

Life and Letters of
Bud Rue



1934 - 1993

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Autobiographical Statements

This chapter was typed in 1969 and appears to be a rough, unfinished work; a practice in self-reflection rather than intended for a prospective employer like the second section.

To begin a story implies that there is a point at which you can measure to start. This story seems to have been going on forever. For the sake of understanding I will almost arbitrarily choose a point in time. The time is when Ann and I first met.

She was a freshman and I a first-term sophomore at Michigan State. She was living in Williams girls' dorm. I was living at College House. College House was a large old home owned and operated by the local Y.M.C.A. The first floor and basement were used for social activities; the third for housing a few needy students.

I really don't remember much about our first meeting except after bounding down the stairs I found myself in a sizable group of people. She was one of several girls. The first things I remember noticing were: she was quiet, pretty, a little ill-at-ease, and had a case of pimply face. Who knows the cause of the pimples, probably her period.

I dated her a few times and felt that I had enjoyed myself. As to how much enjoyment it was I guess it was good. I really hadn't dated much in my life and don't know what it meant to feel at ease with a girl. With a girl hell. I didn't know what it meant to feel at ease with anyone.

I dropped out of school half-way through fall term. I told people that the reason was money. Maybe it was. Maybe it was I didn't feel I could do the work. Maybe it was because I felt so alone in the group of people I lived with that I wanted to escape. Whatever it was, I told those who asked that it was money. My brother Bill had just returned from Korea and started to school on the G.I Bill. I joined the navy supposedly so that when I was discharged, my schooling could be paid for by the government. I wonder now what my reasons for joining were. Escape? Probably. I think the prospective of making an irreversible decision appealed to me. I remember how my parents took it. Mom was completely broken up, but this was nothing new. She seemed to completely break up over anything, no matter how trivial. This really didn't bother me. My father shook the hell out of me. Instead of ranting and raving as he usually did, he cried quietly. I knew it meant a lot to him that I go to college. He had wanted me to go to West Point very much. I had decided I was going to show my independence -- I got an appointment to Annapolis but during football season of my senior year in high school I dislocated my elbow. The way that it mended prohibited me from passing the physical exam. Here I was dropping out of school completely. Why was I disappointing him so? I didn't want to hurt him. I didn't want to hurt Mom either, but it didn't really bother me when I did because I couldn't tell if was real or not. I'm sure I really hurt her many times and for those times I even now feel bad, but she seemed to lie so often with the overt display of emotions, I couldn't believe her at all. I resented not knowing really how she felt.

Loneliness, Christ I thought I had been lonely before. It seemed now that I was alone in a sea of people. At least at the Y-House, and at home, people seemed to pretend to care. Here in boot camp not only didn't they care, they didn't pretend. Like the chief

said, "We don't give a fuck how any of you guys feel. Just act like sailors." Things were bad. I tried to write a few letters to Mom, Dad and Bill and became discouraged of this when I received few or no replies. I got a card from Bill saying he had posted my letter on the bulletin board with a note, "He wants someone to write to him." The bastard. He hung my feeling of despair out for everyone to mock. During boot camp I was appointed chief peon or whatever the title. It was like Junior Assistant Scoutmaster. I guess they picked me because I had a year in college ROTC or some other stupid reason like that. This loneliness thing sure wasn't helped a bit by this role. As unsure as I was with people-- then I'm told to be responsible for the actions of others. I didn't feel very responsible even for my own actions. Actually, at the time they told me I was to be chief peon, I felt good. I think I believed that people would look to me for leadership-- be my friend and all that rot. Man, what a disappointment. They all hated me and I knew it. How did I know it? Little ways like taking my fart-sack off my pad before inspection and tromping it into the mud, like talking me into getting into the ring to represent them in a boxing tournament and cheering like hell when I was kicked on my ass. Great to be one of the chosen ones, eh? Anyhow, when I begged to be relieved of my position and the request was granted, I thought things would have to be better. I couldn't have been more wrong. Now I was a thing to be pitied, ridiculed and all that. I really felt like doing something to myself, anything, just to be removed from the scene. I used to report to sick bay just in hopes that they might find something wrong and confine me long enough to be transferred to another company. If only I could start over.

When the time came to be interviewed as to the type of assignment I wanted I didn't know what the hell I wanted. They told me I could go to any school the navy had. Then they told me about 50 zillion different things I could do or places I could go. I remember one thing in particular that I had heard somewhere, "Sub duty is for people who must be able to work closely together." I didn't feel very able but I wanted to work closely so bad that I didn't give a shit about it being on the bottom of the sea. I was sent to New London to train for submarine duty. Scared? Oh man.

I arrived at the base in a blinding snowstorm. I had flown from Great Lakes to Providence in a transport with a bunch of other guys who also seemed scared. Funny, at the time I felt a kind of camaraderie with them, maybe realizing the common denominator -- fear. When I took the bus from Providence to New London, I was all alone. Getting off that bus at the gate, seabag on my shoulder, alone in this fantastic storm, created a feeling in me I will always remember. I was the only man on earth condemned to -- to God only knows.

Life at sub school was bearable, whatever that means. I studied and did reasonably well. Occasionally, I went into town with the guys. I still never felt any real bond between me and anyone else. The part that always seemed to bother me was how people would talk about their many and true friends. How were they able to find them? How true were they? How did they know they were true?

I was assigned to the U.S.S. Trout at New London. It was one of the last conventional boats built before the atomic era. A crew of 85 officers and men. Officers and

men? What did that mean? I'm a man, at least they kept telling me so. If I'm a man, what were the officers?

My first assignment was to the sea-gang. This meant I had to chip paint, stand watches, paint, clean whatever got dirty, stand coolie duty in the galley, and anything else someone who wasn't a man dreamed up. Really, I didn't do all those things at once, and I had time to spend as I saw fit. The work assignments were simple and I didn't resent them -- sometimes. I was supposed to work at qualifying -- earning my Dolphins. This meant I was to learn as much as the non-men determined I was supposed to about the various systems on the boat. I was supposed to be able to operate any piece of equipment on the boat. Many things I was supposed to be able to repair in case of emergency. I learned many of the things I was supposed to with great difficulty. Some things I was credited for knowing I really didn't understand. I believe the name of the game is, Learn What You Can and Bullshit What You Don't. There was one system I couldn't seem to either learn or bullshit my way through, so what did I do? I signed my own card. I got my Dolphins and was proud of them. I showed them off for all the hard work they represented. It was easy to put all the bullshit and lies out of my mind, but sometimes -- .

For the first two years in the navy I guess I was relatively happy. WHATEVER the hell that means. I met Jack. Jack was a goer. He seemed to want many of the same things that I wanted. He was devoutly Catholic, and showed it. He not only wanted many of the things that I wanted, he seemed to have the drive that I lacked to get them. He earned his Dolphins in a minimum amount of time. He earned the rate of first class electrician's mate in the three and a half years he was in the navy. Jack came from a very meager background financially speaking. His father was a drunk and his mother was very ill. He dropped out of high school in the ninth grade to work in a bakery to support his mother. When his mother died, he joined the navy on a kitty-cruise. It seemed to me that he felt he had to prove his worth to the world. He held himself to what to me to be very high and very good standards, but because of this very few people appeared to be close to him. I spent many liberties with Jack and enjoyed his presence as I had never with any other person. We drank together, worked together, ate together. I believe he felt for me some of what I felt for him, even though there were many times when his humor was at my expense. He used to make little digs as to my weight, my ability to do various things, that hurt. I would try and reciprocate with like humor but failed, probably because my heart was not in it. He was giving me too much for me to want to hurt him. I taught him how to play chess and before he was playing a year was beating the hell out of me. I minded this and I didn't. I thought I played a pretty good game, but not against him. If anybody had to beat me consistently I was glad it was Jack. Jack was my friend. What did he do? He seemed to care about the things I cared about and, more importantly, he seemed to care about me.

I had been in the navy about a year when I took leave to go home. I was anxious to go home to visit my parents and to visit Bill at College House. I really don't know why I was anxious to unless I had conjured up an unreal fantasy of what the old homestead was like. I certainly have a facility for focusing with nostalgia only on the good aspects. When I got home it was the same old shit; Mom and Dad fighting like hell and maneuvering me

right into the middle of whatever it was. I called Bill and asked him to get me a ticket for the Notre Dame game. When I got up to school, he had not only done this but had arranged for me to take Ann with me. Oh man, I was in my glory! I hadn't earned my Dolphins yet, but who the hell would know if I wore them. "You're a submarine sailor?" people would ask. What a fantastic feeling, tinged with something way in the back of my mind saying, "There you go again claiming glory with bullshit." I would go into long speals recounting all that might look good, and stretching that sometimes almost to the breaking point. How I wished for those things to be true as I was relating them.

I liked Ann. She didn't come on strong, but she seemed to like me. I lied to her many times in our courtship. I wanted so much for her to want me, and how could she want me if I told her only the truth. I enjoyed my leave very much, I guess, because she seemed to enjoy me. I returned to East Lansing quite a few times on weekend passes, hitch-hiking both ways in 72 hours. They were good weekends. I guess I was being fed the things I thought I wanted, including feeling that she was too. I thought I was in love. Who knows, maybe I was. One thing is certain, I had never felt toward anyone the way I felt toward her. I made "improper" advances. She never let me go very far. I liked this, whatever the reasons, I liked this. Maybe it convinced me that she was a girl of high morals, whatever that means.

Ann invited me to spend Christmas vacation with her at her home in Bound Brook, New Jersey. She was bringing a girlfriend with her, and I brought Jack with me.

When I met Ann's family, I felt what more could anyone want than to come from a family like the Woldins. Her mother was vivacious, smooth-talking, and seemed to run the all-American home. Her father was quiet, enjoyed sports, and seemed very much engrossed in his work.

The Christmas week I spent at the Woldins was for me a very good one. There were a couple of occasions when things got tight. I really can't remember the whys. I know Jack and Ann's girlfriend started off well, but very quickly degenerated into a real bad thing. All I know about the details is that they hardly spoke to each other after the first day.

This chapter, typed in early 1968, was part the author's application for a teaching job in East Africa. He was not hired. Editorial changes and spelling corrections in the handwriting of Ann Rue are incorporated into this text. The present manuscript appears to be a working copy from which a final draft was prepared. -TSR

II

When asked to write an autobiography, I must of necessity think back to the years I had once hoped to leave behind -- forgotten.

My early years in many ways were not particularly pleasant ones, although I'm sure they left a significant mark on the make-up of the man.

I was born in Detroit, Mich. in 1934 in the heart of the depression to a family of lower class socio-economic status. My father was deaf since early manhood and I have always felt this was an overwhelming handicap in his life. He had valued education but was unable to overcome this hardship and complete his schooling. He dropped out of college after his second year of college. Because of these factors he has supported his family almost totally by assembly line work. Of course his love of books, his respect for learning, and his desire for his children to do better certainly affected my outlook on life.

My mother had a poverty background in every sense of the word. All of the memories I have of my youth are colored by being poorly clothed, or poorly fed, or unclean.

I was the middle boy of three sons. My older brother is four years my senior and my younger brother 1 1/2 years my junior. When I was 14, another son was born, but Jimmy never seemed to be part of our shared miseries. (It was unfortunate, perhaps, for him to have no one with whom to share his miseries.)

My parents built a home in 1940 in Livonia, Mich. outside a solidly middle class neighborhood. Everything we did or had was different from those with whom we went to school. Even while we walked a mile and a half to school in winter months, we were envious of our classmates. They walked no more than a half mile in clothes which enabled them to enjoy the childhood pleasures of winter. By the time we reached school our hands and feet were numb, our clothes stiff, and our hair frozen solid.

By the time I was in high school, I had had many part-time jobs, and was then able to buy my own clothes, do my own laundry, and pay for my own dental costs. If I had not, these things would have been left unattended.

During my high school summers, I worked in a small church camp in various capacities from nature instructor to waterfront director. When I was 18, I served as business manager -- an unprecedented position for one my age. I was deeply impressed at the responsibility and trust that had been placed in me. The five summers I spent in Clear Lake Camp will always represent something special to me. I believe it was this experience which most affected my decision to spend my life in education.

Unlike my brothers, I did reasonably well in the public schools. High school was an escape for me. I enjoyed all it stood for and was active in many aspects of school life. I

played football and basketball and ran track. I was involved in student council and participated in two class plays. As I look back to my high school days, I view them with fondness, although by my senior year it was unavoidable that I face a new anxiety. It was doubtful that I would have the financial ability to realize the dream I shared with my father -- to attend college.

In December of my senior year I went to work for General Motors on the midnight shift in hopes of making enough money for my first years expenses at Michigan State. I received a tuition scholarship from Michigan State University and \$300 from the local PTA to apply to my first two years of school. I felt I was well set. However over the summer my parents used my savings for a number of things, and I went to college with \$100 in my pocket and \$300 in the bank.

