

C. Earl Hulburd

Miscellaneous Writings

Compiled By Grandson Ted Hine – August 2004

Following are miscellaneous samples of C. Earl Hulburd's writings found among his daughter's (Betty Seward Hulburd-Hine-Alderson) possessions after her death. They cover the period from 1940 (when he was in prison) till mid January of 1952, about 3 weeks before he passed away. They are presented here in date order.

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Poem About His Mother Nan - Oct. 28, 1940

By C. EARL HULBOND
TO HIS MOTHER
ELLA KNOWLES
HULBOND
10/28/40

Came last Winter, Nan took sick,
As sick as she could be.
Came the Spring and Nan got sicker
As all could plainly see.

Came the Summer, Oh, t'was awful,
Days on days it looked so bad
Folks from near and folks from far off
You can bet were mighty sad.

* * * * *

But no one knew our Fighting Nannie
She who's ever nice and sweet,
For, in a pinch she's there, By Grannie,
Punching, kicking -- hands and feet.

* * * * *

Ole Mister Sickness couldn't take it,
Nannie socked him left and right.
Finally he had to give up
Nannie Girl had won the fight!

* * * * *

And now this date is Nannie's Birthday,
Let's cut the cake. Hip, Hip, Hooray!
We're happy cause Nan's so much better,
And know, by gum, she'll stay that way!

H A P P Y B I R T H D A Y
O C T O B E R 2 8 1 9 4 0

Poem To His Mother – Mother's Day – May 11, 1941

By C. EARL HOLBUND
 TO HIS MOTHER
 ELLA KNOWLES HOLBUND
 5/11/41

To most folks this is Mothers' Day,
 It's Nannie's Day to me
 Cause Nan's the bestis in the Land
 I vow most heartily.

Now Nan's the girl who's got the heart
 To win out in a pinch;
 She meets her troubles, come what may,
 And never gives an inch.

High mountains loom before her, and
 Deep Fjords to bridge across,
 But never does she falter when
 There's help from good 'Ole Hoss'.

Then once again the sickness came
 And made things mighty tough.
 Her chin stuck out; her fist came up;
 Say, did that gal get rough!

And now she's got it on the run,
 It's whipped as sure as fate.
 If she will do as she is told
 Then she'll recouperate.

Once more she is triumphant and
 I'm proud as I can be.
 Today, to some, is Mothers' Day;
 It's Nannie's Day to me!

Love
 Earl

M A Y E L E V E N T H N I N E T E E N F O R T Y - O N E

Poem About His Son Bud At Time Of Daughter Betty's Wedding - Feb. 21, 1942

BUDDY HULBURD

(Five P.M. February 21st, St. Bartholomew's)

H 2

1942
In New York City
MARRIAGE of
BETTY
STWARD
HULBURT
TO
KENT
HINE

Just yesterday he was a boy,
Today a man is he;
His hair is brushed, his tie just right,
The height of dignity.

To see him now you'd never guess
Just one short day before,
His hands were soiled, his clothing mussed
From playing on the floor.

Now why this sudden change, you ask,
Just this; with Betts on arm
With never a falter he leads to the altar
A picture in grace and charm.

He can't fool me, the little scamp,
At best it's just a pose.
If I were near I'd nibble his ear
And tweek his funny nose.

Yet, still and all, let's look again;
This fellow's quite a lad.
To be a boy -- or man -- at will,
Hum, well - it - just - ain't - bad!!

From Letter To Bud – July 19, 1942

Dear God, we kneel before you a pretty sorry looking pair, and it is all because we both have been such dum-bunnies. We know, Oh Lord, that you probably have forgiven us as you forgive all transgressors, but we find it difficult to forgive ourselves. You see, Lord, it isn't so much that we made the mistakes, but rather that we have also hurt our fellow crew members, and that is not cricket. We have been poor sports -- and we are sincerely sorry. Bud and I, Oh Lord, promise never again to let down those who have been so faithful to us, but gladly to assume our full responsibilities -- always to man our oars so as to bring joy unto their hearts and credit unto us. And now, Oh Lord, we ask that you bless abundantly those members of the crew who have always held steadfast to the course despite the many cross-currents, rapids, and general cussedness of us who now kneel before you. We ask it all in the name of good sportsmanship and fair play. Amen.

