to have a home of some kind. Here I am engaged and can't buy her a ring and it looks like it will be here I am married and can't buy furniture. But life is too short to worry about anything that far ahead especially if your life is as uncertain as that of a geologist.

I believe you have faith in me and know that you love me and we will just have to wait a while before we can plan everything.

Sweetheart, you seem just ten times as close tonight as you did last night and forty times as close as last Friday night. I felt almost forsaken that night.

Yours lovingly,  
Jerry.

P. S. Better not mail your Sunday letter until you get my Sunday letter unless I write Saturday. Will be in Greenville Sunday.

Miss Edna Cash  
Edmond,  
Okla.



1921

FRANK BUTTRAM, PRESIDENT

ERRETT R. NEWBY, SECRETARY

BUTTRAM PETROLEUM CORPORATION

313-314 MERCANTILE BUILDING

TELEPHONE MAPLE 7277

OKLAHOMA CITY, OKLA.

VIII.

Saturday morning.

Dearest Edna -

While waiting for the fog to clear so I can get out to work I'll write just enough to tell you there isn't any news. Your letter of a week ago Sunday sent to Marlin was at Quinlan when I got there Thursday. Wednesday and Thursday were two more of these raw days when I drove with one hand and sat on the other to keep it warm - not really cold weather but just a penetrating chill. I sit it queer that I should have thought that, should you have been along, you could have held my hand and kept it warm and yet your hands would certainly have been cold too. Drizzling rain fell most of Wednesday making the roads bad for travelling but not raining enough to stop work. Last night was clear and, when the fog raises, today will be at least partly clear, the first sun for four days.

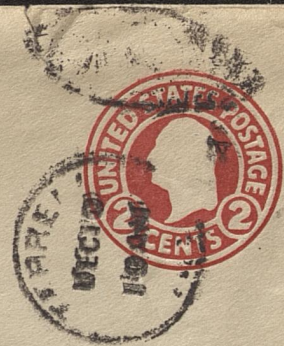
For some mysterious reason I ran out of gasoline away out in the country yesterday - the second time that has happened with this new Ford and it never happened with the old one. A school teacher that lived about a mile away was the only one for

miles that had a car. He let me have a gallon  
which ran the car <sup>to</sup> the next country store.

The fog is about gone so goodbye.

With lots of love,

Jerry.



Miss Edna Cask

214 E. Main

Edmond, Okla.

ALEXANDER HOTEL  
Bonham, Texas

NEW ROGERS HOTEL  
Waxahachie, Texas

QUANAH HOTEL  
Quanah, Texas

## Commercial Hotel

NEWMAN'S, Proprietors

Corsicana, Texas

VIII

Greenville, Texas.

Tuesday evening.

Dearest Edra - I got your fine letter of the seventh this morning. You did mighty well to write such a good heart-warming letter when you were so cold on so cold an evening. Friday, no, Saturday morning I called for it at Quinlan but it wasn't there. As far as my being out in cool weather is concerned, that is part of the business and is what has happened every winter for years. But you are the one that must be careful about exposure. And when I mention not getting letters when expected I'm not blaming you in the least. It is usually due to a little change in my plans and delays my arrival in a town. Better write me at Greenville this week.

I certainly appreciate your letters and all the more so since I know you are so very busy and pushed for time. My evenings usually are nearly free but after being out all day I feel thick-headed after supper and sometimes can't think of a thing to write about. Now don't say that is a sign of middle age or of a settled bachelor or anything like that for it has been the same way ever since I started into field work. My letters probably show about how much alive my brain is at times.

Just because I've been away so long don't go to encouraging that smart student that enrolled in your class because he thought you were class and <sup>he</sup> would get acquainted in that way. But as far as his not being able to understand what <sup>a</sup> project is - he may be an unusually bright fellow and not grasp the idea the first, second or fifth time. Witness my efforts to compre'. It seems like you undertook to explain to me about six times before I - quit asking, ain't it. Go ahead and talk about your routine work. I want to hear all about it if it consists of



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Bonham, Texas

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Quanah, Texas

## Commercial Hotel

NEWMAN'S, Proprietors

Corsicana, Texas

getting rid of annoying young men and that is certainly the idea you expressed in the letter. At least that sounds more variable than cussing out the grocer, the butcher and the milkman.