That first year at Michigan State was no picnic. I waited tables, swept floors, washed windows, cut asparagus, shoveled snow, and sold magazines while I studied on the side. It was not an easy life, but I managed to keep my head above water both academically and financially.

My older brother Bill was discharged from the marines in time to enroll in school second semester. He received the generous benefits from the GI Bill and his lot looked increasingly attractive to me. I finally decided to enlist in the navy while the educational benefits were still available.

The next four years I view with mixed emotions. I spent most of these four years as an electrician on a submarine. It often seemed like an eternity til discharge day, but I gained many valuable experiences working with people which I shall never forget.

In 1958, I married a campus co-ed. My wife transferred to Connecticut College for Women in New London. The next two years we daily commuted our different directions - she to school and I to the sub.

Our first child, a son, Thomas, was born in October 1958. I had been discharged early from the navy to return to school. My wife stayed with her parents until the baby arrived. My new family joined me at MSU soon afterward. We spent the next two unusual years in a 30-foot mobile home. The GI Bill did not seem quite so lush when I had to provide for a family, but with a part-time job we managed to make ends meet. The arrival of our second son, David, in January 1960, made the situation a bit more difficult. However, I graduated soon after that in December 1960, and we went east to accept my first teaching position. I taught a sixth grade self-contained class for a year and a half. I was then reassigned in the same district to teach 7th and 8th grade math.

In 1962, I changed districts and again took a position teaching a self-contained 6th grade class. This class was organized primarily around reading disabilities. My colleagues and superiors seemed pleased with the work I did that year. However, I never felt the teaching of reading to be one of my strengths, even though some of the children made noteworthy gains that year. I felt I could make a more significant contribution in teaching math. The next year I was reassigned, upon request, to teach math and have been doing so since.

For the last four years I have served as math department group leader. In this capacity I have been primarily responsible for:

1. Major curriculum revision in the mathematics department;
2. Representing the department on a general curriculum planning committee;
3. Orientation and assistance to new math teachers;
4. Development of a mathematics library for student and teacher use; and
5. Organizing and running the math club.

Extracurricular student activities for which I am presently responsible include the student council advisorship, 7th and 8th grade dance committee advisor, and math club sponsor.

I belong to the local, county, state, and national educational associations, the New Jersey Outdoor Education Association, and the National Council of Teachers of Mathematics. I have been actively involved in our local association for three years. I have served on the executive board, as chairman of the Teacher Educational Practice and Standards Committee, and am presently serving as salary chairman. We are now deeply involved in negotiations with our board of education concerning next year's salary agreement.

I presently am serving on a citizen's committee in support of a bond referendum in the town in which I reside [Piscataway, New Jersey]. We are attempting to sell the township on the need for the construction of several new schools. The election is to be held in December.

My summers since I began teaching have varied widely in activity. I earned my masters degree in school administration, taught summer school, attended a National Science Foundation institute in math, and also held some "odd" jobs to make ends meet.

Presently I am tutoring two boys on a voluntary basis. One is a neighbor who is foreign-born and having serious academic problems. The other is a relative who hopes to enter college in January. I have in the past done considerable tutoring in math for supplementary income.

We have had two more children in the last four years. Our third was another boy, and finally came Ella, now age two. My wife has been a great support to me in almost all that I have attempted. I shall be eternally grateful to her encouraging support in the areas in which she saw merit, her intelligent criticism in areas in which she had doubts, and her never ending readiness to attempt the unorthodox, the unusual, or often the outlandish.

We have indeed been a very fortunate family. Both my wife and I, as well as the children, have enjoyed good health. In light of this, we attempted a cross-country, summer-long family camping trip last summer which was, to say the least, a unique experience. It was our first real opportunity to discover America. Perhaps it was this that awakened our pioneering spirit.

And so-- I apply to teach in East Africa. Many friends and colleagues have raised an eyebrow and questioned why. I believe it is because we feel there are many exciting things to do in this world, many ways in which to contribute one's assets to mankind, many challenges to meet, and many aspects of life to discover. I believe I have much to offer such a program, and I believe my family has much to gain. My wife and I have discussed this prospect at length and hope to have this opportunity of becoming true citizens of the world.

The promotion of a deviant community:
Innisfree -- An experience in deviance

INNISFREE

- A PERSONAL ACCOUNT BY CLYDE B. RUE -

The following, dated December 16, 1976, was written in a partial fulfillment of a graduate seminar in education at Trenton State College.

During the school year of 1969-70, I was working at Montclair High School. At that time, I was teaching mathematics and having a great deal of trouble feeling that I was doing justice to most of my students. At that time I had taught 12 years and really felt that the issues of "relevance" and "value-imposition" were of paramount importance. I felt that these issues were not honestly being faced by the public schools. I was not alone in this belief. Several of my colleagues and I made several attempts to approach the administration with a formal proposal to organize an alternate program within the school that did attempt to deal with these issues. The first attempt was met with a three-month delay, after which the principal explained to me that our proposal had been lost. The second attempt was met with another three-month delay before getting a response indicating the administration didn't feel the "time was right." It was due to this kind of frustrating experience that two of my colleagues and I turned to the private community to seek support for our proposal.

On February 22, 1970, the three of us and our spouses announced ourselves to our students, to the high school staff, and to the rest of the community. We were looking for support from any quarter. What we had in mind was a program that was to be designed and implemented by its participants. There was to be input from all involved, where decisions would be made not just by the adult initiators but by the whole group of those people who would participate.

We found support first among young people, many of whom knew they could not actually participate in the program but wanted to help in any way they could. We attracted other staff members, a total of 12. The staff included a nurse, a psychologist, a professional artist, a couple involved in theater and others of interesting and reputable backgrounds.

The group decided what we wanted to do was raise the money to purchase property that could become our school. We located an old summer boarding house in Milanville, Pa. that really seemed appropriate to our needs. It came completely furnished and was only \$61,000. (Only \$61,000! For all practical purposes we had no money.)

We decided that if we promoted a summer program as a camp experience and charged tuition on a sliding scale, so that money did not exclude anyone who otherwise could go, we might be able to raise the capital to purchase the site.

Two high school bands local to Montclair donated their services to provide fund-raising concerts. A total of six concerts were held in different locations around the community, each of which raised several hundred dollars. These concerts, combined with a number of bake sales, rummage sales, and a benefit local play only raised a couple thousand dollars. More important than the money these activities raised was the attention they attracted. It was our intention that they would do so, and we tried to capitalize on this attention with the local media. Several of the students involved knew personally or had access to people who owned or controlled small foundations. At every opportunity I went by invitation with some of the youngsters to make an appeal for support.

To make a long story somewhat shorter, we found enough support to purchase the land. The site in Milanville, Pa. was christened Innisfree after the poem by Yeats.

Our basic argument was that there were many kids who wanted and deserved a chance at really developing their own program. We used A.S. Neill's

Visit A.S. Neill's Summerhill School to see a model "free school."

By the time school closed in June (four months), we had recruited 45 youngsters who paid anywhere from nothing to \$650 for an eight-week experience. By this time we had raised \$40,000 and recruited 12 staff members who were ready to donate their services for the summer with no expectation of financial remuneration. We had the land purchased with an 11-year mortgage and enough funds to hopefully get us through the first year. We had books and other supplies donated from individuals and companies to the extent of what we estimated our needs to be.

As I have mentioned, the main thrust of our program was that it be self-directed. That the community as a whole accept responsibility for the program and that all individual members be accountable to assist in the resolution of the community's problems. By definition, the problems of the community included the problems of each of its members. It was this issue, that the greatest difference in where the line was drawn, that we had parted ways with Montclair High School. Many of us really believed the public school was not functioning in any realistic way to help its people to resolve their problems. It seemed the more energy we put into MHS the harder the "official" attitude was toward us and our efforts.

In our Innisfree program there was only one regularly scheduled community-wide meeting per week, and as many more "general" meetings as were called by individual members of the community. We probably averaged three or four a weekend. These meetings dealt mostly with organizational problems; how to fairly distribute whatever work needed to be done; how to organize the various instructional and or recreational activities, who would teach them (many of them were taught by youngsters), how to deal

with community-wide problems like theft, drugs, neighbor problems, animals, cleanliness, noise, and so on and on.

I think these meetings were really very unusual. They succeeded, to a large extent, in resolving many of the problems. Most people felt "heard" and therefore felt they had been taken into account in whatever decisions the community made.

There also were other meetings. They were of a smaller size where the whole community was divided up into six groups. These groups met several times each week for the first four weeks, after which we re-organized all groups. The purpose of these smaller groups was to provide help for each of its members in dealing with the interpersonal problems that we are all faced with. These groups were all led by experienced facilitators who were all working under the direction of the psychologist. I don't want to imply there were no problems with these groups. There were many, but those very problems were the content of a large slice of what we would call curriculum.

There were many of the usual summer camp type of activities, but all with a slight twist. The initiation for the activity, and the responsibility for its success or failure, came as often as from the youngsters as it did from the adults. The word responsibility really did take on a heavy meaning.

It may sound like I am implying all people accepted "responsibility" and thrived in this program. This was not the case. Where it was not the case, it became content for discussion at meetings. During the summer, two youngsters went home because in one case the child was very unhappy and in the other the child's parent was unhappy with the program. I might also add we lost a staff member for the same reason.

I also do not want to sound like it was "all good" from my point of view. I had accepted final financial responsibility (signed on the mortgage bond) and found myself frequently caught between commitments to community goals and my own financial fears. I have to say, in retrospect, I believe there were no instances where the community did not seriously take my situation into account.

My experiences at Innisfree were mostly positive. Probably one of the most important, for me, was a recognition of the limits of my own ability to function in a "free" community. Here, as often the case is, when the limits are recognized the limit shifts position. I believe that much more freedom to be responsible or irresponsible can and should be afforded by our communities, as long as this is balanced by a commitment to "work out" the resulting problems.

We ran another similar program the second summer, but have not done so since. It is my hope to return to Innisfree when we are more able to handle the finances (my family's) and really do a school. I'm not sure this school would have the same kind of philosophy of commitment to freedom, but there certainly would be strong similarities -- mostly in terms of working out problems in some humanistic way.

When we started Innisfree, it was an attempt to get away from what we perceived as an oppressive way of educating people. At this point, I'm not at all sure there is a way of getting away from it. It seems, in retrospect, there were many at Innisfree who were oppressed or dominated by the "articulate" and I'm not at all sure of how to deal with that.

Those of us who felt the need to get away and do our own program were all fired from Montclair High School, and initially didn't care. We have all now returned to "straight society," whatever that is, and are leading lives that could hardly be called deviant, except in insignificant ways.

I believe the humanistic principles we strived so hard for are reachable. They are costly. Very often, it hurts to get really close to a group. And too often, the "high" being sought evaporates before attainment.

Post Script

One of the greatest ironies of the experience, for me, was that Montclair High School, the year after we created Innisfree, started not one but two alternative programs; one of which seemed to me very close in approach to what we originally proposed (the one that got lost). I like to think the trauma of Innisfree's birth provided the impetus for this change of heart, but I really don't know. I do know a number of the kids from Innisfree became involved in these programs and were able to demand and get a significant role in their design. -- C.B.R.

Jul 1944

CLEAR LAKE CAMP

Oxford, Michigan

Dear mother.

i snatched my finger
a couple of days ago
but it is all right
im having a fine
time out here
i can see a little
bit. will you
send me some cards
please

July 1944

CLEAR LAKE CAMP

Oxford, Michigan

I saw Mother and
Dad, it took the
Bus 4 hours to get
here. John wanted
to borrow all of my
comics, but it would
not, the water was
fuzzing, and Bob
was afraid to go in
the water up to his
knees. we have to
go swimming now.
good by.
cap well.



THIS SIDE OF CARD IS FOR ADDRESS

ART Ruel
11011 Hubbell
Route 2 Wawan Mish

Jul 1944

dear Mom
a dad. i
am feeling
well i hope
you are.

will you
send me
some money

A.P.D. - Lett-
ERS, please
from Clyde

DEPARTMENT OF THE NAVY
BUREAU OF NAVAL PERSONNEL
U. S. NAVY RECRUITING STATION
Detroit 26, Michigan

064

21 January 1953

Mr. Clyde Beiber Rue
11011 Hubbell, R #4
Plymouth, Michigan

Dear Sir:

The Chief of Naval Personnel is pleased to inform you that your score on the recently conducted Navy College Aptitude Test was sufficiently high to warrant your being given further consideration for enrollment in the Regular NROTC program.