(From letter to Bud, July 19, 1942)

July 7, 1944

Dear Betty & Kurt -

Bud's (or Herky's) trunk & duffel arrived safely and are unpacked with a goodly percent of things on the floor. Bud & I see eye to eye in that respect - untidiness - and ere long a walk across the floor will be in the nature of an obstacle test. The express charges were about the amount of my telephone call, reversed, so we are about even in that respect.

Pop expressed my large portrait to you about a week ago & it should be reposing back of your furnace by now; poisonous to rodents and pesky insects. Hope you got it anyway - and not too damaged. Thanks for relieving us.

Bud (damn it, Herky) is at Pete Chouteau's whom he has seen thrice since arrival. Believe they have gone to a movie. He started to work this a.m. at a "Star" filling station at Newstead & Selmar, new since we left StL. Rather large place - 18 pumps. The salary is, so we understand, \$120 per month - maybe \$110⁰⁰. Union initiation of \$27⁰⁰ & 2 months dues @ 3⁰⁰ per will have to come off. Not so bad! But he deserves it as he has hit the pavement each day since arrival. He could have had a dozen good jobs except for his age. However between us we got permission for him to work so all is jake - we hope.

Today (he laid off this p.m.) he finished his Human Engineering Laboratory test. I stopped by for his ~~score~~ score. His aptitude shows that! -

He is ultra objective (as opposed to subjective)
 Low in structural visualization
 Very high in creative imagination.
 Observation 85% to 90% - excellent
 Finger dexterity 81% } very superior
 Tweezer " 100%

His field is selling } an objective approach
 Advertising } to group-influencing
 Sales promotion } fields.

Would make a bang-up musician (piano) &
 probably go far (Vince Lopez, etc. - radio & public)

Make a swell politician

A lousy engineer (no flair for analysis, study)

A darned good journalist - if he would expand
 vocabulary,

Probably should be left handed

Small school & small college recommended because
 of special attention (hell).

Liberal arts, (let salesmanship come later).

That's about all. Oh yes, make a good banker.

This doesn't mean he wouldn't be a good engineer,
 but that something else could be lots easier.



3

Hers & I are having fun and he is getting to know & like the city. His first thoughts upon arrival were to have me move east thus permitting his return to Morristown. I have done nothing to influence him one way or another - just letting nature take its course, and lately he hasn't mentioned the east so much. We shall see.

He is a smiling, sloppy, friendly, appreciating lovable kid. Everyone likes him, including me! His working hours are 7 a.m. to 3 p.m. Monday thru Saturday.

He has seen 4 ball games, & Cards & & Browns. & knew the players much better than I. We have been to Miss. River & Meramec River, Emerson plant and all over the city. The "landlady" told me tonight she had never seen Father & Son so comparable. Good. We have a nice enough place & good meals; convenient to everything. I shall pay his board & room and shall try to have him pay for everything else at \$1.⁰⁰ per day, saving the rest. This is pretty little for him considering lunch, carfare, laundry & amusements - but I'll try anyway.

He is very high in his praises of you folks. He misses you & the wilds of N.J. but seems to be

doing OK never the less. I'll keep you posted
and no doubt he will write you shortly.

I do hope you two will be able to get
away for a while on your vacation. Both
deserve it.

The best to both of you

Love

Dutch - Dad

P.S. This is written on a magazine on
the bed. Hope it isn't too illegible.

My Emerson rating for June was
90%. Har Har Har

Regarding Father's Grave Stone - March 23, 1946 - Page 1

5077 Washington Blvd.
March 23, 1946

Mr. Sam C. Stevenson
514 West Reed Street
Moberly, Missouri

Dear Mr. Stevenson:

At the time of the death of my father, Henry E. Hulburd, last October you may recall that I stopped by your store to arrange for the inscription of the date of death on the head stone at the cemetery.

My recollection is that you said the machine for doing this work was away from Moberly at the time and that you would attend to the matter when the machine was returned. I left with you the date of death, also my address in St. Louis for sending the bill. So far I have not heard from you.

Father died on October 24, 1945. Please be good enough to have this date cut on the stone as soon as possible and I shall remit the cost promptly. Or, if you prefer, I shall send a check for the amount in advance. I believe you said the cost would be \$7.50.

