

Thursday Morning.

My sweet Bay:—

Such a sweet heart, — such a sweet heart!! I didn't know anybody could be as sweet as you are, Th: & D. That was a precious letter I had from you, yesterday, — I only wish it had been twice that long, even if it was ten pages. I too close my eyes, Honey, and live again, and again these happy, wonderful hours I spent with you; that is one June night I'll never forget. You just bet I'll take my hair down for you, when I see you again (and I hope that won't be long) and you can do anything to ~~that~~ hair that you want to, and I will like it — yes, love it. I remember so well a gesture you made with your hand, while we were in the swimming — as if you

wanted to run your fingers  
through my hair, and — I  
was disappointed, because  
you didn't. You're being  
terribly modest about your  
pretty hair, and indeed it  
wasn't the light, the night  
we were in the kitchen,  
that made it have that  
pretty color, it might  
have brought out the  
color more, but I've  
seen other people's hair  
under that same light,  
and none of it looked  
like M: D.'s did. Yes,  
I noticed that hair  
too many other times  
— in fact, every time I  
saw you, for you to  
convince me that it isn't  
just as lovely as I say  
it is. As soon as it  
grows out some, I'm  
expecting you to send  
me just a strand or  
two, anyway. I realize  
it is hard for a man  
to clip a lock, without  
it showing, but just a  
tiny little bit won't be  
missed, and 'twould mean

so much to me.

You don't know how  
good fit makes me feel,  
 Sweet, for you to say  
 you will be a better boy  
 because of me; you could  
 not pay me a higher  
 compliment, and I ap-  
 preciate your saying  
 that, more than I can  
 tell you. I doubly ap-  
 preciate it because you  
 are such a fine, good,  
 sweet boy to begin with.

Really M.D. I have  
 never known a finer,  
 sweeter boy in my life  
 — I'll say one as sweet  
 and fine, and I mean  
 this. I'll always remember  
 what you said about my  
 happiness — that knowing  
 I was happy, would  
 make you happy too.

How unselfish you are  
 Sweet, but when we love  
 deeply, we are always un-  
 selfish — at least people  
 who are really fine, and  
 genuine are.

As to Bob, I'll admit

I think a lot of him, and since I've been home — I mean, until right lately, I have felt, if I ever married again, I would marry either Bob or Watkins. They are both very attractive, and although I am very much more congenial with Robert I have very much more confidence in Watkins, so that's enough to get me "over the fence." As I wrote you, things have just about come to a show down, between Robert and me. He is the kind that makes decisions right now, and I believe in taking more time, so naturally he hasn't much patience, and can't understand my going on for almost two years, without telling him something definitely. You remember I wrote you, in the letter where I told you every thing, that I insisted that W. and I were no longer engaged — at least that we would not have that understanding so long as

we had no definite plans  
 far - the immediate future.  
 You evidently didn't think  
 I really meant this, for  
 when you wrote me, you  
 made some reference to  
 my engagement to W. I  
 did mean it though, and  
 I no longer have any  
 standing engagements, <sup>either</sup>  
 this has taken place in  
 the last week. Of course  
 I guess as long as I am  
 at home I will see W.  
 on either Saturday or Sun-  
 day night, but there will  
 be no more standing  
 engagements. It was very  
 foolish for me to have  
 made them, in the first  
 place. I have certainly  
 tried to be perfectly fair  
 with the few friends  
 that I have, so after  
 my conversation with  
 Bob the other night, I  
 had a long talk <sup>Sunday night</sup> with  
 Watkins and told him  
 everything. That night  
 and Monday I was a  
week, because Liu too  
 sympathetic or "chicken

hearted" or - something, and I  
never feel worse than when  
I know she hurt someone.  
Watkins called Monday morn-  
ing and wanted to come in  
for a few minutes to see  
me - I asked him to  
wait until some other time,  
but he came in anyway,  
right after lunch and stay-  
ed all the afternoon. But  
I'm all right now.

Oh! but I'm glad you  
didn't go to Denver - that's  
just too far away. Indiana  
is bad enough. I'm glad  
you are doing so well  
though. How I wish I  
could be in the theatre,  
here in Anderson, sitting  
along about the third row,  
all ready to surprise  
you, when you came  
out on the stage. What  
a thrill I would get  
out of that, and know-  
ing I would be with  
you, after the show. I'm  
going to have to get off  
of this subject for I'm  
missing you too much  
already. By the way, I

7/  
dreamed about you last  
night, — but that is the  
the first time, since you  
went away. Mother, Papa  
and I went for a nice,  
long drive last night,  
after the store was closed,  
and although I usually  
do the driving, I asked  
Papa if he minded driv-  
ing and letting me sit  
in the back seat. The  
moon was glorious and  
how I wished for M.D.  
I did plenty of thinking  
and wishing, and just  
think that same moon  
was shining in Indiana.

I am going to stop  
worrying myself sick  
about what is best to  
do, in the future, — as  
serious a step as that  
should be given plenty  
of time and thought. I  
knew I will not ~~to~~  
take the "plunge" before  
Christmas, and I doubt  
seriously if I can bring  
myself to <sup>take</sup> it, then. As to  
the question you asked

me, I answer yes, because I feel confident that if I had been with you as much as I have that person, it would be just the same — or more, for after all, if that one date could do this to me, — what would the second one have done? So I answer yes to your question, and I couldn't have more confidence in anyone — than she always had.

Ginger and Bea spent yesterday with us and they asked about you. They complimented your picture too, but I don't think it does you justice.

Ginger said several times that she thought you had mighty pretty eyes. I'll have to keep my eye on that gal.

Bye-bye "Honey Boy" — you see that works both ways, and is very much more benefiting used in this way. Take care of your sweet self and write me as often as you have time, 'cause I love you, and love your letters too. Devotedly, as always, your "H. G."

Have you heard anything from your dog? I certainly hope so!



AUG 12 1932



Mr. Mc D. Ferguson,  
Andersen,  
Lufiana.

General Delivery.

From -  
Elsie Hamill  
Gretna, Ky.