At the time you participated in the aptitude test, you indicated that you desired to be processed in the city in which this office is located, provided you qualified for such processing. Accordingly, you are requested to report at 8:00 A.M. on 30 January 1953 at the following address to be medically examined and personally interviewed:

U. S. Navy and Marine Corps Reserve Training Center
7600 E. Jefferson
Detroit 14, Michigan

Due to the large number of candidates to be examined and the very tight processing schedule which must be maintained, you are requested to make every effort to appear at the above time and date. If it is impossible for you to appear as requested, please advise this office at once, and an attempt to re-schedule you at a later date will be made. Otherwise, you will be expected on the above date, and your failure to appear or to notify this office of your intentions will be interpreted to mean that you are no longer interested in competing for an NROTC scholarship this year.

All travel expenses incident to reporting in compliance with this letter, as well as any hotel and living expenses, must be borne by you. Every effort will be made to complete your medical examination and personal interviews in one day. Nevertheless, you should be prepared to remain overnight if necessary.

Enclosed herewith are certain forms which are required in processing candidates for the Regular NROTC program. The forms should be completed in accordance with the mimeographed instructions which are also enclosed. When you report to this office you should, if possible, bring with you all of the completed forms which you are required to submit yourself. At the time of your personal interviews, the interviewing officer will inform you of any required documents or forms missing from your file, and you will be given a deadline date for submission of these forms. Failure to submit the required forms by this date will necessitate your being dropped from further consideration.

By direction of the Chief of Naval Personnel.


W. H. TIDMAN
Ass't to Officer in Charge

APPLICATION FOR NAVAL OFFICER
CANDIDATE TRAINING
NAVPERS-912 (REV. 10-48)

Please print or type answers. All questions must be answered.
Write "none" or place an "X" in any blank not applicable to you.

DATE 1-20-53

NAME (Last) (First) (Middle) APPLICANT FOR
RUE CLYDE BEIBER NROTC

PERMANENT HOME ADDRESS (Number and street) (City) (County) (State)
11011 HUBELL LIVONIA WAYNE MICHIGAN

PLACE OF BIRTH (City) (County) (State) DATE OF BIRTH (Day) (Month) (Year)
DETROIT WAYNE MICHIGAN 2-8-34

IF FOREIGN BORN (Date naturalized) (Place where naturalized) (Certificate No.)
X X X

EDUCATION

HIGH SCHOOLS ATTENDED (Name and location)	DATES ATTENDED	YEARS COMPLETED	DATE GRADUATED
BENTLEY LIVONIA, MICHIGAN	49-53	10, 11, 12	
COLLEGES ATTENDED (Name and location)	DATES ATTENDED	YEARS COMPLETED	DATE GRADUATED
X			

EXTRACURRICULAR ACTIVITIES PARTICIPATED IN (Indicate offices held, etc.)

ATHLETICS
FOOTBALL 10, 11 + 12 LETTER-11+12
TRACK 9+10 NO LETTER

STUDENT GOVERNMENT

SOPHMORE COUNCIL 50-51 } SENIOR CLASS COUNCIL 52-53
STUDENT COUNCIL 51-52 } SENT AS DELIGATE TO 'BOY'S STATE', LANSING, MICHIGAN

CLUBS, SOCIETIES, AND ORGANIZATIONS

Varsity Club { Senior Chorus { Hi-Y Club { XMAS CARD SALES CHAIR
Movie Club { Senior Class Play { Pep Club { Church Young People Mgr
Camera Club { Junior Class Play { Yearbook Sales Chair. { ASST. SCOUTMASTER

SCHOLARSHIPS, HONORS, AWARDS, ETC. (Athletic or scholarship)

FOOTBALL LETTER { EAGLE (BOY-SCOUTS) } STANDARD 1st AID CERTIFICATE (RED CROSS)
ALL-SCHOOL LETTER { SR. LIFE SAVING (RED CROSS)



ATTACH RECENT PHOTOGRAPHS.
ONE FULL FACE AND ONE PRO-
FILE OF HEAD AND SHOULDERS.
SIZE 2 1/2 X 2 1/2 INCHES, IN THE
SPACE PROVIDED.



(Over)

I, CLYDE BEILER RUE, in consideration of such benefits as may accrue to me by reason of my membership in the Naval Reserve Officers Training Corps, and with the consent of my parent or legal guardian, do hereby agree to the following contract with the Secretary of the Navy, acting for and on behalf of the United States in accordance with the provisions of law.

FIRST, (a) to enter upon and continue training in the Naval Reserve Officers Training Corps as a regular student until the completion of such training as may be prescribed leading to a commission in the United States Navy or the United States Marine Corps, to accept such commission in the United States Navy or United States Marine Corps, if offered, and having accepted such commission, in the event of the termination thereof, I agree to accept such commission in the Organized Naval or Marine Corps Reserve that may be offered me, and I further agree not to resign from said Reserve prior to the eighth anniversary of the date of rank stated in my original commission in the United States Navy or the United States Marine Corps; and (b) to accept a commission which may be tendered me in an appropriate Reserve component in the event that an appointment in a Regular component is not offered, and not to resign from such Reserve component prior to the eighth anniversary of the date of rank stated in my original commission.

SECOND, to remain unmarried until commissioned.

I understand that after not less than fifteen months of satisfactory service as a commissioned officer in a Regular component, I may, upon my own application, have my commission in the Regular service terminated, and be commissioned in the Naval or Marine Corps Reserve, and, in the discretion of the Secretary of the Navy, be released from active duty. I understand that the Secretary of the Navy may, if the interest of the service requires, delay any action upon this application until I have completed two years of commissioned service. I understand that the provisions of Public Law 51, 82nd Congress requires that an additional period of active duty not to exceed one year be added to my obligated active service.

I further understand that the Secretary of the Navy may release me from my obligations under this contract and separate me from the training program at any time that, in his opinion, the best interest of the Naval Service requires such action.

[Signature]
(Witness)

Clyde Beiler Rue
(Signature of applicant in full)

I, Agnes B. Rue, parent/legal guardian of Clyde Rue, whose signature appears on the foregoing contractual agreement, do hereby consent to his entering into such contract agreement.

Agnes B. Rue
(Parent/Legal Guardian)

DO NOT WRITE BELOW THIS LINE

Subscribed to this _____ day of _____, 19 _____

For the Secretary of the Navy

Vice Admiral, U.S. Navy
Chief of Naval Personnel

This is to Certify that Clyde Bieber Rue
and Clyde Bieber Rue are one
and the same person.

Notary:-

signed by

Opal B. Rue
(his Mother)

State of Michigan, county of Wayne, February 4th 1953
on this day OPAL B. RUE personally appeared before me
a Notary Public and acknowledged the above instrument

SIGNED Opal B. Rue
OPAL B. RUE.

My commission Expires July 17th 1953

HARRY W. CORTNER
HARRY W. CORTNER
Notary Public, Wayne County,
Michigan.

U.S. NAVY RECRUITING
AND
OFFICE OF NAVAL OFFICER PROCUREMENT
421 FEDERAL BUILDING
DETROIT 26, MICHIGAN

Mr. Clyde B. Rue
11011 Hubbell
R#4 Plymouth, Michigan

25 March 1953
(date)

Dear Mr. Rue;

This is to confirm the findings of the Board of Naval Medical Examiners at this office in that you are considered to be not physically qualified for the Naval Reserve Officers Training Corps by reason of History of dislocation of left elbow with current x-ray evidence of calcification within the joint capsule, with crepitation on motion and limitation of extension.

Therefore, you will be given no further consideration for entry into the NROTC this year. You should advise the NROTC COLLEGE to which you have submitted an application for enrollment within the Regular NROTC quota, that your candidacy has been rejected by reason of physical disqualification.

Your interest in the Naval Reserve Officers Training Corps and the U. S. Naval Service is greatly appreciated and it is deeply regretted that you were unable to qualify for entry into the program.

Sincerely yours,

W. H. Tidman

W. H. TIDMAN
LT, USNR
NROTC Officer

Postmark: 22 Aug. 1950

●
**CLEAR
LAKE CAMP**
OXFORD, MICHIGAN

Dear Dad

I am sorry I haven't written sooner, I realized what your hint was by sending the post card. I don't remember where I left the siple last, but I don't even remember using it.

Your field-glasses are O.K. I have made good use of them and Mr. Richter's that he had sent up to me.

Bill was here yesterday for about 2 hours and got a ride home with Bosquet's.

If I had known Bill was coming home I might have gotten home last Friday or Saturday, and I might still be able to get home Wednesday. If I can't I will phone and tell you so.

Thanks for the money you have been sending me, I still say that

I will pay you back what you have
resent me. There shouldn't be any
reason why I should need any more
untill pay day.

I will try to get home Wednesday
if Mr. Frederick will let me:

Things are running pretty good
out here last Wednesday we had
a hike to Stony Lake where we
went swimming.

I am pretty sure of getting my life
Saving (Senior), and just for the
heck of it, I am passing my Advanced
Swimmers over again.

The kids are coming along O. K. on
their advancement in Nature Lore.

Yours Truly
Bud

DEPARTMENT OF THE NAVY
Bureau of Naval Personnel
Washington 25, D. C.

In Reply Refer to
Pers-B6241-fjm

8 April 1953

Mr. Clyde Beiber Rue
11011 Hubbell
Rt. 4
Plymouth, Michigan

Dear Mr. Rue:

As a result of your score in the recent Navy College Aptitude Test you were eligible for the further processing required for consideration of selection for entry into the Naval Reserve Officers' Training Corps. This processing included, among other things, an examination to determine your physical qualifications for the Naval Reserve Officers' Training Corps.

You were certified to the State Selection Committee, which met during the week of March 16-21, for consideration of selection for the NROTC. Your standard application file indicated that you were fully qualified for the NROTC, contingent upon the final decision regarding your physical qualifications, which had not been received at that time.

The Bureau regrets to advise you that, although you were selected by the State Selection Committee as a PRINCIPAL NROTC candidate, it has now been determined that you do not meet the physical requirements for appointment as Midshipman, USNR, in the Naval Reserve Officers' Training Corps by reason of history of dislocation of left elbow with current x-ray evidence of calcification within the joint capsule, with crepitation on motion and limitation of extension.

It is deeply regretted that you must be rejected for physical reasons after having been selected by the State Selection Committee. However, in view of the large number of fully qualified applicants for the limited number of vacancies in the NROTC quota, no waivers of any kind may be granted. The Bureau desired to authorize your certification to the State Selection Committee although your physical qualifications had not been established by March 16, to ensure that you would not be deprived of an opportunity of selection in the event you were later found to be fully qualified.

Your interest in the Naval Reserve Officers' Training Corps and the U. S. Naval Service is greatly appreciated and it is regretted that this notification cannot be more favorable.

By direction of Chief of Naval Personnel:

Sincerely yours,



E. L. SUMRALL
LCDR, U. S. Navy
NROTC Program Officer
Appointment and Enlistment Branch
Recruiting Division

Copy to:
NRS, Detroit, Michigan

CANDIDATE'S NAME IN FULL
Clide Becker Rue

This form is to be completed by the Principal or Headmaster of the school in which the applicant is now enrolled. If necessary, additional copies may be obtained for submitting the record of the candidate at previous schools.

LENGTH OF EACH CLASS PERIOD (In minutes) <i>55</i>	NUMBER OF PERIODS PER WEEK <i>5</i>	NUMBER OF WEEKS PER YEAR <i>40</i>	PASSING GRADE IS <i>70</i>	CERTIFICATION GRADE IS <i>B</i>	HONOR GRADE IS
--	--	---------------------------------------	-------------------------------	------------------------------------	----------------

IF UNUSUAL, DESCRIBE YOUR MARKING SYSTEM

CLASS RECORD

If no marks are given, check. Circle marks or checks for half-year subjects. Mark courses in progress with asterisks. Courses planned, but not yet taken, should be indicated by a dash (-).

SUBJECT	GRADE					NOTES (Specify laboratory periods, variation in time allowance for subjects, or any other information needed to interpret this record.)
	9	10	11	12	PG	
	YEAR					
	19 49-50	19 50-51	19 51-52	19 52-53	19	
LANGUAGES	1. ENGLISH	<i>A A</i>	<i>B B</i>	<i>A B</i>	<i>C *</i>	
	2. LATIN					
	3. FRENCH					
	4. GERMAN					
	5. SPANISH					
SOCIAL STUDIES	1. AMERICAN HISTORY			<i>B B</i>		
	2. WORLD HISTORY	<i>B B</i>				
	3. ANCIENT HISTORY					
	4. EUROPEAN HISTORY					
	5. ENGLISH HISTORY					
	6. CIVICS					
	7. <i>Am. Gov't.</i>				<i>B *</i>	
MATHEMATICS	1. ELEMENTARY ALGEBRA	<i>B A</i>				
	2. INTERMEDIATE ALGEBRA					
	3. ADVANCED ALGEBRA			<i>B B</i>		
	4. PLANE GEOMETRY		<i>B B</i>			
	5. SOLID GEOMETRY				<i>C *</i>	
	6. TRIGONOMETRY					
	7. REVIEW MATHEMATICS					
SCIENCE	1. GENERAL SCIENCE					
	2. PHYSICS				<i>C *</i>	
	3. CHEMISTRY			<i>B B</i>		
	4. BIOLOGY	<i>C C</i>				
OTHER SUBJECTS	1. <i>Typing</i>		<i>C C</i>			
	2. <i>Shorthand</i>		<i>B B</i>			
	3. <i>Chorus</i>			<i>A A</i>		
	4.					
	5.					