Hoping to hear from you soon, and with my kindest regards,
I am

Sincerely yours,

S. C. STEVENSON MONUMENT WORKS

S. C. STEVENSON

Established 1895

PAUL STEVENSON

MONUMENTS, MAUSOLEUMS, MARKERS,
STATUARY514 West Reed Street
MOBERLY, MISSOURIMarch 26
19 46

Mr. C. Earl Hulburd
5077 Washington Blvd.
St. Louis, Missouri

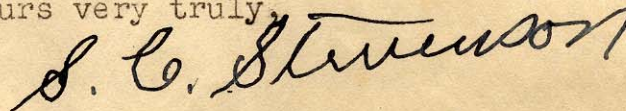
Dear Mr. Hulburd:

We are sorry indeed that we have not had an opportunity to take care of the date line on your father's marker.

The machine which we take to the cemetery to do this kind of work has been out of working order. We have had a new machine ordered for some time, and just a few days ago, we were advised that it has been shipped from the East.

Just as soon as we receive this new machine, and the weather permits, we will attend to this for you. Thanking you for this, and past favors, we are

Yours very truly,



S. C. Stevenson Monument Works

SCS:ky

Regarding Father's Grave Stone - March 23, 1946 - Page 3

S. C. STEVENSON MONUMENT WORKS

Established 1895

S. C. STEVENSON

PAUL STEVENSON

MONUMENTS, MAUSOLEUMS, MARKERS,
STATUARY

514 West Reed Street
MOBERLY, MISSOURI

April 16
19 46

Mr. C. Earl Hulburd
5077 Washington Blvd.
St. Louis 8, Missouri

Dear Mr. Hulburd:

We are pleased to advise you that we have completed the date line for Henry E. Hulburd in the Oakland Cemetery.

As per your request you will find enclosed statement for same.

Extending our kindest regards, we are,

Yours very truly,


S. C. Stevenson Monument Works

PS:ME

April 10, 1946

Dear Ted:

In only four days you will be one year old, and that's the very thing this letter is about.

You don't know much about birthdays do you Ted. Well sir, they are lots of fun and after the one coming up you will be looking forward to the next one and wondering why it is so long in coming. In fact birthdays are almost as much fun as Christmuses. Wait and see!

When you wake up next Sunday morning it will seem like any other day only that Mother and Dad might want to sleep a little longer than usual because it is Sunday. Yes, for a while it will seem just the same as any morning --- but it isn't, no siree. When Mother and Dad do begin to stir about and you have crammed down a most hearty breakfast (as any boy should do on his first birthday) ----- then things will begin to happen! Oh man, but you will be surprised and happy!

Mother and Dad will laugh and laugh, and they're eyes will fairly sparkle and you will wonder "what gives". And then they will hand you pretty things, BEAUTIFUL things, bright and shiny in mahy colors.

You will look at them and wonder if they are real. Then you will reach out and touch them -- and -- sure enough they WILL be real. Then you will look at Mother and Dad sort of beaming at you ---- and all of a sudden your eyes will brighten and you will laugh and gurgle and beat your little fists up and down, you'll be so happy! Oh, it will be such fun!

At lunch time there will be another surprise. Mother and Dad will put before you - out of reach - a most lovely thing called a cake. It will have a candle - one candle - stuck up straight and right in the middle. There will be a funny little flame at the top of the candle. This is to make a little boy wonder what it is, and to let him know he is one whole year old.

You will reach for the cake and candle, and Mother will say "No no Ted" and Dad will chuckle. Then Mother will say, "Now, Ted, take a deep breath and bloooooow -- like this". You will hold your breath, make a very funny face and make a sound something like "pfrumph". Then Mother and Dad will laugh again and you will make the funny noise again and again to please them and make them laugh some more. The best part is when you finally get a piece of cake for your vevy own to EAT. Ummmmmm. That will be something, and you will be so excited most of it will miss its mark and make funny little smears on your face. Then everybody will laugh again and it really will be a great day.

Now, maybe all these things will not happen just as written for the reason you may be too big a boy for such trivia. This brings up another thought.

Old Grandpa Dutch is many, many miles away and consequently does not know just what a fellow your size should have as a birthday gift.