Tuesday.

Darling M. D. —

I am so distressed to hear about your losing your bag, and I hope, ere this, you have had it returned to you. That's tough luck, for you had such pretty clothes.

Since you said you were going to the Post Office early yesterday morning, I'm hoping you found my letter there, waiting for you; — I wish I could have been there waiting for you, instead. My conscience hurts me because I haven't written you often the past week. It hasn't been that I haven't thought of you, and haven't wanted to write, for I certainly have, but Ginger and

Bess are spending their vacation in Yreuter (last week, and this week) and I've been trying to entertain for them a ~~little~~ little bit, so things have been in a whirl — rather I have been. I had company all Sunday and Monday afternoon, and yesterday afternoon late Virginia called and wanted me to come over to Yreuter last night.

Mildred Nimmo, my best Buddy, has been at home for a few days, so of course I wanted to spend some time with her, before she went back to Parisville. I'm not trying to make a lot of excuses to ease my conscience, but I did want to explain to you why I hadn't written you more often.

I'm still grieving because you are getting farther and farther away

3/  
from me, but I hope it  
is in miles, only. Oh!  
but I wish I could see  
you. I hope the next letter  
I have from you will  
have a lock of hair  
enclosed for me. It  
has helped so much to  
have your picture, and  
that will help a lot  
too, and I shall keep  
it, and treasure it  
always, just as I will  
your picture and letters  
and all the other "keep-  
sakes".

Oh! D. Sweet, please  
don't say that you're  
afraid I live of hearing  
you say you love me,  
— I've never heard you  
say it, nearly enough.  
I get a new thrill out  
of it, every time you  
tell me, and never in  
my life, have I look-  
ed forward to getting  
a letter from anyone  
like I love from you,  
— I'm always so eager

far another one — no matter  
how often I hear from  
you, and the "patter" they  
are, the better I like it.  
Again I must tell you  
that you write the most  
interesting, attractive and  
sweetest letters of anyone  
I've ever known. But  
how they make me want  
to see you. I love you, Harry.

I know this is a  
miserable letter, but I  
have written it hurriedly  
since I am going to a  
picnic at Dunbar's Cove  
and haven't very much  
time to get dressed. Our  
Sunday school class (about  
22 girls) — I'm still a  
member of that class, al-  
though I have a class of  
my own now, have planned  
to have supper there to-  
night, and later go in  
the pool. How I wish  
just you and I were  
going on a picnic to some  
nice, quiet place, where  
we could talk to our  
hearts' content.

Be a good boy and  
remember always that I love  
you. You're so sweet tho'. As ever - E.

AUG 20 1932

AUG 10 1932



Mr. B. D. Ferguson,  
Seymour,  
Louisiana.  
General Delivery.

From -  
Elise Hamill  
Geneva, Ky.



Tuesday.

M: D Darling: —

I was so happy to hear your voice last night, and I think you are a dear to phone me. The surprise was so great I'm afraid I was too thrilled and excited to talk with any sense, what ever. Yes, you <sup>know</sup> how 'tis, when somebody else is near the phone, and you can't say the things that are in your heart. If only that telephone had been in my bed room, upstairs — away from everybody else, my part of the conversation would have been entirely different. I could hear you perfectly, but it seemed you could not hear me very well.

It has hurt me that you haven't written me more often, for your letters are so wonderful, and I do love you, M: D, yet I can't help wondering if you aren't too busy to be

bothered with keeping up a  
correspondence with me, and  
you're just too tactful to  
come out and tell me so.  
I can't help feeling that you  
have tried to discontinue  
writing me, and I just  
haven't let you. Maybe  
you feel "what's the use"  
when we're so far apart,  
and not having the slight-  
est idea when we'll ever  
see each other again.

When you asked me  
what you did about you  
and Robert - how I felt  
toward the two of you,  
I could answer only as  
I did, truthfully, for I  
meant just this - I  
don't have the slightest  
idea what I am going  
to do. Somehow I do feel  
differently toward Bob since  
his last visit here. Why -  
I don't know. If I could  
ever see you and talk  
with you again I'm sure  
you would understand  
me much better. How I  
wish you could come to  
Guthrie before you go any  
farther away, but I guess  
I'm wishing for too much.

3/

It is hard to write some things, and yet it seems I might not have the opportunity to see you for a long time — if ever. I imagine me, I well, for talking like this — I don't guess I need tell you that I'm blue for you can easily read between the lines, I'm sure.

It's a gloomy, rainy day and probably that makes me feel all the more depressed.

I'm selfish enough to want you nearer me, — so that I can see you and be with you often, and I'm confident you could "make a go" of anything you attempted to, yet I hesitate to advise you to make a change, for fear, later on, you might become dissatisfied and blame me, to a certain extent. Most of all, I want you to be happy and content. However, you tell me you haven't been, — and it would be so marvelous for you to be at work in Parisville,

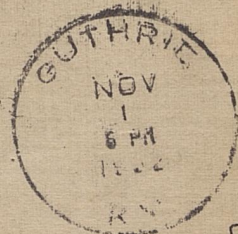
we somewhere near Guthrie.  
I guess night now, though,  
is a bad time to make a  
change, so for that reason,  
especially, I feel I shouldn't  
advise you. You know  
best, Sweet Bay, what you  
want to do. If you here  
-the show business better than  
anything else, then I would  
stay with it, - if not,  
I believe, in years to come,  
you would do better, at  
something else. But after  
all, we do not make  
a success of anything -  
at least we're not very  
apt to, unless we have  
our whole heart in it.

I'm going to hurry to  
the office and see if I can't  
get this note in this after-  
noon's mail.

Take good care of your  
dear self, and wrap up good  
this of arip, cold weather, cause  
I don't want you to take  
cold. Again I must tell you  
I love you - and all the  
more, for that call last night.  
But how it has made me  
want to see you!

Devotedly, as always,  
Your "Lones Girl"

DINPA  
BFLAT



GUTHRIE, KY  
G-M-1-1-L  
St Louis

Mrs. M. D. Ferguson  
Wadkins Hotel Annex,  
Broadway and Chestnut St.  
St. Louis, Mo.