DATE OF CANDIDATE'S GRADUATION OR PROBABLE GRADUATION <i>June 11, 1953</i>	IF HE HAS ALREADY GRADUATED, IS HE TAKING POSTGRADUATE WORK? <input type="checkbox"/> YES <input type="checkbox"/> NO	WHOLE NUMBER OF PUPILS IN GRADUATING CLASS <i>147</i>	CANDIDATE'S EXACT NUMERICAL RANK IN CLASS (From the top) <i>23</i>
---	--	--	---

* Unless the best estimate of a candidate's EXACT rank in class is given, this application is not complete. Rank by quarters, thirds, or fifths is not sufficient. A candidate's rank should be calculated on the basis of his work during his last 3 years. In schools which do not regularly rank pupils, as accurate an estimate as possible should be made after consultation with the candidate's teachers.

I hereby certify the above to be a true copy of the record of the above-named man:

January 30, 1953
 (Date)
Livonia
 (City)

Michigan
 (State)

Cecil H. Alford
 (Signature of Principal or Headmaster)
 (Official name of school)

Transcript of High School Credits

This is to certify that - RUE, Clyde Beiber
(Give name in full)

of 11011 Hubbell Rd. (Number and street) (City) (State)

who was born 8 - 2 - 1934, attended the George N. Bentley High School located at 15100 Hubbard, Plymouth, Michigan from SEPT., 1949, to PRESENT (2-4-53) probably will be and 6-11-, 1953. Below is a correct statement of his record in the George N. Bentley High School.

Signed by Bartholomew Wall

Dated 2-4-1953 Counselor Official Position

2 SEM. YR

Subjects	Year Taken	No. of weeks	No. of Periods per week	Grade	Units of Credit
ENGLISH - First Year	I	40	5	A A	1
Second Year	II	40	5	B B	1
Third Year	III	40	5	A B	1
Fourth Year	IV	40	5	C *	1/2
SPEECH					
JOURNALISM					
LATIN - First Year					
Second Year					
SPANISH - First Year					
Second Year					
SOCIAL STUDIES					
Civics					
World History	I	40	5	B B	1
U. S. History	III	40	5	B B	1
American Govt.	IV	20	5	B	1/2
Socio-Economics	IV	20	5	*	1/2
Home and Family Living					
MATHEMATICS					
Elementary Algebra	I	40	5	B A	1
Advanced Algebra	III	40	5	B B	1
Plane Geometry	II	40	5	B B	1
Solid Geometry	IV	20	5	C	1/2
Trigonometry	IV	20	5	*	1/2
General Mathematics					
Business Arithmetic					
SCIENCE					
General Science					
Biology	I	40	5	C C	1
Chemistry	III	40	5	B B	1
Physics	IV	40	5	C *	1
BOOKKEEPING - First Year					
Second Year					
SHORTHAND - First Year					
Second Year					
TYPEWRITING - First Year	II	40	5	C C	1
Second Year					
BUSINESS MACHINES					
BUSINESS PRACTICES					

George A. Bentley High School

Livonia Township



School District

This Certifies That

Clyde Beiber Rue

has satisfactorily completed the requirements prescribed by the Board of Education for Graduation from the George A. Bentley High School, and is hereby awarded this

Diploma

Given at City of Livonia, Michigan, this twelfth day of June, 1953.

H. Johnson
Superintendent of Schools

C. H. Alford
Principal of High School

W. C. Bowen
President of the Board of Education

C. J. Cook
Secretary of the Board of Education

The American National Red Cross



National Aquatic School

This Certifies that Clyde B. Rue has satisfactorily completed the prescribed courses in the following subjects at the First Aid, Water Safety and Accident Prevention School conducted by The American National Red Cross at Wasippe Scout Camps, Whitehall, Michigan, June 14-24, 1953.

Standard First Aid
Swimming
Life Saving
Water Safety Instructor

First Year Boating
First Year Canoeing
Camp Waterfront Leadership
Basic Survival Swimming

Issued at Saint Louis, Missouri, July 31, 1953

F. Melans Harrison
President

Alfred W. Currell
National Director
Safety Services

C. King Ganner
Director of School

①

SAT. SEPT. 25, 1953

Dear Mom and Dad,

How's everything at home? Good?

Boy every day I spend here the more I like the school.

All this past week I spent taking tests for a check-up to see if we needed (briefed courses (no credit). A lot of kids had to take them. My English was, slightly below average, but not low enough to have to take the course over. I was surprised at the results of the math test, I only got one question wrong out of approximately 200.

I didn't want to write until I knew my courses, well, I registered yesterday and this is it:

ENGLISH	3 CREDITS
NATURAL SCIENCE	4 "
GERMAN	5 "
COLLEGE ALGEBRA	4 "
AIR FORCE SCIENCE	1 "
BOXING	1 "
TOTAL	18 CREDITS

②

I went up and talked with Mr. Friedrich about a job and he told me of two. One in the YMCA in Lansing as an assistant to a measure(?) for about 4 hours an evening. The rate was \$1.20 an hour. Compared to the .75 cents an hour I have been getting for working in the caf bussing tables. I took off one meal and went in to see about the job it turned out the hours didn't conflict with my class but they were at the same time as the Varsity swim practice. (Mr. Friedrich advised me to try to get in as manager of the team for the first year, that way I could get to know the coach and I could watch his instructions to the team and he said would probably give me some extra practice at the end of the varsity practice. I am supposed to report next week, but I don't know if I am one of the managers or not but I hope so) The other job would have paid \$100.00 a week but it took about 6 hours a day & Saturdays (to much time)

As far as social activities I think things

are going to work out very well. Most events, dances, ect are included in the activity book which I got as part of the tuition. So far I've only spent on this type of thing about \$1.50.

This week there has been quite a bit of free time but next week will be very different. One good thing, the only social events that are scheduled during the week are study sessions sponsored by the various organizations.

I am attending the People's Church. This is an inter-denominational organization I found by joining the United Students Christian Foundation, a fellowship group sponsored by the Church.

I called Bentley High trying to find out about my grant, and they had just put the check in the mail to the student bank of the school in my name and this can be used for any thing.

Let me know how everything is coming at home.

Love,
Bud

2 January 1955



Sun 2, 55

Dear Mom & Dad,

Been here for a day now, there was only one thing I didn't like about coming home when I did and that was coming back to this hole for another month. It should be needless to say that I enjoyed my stay at home. It depends on where I am stationed when I'll be home again.

You probably know I got a ride right away from telegraph, but it only took me to Ford rd, but my next took me within 25 miles of where I was going I got there within 30 minutes of when I told Wilson I'd be there.
(2 P.M.)

Darrell got me a date with a girl he went to high school with for not only New Years Eve but the eve of the game. She is going to Purdue University.

1st thing when I arrived we went

to a bar. In Indiana the the age is 21 but it is also written in that if your in uniform they can't ask your age.

Even though it would have been legal that was the only time we went in (the girl Wilson is going to marry doesn't drink) Boy, on the way to his house I began to worry that he had gone hay wire and had gotten married. And the worst part, I would have been visiting on his honeymoon, but he didn't ~~from~~ his house I ^{was} glad when we left because I was afraid he was go off the deep end yet & even though it was against my conscience I accepted to be his best man then he changed his mind.

He has very likeable parents they are in many ways similar to you two. His dad runs arounds in his underwear & his mother swears a blue-streak. Both are under 5ft 5in and all the doors in the house are made to fit.

Got to go Happy New Year,
Bud



Sat Jan 7 55

Dear Mom & Dad,

Our company is on service-week now, in other words we have to take care of galley work and other jobs. I was lucky enough to get one of these other jobs, most of the other guys are peeling potatoes, washing dishes or shoveling shit, (me?) I'm teaching swimming. I got it knocked! ☺

We graduate 3 weeks from Tues. and I found out that there won't be much ceremony. Parents are invited but the ceremony is very short, in the summer it's quite an affair but in the winter you can hardly call it a ceremony.

I might be home at the end of Boot yet. They are giving 10 days extra traveling time to the graduating companies. This doesn't even count off of the regular 30 annual days leave. So cross your fingers.

Have you got Bob's new address



yet? Will you try to find my school directory? I've written Bill, no answer yet. Would you try and induce him to let me know something of what is going on around school? If you can't talk him into writing how about trying to get him to send some of the State News's.

How about dropping a line. Say hello to Butch & anybody?

Love

Bud

Clyde B. Que SR

495 42 51

Com 293 Batt 84 Reg 8

U. S. N. T. C.

Great Lakes, Illinois



Mr. + Mrs. A. H. Que

11011 Hubbell

Livonia, Michigan



TUES 11-~~11~~
(1955)

Hi BUTCH,

I THOUGHT I WOULD
WRITE YOU, HOPING I
MIGHT GET A LETTER
BACK.

HAVE YOU BEEN GOOD
SINCE XMAS? REMEMBER
WHAT I TOLD YOU, IF YOUR
GOOD WHAT WE WOULD
DO WHEN I COME HOME
IN THE SUMMER. (CAMPING)

ARE YOU GOING TO SCHOOL
YET? SEE IF YOU CAN
WRITE ME A LETTER. O.K.?

LOVE,

BUPDY

18 January 1955



ines

Dear Mom + Dad,

You know, the letter I wrote last night, I'm kinda sorry I worded it as bluntly as I did but probably you can understand how I feel not hearing from anyone at all. Bill hasn't even dropped a post-card. I've written him at least 3 times + can't even get him to forward a couple of the school papers so I can know something of what is going on.

Please try and find my school directory + send it to me.

We are supposed to find out for sure what our next duty-station is within the next 3 days.

Could you find out "Trippies" address from FT. ST. (Myra A. Tripp - I think she lives in Elmira, N. Y.)?

WHAT IS BOB'S ADDRESS?

Let me know something of what is going on at home. You know you

said something about rather getting a letter that has meat than getting one that is short but informative. I say it is better to hear regularly from home. (Enough of that).

What did Bob say he wanted for his birthday? He mentioned something in particular to me but I can't remember.

How's your job coming now, hands feeling better?

You should have seen at least 1/2 the guys who come in from liberty SAT stinking drunk GUH? Wilson & I went into Milwaukee had a couple beers, went to a USO dance & then went bowling. We were 20 minutes late AOL (this usually means Captain's mast) they let us go because we were only 2 of over 400 who were late (train broke down). If you go to Captain's mast, it goes into your service record & counts against any promotions. We were lucky, cause they tell you not to count on the last train.

Please Write
Love, Bud

23 January 1955



Sun

Dear Mom + Dad,

We just got back from our 1st liberty last night. Wilson and I went up to Milwaukee for our 12 hours. We got just enough of a good time to wish we didn't have to come back, but, what can you expect. The more guys I talk to the more it sounds like if I get sent to E.T. it won't be for a while. But I'm pretty sure of getting SUB school right away. I'll know for sure where I go by the end of the week.

One of the guys in one of the neighboring companies was sleeping in his bottom bunk and the guy on the upper jumped to get on this + booms it collapsed + bursted the bottom guys head open (+ I mean open). He is gone to sick bay now but he probably is dead. Boy and I glad I sleep on Flop.

I was just told to go to work. So
see you ~~maybe~~ at the end of Boat

Love

Ben

Write, please.





Mr. & Mrs. A. H. Que

11011 Hubbell

Livonia, Michigan

Sun 13
13 February 1985

Dear Dad,

How are things at Que's Roost?

I got my books through the mail Friday for the course I'm taking from USAFI. (FRIG) I wrote Mich. State as to what courses they give credit for, that USAFI offers. Its OK to take all my math up to and including calculus but other than that all the courses they recognize are in the social science field.

Here I go again. I'm worried over my next test. (SUB SCHOOL) this time its all about trim tanks, ventilation ect.

Its been like summer here for the last few days. (minus green grass + leaves). Even when its rained, the rain has been warm.

How are the bunnies doing? I imagine your spending most of what little spare time you've got on them.

I'm still in the dark as to where I'll be stationed. On our "Dream Sheet" we have a chance to express our choice, then what happens? Who knows? We fill them out in our 6th week. This week coming is our 5th.

You ask me if I'll need a car when I get home or not. I can always use one but if it is a question of weather or not to put the Merc. in the garage just so I'll have one, forget it.

You ask when I'm coming home. Well I finish here April 1st, and how I travel to home will vary with where my next

If I'm stationed here I won't get any travel
pay or time so I'll probably hitch hike.
If I go to Key West - I donno.