Sunday morning I started a letter to you and tore it up just before starting this one. I was in Mexia all that day trying to sell the old Ford for somewhere near what it is worth. They wanted to trade me oil stock, a note on some town lots, a restaurant, in fact almost anything for it but it didn't sell and is back in Corsicana again. Yesterday I spent all morning getting some money by wire and drove until ten last night getting here.

On the way up while passing some cattle that were loose in the road I saw

four feet waving in the air in the ditch at one side. It was an old cow that had fallen on her back and couldn't get up. At the nearest farmhouse they thanked me and sent a young fellow down to get the cow up. Another boy came over from a neighbors and by pulling on her tail and horns we got her feet under her but she wouldn't get up. I suppose she died there.

That and a high school boy who was held up on Main Street at Mexia about nine in the evening, are the only things of an unusual nature that have occurred lately.

Today is the thirteenth and I have been messing with the car all day. First one little thing would go wrong and then two. I suppose some one will steal it tonight. It has gone nearly 3,000 miles and hasn't had a flat tire yet. Just because I have told that I suppose they will all four be flat in the morning. It doesn't rattle quite as bad as the

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## Commercial Hotel

NEWMAN'S, Proprietors

Corsicana, Texas

old one yet but <sup>is</sup> getting more in tune with it every week.

Just how long a vacation we can have Christmas is uncertain yet. I plan on getting home some time Saturday. Not knowing where I will be or whether I will drive or ride the trains that is as definite as I can make it now. But I'll certainly be there Sunday and Monday and maybe longer as far as I know now. Frank and Everett are coming back down the latter part of the week but I probably won't see them until Sunday. If possible we will plan Christmas then but you know a geologist never knows.

Perhaps it seems like an old story to you but I'll never get tired hearing it - do you get me. But I have

been tired for a long long time of having  
to read it instead of hearing it. In spite  
of all that it looks most awfully good  
in your handwriting.

I love your eyes for what I can see in  
them - your lips for <sup>then kisses and for</sup> what they say - your  
face for what it expresses - your hands for  
the letters they write - and as I love all  
of you I guess I must love your feet too.

Jerry.

P. S. Perhaps you better wait until I  
write again before sending any letters.



Miss Edna Cash  
214 E. Main  
Edmond, Okla.

black-birds a sign of in Texas.  
A fine bird crop? I saw more  
~~red~~-winged black-birds today  
than I could have dreamed of  
before.

The Ford had its first flat tire  
today. Causa prima, a rusty  
nail. Since writing you last I  
have been working every day  
more or less on that thing. It  
has an elusive miser which is  
hard to locate because it wont  
occur when I am hunting for  
the cause. Maybe the explanation  
is too much amateur mechanics.

Geologists are staging a  
regular invasion of this region.  
Every day I meet one or two  
and one day I met three in  
half an hour. Most of them I

Commerce, Texas  
Friday evening.

Sweetheart Mine -

Something has just  
struck. It sounds like a norther  
from the way wash-boilers and  
pans are rolling around. There  
was a sprinkle of rain this  
morning and the clouds looked  
bad all morning but cleared  
away towards noon. The afternoon  
was very summerlike. And  
now this drops with a bang.  
Texas northers in this part of the  
state are mostly bluff and  
bluster. It will do well if there  
is ice in the morning. What are  
flocks of turtle-dove and  
black clouds of red-winged

don't know. The prices paid for leases exceeds anything  
ever paid this far from production, I guess.

