

Dear Bro:  
June 11 1933 - I had  
written you my year would be to you  
and Jordan came in  
Jordan write us a letter would  
gladly hear first talk have  
wished to try to find a wife.  
Some think I am better here  
so Jordan is careful and  
helps sell he can't  
ask any more for his big grant  
write out all on - write -  
Love to all,

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.

Ida E. Harris,  
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