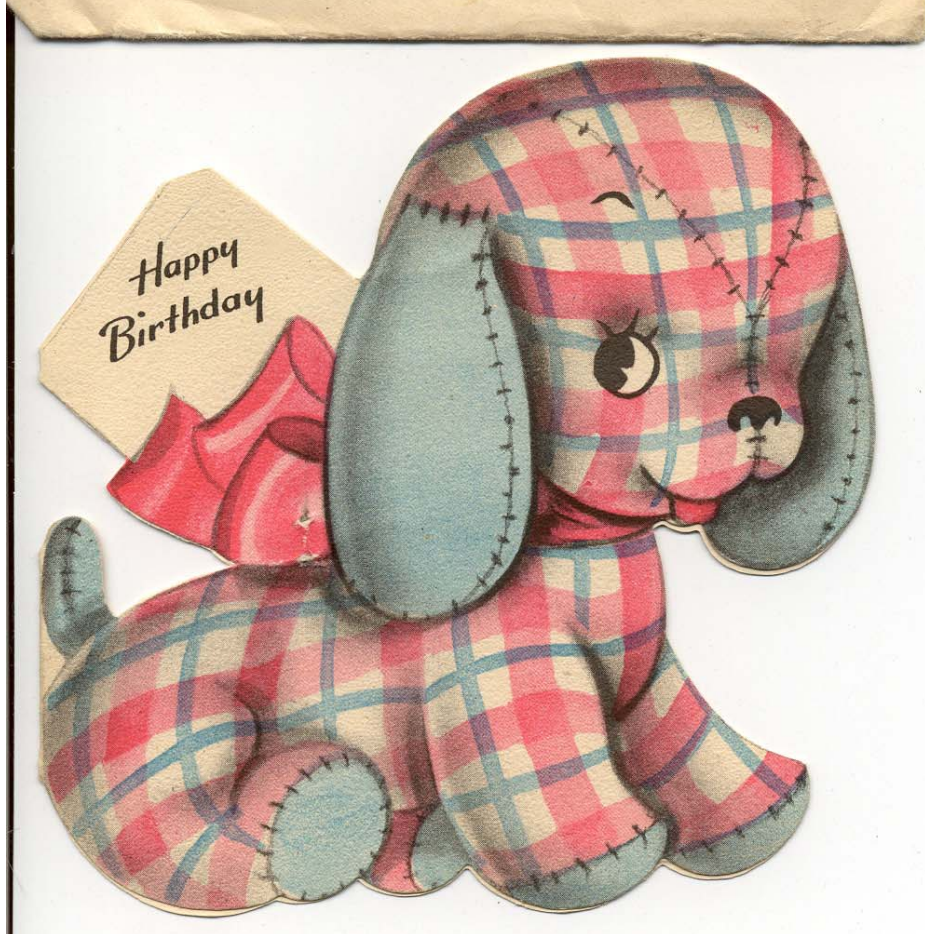
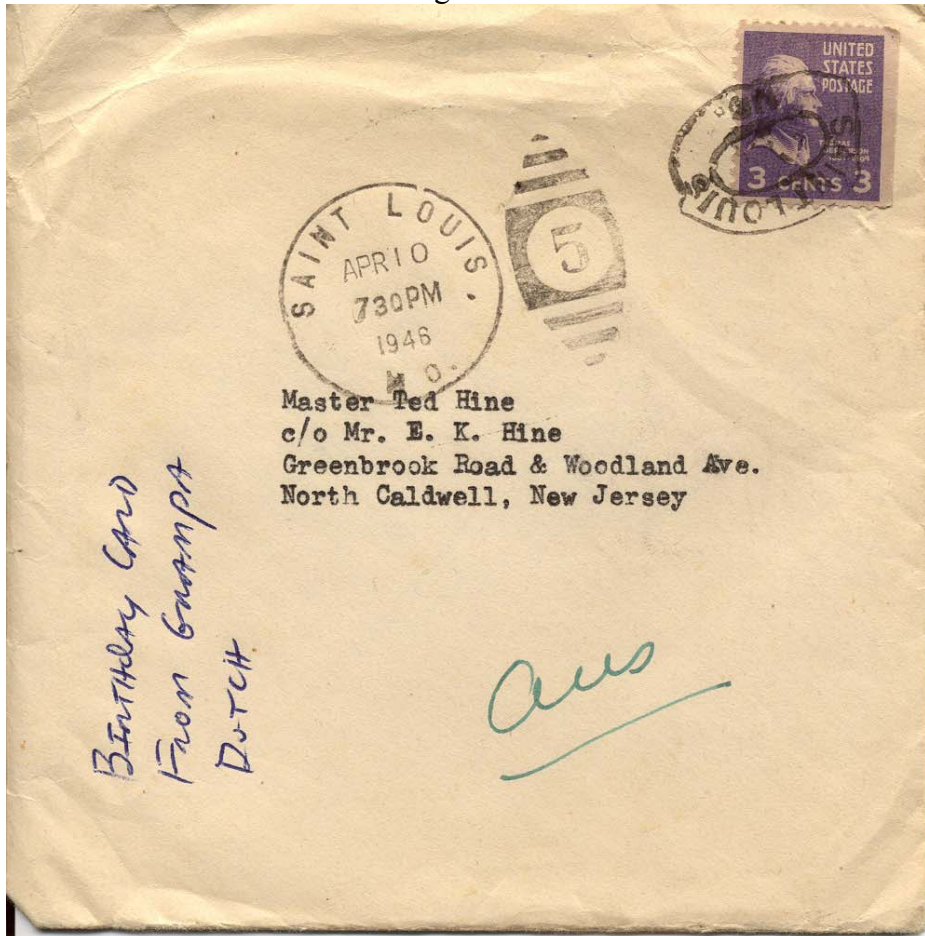
I am sending a funny little paper, green in color, and you won't be able to understand what a little boy can do with it. You can't ride it, or make a noise with it, and Mother won't let you eat it. You will wonder what good it can possibly be. Here's what you do:-