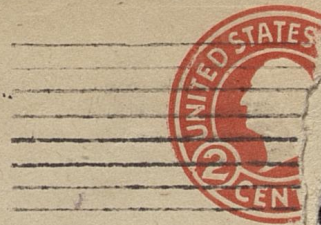
What are you doing tonight. - studying probably.  
Or are you giving me an occasional thought. I  
get <sup>to</sup> thinking, sometimes, driving along the road and  
suddenly realize that I'm not watching the country  
at all. Then looking hurriedly around and not  
watching the road I dive bang into a rut or bump  
of some kind.

Where is all this weight that caused so much  
comment recently. Have you lost it. I weighed  
yesterday and am staying about the same, eight  
pounds lighter than last winter. I'm not counting  
on gaining any Christmas week either. There won't  
be any time for that. Where are you going to  
spend Christmas eve and how. About Sunday or  
Monday I'll be meeting Frank and Everett and  
find out what the families have planned. There will  
have to be an adjustment of some sort. I'll write  
all I learn.

Good-night, Edna.

Jerry.

COMMERCE  
DEC 17-21  
10--AM  
TEX.



*Miss Edna Cash  
214 E Main  
Edmond, Okla.*



years ago when I proposed to an unusually fine girl and to my great joy and excitement was accepted. In fact it seems like so long ago I almost catch myself wondering how much you have changed in that time and if your letters really mean that your feeling towards me has not changed like they say it has not. Sweetness, I just feel that you are going to look even smarter and prettier than ever. And here I will be coming back with my face tanned and red from the cold winds and as thin as ever in spite of my gain in weight, my hands hard and rough, and my hair thinner than ever. Will I still look dear

IX.

Commerce, Texas  
Sunday P.M.

My dear Schoolteacher Sweetheart—

Now don't go to wondering if that implies that I have other sweethearts in various occupations. Didn't I tell you that you were the first and only girl that I have ever called sweetheart or by any other endearing name for that matter. And you still are the only one and always will be.

Six days—only six more days to make up the forty-nine days between the last time ~~and~~ saw you and the time when I am again to look into those brown eyes which are not brown but green or blue or some other color. It seems like

and precious to you. Or will I look too much like a farmer.

The wind Friday night was a norther all night. There was a cool north wind all day yesterday, last night was clear and calm and freezing cold, today was clear with a cool south wind, tomorrow will probably be cloudy and cool and Tuesday ought to be clear and warmer unless another norther hits. Being a newcomer in these here parts permits me to become a weather prophet without being classified as a light headed person, in other words a fool, according to the natives. At least, if you ask them about the coming weather they invariably ~~it~~ tell you that weather prophets are one of the two.

Work this last week hasn't been as easy as the previous week. I am rather new at <sup>the</sup> scouting of this kind of formations looking for structures and all of it has been hard enough for me except part of the work out of Kaufman and Terrell. But this last week the direction of the drainage has changed greatly and the direction of the outcrops has changed a little and made it the hardest territory I ever tried to scout over, I believe. But by just driving around enough and walking more or less it usually finally soaks in and then everything is clear. Twice this week I used eight gallons of gasoline, the most ever at


been compelled to postpone trying to buy leases on these anticlines until they could get to it. Some of the big companies have been paying as high as \$75 an acre for leases on favorable locations and I am afraid that will be too high for us. Such prices so far from production surpasses anything in my experience in any excitement anywhere. Frank will undoubtedly want to get something on each structure and if possible will do so but we may be too late. Most of this "dope" geologists consider confidential because it is pretty much private business.


I met another Oklahoma geologist Friday, a [redacted] from Tulsa, and he immediately started pumping me. I tried to

any time.

I've had no word from Frank or Everett so far but am calling Frank to find out what is what. The morning's paper said that some Oklahoma parties had signed up a drilling contract at Calvert, Texas. That is where they have both been this last week and I am in great hopes that they are the O. p. We had located a structure near there that looked mighty good.

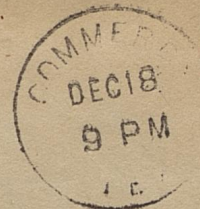
To date the results of our work have hardly been mentioned, have they. Since starting to work north from Corsicana I have been over five mighty good looking ~~anticlines~~ anticlines. Everett and Frank have been extremely busy on some other Territory and have

stick as close to the truth as possible. He seemed a lot worse stumped with this region than I have been. I never did like a  anyhow.