Copy for marked pot  
into water.

From  
Elease Hamill,  
Greenville, Ky.

$$\begin{array}{r} 115 \\ \hline 805 \\ \hline 210 \\ 25 \\ \hline 235 \end{array}$$

2/11/5/3

$$\begin{array}{r} 40 \\ 15 \\ \hline 55 \end{array}$$

58

$$\begin{array}{r} 174 \\ 235 \\ \hline 409 \end{array}$$

ELOISE HAMILTON

Friday night.

Dearest B. D. L.

I've just come  
in from a dance, and  
although it's 2:30, I'm  
writing you before I  
go to bed so that I  
can have it all ready  
for the cook to mail  
you one early in the  
morning. I want you  
to hear from me to-  
morrow before you  
leave Nashville.

I'm disappointed  
because I haven't had  
a note from you tell-  
ing me definitely your  
plans for this coming  
week. I wanted so  
much to come back to  
Nashville today, and be

with you for a while  
this morning anyway, but  
after you said you thought  
you would be in Hopton  
and Clarksville this morn-  
ing week, I gave out  
coming over. However, if  
you had written me  
few plans had been  
changed again, and I  
would not have the  
opportunity to see you  
next week, I wish I  
had been right there  
with you.

I really don't  
think you were very  
glad to see me Mr. O,  
Doney, — but I was  
indeed happy to see  
you again, and to be  
with you for such  
a little while now.

I came very near  
calling you, from Burrus'  
— a few miles out on  
the Gallatin pike, and ask-  
ing you to drive out and



ELISE HAMIL

be with us for a while  
that night, but I re-  
membered you said  
you did. There shows a  
day, and - as I didn't  
know whether you would  
care about driving out or not.  
We met the others there  
about eight o'clock and  
danced until eleven.

We stopped there, on  
our way to Lebanon and  
<sup>Nashville</sup> and had a sandwich  
and bottle of beer and  
the man who owns the  
place, used to live in  
Guthrie and told us they  
were going to have a  
good orchestra there that  
night, so we decided to  
stop by on our way home  
and dance awhile. I  
wished for you so much.  
M: D dear, I do

hope you are coming to  
Clarksville next week,  
and that I'll get to see  
you. I guess I shouldn't  
be writing you since  
I haven't had any word  
from you — not only  
since I saw you in Nash-  
ville, but — since I  
wrote you that last  
letter and begged you  
so to answer it.

Good night, sweet  
M.D. My love to you,  
As always,  
Elsie.

P.S. Please excuse pencil, writ-  
ing, etc. — couldn't find  
my pen.

CHI. & E.  
TR  
MAY 20  
1935  
A. C. D.



Mr. M. C. D. Ferguson,  
1915 State St.,  
Nashville,  
Tennessee.

From -

Box 508,

Guthrie, Ky.

Tuesday night.

Sweetest M. D. —

You know I  
forgive you for not  
writing sooner, for how  
well I know how it  
is to be busy, and as  
you say, one has to  
have a little sleep after  
a busy, long day.

I'm constantly  
looking forward to see-  
ing you, and being with  
you this summer. I am,  
I'm hoping you'll play  
Nashville before then.

I've certainly  
had a time of it for  
the past few days. Water  
pipes have been bursting  
at the store and house,  
an account of the extremely  
cold weather. There has  
been a shortage of coal  
in Guthrie, — part of  
the "force" has been sick.

and all in all, Sue had plenty to marry me. However, it could have been lots worse, and now - the weather is warm, the sun is shining again, and I'm feeling better.

Please don't give out the picture, 'cause I'm going to pass you, yet! Robert is in G. with me again. In fact he has been here most of the time for a month or six weeks. He called me one night not long ago, but that is the only time I've talked to him. He was drinking this past week-end. It is too bad he doesn't get hold of himself and straighten up, but I'm afraid he never will.

M.D. dear I too love to have you open

3/

your heart to me, and  
when you do, it makes  
me feel free to tell  
you what is in mine.  
I know exactly how  
you feel about the past.  
I feel I have made  
many mistakes too —  
I feel I have made a  
miserable mess of my  
life, but we should  
try not to let our  
minds dwell on this  
thought too much. We  
will have to console  
ourselves by thinking, <sup>rather feeling</sup> that  
we at least did what  
we thought was best.  
And who doesn't make  
mistakes sometimes?

It gives me a lot  
of happiness to keep in touch  
with you — to know  
where you are, and how  
you are, and most of all,  
that you still love me, —  
after being away from  
me for so many, long

41

years. Just think how  
long it has been since  
our courtship, and there  
is something very sweet  
about it all, — this  
feeling we still have  
for each other after  
such a long separation.

Since I have to  
open the store in the  
morning, I knew I  
should be "turning in"  
for the night.

I think of you  
often, love me, and  
know that I love  
you.

Goodnight Sweet.

As always,

Your "Honey Girl"





Mr. M. D. Ferguson,  
Ritz Theatre  
c/o Uncle Ezra Jones & Barry Dance Proles,  
Reasabe, Alabama.

Box 508,  
Gretna, Ky.

Wednesday.

D. W. Darling:—

I'm going to slip  
off to my desk long  
enough to write you a  
note, anyway.

I received your  
precious letter this morn-  
ing, and I still say there  
isn't anyone who can write  
as dear letters as sweet you.  
I revel in them, and what  
wonderful things you do  
say to me. Well, never,  
never forget what you  
said about coming to me,  
in spirit, and being near  
me, to caress me. Little  
did I dream, last Sun-  
day night, that you were  
having such thoughts of  
me. Bless your heart,  
you too, are sentimental,  
and how I love you for it!

People who have dispositions like ours get so much more out of life than others do. I think we feel things more deeply. We suffer more, at times, yet we experience a greater happiness, when we are happy.

Honey, speaking of songs, are you sure you know the words to "Rights Out"; "Alone"; "At a Table for Two" — aren't they pretty? I listen to them often, and dream, and dream. And you? Sweet, I wonder if you dream sometimes too.