I'll be glad when Mom gets home in that
I'll know where to write to reach her. It
seems like every time I get a letter off. Her
address has been changed or hasn't
changed yet to where I've written.

When I graduate from here and am
assigned a boat I start drawing
hazardous duty pay plus sea pay which
together amounts to about \$45 a month
boost for my pay check. "UMM-BOY"

I got to go to chow now so till
next letter "Auf Wiedersehen".

Your son,

Bud

I finished + mailed in my 1st lesson
of my trig course yesterday. My fingers
are X.

Sat P.M.

Dear Mom + Dad,

Yeh, I got a cold. I got it, at fire fighting school. All day long we were shown how + practiced how to extinguish fires ranging in size from a small wood fire to a whole building burning with oil. 12 hours we were out there using water hoses, CO₂ cans + foam extinguishers.

Yesterday we had ply-training and it happened the instructor knows my Company Commander + doesn't like him, so he thinks it's real funny to give us an extra hour of exercises (HA, HA). I'm so stiff I can hardly move my legs.

I'll sure be glad to get my next duty station. If for no other

reason, because I won't have
to do my own washing any more

I got my picture back that
they took here and am sending
them home as soon as I can
get paid.

Explain to Butch, will ya, I'm
going camping in the SUMMER with
him if I get home.

Say hello to Aunt Polka + her
husband.

I've got a real interesting history
of the Navy "This is Your Navy" by
Roscoe. I'll send it home as
soon as I finish it. It's interesting
by one sided as all hell.

Write!

Love
Bud



Mon

Dear Mom + Dad,

Got your letter today, the one you wrote following my last.

We took the base drill flag today. From now on were through searching. I thank God.

Still havent gotten my orders for my next duty station.

What do you think about the mess over at Formosa? Most of my buddies are headed in that direction in a draft. In other words, the Navy is flying them straight to Cal & then shipping them out. I dont have much worry of that. As it looks now Ill go to school.

Saturday we will have a graduation party at the Mariners Club. They are bringing in Women from Chicago + Milwaukee.

I got your card, Dad, its nice to hear from you even though its in a card.

Got a Spartan from Bill but still no mail. Ok Well.

You say their building next door now? Well there some advantages for Butch any how. Has Butch started his new school yet?

Write. Love

Bud

"Ikey: "Papa, vat is science?"

Papa: "Vot a stupid question. Science is dose tingz sayingk
"No Smokingk"

Clyde B. Que SA

O 459 42 51

Box 7 5-2 class 117

USN Sub school

USN Sub Base

N. London,
Conn

Mr + Mrs A H Que

11011 Hubbell

Livonia, Michigan



SUBMARINE BAS

BR.



17 February 1955



Feb 17

UNITED STATES NAVY

Dear Dad,

Got your letter just a few minutes ago. Its good to hear from you in a letter.

You say Mom & Butch will be in Cal. for 3 weeks. I hope they enjoy the visit in spite of the circumstances. I know what it is to get caught in an air-pocket. UGH! The plane I flew here on was only a two engine job. I don't know if Mom's was any larger but on this one you could feel every thing.

Yeh I passed the Physical with colors flying. But now I've got a new wobu. You know how easily I take to memorizing (like German) well it seems. Sub school is 95% memorizing of tanks, valves, pumps, motors, their respective positions, how many and only God knows what else. Monday we

have our 1st test. I'm glad we have the duty this week-end, even though I have a 4 hour "watch" both SAT and SUN I should be able to get in a few hours studying. After chow I'm heading for the library to look up your tips on Boston.

You asked who all I worked for in 1954, only for the school. I'll write them and try to get copies of my income statements, but I don't really think there will be too much of a return.

You say you have heard of the testing tank here for pressure. Its no wonder.

Are Mom + Butch going to take the train back or did they get round trip flight tickets?

You know, should I graduate, and should I be able to get based here, this summer you + mom might be able to come + visit me here. I don't know how much you have heard about the base, but its really interesting as well as pretty. You know if you

go vacationing again in this area why don't you take the train. I'm guessing it would be as cheap and much less tiring as far as driving is concerned.

How is Bill doing? He still doesn't feel like writing, so I guess he must have plenty of money & not need anything.

I'm going to try and find something for Bob's birthday tomorrow in the ship's store. I realize it's kinda late but I just got paid.

How Bob doing in paratrooper school? I haven't heard yet. He seemed kinda anxious to get it started at NMAS. I'll bet he's kinda anxious for it to end now. Or has it already?

Guess what. I think if I get out of here O.K. (graduating, that is) they are going to send me to corpsman school for about 20 weeks + then to a sub. Gads, I never thought of anything like that. (Not bad except one hell of a lot more memorizing)

Time to eat. Write soon.

Your son,
Bud

Lyde B. Rue SA
459 42 51
Box 7 5-2 class 117
USN Sub Base
USN Sub School
New London, Conn.



Mr. A. H. Rue
11011 Hubbell
Livonia, Michigan

postmark: 1 March 1955

TUES 21



UNITED STATES NAVY

Hi Pop, Today's Bob's and Tommorrow's
Georges + I haven't even the
moola to send him more than
a letter. Oh well, Mon. next is
pay day. We get tomorrow off,
I think I'll hitch-hike into Boston
& look the place over.

How's the bachelor-living? Mom
has sent me a couple cards. She
sounded depressed. She kinda
talked like she would be home
right away.

Do you hear from Bob
often? I haven't yet, & I sent him
at least 3 letters. How about
sending his address once more
just to make sure I have the

right one. We took our 1st test today. I passed by a nice margin but I don't think I have ever worried more about passing a test in all my life.

I hear the G.I. bill change concerning Bob & I passed. I thank God. I can hardly wait to get finished with sub school, so I can spend more time seeing what's going on around me.

Did I tell you, I've enrolled in USAFI. Only one course, trig. Mich State recognizes USAFI and gives full credit for courses completed. They tell me that I should have no trouble finishing my Basic College while in the service, as long as I stick with it.

Well, chow's a-calling,

Your son,
Drop a line real quick-like. } Bud



Wed 17th.

[17 Aug 1955]

UNITED STATES NAVY

Dear Dad,

Sorry I haven't written lately, but I been broke to the point where I didn't have postage stamp money. We got paid yesterday. I got your card about Grandma, I feel sorry for Mom. So tell the truth I can barely remember her & I feel worse for Mom's sake than anything else.

Will Butch go with Mom or stay with you?

We went out in our first sub yesterday. We made 12 dives each for about 20 minutes. So tell the truth you don't even know when you are going under except for all the noises from signals ect. after you get under there is no noise at all. You're running on batteries.

² I wish you could be here to go into Boston with me. I realize this whole area is the heart of the nations history, but I'm not familiar enough with it to know where to find the points of interest. Maybe if I get stationed here after school lets out (about the 1st week in April), maybe you, mom & Butch could come up and visit me for a week-end that I have off as it is now I have 3 off and then one on-duty. I don't know if I've said anything yet but if I can graduate in the top 10% of my class I'll get my choice of duty stations. When we go back we get 10 days leave. So that's when I'll probably be home next. How has mom taken the news of Grandma?

Will the trip to Calif put you back
under water? I hope not.

I have to study now.

Write me when you get
the chance.

Your boy,

Bud

1
Sun Oct 2, 1955

Dear Mom & Dad,

I've just returned about an hour ago from Havana, Cuba. We stopped at Key West going down, but came straight back after spending the week-end in Havana. So out of the last 24 days at sea we spent a total of $3\frac{1}{2}$ days in port. Man what a change since we left you sure can tell winters around the corner. I bought a few things in Cuba I'm sending as soon as I get paid. Right now I have all of a nickel in my pocket enough to buy postage for this.

Well I got another bit put in for leave, the 1st one for both Thanksgiving + XMAS was turned down. This time I put in for from Dec 14-29. We can only have one holiday so that's that.

I'm inclosing a check for Bill I took out in Key West that never got around to be mailed. Also a bond I've been carrying around intending to mail home since I was in Key West the 1st time (school)

Well Pop you know how I always wanted officer training,



January 24, 1956

MICHIGAN STATE UNIVERSITY

Dear Mrs. Ruz,

I've been meaning to write to you ever since I arrived back at school this term, however, as I'm sure you understand, the excitement and fun that always accompanied a new term caused my good intentions to be slightly delayed. When Bud mentioned in his last letter that he thought you'd appreciate hearing from me, I realized how long overdue I was. An apology is a poor footing to start out on, but please forgive me.

Bud said he had talked to you about our future plans but he didn't say just how much of the ice he had broken. It leaves me in rather a strange situation. I hope you'll bear with me 'cause I've never been in one quite like it before.

First of all I wanted Bud's family to know how much I thought of them. But then I'm pretty well satisfied with their son so I guess that's only natural. Certainly no one could have made me feel more at home away from home than you did. I don't think I could have picked a nicer family if I tried. My only hope is that Bud thought half as much of my family as I did of his. I'm slightly prejudiced but I think they're pretty nice folks. After all, they've put up with me for 20 years so that's a pretty good indication.

We all tried our best to make Bud's Christmas the next best thing to a Christmas at home. As happy as I was to be with him, in a way I was sorry Bud couldn't be with you for Christmas. I know for him there could be no substitute for the holidays at home with his family, and for you there could be nothing more wonderful than to have him home with you then.

I don't know if he's told you much about his visit, not that there was anything exciting to tell, but

We try to give you a few highlights. Although one could never say that Christmas at the Waldin's was "quiet", it was "normal". (The word normal being undefinable in this case.) I hope Bud didn't get too snowed under in the raft of relatives and friends that drifted in and out. Outwardly, he seemed to hold up very well - much better than I often do. By the time the vacation was over I think besides seeing what the Waldin's were like he also got a pretty good picture of New Jersey. Bound Brook is no thriving metropolis but it's ~~a typical~~ a typical pleasant little "home town", and I'm quite fond of it. When I try to think back to the important points of Bud's and my vacation the only thing that stands out as important is our being together, not the things we did. We went for walks together, and for drives in the foot hills over looking our town, and to the movies, and visiting, etc, but I'm sure my description of these things to you could not portray half the brightness they possess in my heart. So I'd guess I'd better give up before I even begin to try.

There must be a good many qualms and questions in your mind about me. I realize that it isn't every day that one picks up a new daughter-in-law practically ~~from~~ from out of the blue. Your first concern I know must be for Bud and his welfare and future. Marriage is something that is everlasting and, considering myself most cautious, I realize that above all else. At times I know Bud's rather impetuous, and more than once I've seen him do things for which he has later regretted. However this is a real "giant step" in both our lives and you can be assured we'd both considered this very carefully and with our love for each other know that this could be nothing but right.

This letter has been sort of like stumbling around in the dark for me. I know it would be much ~~better~~ ^{easier} for both of us if we knew each other better and could talk more freely. If there's anything about me, my family and/or my background which you would like to know please don't hesitate to ask. To me nothing seems more

ordinary or uneventful than my family history, but I suppose you may have some inquiries about it. I'll try to be as honest as I can in answering any, and I certainly would appreciate hearing from you.

I started out merely with the intent of letting you get to know me a little better but now that I'm finished I can't say that I've done it too adequately. I hope before too long I shall be able to see you again in order to ~~do~~ do the job a little better. I do hope I hear from you at any rate before too long.

Give my very best regards to the rest of the Sue family.

Very sincerely,
Ann

Ann Waldin
320 N. Williams
Michigan State University
E. Lansing, Michigan

520 N. Wms Wms -
E. Lansing Mich

EAST LANSING, MICH.
JAN 25
3-PM
1956

Mrs. Rue
11011 Hubbell Street
Livonia, Michigan



February 7, 1956

Dear Mrs. Puz.

I've had 9 hours of classes today and I worked an additional 5 hours, so you'll have to excuse me if this sounds a little incoherent in spots. I still have homework to do but I didn't want to wait any longer to thank you for your letter. I must admit I had a few fears about your reaction, just as I do when I think of my parents' response to some of the plans their only daughter has made. Your friendly words were certainly most welcome!

Since Bud's and my plans are so unsettled at this point it would probably be better if we waited until we were all together to discuss them. I hope it won't be too long before we'll be able to do this. One thing that is certain and that is that Bud and I both plan to finish school even at the sacrifice of some lesser things of importance. This is something that is quite important to me as well as Bud so I think you need have no worry about his opportunity of finishing school. I'll find one. In our thoughts of the future, at present, there

seems to be no great obstacle that should stand in our way to achieve this.

Another thing that is a little more tentative is the date set for our marriage. I'd like to say that it will be at the end of August but at this point there are too many ifs and buts to be definite. Speaking for both of us I think that would be the most desirable so that we could get settled before college begins in the fall, yet I'd still have time to work for the best part of the summer. I certainly would like to hear your opinion of this. Being young and perhaps a little pigheaded at times does not make one unable to be influenced by the valued advice of others based on experience, so please don't hesitate to be honest.

