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Dear Lambert cousins:

I have just read all of your letters again, and am happy to be in touch with you once more.

College towns are busy places at Commencement time, and this year was no exception. It was quite cool and the sky looked threatening, but we were able to have the procession. The guest of honor was Adlai Stevenson, who gave the Commencement address, - very amusing, but nothing profound.

Now the students have all gone home and the town is strangely quiet. Two of my graduates go into military service, one in Texas and the other in Maryland, and one returns to the Hawaiian Islands. I suppose I am very fortunate to be working with such interesting young people.

Mamie and Jeanette, it seems incredible that we live so close to each other and never get together. I know it is my own fault. I shall never forget your kindness to my mother. She was so grateful for that last visit with you.

Pauline, I am glad you have joined the circle. These are some of your loveliest poems. We haven't seen Lucile or Charles since your father's funeral.

Glen, it was good to see you. I, too, thought a great deal of Uncle Otterbein, and I have vivid memories of the summers spent on the farm south of Westerville.

Grace, that is a very fine picture of Aunt Carrie and my mother taken on the train. Cousin Fannie, I too am sorry you and mother (Bertha Lambert Harris) did not get together when you were in Ohio. Cousin Mamie told us you were here.

As some of you have said, the pattern of living seems to have changed. My father and mother came from families of ten children. Of the ten, nine on each side grew up and married, and the families ranged from two to six. In my generation we think we are doing well if we are having one or two. Perhaps the next generation won't have any at all!

Our boys are fifteen and ten. Dan is mowing lawns and is spending a great deal of time with his narrow gauge railroad. John is learning to swim this summer. Aletha and I are trying to get caught up on the yard and the house after a busy spring at the Conservatory. We put on "The Tender Land", an American Opera by Copland.

Diane Harris, daughter of James and Caroline Harris, is featured on page 62 of the June "Seventeen". There is a very nice picture of Jim and his family in the lower right hand corner.

We all join in sending affectionate greetings and good wishes to all the Lambert cousins, wherever they may be. We look forward to hearing from you again, very soon.

Ever devotedly,

Daniel Harris