Hand it to Mother or Dad, smile real nicely, and ask them to trade it for something a guy can use, and I'll bet they will on the first trip to town.

Well, Ted Boy, your job now is to eat lots and grow and grow and grow, and I'm sure you will do these very things. I'm so sorry I shall not be with you to help celebrate and eat some of your cake, but I shall be thinking of you and wishing you and your Mother and Dad the best of health and everything else.

Much love, and **HAPPY BIRTHDAY**

Grandpa Dutch



Ode to the Hines - May 12, 1946

A ode to the Hineses
and thanks for them bucks.

Funny
thing
about these
birthdays,
One
don't
know what
to
expeck.
It may
be
a cig'ret
lighter
Or
a
hug
around
the neck.
On my
birthday
came a letter
Twas
from
Betty, Kirt
and
Ted.
Round
the
edges ran
the
writing,
Round
and
round went
my
poor head.
But
because
I am
a poppa,
in-law,
and a
grandpa too,
I
decided
to
keep reading
And
to
see the
damned thing
through.

It
was
lovely,
it was
marvlus
And
chuck
full of
sentiment.
And
because
it was
sincere
Right
to
my aging
heart
it went.
And
enclosed
within the
letter
Was
a
check for
spondulick.
Now
of
course you
shoun't
have
done it,
But
I cashed
it
mighty quick.
In
planning wisely
how
to
spend
The
cunning
birthday
dough,
There's
little
now that
one
can buy,
So to
ball
games
I'll go.

And
when
a player
crosses
home
A-sliding
in
the
dirt,
I'll
yell
"hurray
for
our side,
and for
Betty,
Ted and
Kirt."
And
if some
dough's
left over,
Then
I'll go
another
time,
Cause
these
baseball games
intrigue
me
In the
Spring
and
summertime.

You were
thoughtful,
you were
lovely,
And I
thank
you
very much.
Love from
Grandpa
and
from father,
and
from just
oldfashioned

Suech
5-12-46

About Horace R. Coudy's Funeral - December 5, 1949

December 5, 1949

Dearest Betts:

Well, Gramps Coudy is no more. He was buried Saturday morning and it was a beautiful sunny day. Many of his old friends from Kingshighway Church were there but it seemed odd that so few of his relatives were in attendance. He was almost the last of the line. I had Mother's ashes placed inside the casket so they are adequately cared for. Dad Coudy had lived his life and there was little grief because of that. His many friends paid last tribute to him, and one of the nicest things was the outpouring of the Gotton Belt office workers. I thought this was particularly nice inasmuch as he had been retired for around 15 years and had been out of contact with the office for a long, long time. He looked very well in death -- practically as always except he was quite thin.

About Christmas----- I have bought your gloves and Kit's shirts, but I shopped around for some easels for the boys and frankly I found nothing I was sure enough to send. I hate to do this (as usual) but you being on the ground and knowing about what is needed and expected, I am asking that you attend to this chore for me, please. I am sending \$10 for same, and if it isn't enough I'll send more; if the \$10 isn't entirely used, place any remainder in their savings accounts. Will you do this for me?

