

Sunday, Dec. 4, 1938.
618 W. 2nd St.
Fort Worth, Texas.

Dear Aunt Julia:

I scarcely know how to tell you how much your letter meant to me. And Vada's was an especially sweet surprise. You both have given me courage to carry on; and make me more anxious than ever to prove myself worthy of your confidence, and to succeed in making a real living for the children eventually.

I realize that my action is hardly understandable. It has always been assumed that the mother was the one to stay with her children and the father to leave. But in our case, Steve "squatted"! He absolutely refused to move out, or to accede to my wishes. If he were forced to leave, he would skip the country, he said, and leave me to support the children on my \$12.50 a week salary. Naturally, rent, food and clothing for four cannot be supplied on that. If I "gave" HIM the children, however, he would provide for them and I could go to -----! So for the CHILDRENS' sake, since obviously at the present, I am unable to do other than feed myself, was for me to leave! It has already proved the right thing. He IS doing for them the necessary everyday things that he has refused to say were necessary before! I had nothing to take away in the way of clothes but what was on my back, ~~xxxx~~ the family typewriter and what study books I need for advancing myself. I have had to charge at Striplings on my own account, just ordinary evryday clothes in order to be able to work at all. They take \$2;50 out of my pay envelope each week to pay for these things. I pay

\$4.00 per week for a room to sleep in, and allow myself 50 cents per day for three meals, leaving me \$2.50 per week to have in my pocket book for anything that I should need cash for, that cant be charged at Striplings. Naturally, I dont care to keep that sort of thing up indefinitely. I must find work that pays more. I am on the lookout for anything honest that will allow me to live better and save for a rainy day; also I should be taking out some form of accident or health policy in case some illness lays me low. But that will all come about some how, I feel sure. I am already better nervously and physically than I've been in years. It was slowly but surely killing me and destroying my reason, to continue living under the same roof with a man that kept me so agitated all the time.

The children seem to be doing fine. Brian seems to miss me the most, probably because he's so much younger and hasnt had so many vacations away from me as have John and Tory. Brian spent the night with me the other night, and all come down either to the store or to my room here to see me as often as they can. They really arent children any more, anyway. I mean most of the mother's ground work training has been accomplished; they are already set in their patterns for the future. From now on they need me mostly for moral support or advice, and I am ~~a~~ccessible to them at any time for that. John has been self-supporting for two years now, and Tory will undoubtedly be so too, in another year or two, with commercial art. I intend to get to the place financially where I can go with her to the best commercial art training school in the country when she is through with High, taking the boys along with us if advisable at that time.

Now, dear Aunt Julia, I havent told you all this bidding for your sympathy. I simply felt you were due a true statement of facts. I'm not feeling sorry for myself at all. On the other hand, I feel that God has been unusually kind to me. Things could be a lot worse! I am free to start life all over again, and intend to profit from now on from all the mistakes of the past. I am young and healthy. I'm not too proud to work at anything (honest), and WILL work into something worth while eventually. I thank God each night for such real friends as you

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and Vada. The knowledge of your wishes to stand behind me, gives me great comfort and makes me very humble.

If you dont hear again from me until after the new year, please dont worry, or think me selfish. I spend each night polishing up for a better job; also am finishing up my Braille course, trying to finish a short story in Braille to give as a Christmas present to the Blind Institute. ~~for~~ In other words, I have to sacrifice correspondence for these other necessary things. So, as I have not the cost of Christmas greeting cards either, wont you allow me to send you now, my very best of good wishes for the happiest Christmas of your life, and may 1939 be the best year of your life.

Ever devotedly,

Abby-

Sunday, Dec 4

Dear Uda:

Your letter, unsolicited, was one of the nicest things I've had happen to me in a long time! I appreciate more than I can tell, the generosity and broadmindedness you evinced. Here's hoping, tho, that I shall never be in such a hole that I needs must become a charge on my relatives! But the very thought that you would help if I did need it, is a vast source of comfort and cheer. God

Thank again
+ love to all,
Aoby.

Main
+ Mission
North + South

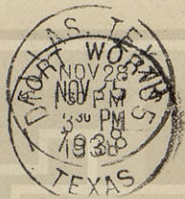
Streets,
Houston
(running East + West)

block surrounded by 1 + 2nd streets

bless you.

The box arrived yesterday and
I am taking it out to Tony tonight.
She will be thrilled with the two
suits and needs the knit one for
school right now. The white
one will be lovely for Easter and
spring. Thank you very, very
much.

Anytime you pass thru F +
W. do try to see me. Of course I
know you're always in a hurry,
but if you can spare time, do so.
Of course I am in the store (Book
Dept. 1st floor) every day except
Sunday, from 8:30 to 6 p.m. Sunday
+ nights: 618 W. 2nd, 5 blocks due
west from Strippling. S. occupies the



Mrs. Julia C. Hart

~~904 W. Ninth St.,~~

~~Dallas, Texas.~~

1535 Grubler

Chilene
Texas