I don't mean to be abrupt but I do have about 16 tons of studying to do tonight so I'd better get started. I hope I'll be hearing from you again before too long.

Sincerely,
Ann



To all who shall see these presents, greeting:

Know Ye, that reposing special trust and confidence in the fidelity and abilities of

CLYDE BEIBER RUE

I do appoint

HIM

ELECTRICIAN'S MATE THIRD CLASS

in the

United States Navy

to rank as such from the 16TH day of FEBRUARY nineteen hundred and FIFTY-SEVEN.

This appointee will therefore carefully and diligently discharge the duties of the grade to which appointed by doing and performing all manner of things thereunto pertaining. And I do strictly charge and require all personnel of lesser grade to render obedience to appropriate orders. And this appointee is to observe and follow such orders and directions as may be given from time to time by Superiors acting according to the rules and articles governing the discipline of the Armed Forces of the United States of America.

Given under my hand at PORTSMOUTH, NEW HAMPSHIRE this 16TH day of FEBRUARY in the year of our Lord nineteen hundred and FIFTY-SEVEN.

C. F. Donaghy

C. F. DONAGHY

Lieutenant Commander, U.S. Navy

Commanding Officer

U.S.S. TROUT (SS 566)

U. S. Naval Submarine School



This certificate has been awarded to

RUE, Clyde B.

EM3(SS)

USN

who has successfully completed the ADVANCED SUBMARINE ELECTRICITY
_____ course at the U. S. Naval Submarine School,
U. S. Naval Submarine Base, New London, Connecticut.

Date 26 April 1957

Walter F. Schlech Jr.
WALTER F. SCHLECH, JR., CAPT, USN

Officer in Charge

FRANCE
1945
-1
958

CORRESPONDANCE
ACHETEZ TOUS
LE TIMBRE
ANTI-TUBERCULEUX

Honey,

*I love you
and only wish
you could be
with me now.*

Buddy

Édition LA MARTINIQUE TOURISTIQUE — FIRMIN-DIDOT, Paris

Reproduction interdite



*Mrs Clyde B. Rue
25 Grove St.
New London, Conn.
U. S. A.*

Parishes

○ Municipalities

● Communes

Interesting sites, curiosities, panoramas, hot springs

★ Sites intéressantes, curiosités, panoramas, sources thermales

Sites interesantes, curiosidades, panoramas, fuentes termales

Beaches

Playas

Plage



MARTINIQUE

Topographie: F. RMIN D'ORLÉANS, PARIS
R. GRANDROCE, Cartoon 1980, PARIS



M.73 — MARTINIQUE (F.W.I.)
 SAINT-PIERRE et la Montagne Pelée.
 SAINT-PIERRE lying at the foot of
 Mount Pelee.

Editions S.A.E.C., 63, rue Blénac, Fort de France, Cliché Willy Robert



Hi Hon,
 Here visiting St. Pierre where the
 whole town perished in 1902
 (28,000).

Love
 Bud.

Mrs Clyde B. Rue
 25 Grove St.
 New London, Conn.
 U.S.A.



Clayton B. Rice E115(32)
25 Grove Street (25 1866)
% 100 New York, N.Y.



Mrs Clayton B. Rice
25 Grove St.
New London, Conn.

Wednesday 22 Jan 58

Dear Ann,

It seems like an eternity since I was home with you. I love you honey & miss you more each day we are apart. I can't help counting the days until this mess is all over. I told you didn't I, that we will pretty certainly make a trip to Halifax for three weeks leaving at the end of a two-week up-keep that starts the 10th of Feb.

When I get home one of the 1st things I intend to do is apply for the early release for summer school. I'm so sick & tired of this kind of living I some times wonder if I can take the months that are left between now and my discharge. If I don't get out this summer I'm pretty sure of getting involved in a Europe cruise leaving about the 1st of July & probably not coming back until the last part of September. Thus really fouling us up for getting into school.

We have had an awful lot of trouble with our electrical gear & at times gotten very little sleep because of having to work on it. You may think this would lessen our chances for the

cruise I was just talking about, but none of the casualties have been major ones & we have been able to repair them with little or no changing of commitments. This is what they look for.

Honey I hope by the time you get this you have your finals pretty well squared away. Ann, I've never really told you so but I really am proud of you, to be able to carry the double load that you love and do as well at each.

Please take care of yourself & remember how much I love you. I know how lonely you are & the only consolation I can give you is that I am every bit as lonely as you.

Your devoted husband
Bud

Honorable Discharge



from the Armed Forces of the United States of America

This is to certify that

CLYDE BELBER RUE, 459 42 51, EM2(SS), USNR

was Honorably Discharged from the

United States Navy

on the 8th *day of* NOVEMBER 1962 *This certificate is awarded*

as a testimonial of Honest and Faithful Service

J. E. Hughes

J. E. HUGHES

CDR, U.S. Naval Reserve

Enlisted Personnel Officer (Inactive)

By direction of the Commandant

Mon Jan 13, 1969

Back to teaching at Montclair High. We have had a very busy holiday and only at this point feel there is time to reflect on the last few weeks. This is the 1st Xmas we have actually entertained the family for Xmas dinner at our home. It will never be the same as it was in the Woldin household with mother there but it was a very nice holiday.

I hope you two are planning on sharing the next Xmas with us.

Thank you for the Toastmaster.

It's nice to be able to toast the toast as fast as it's eaten. Our old 2-slicer sure didn't do the job. This one should last a lifetime.

I have received another National Science Foundation grant to study

Clyde B. Rice
435 Trout St
New York, Conn



Clyde B. Rice CH 3 (cc)
435 Trout (cc 566)
96 FPO New York, N.Y.

MAIL

AIR MAIL

Mon. Jan 21. 1958

Darling -

I went up to stay with Jeff again earlier this evening while Peggy went to the store. I stayed up there for the best part of the evening and did some knitting. Its 10PM now and I had to come home and tell Buddy how much I miss him.

Carroll just got home - tired and crabby. I'd never want to have you work evenings while you're in the Navy. I guess it seems worse now that you're away, but even when you're not I want to spend the little time you have on liberty with you.

Sonight I feel awfully depressed, honey, and I hope it doesn't make you feel badly, for me to write how much I miss you and how lonely I am. Just seeing Carroll come home and start arguing with Peggy makes me miss you even more. I know that must sound a little odd but it makes me think of how much I have to admire about you. I don't think I tell you

often enough what a wonderful husband I have and how much I appreciate everything about you. Now that you're away I can't remember when I've been more miserable. But it's also true that since we've been married I've never been happier. It's hard to say all the reasons why I think you're so great and even harder to write them. It's when I look around at other husbands that I realize what a bargain you are. I'm sure no one else could put up with what you do for me. You're usually so good natured, honey, and take all the guff your moody and ill-tempered wife can hand out. You've always been understanding and encouraging just when I needed it most. I do appreciate it honey, even if the only thanks you get at times are arguments and criticisms. When it comes right down to it there's nothing about you I'd really want to change. I'm happy with you just the

The way you are now except that you're away. But what girl wouldn't be happy with a man she loves and respects, who's understanding and thoughtful, and what's more who's a loving husband. He always be the happiest girl ever, with you and our honeymoon will last forever.

I don't want you to think it's just that "absence makes the heart grow fonder" that I'm going on so tonight. It's the way I always feel with you. Now that you're away from me I want to be sure you know. Everyday my love grows stronger for you whether you're near or away. I've never thought there was only one man in the world for me, but having loved deeply once, I've convinced it could never happen again. You're the only one in the world for me Buddy - for life.

I hope you'll read this letter through once and then throw it

away. Maybe the first time through it would read as I want it to sound. After that I'm sure it would just sound mushy and like a lot of talk. I suppose - I love you - would say what I mean but it never seems to say enough, to include all the wonderful things I feel for you, sweetheart.

I'd better not keep rattling on, for if it doesn't already, it then would be repetitious and boring and I never want to be that to you.

I guess its time to say goodnight and go to bed to dream of you.

Write as often as you can, darling, and tell me how much you miss me. Think of me every morning and dream of me every night.

all the love possible from the luckiest
 girl in the world.

Ann

LEGEND: Insert N/A to the items below which are not applicable

1. LAST NAME - FIRST NAME - MIDDLE NAME RUE Clyde Beiber		2. SERVICE NUMBER 459 42 51		3. GRADE, RATE OR RANK EM2		4. DATE OF BIRTH (Day, Month, Year) 16 MAY 58	
4. DEPARTMENT, COMPONENT AND BRANCH OR CLASS NAVY:USN		5. PLACE OF BIRTH (City and State or Country) Detroit, Michigan			6. DATE OF BIRTH 2 AUG 34		
7A. RACE CAU	8. SEX Male	9. COLOR HAIR Brown	10. COLOR EYES Blue	11. HEIGHT 71	12. WEIGHT 195	13. U.S. CITIZEN <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> YES <input type="checkbox"/> NO	
14. HIGHEST CIVILIAN EDUCATION LEVEL ATTAINED College		15. MAJOR COURSE OF FIELD Liberal Arts					

16. TYPE OF TRANSFER OR DISCHARGE Release from active military service		17. STATION OR INSTALLATION AT WHICH EFFECTED USS FULTON (AS-11), New London, Conn.					
18. GRADES AND ATTACHED ART. C-10317, BuPers Manual Code 1205, and BuPers Inst. 1910.123, Early separation to attend college				19. EFFECTIVE DATE 30 SEP 58		20. TYPE OF CERTIFICATE ISSUED DD217M	
21. LAST DUTY ASSIGNMENT AND DATES PERFORMED USS FULTON (AS-11), New London, Conn.		22. HONORABLE HONORABLE					

23. RELATIVE SERVICE NUMBER SC 102 34 21		24. RESIDENCE ADDRESS LOCAL DODS NUMBER, CITY, COUNTY AND STATE 1102 Plymouth, Wayne, Michigan		25. DATE INDUCTED N/A	
26. ADDRESS OF NEXT OF KIN Commandant, 1102 Naval District, Bldg 1, U.S. Naval Station, CLakes, Ill.					

27. PREVIOUS ACTIVE SERVICE OTHER THAN BY INDUCTION		28. TERM OF SERVICE (Years) 04		29. DATE OF ENTRY 9 NOV 54	
30. PLACE OF ENTRY INTO CURRENT ACTIVE SERVICE (City and State) Detroit, Michigan					

31. HOME ADDRESS (Street, RFD, City, County, State) 11011 Hubbell Street, Livonia, Wayne, Michigan		32. GRADE, RATE OR RANK AT TIME OF ENTRY INTO CURRENT ACTIVE SERVICE EM2		33. PLACE OF ENTRY INTO CURRENT ACTIVE SERVICE (City and State) Detroit, Michigan	
34. CREDITABLE FOR BASIC PAY PURPOSES		35. OTHER SERVICE		36. TOTAL ACTIVE SERVICE	
37. TOTAL SERVICE PERIOD (1) (2) (3)		38. TOTAL SERVICE PERIOD (1) (2) (3)		39. TOTAL SERVICE PERIOD (1) (2) (3)	
39. TOTAL SERVICE PERIOD (1) (2) (3) 03 10 22		40. TOTAL SERVICE PERIOD (1) (2) (3) 00 00 00		41. TOTAL SERVICE PERIOD (1) (2) (3) 03 10 22	
42. TOTAL SERVICE PERIOD (1) (2) (3) 03 05 30					

35. RECOMMENDATIONS, CITATIONS AND ACHIEVEMENT AWARDS OR AUTHORIZED D.O. U.S.S. FULTON (AS 11) Good Conduct Medal (First Award) ENTITLED \$300.00; PAID \$300.00 MCP OCT 9/30/58 - DOV#					
---	--	--	--	--	--

36. WORKED UNDER ORDER OR TRAVEL BY ACTION WITH ARMED FORCES (If Yes, Give Date of Order) NONE					
--	--	--	--	--	--

37. SERVICE SCHOOLS OR COURSES, GRADES, TRAINING, COURSES AND/OR POST-GRADUATE COURSES SUCCESSFULLY COMPLETED		38. STREET SERVICE TRAINING SUCCESSFULLY COMPLETED			
39. ENLISTED BASIC COURSE FEB 55 To U.S. NAVAL SCHOOL 1 APR 55 NEW LONDON, CONN.		40. SUB SONAR COURSE 11 JUL 55 To 28 AUG 55 KEY WEST, FLORIDA		41. ETC FOR PO'S NIG FOR EM3	

42. GOVERNMENT LIFE INSURANCE IN FORCE <input type="checkbox"/> YES <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> NO		43. AMOUNT OF LIABILITY		44. BIRTH ALLOTMENT DISCONTINUED	
45. VA BENEFITS PREVIOUSLY APPLIED FOR (Specify type)					

46. AUTHENTICATION RECOMMENDED FOR REENLISTMENT. Good Conduct Medal period commences 9 NOV 57. 9/30/58: DO, USS FULTON (AS-11) PAID \$300.00 MCP UNDER ACT OF 1952: 1ST INCENTIVE CHECK #21,466 ON DOV# 444 DID 9/30/58:					
47. PERMANENT ADDRESS FOR MAILING PURPOSES AFTER TRANSFER OR DISCHARGE (Street, RFD, City, County, State) 11011 Hubbell St, Livonia, Wayne, Michigan.		48. SIGNATURE OF OFFICER AUTHORIZED TO SIGN C. H. Russell			
49. TYPED NAME, GRADE AND TITLE OF AUTHORIZING OFFICER C. H. RUSSELL, ENS, USN, PERS. OFF. BY DIR. OF CC.		50. SIGNATURE OF OFFICER AUTHORIZED TO SIGN C. H. Russell			

established with his teachers and friends
 he'd have a chance to start fresh and
 really apply himself. I do think
 his viewpoint should be considered tho:
 Unless he's willing to buckle down and
 work it won't make much difference
 where he goes to school. Of course
 Bud and I would give him all
 the help we could with his school
 work, setting up study habits, and establishing
a good working discipline. I know
 how important that is and how difficult
 it sometimes is for a bright child to
 develop. Its often just as easy to drift
 along with the tide if you have the
 ability to pass without effort.