As for a gift for me, I still say that the VERY BEST gift you can get is something for the coop. I mean that. So please do just that, and send me a Christmas card telling me what you bought. I say this, Betts, as there is nothing I need and I would so much rather my gift went towards the coop I love so well.

As for Herk, he would like a THIN billfold. Just what he means by THIN I do not exactly know, but I rather think he does not want too many compartments in it, thus preventing a collection of clippings and other whatnot in it.

I am still saving the paper accounts of St. Louis in the 1800s for you and will send them on when complete. A recent issue had quite an article about Vandeventer Place which I know will be interesting.

Tonight I am getting off a number of "thank you" notes to flower-senders to Gramps so will stop rather short this time.

Love to all,

dad

Post Card about Bud - January 16, 1950

January 16, 19~~40~~⁵⁰

Dear Betts and Kirt:

Herk's score in the High School Equivalent exam was 500. 275 was passing. He rated no. 15 in 265 persons tested - practically in the first 5%. However ----- it is VERY late to get in the exams for Washington U mid-year and we doubt very much if he will be able to enter in February. Heck.

Love,

Dad -

About Bud's Death - April 3, 1950

*Am having
12 pictures of Bud
made. You'll get
yours. Have heard nothing
from Dede.*

C. Earl Hulburd
5077 Washington Boulevard
Saint Louis 8, Missouri

April 3, 1950

Dear Betty and Kirt:

First to Betts: I shall not dwell on how good it was to see you and have you here during the troublesome days. You know about that. I will say, however, that practically everyone has stopped me to tell of your charm, friendliness and efficiency in handling matters. You really made a hit. Mrs. Hoffman said that you should be spanked for sending the plant -- but she beamed until I thought she would burst. I finally got off my replies to the last batch of condolences tonight (many came after you left). I had my insurance changed to you as beneficiary (\$2,500 worth). I shall write a will and do the other chores as soon as possible.

Now to both of you: There is nothing new by way of information except that Ed Hozak called this a.m. to say he had scattered Bud's ashes as requested. A check to Bud's order for \$53 came today from the RR Board despite my letter warding them off. I shall now have to return it with the request that it be divided equally between Betts and Dede.

The enclosed copy of letter received from the Civil Aeronautics Board at Kansas City is self-explanatory. It may give Kirt an inkle where to go - or have his man at Curtis go - as the next step. Personally I do not think they will give the information to a civilian because they know what I want it for - insurance suit. I told Betts about Jack Lancaster, the AAF Officer-in-Charge at Emerson saying he would look in on the KC office tomorrow. I told him of the letter received today (which Mrs. Hoffman read to me over the phone) and he said he would be in Washington shortly and that if I heard nothing before he left he would be glad to call on that office. Between him and Kirt's man we may be able to get some information. A girl at the office is married to a guy who is a friend of a CCA man in St. Louis and she promised to wheedle all the information possible from him. I don't know what that may be worth,

I am getting along nicely, kidding myself into believing Bud is away at college. Of course I have some bad moments but everything is under control except that my efforts at Emerson are still not worth much. Incidentally, Betts, remember the letter I got from Fred Hume at the Mayor's office? Well next day came a beautiful letter from the Mayor. I have known him unintimately for 30 years and was surprised and delighted to hear from him.

This is about all for the moment. I'll keep you posted as things come up. I'm about "written out".

Enclosed is \$5 for the boys on the 14th. you might even spend some of it for next Sunday.

Love to all, and I DO appreciate seeing you, Betts. It was a lifesaver, really. I know Kirt would have been here too if it were possible.

Dad

About Bud's Death - April 8, 1950

C. Earl Hulburd
5077 Washington Boulevard
Saint Louis 8, Missouri

April 8, 1950

Dear Betts and Kirt:

Enclosed is: Thank-you note from the Schmids
 Condolences from the Marine Reserve
 Copy of
 Letter from CCA, which is self explanatory
 My letter to Kennedy Chevrolet

You notice the CCA letter says they will WRITE me when the detailed report is received, which is abit hazy. But we shall have to wait and see. Any strings you can pull will be most welcome. If I don't hear from them within a reasonable time I'll contact them again.

Betts, did you take that book from the funeral home? I can't find it and suppose you have it. If so will you please send me the address and name of Donnie? I promised her I would send a photo of Bud.

