

Monday noon.

Dear Uncle Joe & Aunt Bertha:

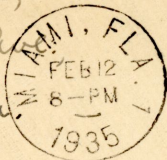
You are so constantly in her thoughts; she seems to have a clearer idea of you than anyone else, as her thoughts struggle to return, and in her best five minutes yet, she wanted to sit up and write you a letter. These sentences are characteristic of her best moments; she struggles to grasp an idea, and begins a sentence, but the poor, distorted memory cannot finish it, and the effort soon exhausts her. Now she is all mixed up again, and wonders how I (her "nurse") happened to know your address, or knew of you. But she is touching the shore of reason more often than before, so we may be hopeful.

Your dear letter just arrived, and was deeply appreciated; she caught the name, but not the significance.

Ever yours, Nellie.

Dear Bro.
June 11 1933 - I had
picked up my gun went to you
and Jordan came in then
Jordan write us a letter no. 10
Glad to hear first try have
wrote to try to find to like.
Some think I am better here
so Jordan is careful and
helps salt he can't
ask any more for his big
write out all on - write -
Love to all,

Ida E. Harris,
8812 N. E. 10 Ave.
Miami, Fla.



Rev. J. H. Harris,
550 Columbian Ave.,
Columbus,
Ohio.