I know this would be a hard
 decision for you and Jimmy to make.
 He probably won't relish the idea of
 leaving old friends and jumping into
 the frightening unknown of a new
 community, a new home, a new school
 and masses of new people. But if you
 and he really think it would be
 worth the try I know it could well

be a rewarding experience for all. At any rate I'm sure this is something you'll want to give a great deal of thought to. We can talk it over when we're there. We did want you to know if you to decide it would be a worthwhile gamble, we'll be more than happy to do all we can to make it pay off.

I don't believe I've told you we'll be bringing a new addition to the family with us to Munich. We're getting a puppy this month. I'm sure with our luck she won't be "toilet trained" when we arrive but I think she'd be less trouble if we bring her along than if we inflict her on my parents. It's one thing to baby sit for grandchildren but I don't think they'd go for dog sitting. 

I've wanted to get a puppy, particularly for David. He's rather afraid of dogs and I don't want it to develop into a real phobia. Of course he's also a bit apprehensive of the vacuum cleaner, the hair clippers, going in the bath tub, etc., etc. I hope this is something he'll grow out of and develop

into a real scardy cat. At least he's better than he used to be.

The boys have really changed since you last saw them. Dad probably won't recognize them as the same children. When we left Mich, David was just an infant, now he's quite the little man.

We're all looking forward to our visit - even Tommy. We told him the Easter bunny is coming when we go to Grandma & Grandpa Rue and he's quite anxious about going. He's also very impressed that Grandpa Rue has bunnies of his own and he's hoping to get a chance to hold one.

The mailman should arrive soon so I'll close. Be seeing you next month.

Love -

Ann

Sat. Oct 6

1962

Dear Mom and Dad,

I am now listening to the Army-U. of M. game.  They have only been playing about 7 minutes and U of M is leading 10 to 0. They ran two beautiful series of plays, one for the touchdown and the other for the fieldgoal.

Ann is in New York right now. She went in to buy a dress. Its the first time since we've been married that we felt we could afford such a splurge. She has always said she didnt need new clothes and would justify my need for them in terms of my work. Its not as though she hasnt gotten any new clothes since we've been married but only those that I went out and got for her. thats the kind of girl she is.

Tommy got a new book with all the letters of the alphabet illustrated. He has included a sample of his

new wrought skill with these letters. ⁽²⁾

I imagine at this time you are seeing autumn at its height. The colors of Michigan fall can only be compared with those of New England. We get autumn colors but more in terms of pastels than the fire reds & oranges you get.

Jim is really trying to do an about face in all areas but when you consider how far he has to go it could be depressing. He seems to be developing pride in his work.

I'm sure you have noticed the difference even in his handwriting.

I am taking a six credit course at Dutgers. When this is finished it will only leave one more 3 credit course and the comprehensive test to take and my Masters work will be finished. I'll be glad to get it finished. It seems like I've been going to school all my life. It seems funny, you set up a goal that seems a long way off and say that will be all but as soon as it comes

close a new goal crystallizes that ⁽³⁾ previously seemed impossible.

Dad that last note you sent you said "Here is Jim's allowance" as though it was in the same envelope. It wasn't there. You may have thought it was put in but somehow it got forgotten.

I've been elected to represent our school on the Teacher's Association's Executive Committee. We have just gained a new salary guide that is in my estimation a significant improvement. It doesn't take effect until next year and I probably won't be in Bridgewater to reap the direct benefits but the new contract I will receive should be capable of putting me in a better bargaining position in locating a new position. I'm limiting the possibilities to this state but I'm willing to go any place in it that will provide different and valuable experience. I'm hoping after 2 or 3 years in my next spot, I will be ready for a principalship.

It doesn't seem possible Jim has been here over a month at this point. His schedule looks and is hard. He spends every school night and part of the week-end studying. Most kids wouldn't have to spend this quantity of time to produce the quality of work he is doing but as long as it is needed he has got to do it. It seems that some progress is being made in cutting down this large amount of time required but this progress is slow.

Jim seems to get along well with Tommy and David. He just went to the store and took them along. They each got a lollypop and a cold.

Write soon.

Love

Bud

March 8, '62

Dear Mom & Dad -

Our plans are pretty well crystallized as far as our Easter trip goes. I believe will be leaving here the Thurs. morn before Easter and should arrive in Livonia Friday morning. We find it much easier travelling long distances at night. The kids I'm hoping will sleep the best part of the trip which should more than compensate for the other inconveniences of night travel. Will be there about a week. Easter dinner at Bill and Ben's is fine with us. Kid also likes to spend a day at Bob's and a day in Lansing. Other than that our plans are open.

Bud and I would be more than happy to comply with your suggestion of keeping Jimmy here for a year. We talked it over last night and we also think it might do him a lot of good to be in a completely new situation. Without having to maintain any notoriety his

mathematics for 6 weeks at
Montclair State College this
summer. We will leave
Aug 8 camping our way
to Michigan and will
probably arrive about the 10th
to stay 5 or 6 days.

The childrens gift money
that you sent we spent on
clothes. Clothes that they dont
wear but when they dress
up (which isn't often) We thought
they would be more apt to
be reminded of you by then
this way.

Write.

Love Bud + fam.

Journal Entries

1969

June 30, 1969

Where am I? I don't know the answers to many questions but I feel that many things are nearer to me now than I have ever felt before. What values are most important in life? It seems that honesty may be the most clearly obtainable one and others seem to follow. Honesty first with self. When I am honest with myself, I can then be honest with others in all aspects. Honesty necessitates fastidious truth, as in Boy Scout language "in thought word and deed." It also implies a large element of openness. The ability to express without fear for myself anything about myself to others where appropriate to the investigation of self. What my feelings are to various situations and their implications are crucial to finding the reality of me. In searching for my reality I have found much that I like and much that I dislike. Some of those things that I dislike have been a tendency to prejudge situations, people and motivations. To withhold judgements until action is called for allows for mere enlightened action. If no action is called for, why judge at all? Too often I have found that I was judging what others should do or should think when it was of no effect on me. How often I have misjudged a person or a situation not knowing enough information. Only if action on my part is called for must I then make my judgement hopefully aware of as many aspects of the situation as possible.

Trust in people is necessary to an open exploration of my reality I must trust that those who know me will not hurt me with intent. To believe this demands that I risk being hurt in becoming known to those new to my ever widening circle of loved ones. I do not pretend to love all mankind. I can only love on a one to one basis.

The concept of love seems to have as its prerequisite trust. Trust before love. This order I believe must be. What is love? Is love the total acceptance of one man for another. ~~What-is-love~~ The desire to help in any situation. The desire for the best for another. The desire for self realization for another to the point where my own self realization is at stake. Can this be generalized to all mankind? I don't know.

June 30, '69

Lets go to bed - Stop it - Did I
turn you off? Can it be repeated?
How hard to express feelings that
mean what they are. I sit here
wondering what I am trying to
do. Manipulate probably. How
can I keep things right? It
seems that whenever we
have a thing latley it ends
well but the beauty only
comes after hurt. Is it possible
for the beauty to be isolated.
Probably not I dont like hurt.
How often I hurt when not
trying to. I say clumsy thing 31
Clumsy I get tight because
at the moment I've turned
her off I don't know - maybe
because I've just done
another clumsy thing.
I wish she would come
to me some times without
my initiation. Maybe it just
isnt to be. Some time, latley
she has though in little ways
which is really I guess
quite significant, maybe.
How much I love her. I
wish I could focus more
on my turn off. That was
my intent in writing
slowly to write. I say too
much and often it kills

what I want. What do I want?
Sex? I don't think usually
well at least lately. Funny
even though this is so I
think we have played more
than ever before. Comparisons
again "Things are better
than ever?" Maybe I am
bull shitting myself. I
don't think so at this
moment. I think my love
for her is simply that I
really enjoy her most of the
time. Being with her is fun.
Not always though sometimes
it's shitty. I don't like to feel
I've hurt her or made her
feel bad. Last night I
thought she did a beautiful
shitty thing. I think she
felt she put me in the
horns of a dilemma, in
the midst of a real paradox
and she then put the whole
thing on herself. I loved her
for it but it didn't work
right that's the shit. I believe
she wanted me out of the
mess I was in and it
worked but even though the
dilemma is still there I
don't feel its tightness. I
think she knew it.

July 6, 1969

Ann, I've hurt you again. It seems I hurt you so often without any intention to do so. What I was trying to say about our time in bed together was that in the last few days it seems to have been at the tail end of your emotional and physical supply. It seems that in these situations there is not enough to do what I need in the way of sexual fulfillment. Please do not ask me to take that that is not complete. I would rather wait for another day.

You have indicated to me that sex at these times is not so much a need of yours as your desire to give to me. Sexually I would rather have you less often if that would mean when we fuck it is all the way for both of us. I understand you can never tell if you're going to make it or not, but if you're not committed to an attempt at completeness, you have not allowed me to give, as well as take.

I think that for sex to be what I hope for it to be, we each should give completely and unless it is that way I think I would rather not.

I don't know how much of a need sex is to you, but for too long I have felt the guilt that it was only for my satisfaction. Right now I don't want it that way. I hope that from now on if we are to have relations it will not be because I need it but rather because both of us do. If sex is not on your need list, I am going to attempt to remove it from mine.

I love you, Ann, and this thing has got to be straightened out. I wanted to talk this evening when you came to bed, but I couldn't keep you awake any longer in conscience.

Ann, I am going to attempt to hold back any sexual approach to you until you feel the need. I hope you can express this

7/1/69

Dear Bud,

What a delicate thing is love. If there was anything I felt I could be sure of in life, I always thought I could be sure of yours. But you left this morning, and some of the cloud of uncertainty, or emptiness, or what ever it was that hung over you remained behind with me. Was it a fear that I didn't love you? If it was, I wonder how much of a threat that would be to your love for me. Would it really be possible for you to go on thinking you've got the best girl in the world? How shakable is the unshakable--the rock of my existence?

You cry for openness. I've wanted it too. I've wanted to tell you to be realistic, yet feared doing so. I've wanted to tell you how I resented your infernal optimism when I didn't share it. I envied it, but I didn't share it. I don't think there's anything I've wanted more than to have my love for you consume me totally--to have you walk in the door and have seeing you light me up inside. How I wish I could avoid being overcome with the irritations of the day, fatigue, moodiness, misreading little innuendoes in your manner, all the things that put the light out. How I resent it, for your light always come through bright and clear accentuating the dimness of mine.

In spite of this, never do I fear for our marriage. Am I wrong not to? For better or for worse this is my marriage--the only one I hope to ever have. "For better or for worse"--I never thought of marriage vows before in any other than far away terms, but I guess that's what they mean to me. I want so much for it to be for better, but I'm fully aware that at times it could be for worse. I guess that's the essence of my commitment.

I thought you shared the same commitment, but right now I'm not sure. You've always seemed committed to what I viewed was an illusion. I'm not sure you want to be committed to something less than that. Maybe that's one reason I feared all those glowing and glorious terms. If I tarnished them any would your love and commitment shine as brightly?