At first the Veterans people sort of snooted the Coroner's death certificate on the grounds that identification of a guy practically decapitated could not be identified. They lost sight of the fact of process of elimination, plus the finding of his ring, car keys, wrist watch, green shirt, and burnt book of car service tickets, might have some bearing on the identification. However, today a post card came saying the matter was in the mill and would have attention, so I assume all is well.

Had a letter from Dede yesterday. While she seemed shocked, she seemed to be more worried about me. Hell, I have things under control, and while I think of him a lot and miss him terribly I have about eliminated the self-pity. It is still tough but I'll get along.

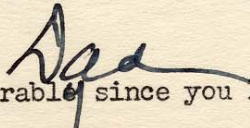
I have answered all the mail. A nice letter came from Chauncey Heath and Edith, and a stragler comes in most every day, but I get rid of them quick.

Did you get the cook book I had sent from the Gov't Printing Office? Look it over when it comes, it is interesting.

I ordered a dozen pictures of Bud and I'll send one on as soon as they arrive.

I'll keep you posted, and you do likewise.

Love,



My leg had improved considerably since you left.

To auto dealer - April 8, 1950

April 8, 1950

Jack Kennedy Chevrolet Company
5434 Natural Bridge
St. Louis, Missouri

Sirs:

One afternoon in the summer of 1947 I stopped by your place. Of course I realized you probably wouldn't accept an order at that time, so I sought information only.

No one was on the floor of your showroom so I walked over to the Cashier's office where a young woman was counting money. She let me stand there for several minutes, then giving me the fish-eye asked, "Well, what do you want?" I explained my mission whereupon she barked, "See a salesman."

I waited another five minutes when a salesman came in from the garage. I tried to tell him what I wanted and I do not recall what he said, but I well remember that his haughty, contemptuous smile indicated, "You are a rather cute worm, what rock did you crawl from under." Then he walked away. The brush-off was beautifully done. Ah, then surely were the days!

In the past two years I have bought a Kaiser and a Plymouth, and in all probability I shall buy a new car every two years. I just bet you cannot guess where I'll NOT buy a car.

Chickens do come home to roost, or hadn't you heard?

Now we're even.

And I feel much better.

C. E. H.

Squatty, eh what!

Dear Folks:

Enclosed is my will, which I wish you to hold until I return to St. Louis when I shall ask that you send it to me for a lawyer to check for loop-holes. As you can plainly see, it is strictly MY work, but in emergency I think it would hold up. Let me know what you think of it when I arrive.

[Also enclosed is a sheet of notes, which you should ~~write down~~ preserve for future reference.]

Dad.

5/23/50

Important Information - May 23, 1950 - Page 2

Go to bank - agree on what
they charge - sh. be 5%
Bank before lawyer.
for Executors of St. Louis
person is not mentioned
in will.

Government checks + overdue

NOTES

1. Checking account and safe deposit box #502 are at Easton-Taylor Trust Co., 4915 Delmar Blvd., St. Louis 8, Mo.
2. There are 2 safe deposit keys. One I carry, the other is in the fancy box (about 10" x 12") in the top tray of my truck near the two windows in my room.
3. I now owe 19 installments of \$63.30 ^{each} (next payment due 6/20/50), or \$1202.70 on my car to the Securities Investment Co., 4120 Lindell Blvd., St. Louis. The book containing the coupons to accompany payments is in the top-left drawer of my bureau toward the rear. I expect to pay this loan in full within 6 months.
4. My check book in is the inside pocket of the last-worn coat.
5. The keys to the 3 trunks are in the top drawer of the bureau (mentioned in paragraph 3)
6. There are at least 34 monthly payments of \$289.90 due from the Gov't re Bud's insurance, as of NOW. A record of such receipts are in front of a small ring-binder loose leaf book on my bureau.
7. Also due from Gov't are:
 - \$150.00 funeral allowance
 - \$ _____ add'l allowance for funeral from amounts due Bud.
 - \$170.00 (approx.) being checks held uncashed by Bud at time of accident and which I turned in, as per receipts.
8. Correspondence with Gov't is in legal size envelope in top right drawer of bureau.
9. The Civil War discharge papers ^{Knowles} about which I told you some time ago are in the fancy box (mentioned above). This might be worth \$400.00 or more scholarship to the boys at Washington U.
10. Except for the car I have no current debts. I live on a cash basis. (Note: I also have no current assets except cash). ^{Ted & Greg}
11. The contour chair, typewriter, radio, etc. etc. are paid for.
12. I suggest the Shepard Funeral Home, 1167 Hamilton Ave. for my funeral. They are the people who handled Bud's funeral. They are adequate and reasonable. Bud's casket cost \$365, and I suggest the same for me. Bud's total funeral, including cremation, was \$440.65.
13. My will tells about the Moberly funeral home, cemetery lot, and monument man. The Moberly end of the deal shouldn't cost much.
14. The lawyer handling the Flying School case is Chelsea O. Inman, 721 Olive St., phone Central 2040.
15. Ed Hosack, 9211 Midland, phone Wabash 5518-W was Bud's flying instructor. Good guy, and for US.
16. I pay Mrs. Marie S. Hoffman \$6.50 per week for my room beginning on Sunday. I am paid up to June 4, 1950.

