

June 7, 1990

Dear Pauline,

Your letter came when we were near the start of our vacation, and has been neglected since our return over a week ago. I apologize.

A few moments ago I called Mrs. Jean Jensen, Director of Development for the seminary. I quoted the relevant paragraph in your letter. She said she would send a letter to you yet today, and that it would not be hard to give you the information you need and are surely entitled to. I've known Mrs. Jensen for years, and I would be much surprised if you do not hear from her shortly.

Your gift to the Otterbein Archives from Dick's estate is especially appropriate because he had the preservation instincts of an archivist, if not the drive to set up a retrieval system. Alberta Mackenzie is just delighted that you have done this. We here are delighted, too. John Smith mentioned your letter to him the last time I phoned him at his Puerto Rico refuge. He thinks you have done well by Dick, by Dick's interests, and by the interests of his family and friends.

John is now where near the end of his personal vitality and mental alertness when we talk by phone. But there has been a sad change in his body. He is bed-fast, and can't even get up to go to the bathroom. I phone about once a week, and write more frequently.

We are discovering dimensions of friendship we had not known before. I send clippings, and discuss events as if he were healthy. And he responds as knowingly as ever.

I'm not one to tell anyone what to do about diaries, or other memorabilia, I still have what you sent. Some will be copied and sent to my sister. I'll probably destroy the letters I sent Dick. I've already thrown away several boxes of sermons (one box remains) and have weeded out correspondence. I sense the reluctance to dispose of Dick's diaries. Perhaps Dan was too casual about that. All this only to say you have already conscientiously respected Dick's privacy. You invaded only when and in so far as was necessary to save him from himself. Unless there is some very compelling and important material in them, material that might throw light on human life, I should think you free to see them thoroughly discarded.

John Smith and Virginia were in our home in late March to receive awards from the Seminary. He graduated in 1933, then went on to med school, and then into medical missions. About a month before he was to come to Dayton he had a prostate operation from which recovery was slow. His son came from Puerto Rico to assist him on a flight there for the 75th anniversary of the hospital where he worked for 30 years. He and Virginia flew here by way of Chicago + Toledo. A friend of theirs from Horicon drove them here. The last I knew was that John had been gaining strength, but was still planning to close (not sell) the home in Horicon and move to Puerto Rico where his son, a doctor, will be able to ease what may be ahead.

With affectionate regards

Ed Burtner