

Nickell, NY.  
April 17, '49  
Miles;

If my eyes didn't fool me  
I've just had a letter from you.  
Believe me Miles this is a glad surprise.  
Often Golden and I speak of you.  
We have gotten along very well, since  
the great loss of my dear Brack. But life has  
so many unexpected curves in its trail.

I'm just so glad to hear from you.  
About the folks uncle Jim is going  
down fast. But the same dear uncle  
Jim., Aunt Caroline is a wonder. She is  
perfectly beautiful, seeming in fair health,  
is now at one of her daughter's having  
her spring sewing done. I havn't  
seen uncle John since aunt Rosabelle's  
funeral. He was fine, and has made  
some comeback in a financial way.  
Harrison is in a T.B. Sanitorium, has  
been for many months.

Myrtle nor Joe either one are in only  
moderate health. Their boys are all practical

grown. Golden and I have been there  
and spent the day together. Their oldest boy  
is in college, the next two both finished  
high school this year, and their baby  
is in Jr. High.

Unless you asked me about Nola, I  
haven't the least idea of about her now.  
Last spring or summer, I chanced to  
see her in West Liberty. She looked younger  
than she had in years. We talked more  
than an hour and it was all about you  
and Stelson. That's the most never  
never failing love woman ever had for  
man, surely. The way she has and  
does love you. She was then at Maytown,  
with a daughter. She asked me to do  
something to try to help you to in some  
way get in touch with each other.  
I didn't see any use. But since you  
asked about her I'm glad to tell you this.

She asked me so many things about  
Stelson. Ask me to do anything about  
it you want to; I'll go out and look  
her up if you say so.

Let me suggest why not come  
pay us a visit, and see the woman.

Once I saw Nola and her eyes  
floated in pools of tears when I went to  
her and spoke to her, she said. I  
didn't think you would ever care  
to speak to me, I kindly informed her  
I would gladly speak to her any time  
or place after she had mothered  
such a Fickell as she had.

Why don't you just come to Ky.  
real soon and tell to her what  
you may have in mind to say.  
And visit us?

M. H. I'm not so well, it looks  
like in the near future its an  
operation for me. I don't mean  
I'm seemingly sick or in pain,  
but the prospect is for something serious  
just a little growth.

Any thing to be of help, Won't you  
come see us soon?

The same cousin,  
Anna Fickell Cruey