OVER

17. I carry \$1500 Emerson life insurance (Travelers, I think). This probably can be increased another \$1000 when I get full pay for my job. I also have accident and hospitalization insurance.

18. Joe White, whom Betts may remember as a kid, is vice-president in charge of trust estates at Mercantile Commerce Bank & Trust Co., which I have named as executor of my estate.

I have no other assets except cash.

I have no other debts.

The only other thing I have is a car.

I have no other assets except cash.

I have no other debts.

The only other thing I have is a car.

C. EARL HULBURD

Home; 5077 Washington Blvd (8) St. Louis
 Phone; ROsedale 8937
 Landlady: Mrs. Marje S. Hoffman

Office: Emerson Elec. Mfg. Co. 8100 Florissant Ave.
 Phone: COLfax 1800 - Station 509 (509 is
 also desk station and should be mentioned
 in telegrams)
 Supervisor (Boss); M. E. Woodworth

Banks: Easton-Taylor Trust Co. 4915 Delmar Blvd.
 Merchants Bank & Trust Co., Moberly, Mo. *(temporary)*
 No safe-deposit box (none available)
 (over) Accident & life policies in top tray of trunk.

In case of death;
 Albert H. Hoppe Inc. (funeral director)
 4911 Washington Blvd (Rosedale 0500)
 (he specializes in out-of-town funerals)

for shipment to

Snow Funeral Home, Moberly, Mo.

Burial in cemetery in Moberly. Don't recall ^{its} name but
 there is only one. The burial space is there with
 headstone all ready with my name and date of birth.
 Sam Stevenson Monument Works will inscribe date of
 death for about \$7.50. He is on Reed St in Moberly.

Dutch's last known correspondence – January 13, 1952

C. EARL HULBURD
5077 WASHINGTON BOULEVARD
SAINT LOUIS 8, MISSOURI

January 13, 1952

Dear Betty and Kirt:

I agree with ^Betts in that this seemed to me to be the very best of all Xmas'es. Nothing particularly exciting happened, which is as desired -- a darned good rest (for me) with just enough Christmas tree, etc. to add ginger. It was swell and I thank y'all for a grand time. Ted and Greg are getting to be people now, and that precious Scamper is out of this world. I'm pretty proud to be grandfather to/ all three, believe me.

Betts, I'm sorry about pushing the buying of Xmas gifts in your lap, but, darn it, I always ask you what you want far in advance of Xmas. Reason, I have only Saturdays to get down town, and from ^December 1st on the joints are full up with wimmen, each with an aversion to men mustling in on their pleasures. So they proceed to give the men the business, and it aint fun. That's the real reason for my crawling out of duty regarding same. So, if you will let me know when I ask for it you will be doing a real first aid.

Weather here lousy until today when it must be 65. Yesterday was the first decent day for washing the car so had it done @ \$1.50. So last night it rained about 1/10th inch, just enough to catch all splattering from other cars. Then there was a smoke smog during the night resulting in soot falling and adhering to the car. Looks like it never had been washed now.

The ride home was pleasant. I didn't imbibe on the train but plenty of others did and by 2 a.m. there was a regular procession of guys and gals weaving back and forth in the aisles.

By the way, I love the sport shirt -- more than any I have. It fits fine and the more subdued color suits my fancy at the moment. Getting a bit tired of the noisy ones. Thanks for it aswell as the Fat Boy's book, which I have reread with not a few chuckles.

Am enclosing a check for \$100 being reimbursement fo same amount you paid Bennett. This makes \$200 Bud has paid him so far. Glad to do it.

Well, folks, thanks for a fine visit, and I think you may look for me again come June 1st or so.

Love,