I want you to tell me when you're blue; I want you to tell me your troubles and worries — pour out your heart to me whenever you feel like talking to someone. You are a sweet thing, B.B.

and I could tell my  
Sweetheart was blue Sun-  
day when you wrote me.  
You tried to hide from  
me just how blue you  
were, but I could read  
between the lines. I hate  
to think about your feel-  
ing that way, ever. How I  
wish I could come to  
you when you are blue,  
or depressed, and talk to  
you, put my arms around  
you, kiss you, and tell  
you how sweet and fine  
you are, and that I love  
you, for these and many  
other reasons!

M.O.D. dear, I had  
an automobile salesman to  
come to see me, a few  
days ago, about buying a  
new Buick, and although  
he was a middleaged man,  
he had eyes so much  
like yours, and how I  
wished it had been you

to drive up in front of the  
store, instead. Really his  
eyes were enough like  
yours (except they were not  
as pretty) <sup>for him</sup> to have been  
your father. I've always  
thought your eyes were  
so pretty.

I don't like to hear  
you say you think you  
will be able to arrange  
for a vacation this summer.  
You just must, honey,  
be here, gone and  
written another book, in-  
stead of a note.

Be a good boy,  
Darling, and love me,  
always. I love you.  
Your "Honey Girl."

GUTHRIE  
MAR  
12  
4 PM  
1936  
KY.



4 PM  
1936  
KY.

Mr. M. D. Ferguson,  
of Uncle Ezra Jones' Barn Dance Frolics,  
Quincy Theatre,  
Quincy, Florida.

Box 508,  
Guthrie, Ky.

Box 508

1240  
20  
3660



Tuesday.

Mr. Dear:—

Do you recognize  
this tree?

Wrote you yes-  
terday and mailed it  
to Brattleboro, Vt. I  
guess you received it.  
In case you didn't,  
I am writing you this  
note.

As ever,  
Elise.



Mr. M<sup>c</sup> D. Ferguson,  
Keene, New Hampshire.

General Delivery.

JUL 4 1835

Elize R. Hamill,  
Guthrie, Ky.

Monday.

Dearest M: D: —

Your second card came yesterday, and I am so glad you wrote me again, for I misplac- ed the other card.

I still think about you often, and wish that I could see you.

I wrote you, after hearing from you, and asked you to please write me again, giving me your schedule. I took a chance on your getting it since

was it even positive I remembered the post mark.

~~whether~~ I don't know whether you've heard of Papa's death or not. He died the twentieth of September, and I have taken over the store.

It certainly keeps me

busy, but that is good  
for me, and I don't  
know what I would  
have done if I hadn't  
had something to occupy  
my mind. I don't be-  
lieve it is possible for  
a child to love a parent  
more than I did Papa,  
and it has been almost  
more than I could stand  
to give him up. He  
dropped dead here in the  
store, while I was visit-  
ing in North Carolina.  
You don't know the  
heartaches I have had  
since I last saw you.  
I wonder if you  
will ever be in this  
part of the country again.  
Let me hear from  
you again soon, wait you?  
My love to you,  
As always,  
Elsie.

7/13

BRATTLEBORO  
9 JUL 9 00 AM  
VT 1981



Mr. M. D. Ferguson  
Brattleboro, Vermont.

~~Lansing~~

~~Barnes~~

~~W.H. Rochester~~

General Delivery.

From -  
Elise R. Havill,  
Guthrie, <sup>5661</sup> - 8 ~~Apr.~~

JUL 3 - 8 700

JUL 9 1935

4 hrs pay.

Dearest M<sup>d</sup>: —

I was so glad to hear from you again, even if you do treat me like a step-child. It is hard for me to understand you, and it seems strange, for I used to think I understood you perfectly.

As always, it makes me happy to have you say you love me, but sometimes you make me feel you do not, and have even forgotten that such a person ~~even~~ lives.

It was certainly careless of me to address the letter to you wrong. I hope though that you finally received it. Since it hasn't been returned to me, I imagine you



have, by this time.  
In the letter I  
told you of Papa's death,  
and that I am manag-  
ing the store now. I  
wrote you a note on  
a card I sent you  
Christmas, at your sister's  
address in Lakesville,  
telling you of our  
terrible loss.

It has been  
almost ten months  
now since he left us  
and I have been work-  
ing hard at the store  
since that time. It  
is good for me to  
have something to occupy  
my time; I don't know  
what I would have  
done if I hadn't had.  
I have plenty of re-  
sponsibilities now, for the  
first time in my life,  
but I'm thankful that I  
have managed to get  
along as well as I  
have, for this length of  
time, even.

Maybe some of these days  
we will meet again,  
somewhere, and can have  
another long talk. I  
hope so for you  
know, without my  
telling you, how much  
I have always thought  
of you, and how I  
enjoy being with you.  
Be sure and  
come by to see me  
if you are ever in  
this part of the Country  
again.

Be the sweet,  
fine boy that I've  
always known you  
to be and remember  
to let me hear from  
you often.

Devotedly, as ever,  
Elsie.

---

Mr.  
Mr. D. Ferguson  
Co "Uncle Ezra Jones"  
Rochester, N. H.



Box 508,  
Genevieve, Ky.



Monday.

M: D dearest:—

This is just a note to thank you for your precious letter. Any one, who didn't know you even, could tell, by reading that letter, just how sweet and fine a person you are.

Yours is an understanding heart, and not since I lost Papa, have I had a letter from any of my friends that comforted home like yours has. I do love you for every word of it, and you will never know how much it has helped me.

I'm still wondering if you will ever be near Guthrie again. It would be so good to see you again.