My boast about no punctures was just in time. One puncture and one blow-out and a ruined steering gear since then is all. Driving down the road one afternoon the front wheels began to go . The steering gear had come apart. I got into the next town and put in a new set of rods. That probably caused the blowout yesterday, too. Of course it happened just before sundown when time was getting short and there was forty miles to drive into town. Have you looked at a map to see how close I am to Oklahoma - just about fifty or sixty miles south of Hugo. Another week of scouting will put me up to Paris. Does that sound closer than Cameron or Austin.

Edra dear - I certainly do wish we could go to church together tonight. Next Sunday we will do that and I'll show how wide awake I can keep.

Just talked to Errett and Frank is on his way back to Oklahoma. Probably neither will get over here before Christmas. So outside of being here until Wednesday and then at Cooper for one night I can't tell where I will be. You don't need to write me this week. Just bottle it all up and save it for me. I'll drink it all in.  
Yours lovingly, Jerry



1921

Miss Edna Cask  
214 E. Main  
Edmond, Okla.

soon after noon today and it is still not cold this evening. I'm afraid if it stays warm there will be rain so I'm hoping for cold.

My travels <sup>this last</sup> week have been quite varied and extensive. On leaving Greenville I first went south to Cask, a town of about 50 people. Later on I went close to Sulphur and on to Skordike (which most assuredly was not named in the summer). Tomorrow I expect to get into Paris (not Cooper as I wrote Sunday). Also my eyesight is indeed remarkable, astounding in fact even though I say so myself, for today I was within sight of Ben Franklin. Recall your history and you will remember that he made quite a hit at court in Paris. Probably that is why Ben Franklin is so close to Paris

X

Commerce, Texas  
Tuesday evening.

Dearest Edra -

Only four more days.

Tomorrow will probably pass rapidly enough and Thursday may get thru without much trouble but Friday - I'll guess that Friday will seem a week long. My plans are to drive into Ardmore that night if possible. If that proves to be too far, then Gainesville. The weather man is doing his best to make the rest of the week and the trip home bad. He said it would be freezing by tonight and would rain and that tomorrow would be colder. My aneroid says fair and it probably means colder and I'm betting on the aneroid. The north wind hit

down here. But the big event, the sight I most want to see is when I go scooting up those Oklahoma roads towards you and home.

The weather man permitting, I have a plan that perhaps will appeal to you. If it is not too cold or too muddy Saturday morning I will wire you from Gainesville or Ardmore what time I expect to reach Norman. Would you come that far to meet me and ride to the city with me. If you get no wire at 214 E. Main you will know that I either have hit bad roads or am coming on the train.

Your letter mailed Saturday was given to me yesterday morning. That is better than our three day service a while back. I'll get your letter to Brownville at Paris - so, la! la!

Well, well, well. And so the little girl who was always rubbing it in about flirting and the myriads of previous romances is flooded with former beaux after she is engaged. Why, I distinctly had the impression that you had been a very much neglected girl and hadn't gone with more than six <sup>more or less</sup> men in your life - well, perhaps it was nearer six hundred than six. Here when I was putting my foot <sup>in</sup> ~~it~~ hot water time after time telling you frankly about different girls and my experiences with them so you could see just how little they had affected my real affections and hoping all the time that you would respond with ~~some~~

a similar clew to how much  
yours had been claimed at any  
time, you were holding out on me  
maybe perhaps. But wait a  
minute. There is a cue that I  
passed up. You said all your  
old Beaux and then went on  
to tell about only Will. Perhaps  
after all there is only the  
one. And so long as you are mine  
I don't care if there are a thousand.

Hoping for dry weather the  
rest of the week believe me,

Yours with love,

Jerry.

Later: It is 9:30 now and getting cold.



COOPER  
DEC 21  
11-AM  
1921  
TEX.



Miss Edna Cash

214 E. Main

Edmond, Okla.