

Dayton, Ohio, July 15, 1910.

Dear Brother Howe:

Here I am in my east front room, with an electric fan pouring a breeze upon me at the rate of 40 miles an hour, while you are in your sunset room with the rays pouring down on it at the rate of 95°, and your face growing longer and sourer than common sour. That is the way they work at Huntington. Call the Board of Education together at \$500.00 expense, to elect the same president that the Executive Committee could have elected any morning before breakfast.

Well the expected has happened and Mazo Faye's chair is vacant. Like my wife fifty years ago, she has married a western educator, expecting to accompany him to the sunset land. May she live thirty years as happy as she, and leave as loving sons and daughters as she has left behind.

June 22nd, I started on an eleven days trip, mainly to visit relatives in Indiana. I visited the farm, Brother Buller, and Ellis Wright, and almost concluded to go home, but Friday, being slightly better, I went to Rushville, Indiana, intending to go on to Glenwood, but there learning of the death that morning of my Brother Harvey's seventh child, Mrs. Emma Frazier, eight miles north, I remained at Rushville, and went next day to Harvey's widow's, where I remained, partly, till after the funeral, Sunday. She was fifty-two years old, and leaves a husband and daughter. Delila is 83 years old and looks many years younger. Here Sunday I saw many of the relatives, including my brother William's two daughters and families, and my sister Sarah's sons, James Frank Harris; 15 and 25 miles away. Emma was a serious, energetic industrious woman all her life -- chief of good house-keeping, as all her ~~six~~ sisters were. She was a Baptist. *My brother had eleven grown children - ten married next day*

I next went to Orange, Monday, and visited William's wife, the second time a widow, now 76 years old, and William's two daughters living on excellent adjoining farms to hers. However the younger daughter's husband paid for his, and left an only son on it, and they took up residence in Orange. Flora lives on my father's old farm, east of Lucinda's, to which her husband added a nice field last year. *Lucinda is 76 years old but looks as she did while he lived.*

As Jesse Lafforge had left word that I must call on them when I came, they and my Nephew James, I notified by telephone, when I would come, and my nephew by marriage at Orange, took me by <sup>(his)</sup> automobile to see the old farm by Mt. Zion, and that where I was born later, and I dined at James Harris's, and had supper at Jesse's. Phi and his wife and their nephew Miller's, they had invited in to supper with us.

I got back to Orange at dusk, having visited several old friends not mentioned in the foregoing. I went home next day.

I trust our missionaries to Africa have arrived safely. I have much confidence in Miss Winkle's judgment, and confidence in Mrs. Woodard's judgment, by report. I am satisfied that his judgment is as good as could be expected, where he is the flower of a family of brothers and sisters of little repute.

I trust his engine will work all right.

Your brother,

*Milton Wright*