I open the store one  
week, and Mr. Firm the  
next so one week I am  
here from 6:30 until 9:30,  
and the next <sup>week</sup> from 7:30  
or 8:00 until 9:30. On  
Saturdays, we are open  
as late as 11:30 or 12:00,  
so you see I really  
have long hours. But  
I do not mind, for  
the more I have to  
do, the better off I am.  
Of course I get away  
for a change, every  
now and then, but I  
am here most of the  
time, for I am so  
interested <sup>in the store.</sup> The most  
consolation I get out  
of it is that I know  
of nothing that would  
have made Papa hap-  
pier than to know  
that I <sup>was</sup> carrying on the  
business part I have  
often heard him say he

wished that I could.  
I can't tell you  
how much I appreciate  
the many, lovely things  
you said about him.

Write me as often as you can.

I don't believe it pos-  
sible for a man to  
be sweeter or better to  
his family than he was  
to his. I thank you,  
Darling, for the nice  
things you said about  
me, <sup>too</sup> and I only wish  
I deserved them.

I said this was  
going to be a note, but  
it seems I can't stop  
at a hate when I start  
writing sweet you.

You just let it mean  
something (you will never  
know how much) to know  
how you feel toward me.  
I only hope you always  
feel like that, for I  
don't want you to ever  
get over it.  
My love to you, As always, Elise

JUL  
23  
6 AM  
1850



Mr. M<sup>o</sup> D Ferguson,  
of "Uncle Ezra Jones",  
Barre Place & Relics,  
Barre - Foxcroft, Maine.

General Delivery.





Box 508,  
Guthrie, Ky.

Thursday night.

Darling: —

I've had a letter  
written, ready to mail  
to you, for almost a  
week, and just waited  
for you to send me  
your address. Bless  
your heart, that's just  
what you did so I've  
just sending it on,  
even if it is "self."  
I'm ever desiring  
when I'll see you again.  
Why, but you are far  
away. I envy you  
being in the New  
England states. When  
I get to be an old  
man, if I live that long, I  
hope to spend my last days  
in that part of the  
country. She never for-  
gotten my visit to  
Boston, and the wonder-  
ful trips to neighboring

states. To me that is  
God's Country, but of  
course I've never been  
very far from "the  
old home town." I  
imagine you seeing so  
much beautiful scenery.  
I'm still hoping,  
some of these days, you'll  
surprise me again by  
giving me a ring and  
saying you are right  
here in town on our  
your way. I'll fix  
you some more tarts  
if just wait and see  
if I don't, Darling.

You are a dear,  
M. D., & you are  
precious, and I'm  
still looking forward  
to seeing "that old sweet  
heart of mine" some time  
not too far off, I hope.  
My love to you,  
As always,  
Your "Honey Girl".

Friday.

My darling M<sup>r</sup>: D:—

Please don't  
think too many bad  
things about me be-  
cause I've failed to  
answer your letters  
more promptly. They  
are such marvellous  
letters and you will  
never know how much  
they mean to me — how  
much they help me, so  
please write me as  
often as you can find  
the time. Since I've  
waited this long to answer  
your letter, I really  
do not know exactly  
where to reach you,  
but I'll try, anyway.  
I appreciate your

card from Canada, and  
wish I could have  
been there with you.  
Papa and I had such  
a nice trip to Canada,  
and I shall never  
forget it. We used to  
take trips together right  
often, and always had  
such good times together.  
Mr. Finn is leav-  
ing tomorrow on his  
vacation and I'll cer-  
tainly have to stay  
closely on the job,  
until he returns. I've  
engaged a relief pre-  
scriptionist but of course  
he won't know the stock.

Mr. D. when you  
do come back to Quebec,  
we will drive down  
to Dunbar's Cove. I  
am anxious for you  
to see it since there

3,

have been so many  
improvements made  
there. They have a lovely  
lake, boating, canoeing,  
dancing, and a beauti-  
ful bath house and  
swimming pool. We'll  
have some good times  
Honey, if you'll just  
head this way, sometime.

Guess you've  
heard that your brother  
was in the political  
race. I'm so glad, and  
you just bet I noted  
you him.

Be sweet, M. & D.  
dearest, and know al-  
ways that I love sweet  
you.

Devotedly,  
Eloise.



Mr. M. W. Ferguson,  
 90 "Uncle Ezra Jones Barn Dance Frolics"  
 North Conway, Wolfboro  
 New Hampshire.

Box 508,  
Greenville, S.C.





Hamill's Drug Store

Rexall Druggist  
Guthrie, Kentucky

Monday, Aug. 19<sup>th</sup>

My Darling: —

This is just a note  
to ask you to write to the  
post office at the address  
you gave me last week  
and ask them to forward your mail.  
I didn't get your car  
- telling me you wouldn't  
be at that address until  
after I had sent a letter  
to you there.

Will write you  
again right away.

Lane,

from  
your "Henry Girl."

Hamill's Drug Store  
Rexall Druggist  
Guthrie, Kentucky



Mr. M. D. Ferguson,  
% Uncle Ezra Jones Barn Dance Tr.  
Lincoln, New Hampshire

AUG 22 1935

Monday.

I received M.C.D. —

Your precious letter came this morning, and I am always happy to hear from you.

Well, I have mumps this morning, do you see it! If you could see me now, you would really get a good laugh. I am so happy to know there is a possibility even of your coming to Nashville later on. Be sure to let me know when you will be there.

Will write you again real soon. I hope to be feeling better in a day or two. My love to sweet you, and write me often as you can. As always, Elise.



Mr. M<sup>o</sup> D Fergusson,  
of Uncle Ezra Jacob Barn' Dancer's "Fralies",  
Newport, New Hampshire.

Elis R. Daniell,  
Greenville, S.C.



Tuesday night.

Darling D. & D. —

Just when I  
fear you've forgotten  
all about this old  
sweetheart of yours,  
I have another card,  
or letter from you.  
I am so glad  
you think there is a  
possibility of <sup>your</sup> coming  
South before very long.  
I am looking for-  
ward with a lot  
of happiness, to your  
coming back to see  
me, and you just  
bet I will grant  
your wish        as  
do you remember  
the wish?

I liked the  
tone of your last  
letter for it remind-  
ed me of the D. & D.  
I used to know.  
After all, we all long

~~long~~ for a certain hap-  
 piness that is some-  
 times hard to find,  
 it seems. Somehow  
 there is an emptiness  
 in our lives when  
 things that have meant  
 so much to us, and  
 mine always wanted,  
 and longed for -  
 are lacking. I know  
 what this means, and  
 I imagine you do too.

I had a call  
 Sunday morning, tell-  
 ing me the drug store  
 was afire, and you  
 can imagine how I  
 felt. As soon as I  
 got out of the house,  
 I could see the smoke  
 coming out the front.  
 Before I could get  
 down with the key,  
 some of the men had  
 broken the plate glass

to one of the front doors,  
 but thank goodness  
 that was the only  
 damage done. The smoke  
 was caused from  
 a motor in the Frig-  
 idaire burning out.  
 More than likely it  
 would have done a  
 lot of damage, had  
 it happened in the  
 middle of the night.  
 Honey, I guess  
 you were surprised  
 to hear I had mumps,  
 — and so was I.

Imagine waiting until  
 you are 34 years old  
 to have mumps. So  
 many <sup>young</sup> people had  
 them, here in town.  
 For a while there  
 was quite of siege  
 of them, and some were  
 real sick.

Dr. D, I think of it



4

often, and must tell you —  
that it does my heart  
good to still keep in  
touch with you. If  
I live to be an old  
man, I'll never for-  
get how sweet and  
good you've always  
been to me. I cherish  
those memories more  
than you have ever  
realized, I'm sure.  
You're just "all there",  
Darling, — you've  
always been like that,  
and I love so much  
to hear from you —  
to still be able to  
keep in touch with  
sweet you.

Take good care  
of yourself, please, and  
hurry on South for  
I am hungry for the  
sight of you.

My love to you,  
Your "Honey Girl."

(over)

P.S. M.D. - I am so sorry for  
your sister. When you hear  
of a couple who have  
lived so happily together,  
your heart goes out to the  
one who is left behind;  
after all, there is so much  
truth in the old saying,  
"It is those who stay  
behind that suffer."  
Goodnight, Honey.  
E.I.

OCT  
19  
8 AM  
1858  
KY

Mr. M<sup>o</sup> D Ferguson,  
Co Colonial Theatre,  
Portsmouth,  
New Hampshire.

P. Henry Brown

1976, Ky.

Old No. Church

187 Salem St.

Kings Chapel The West of School

Elice R. Harrell,  
Guthrie, Ky.

Monday Morning.

Dear Parents:—

Please send me one of your route cards. I don't have any idea where to write you, and I have a letter that has been written a week, thanking you for the beautiful flowers.

I feel terrible about not getting the <sup>letter</sup> to you sooner. I am afraid you do not understand why you haven't heard from me, and will think me just about the most unappreciative person you know.

My love to sweet, sweet you.

Devotedly, as always,  
Chloe.

Forwarded

APR 21 1855  
KY.



Uncle Ezra Jones'  
Mark Dance Folio

Mr. M. C. Ferguson  
~~325 So. Patterson St.~~  
~~Wilmington Del.~~

(at)  
Arcade  
Theatre

Please forward to Salisbury; Md

LOUISVILLE  
APR 22  
5:30 PM  
1936  
KY.

Box 508,  
Guthrie, Ky.

BUY U.S. SAVINGS  
BONDS  
ASK YOUR POSTMASTER

Q:-  
You will mail  
before - how soon  
you send your  
card - how soon  
C.O. - how soon  
of - about how  
turn mail (1919)

Sunday.

Th: O Darling: —

You are a precious person if there ever was one! I am so ashamed of myself for waiting such a long time to answer the dearest letter I think I ever read. I'm afraid you'll never forgive me for treating you like this. Honey, I wish I could tell you what your letter meant to me, — to know that hearing from me means that much to you. I think that you feel like that toward me when we have been separated so many long years. I am indeed fortunate to have a sweet-heart, and friend so loyal, and true.

Th: O Sweet, I haven't meant to be 'neglectful' but I've worked harder, and had more responsibilities in the last two or three months than



I've ever had. Mother has  
been real sick, and Grand-  
pa Rogers, who is ninety two  
years old, has been with  
us for several weeks, —  
I've had to go to St. Louis  
again on business for him,  
and with looking after  
the store, <sup>and</sup> the small farm  
we have, and seeing after  
the coal hauling to the pump-  
ing station (a contract  
which we have with the  
R. R. Co.) and even plan-  
ning meals since Mother  
hasn't ~~even~~ been able to  
look after any part of  
the housekeeping, I've just  
about had all I could  
get around to.  
Please try to find  
it in your heart to for-  
give me — for years  
has always been an tender  
standing heart. Every night  
I've thought surely I would  
get home in time to write  
you before another day ended,  
but each night I was so  
tired I almost fell in

bed, after getting Mother  
settled, and comfortable  
for the night. Your letter  
touched me so, and I  
promised myself I would  
not sleep that night until  
I had written surely you.  
I wonder how you can  
love me when I treat you  
like I do, yet I feel sure  
you realize, down deep in  
your heart, that I love  
you, and have always loved  
you. How could I help  
it, my darling?

I was so dis-  
appointed when I found I  
had missed your call  
this summer. Mother and  
I went to see some of  
our relatives from Boston,  
who were in Va. for  
the summer. I insisted  
she make the trip, think-  
ing it might help her.  
I wonder when  
you will be so near  
home again, — how I  
wish you would come  
to Louisville — and on to  
Guthrie Christmas.  
I wonder if you

are as far from marry-  
ing as I am. I hope  
so. It seems I can't bring  
myself to even considering  
Taking such a step again. Of  
course I have my friends,  
just as you have, <sup>yes</sup> but  
I've made too many  
mistakes, already.

Please write me,  
often, and know that  
whether I write often or  
not, that I and the  
same Elsie, and al-  
ways so happy to hear  
from you. I am going  
to try to be better about  
writing, in the future;  
— maybe from now on,  
things will begin to  
readjust themselves.  
I love you, B.D.,  
and it does this old  
heart of mine more  
good than you will  
ever know, to feel  
you still love me, and  
think of me often.

Be a good Boy,  
and don't ever forget your  
"Honey Girl".

~~Opa Locke, Fla~~  
~~John Van Arman~~  
~~Winkler~~

DEC  
3  
7 AM  
1937  
KY.



Mr. M. D. Ferguson,  
~~Billboard Publishing Co.,~~  
~~Cincinnati,~~  
~~Ohio.~~

CAPITOL THEATRE,  
RALEIGH,  
N.C.

Box 508,  
Guthrie, Ky.



OPA LOCKA  
DEC 16  
1937  
P.M.  
FLA.

Hamill's Drug Store

The Rexall Store  
GUTHRIE, KENTUCKY

Friday, May 5

My Dearest:

I am coming to  
Leisville tomorrow to the Derby,  
and if you are in Leisville,  
I would love so much to  
see you, even for a few  
minutes. I am coming with  
Watkins, and we are staying  
with Edward Minnis and  
his wife. We won't leave  
you home until sometime  
Sunday afternoon.

You were a dear  
to send me the Valentine greet-  
ing, but that is just like  
you to be thoughtful. I am  
ashamed not to have thank-  
ed you for it sooner.

I'm wondering what

Hamill's Drug Store

The Rexall Store

GUTHRIE, KENTUCKY

you are doing, and how  
you are. I hope you are  
not going to be so far  
away any more.

Here's hoping I  
get to see you, or at  
least talk to you, even  
the telephone.

I imagine we  
will either go to Club  
Greyhound, or the Crystal  
Terrace Saturday night.

As always, with  
lots of love,

Elice.

Elsie Hamill  
HAMILL'S DRUG STORE  
THE REXALL STORE  
Guthrie, Kentucky

LOUISVILLE  
MAY 15  
11:30 AM  
1939  
K. Y.

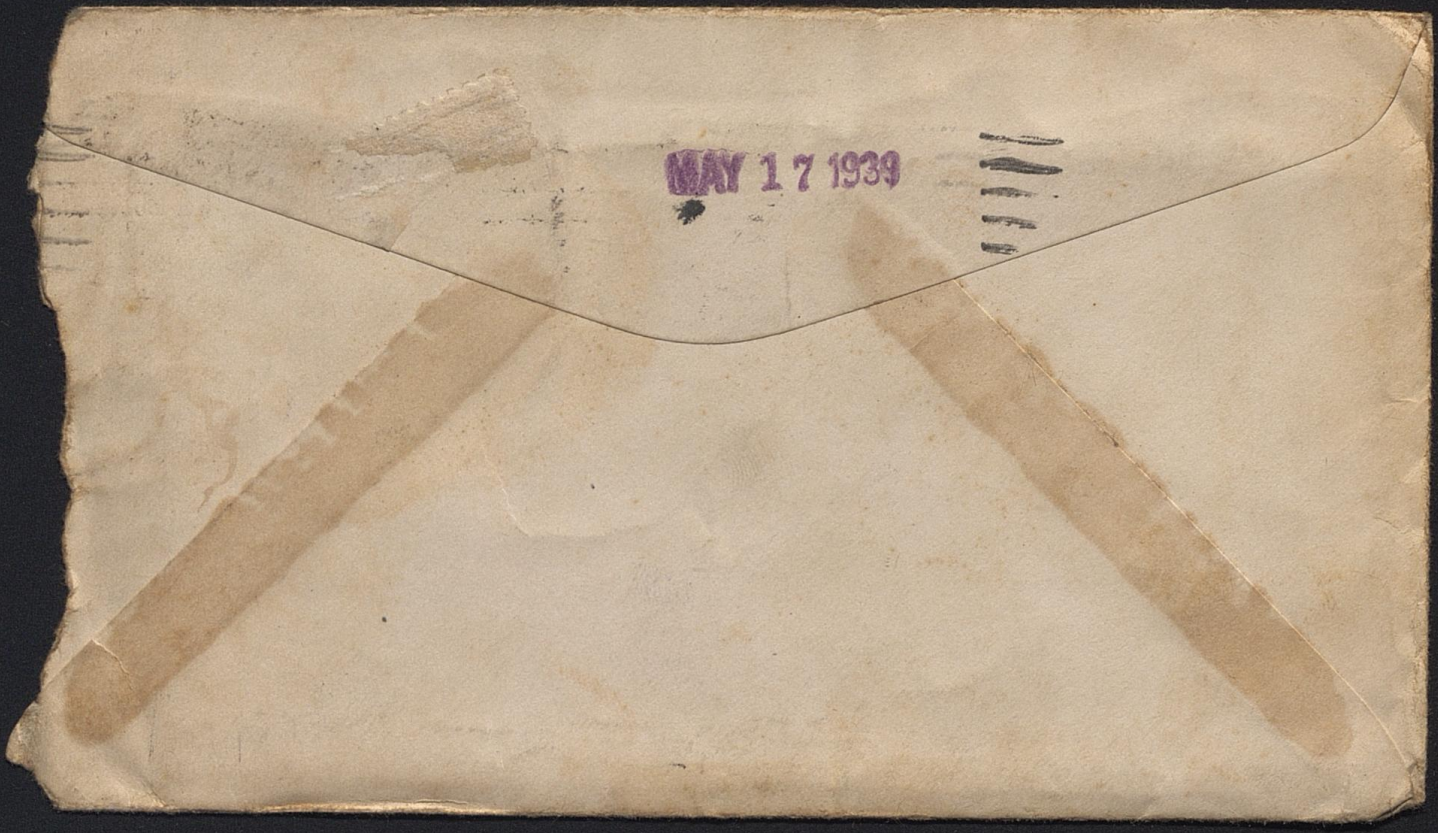


John Van Arman  
Trumakers

Mr. McP. Ferguson  
~~Mr. W. Peterson~~  
~~Moorefield~~  
West Virginia



MAY 17 1939



Friday Morning.

My darling M. D. —  
I can only tell you how happy I was to find your precious letter when I came home last night. I had been to Clarksville to spend the day with Elizabeth Henthington! As soon as I came in the house mother told me there was a letter for me, from you. I had waited so long for that letter, and had just about given up all hopes of hearing from you again, but a letter like that was worth waiting ages for. You just can't know how glad it made this heart of mine to hear from you again, and to know you have loved me like that, through all these many, long years, that have sep-

avated us.

When I am with you, M: D dear, you make me think you really do love me, then when you go away, and I do not have any word from you, for months at a time, then I feel I do not understand you, and find it hard to believe that you loved me, as you thought you did.

But even if you should never write me again, I will always love you, and think you are as sweet and good and fine as any body in this world could be!

But since I've never quite been able to make you understand what my opinion of you has ~~been~~ been since I've known you.

Of course you know it hurt me for you, apparently, to put me out of your heart and mind so

soon after you left me, but I understand everything now, so will just forget about it, now that she had one of those dear, dear letters that only you can write.

About a week ago, I got out all your letters and read them again, and all the time I was reading them I was wondering where you were, whether or not you had married again, and - honest of all, why you <sup>had</sup> treated me so queerly.

Now Dr. Donald phoned me again from Nashville one night last week, and asked if he might drive over for me, while he was playing in Nashville. He insisted he would not ask to see me, except that you had been neglecting me. I felt sure he was only being tactful, and what he was really thinking was, that you were

no longer interested. He also  
 told me he had been by  
 the house one Sunday after-  
 noon, and sounded the horn,  
 but got no response. I  
 guess we were away from  
 home. Now you see, your  
 friends even felt sorry for  
 me. It was nice of him to  
 want to dine over for me,  
 and I appreciated it, but  
 I didn't go. Please don't  
 speak of my mentioning  
 this to you, honey, for he  
 would probably think it  
 strange for <sup>me</sup> to tell  
 you about it as soon as  
 I did hear from you.  
 I'm sure he will tell you  
 about it, whenever he  
 sees you, or writes you,  
 for he certainly said lovely  
 things about you to me.  
 I think he is still playing  
 at "The Princess" in Wash-  
 ington. To tell the truth, I  
 don't believe I would rec-  
 ognize him, if I were to

pass him on the street.

Now darling, again I want to tell you how happy I am to have heard from you, to know you are well, and all right, and that you still have a thought for me, every now and then. And again I want to tell you that no matter how far apart our interests are, — no matter how great the barriers ~~are~~ between us, no matter what has been, or what might be, I love you, and will so long as I live.

Bless your heart, you are sweet and lovable as can be, and I shall never, never forget the happy hours I have spent with you. Let me hear from you when you are not too busy, and take care of your dear self. As always, Yours "Honey Girl"



Mr. M<sup>c</sup>D Fergusen,  
Chillicothe Hotel,  
Columbus, Ohio.

Recd 411.

From -  
Eloise Hamill  
Gretna, Ky.



Friday Morning

M: D dearest: —

After so long a  
time you did write me,  
— but what a long time  
you waited. It was a  
nice, fat letter though, and  
I cannot tell you how  
glad I was to hear  
from you. But my! how  
you have changed since  
you were here — few  
months ago. I think I  
understand everything, now,  
Honey. You have all but  
left me "zooptye" — far  
all time to come, but  
in a very nice, sweet  
way. I've kept hoping that  
you would give me the  
chance, sometime, to see  
you again, but since you  
have given me no en-  
couragement, — I'm beginning  
to wonder now if I'll ever  
get to see you again, un-  
less just by chance. Well,  
anyway, M: D dear, I'll never  
forget the one date I had

with you, in June, and as long as I am at home, I'll always be wishing that I could see you again. Of course, the day will never come, when it would not be ~~thrilled~~ thrilled to see you, — yet in years to come, things might be different — and if they were, naturally our meeting would not be the same.

Did you ever receive the long letter I mailed to Minneapolis? I guess it was forwarded to you, since it hasn't been returned to me.

It's too bad that you and Bob missed each other. As soon as you wrote me you were in St. Louis, I sent you both a card telling you to look each other up. Bob said he called the Theatre but you were not there at the time he <sup>phoned</sup> phoned. He was sent <sup>(to St. Louis)</sup> there, to a conference, and said if it were possible, he was coming by Guthrie, before he returned to Dallas, if only for a few hours.

Saturday I had a wire from him saying he would be here that night at 12:12 and asked me to meet him. Papa went with me and Bob stayed, until three o'clock, since he had to leave the next afternoon about 4:45

rather that afternoon (Sunday). He came up home from the hotel the next morning about 9:30 and I drove him out to see Miss Nera<sup>fax</sup> about half an hour, so we didn't have much time together, after all. As you see, I didn't leave with him, and I am not leaving Christmas. I think he is thoroughly "requested" with me, although he tried to act nice about it. I told him I would like to spend at least one more year at home, that I would ~~rather~~ not leave before next fall, anyway. He said he thought I was asking too much of him

— since he had been waiting  
for me, ever, since I had  
been back home. I don't  
blame him for being dis-  
gusted with me, but just  
the same, I can't help feeling  
like I do, <sup>and</sup> I would be in-  
deep foolish to take so serious  
a step, since I'm not any  
more sure of myself than  
I am, at present. He said  
he would wait until spring  
but he thought I should go  
on and make my plans to  
leave Christmas. I'm not  
going to do that though, un-  
less I have a mighty big  
change of heart, between now  
and then.

Lie wanted to write you  
all this week, but Lie had a  
visitor and you know how it  
is, when there's someone right  
with you, all the time, and  
parties, etc. on hand too. How-  
ever, I don't think it matters  
very much to you, honey,  
whether you hear from me,  
or not. Anyway, your letters  
mean a lot to me and I miss  
them, when I don't get them.

My love to you, sweet M. D.  
Devotedly, as ever, Elsie.



Mr. W. D. Ferguson,  
New Pine Hotel Annex,  
St. Louis, Mo.

From -  
Elsie Hamill,  
Gretna, Ky.

Kenneth m  
Tue-wed. Dorothy.