I can hardly see through the tears. They're tears of love, of unlove, of guilt, of sorrow, of happiness, of bitterness, of resentment, of joy. Analyzing them in a test tube would not tell you which is which of the percentages of composition, just as this letter, another attempt at analysis, may not give you any clearer picture of what I am or what we are together. The positive statements seem to deny the negative; the negative imply that the positive are nonexistent. I really would like you to know me, but so many opposites coexist within me. How I wish I could tell you all about me in 25 words or less, but what words do I use? Those absolutes are useless. I have no absolute love or absolute hate, absolute beauty or absolute ugliness, absolute perfection or absolute imperfection, absolute wisdom or absolute ignorance, absolute joy or absolute despair. I am just me--your little package of contradictions. Take me and love me without knowing what you've got. I can't even know myself. I can only be, but whatever I am, I'm yours. Join me. One with the other let's watch ^{the} spring come by itself.

Love and all the rest,

I wonder what she is
thinking now. Does she think
I'm pissed off for not getting
ass. Probably. I'll bet she
thinks I have a one track
mind. Ass. - Maybe I do
it's great when it's good,
but it has to be good or it's
not great at all, in fact
I don't really like it that
way. The longer I sit here
and write the more concern
I have for what she is
thinking. Really I don't
know what is in her
mind like this. She is
more open now than I've
ever seen her, but a lot of
times when I want her
open most she is the
least open - I guess I
probably push too hard for
what I want - I think
maybe this is true, ~~when~~
with all people. I don't seem
to turn many people off
but I wish I could be and
enjoy more without feeling
~~the~~ the need to ~~push~~
push for what I don't
really know many times.
Maybe increasing the present
good level - crap.

July 7, 1969

I feel anxious about what I said yestersay about the relationship between Ann and I. I want desperately to feel that she needs me and I also want her to know that in this 1st day I have been consumed with thoughts of reservation about holding back. I want her to know I love her and want to touch her but almost feel I can't do it. Where does this sex thing start? If only I didn't need her so much maybe the whole picture would be different. Can she need me and my touch as if I need her so much? I feel what I am doing is torturing myself. She said I was putting a lot on her. Am I? I don't know. I may be but I do know what I am putting on myself may be impossible to handle.

Can I ever feel she needs me as I need her? It probably is my fault for being too open, too demanding, too demonstrative in my actions. If only I can hold back until she has had the opportunity to know. How long? I don't know. Am I being over demanding in hoping for this need to be expressed? Am I hurting her by not giving of myself? I don't want to. This is one of the most frustrating positions I have ever put myself in. Maybe I can use writing as an outlet. I can imagine her reading this through and in reading it have the same effect as me initiating the act of love. Can any of these actions be separated as to cause and effect?

Has she been given too much overt expression of my love? I have never believed this possible, but it may be the cause of her apparent inability to feel the need of it.

God, where am I? I need help. I need her to need me.

The act of love only symbolized all that is between us. I cannot be only a taker. I have taken from those who love me all too much. How can I give more without demanding as much?

need. I have not read you as needing what I have to offer
sex wise. Is it that you cannot allow yourself to say you
need it? If this be true, why?



I said that your decision was putting a lot on me because I wasn't sure either one of us would want to know the answer. Suppose the answer was that I didn't need the quantity of physical love you do. If this is true, I would not want to know it. It would hurt you. It would make me feel less of a woman. If you must know, I will be willing to find out. Know that when I come to you I do so with as much desire as you. Know also that when I offer myself, you are giving me the satisfaction of answering your needs. You allow me another expression of love. Only when I have not participated has it been you only that is taking. Only then have I not had need. If it is as important to you as you say, we say, we should find out--even if it hurts us both.

July 7, 1969

To look at love is a dangerous thing.

The why makes me wonder.

To live with your love is a tragic thing

The how is important and I know't know.

To take from your love must be balanced with giving.

To understand is beyond me.

The ~~g~~ things that I do are rarely the good

So few times do I feel right

It's lonesome to love.

July 7, 1969

What am I doing? I sit here writing when I feel guilt about not spending time studying. Studying courses that I really wish to God I didn't have to bother with. I know I should do my best but right now I feel my best is not there. I want Ann to be proud. I want to be proud but I can't seem to engender my enthusiasm for what I am doing. I have not and will not chuck it, but I have so many reservations about not only the content but also my ability to handle the content. What would I do if I could. I don't even know. Spend time with my family trying to mend fences, I suppose.

This feeling is odd. I feel that I can and should be doing something other than what I am. Again I don't even know what that be.

I have said so many times teaching is my life. Now I don't know. To be with people is usually pure pleasure, but to teach them implies that you know something.

What do I know? I know so little about anything that it scares me. To be honest, I know so ~~little about anything that it scares me.~~ little math which is supposed to be my forte'. I don't even know enough about myself to feel confident that what I have to offer is enough of value for salary enough to support my family. I believe that the work I might feel reward in would be in the area of H.R. but even here do I know enough about myself to help others? I don't know. It seems that's all I have to say lately, but I don't know.

Will I ever come to a feeling of contentment with my self? with the work I do? with my relations with other people? Probably not. This leaves me uneasy. What is contentment? How long? Why? Now? Who can help me with the answers? Maybe noone. Maybe Ann. Maybe not. She is full of her own

questions unanswered. Do we spend the rest of our
lives wrestling with unanswerable questions? Maybe Rick is
better off. I don't think so.

July 8, 1969

What do I want in life? How can I answer without considering those that I love? Those that I love need so much. Am I able to provide them at least in part what they need? How can I identify what they need? How can I help them identify what they need if I'm not even sure of what I need? Am I sure of anything? I believe in love. Even though I believe in it I really don't know what it is. Is love the same from moment to moment?

July 12, 1969

The crackle of the fire creates sounds of a campfire. The smell of burning paint faintly wifts the air.

A view of Bill + Tom playing chess on the floor is partially blocked by Gail + John playing blackjack. Ann is rewriting the draft of her short story.

John is having trouble remembering the rules. He looks like he is enjoying the game. He so likes to play "big people" games. The look of him sitting there in his underwears is something to behold. Gail's patience with is beautiful, explaining the same points several times over.

Bill + Tom quiet at their chess game appear engrossed, Bill more so than Tom. Tom asked to play. Its good to see him extend himself to people. I hope Tom wins, its not that Bill should give it away but Tom needs to win.

July 12, 1969

Ann seems absorbed in her story. If only she can get some of her writing published. She has real talent. It would be good to get that kind of encouragement.

Tom lost at chess. Did he play well. You can't tell from here. It doesn't appear he lost poorly. Actually he does lose well as a rule. Too bad he doesn't have more practice at winning well. They have another game going. "Good Luck Tom".

Mum is chattering with John about pecking at cards.

An Honest Appraisal of the Characteristics of Clyde B. Rue

Admired Most By His Wife Ann

1. Perhaps one of the greatest assets to our marriage has been your commitment to me and our marriage for the past 13 years. There have been times when I thought I didn't deserve it and those times I thought it was a hinderance to my freedom. But now I think it is one of the main reasons our marriage has been an enduring and growing one.
2. Another trait which I appreciate greatly is that you never down-grade me. You never make fun of my ignorance, point out the creeping signs of age, or how I could be better proportioned, or make fun of my various incompetencies. I know that they exist, but how nice it is to think that my husband is blind to them.
3. You have always been my greatest supporter and admirer. Every new endeavor I attempt, you're right there with honest praise. Your encouragement has given me added incentive to try many new things. It's so nice to have someone around to give me a pat on the head for a job well done.
4. You are very generous and giving to me as well as your friends. How often you have place things I wanted high on your priority list because you knew I wanted them. When you know of my desires you so often made every effort to see that I could obtain them whether at financial cost or a cost of inconvenience to you. This has enabled me to have many experiences which otherwise wouldn't be available to me.
5. Because of your outgoing gregarious nature, you have brought a host of people into my life and enriched it. Where would I be without Bill and Gail, Ed Palmer, Alan, plus others you have worked with that have become our friends. I would have made friends on my own, but not the number you have brought to me.
6. You have always been family oriented and been deeply concerned about family life. Recently in particular you have given much of your time and efforts to activities and endeavors that the family as a whole has enjoyed and benefited from.
7. You have encouraged us to experience many things as a family that we otherwise might not have known. Some ventures didn't turn out so well (like the trailer episode) but many others have enriched our lives greatly (like travel, house purchase, T groups, etc.) Your pioneering spirit is mainly responsible for the variety of experiences we have known.
8. You have been a "good provider". Although we are in the "upper crust", you always manage somehow or other to see that we have that which we want most.

9. When I needed it most, you willingly helped with domestic chores. Although I remember some caustic complaints I lodged at various times, I think back to the years when I was in school, the times when I was suffocated with the tedium of baby care, the year when I was teaching and remember you as willingly helping whenever you could. You made many hard times that much easier for me.
10. You have been able to give the children firmness that they needed when I was unable to give it. Although I have at times thought you should be less harsh, you provided direction and follow through on much of their training that I would have allowed to slip by.
11. You are not moody and tempermental and don't impose upon me the uncertainty that I know I at times impose upon you. You may not be a rock, but I always know pretty much where I stand with you, and it's nice to know.
12. You seldom complain when I fall into slip shed methods of house-keeping—when the ironing accumulated, and the dust accumulates, or a meal is a flop, or the refrigerator needs cleaning. Sometimes you even do the things I should have done without comment. It puts me to shame at times, but mostly I just appreciate it.
13. You are gracious and polite to me still, after 13 years. You remember to show me the little considerations that make me feel appreciated and that you are concerned about my comfort. It's nice to have a gentleman around. It makes me feel loved.
14. Oh, yes. Just as an added note, you're pretty good in bed and getting better all the time. I don't think I could find a better match even if I wanted to.

For all this and much more these have been a happy 13 years for me.

I've often told you of your traits I've found annoying.
I've sometimes grumbled there were parts I'd like remade.
I've dwelled on thoughts of how you could be better,
How a different you would be an ideal mate.

Yet here I sit on our 15th anniversary 
And wonder why I always look for change.
I wonder why I want it to be different
When what you are has brought me so much joy

The time seems right, if not a bit belated,
To speak of things in you I've loved the most,
To list the traits that I have most admired.
The best in you I've much too long ignored.

So here's my gift. I know it is not costly.
It's not creative, not even very wise.
But you may keep it to remind you when I'm ^{foolish} ~~stupid~~
I love you dearly and you've made it all worthwhile.

Dec 8, 1969

Dear Ann

You say that I am reacting because I do not know how to deal with you. I guess I have to agree with you. I do not know how to deal with the frustration I feel when you pull a complete cap out by saying you don't see the need for resolution. It seems you would rather (for now) ignore the reality of what the issues are. You say you are too tired to discuss them. Maybe this is so. You say you are too weak to follow through with a promise. I accept this and want you to know that I love you in spite of the times I see weaknesses you are yourself bringing my attention to.

If you want to leave me then please do. You say you are honest with me. Are you really?

To Ann

How long is the day
That begins at morn
With a newness so strange
As life newly born.

The time it will take
To open the flower
Is not so important
As the end of the hour.

We look at the flower once
Once opened in bloom
And wonder how often
Our love will in tune.

Why hasn't the rose
Begun yet to fade?
It mellows in sunlight
And brightens in shade.

Even at dusk
The rose is yet bright
I wonder its beauty
Its color delight.

What will the end be?
Well we blend to one.

At this point I fear not,
And love everyone.

How long is the day
That begins at morn
With a newness so strange
As love newly born

Ann

She is childlike in her beauty
Yet a woman all in all
Her strength is great
And a softness is all hers

Anger in her is a wrath
Yet in love she is mine
Her tears are tears of sadness
And of spurts of sudden joy

She must be weary of my burden
Yet she is my love, my bride
How she works at being mother
And at fulfilling self.

She is loved by all around her
And fears of doing hurt
How I want her, How I need her,
She is only mine to share.

She walks alone

to laughter and tears of her loved ones.

She hear sounds

of lives there beside us.

She speaks thoughts that

crie questions of unscold

She walks alone.

I walk alone

to joy and pain of my loved ones.

I hear sound

of her soft gentle touch

I speak thoughts that will

answer, not hurt.

I walk alone

We walk alone

in hope that some one will feel us.

We hear the sound

of tears reaching out to be heard.

We speak thoughts that

by some be rejected.

We walk alone

Children

Children are hard to understand,

They fear each other,

hurt their friends,

cry with pain,

run from embarrassment and

pretend not to know you.

They love one another,

trust their friends,

cry with joy and

run with courage to

help you in need.

Children are hard to understand,

but they and we are one.

The child seeks approval,

Words are sometimes too much,

Some things cannot be said.

Hostility is easy to see,

Beauty is to understand.

Love cannot hold.

Joy and sadness are one,

Fear is self feeding

A moment is too much.

We are alike in many ways.

Can we walk together?

Agony and love are one

Patience of a 5 Year Old

John, please take a bath.

Oh, Dad, do I have to?

Y^{es}, John, you do.

Can't I wash my hands and face?

Yes, John, but do it while you're in the bath.

Oh please, I had one last night.

John, you need one now.

I don't feel very dirty.

John take your bath now.

Oh, okay. Will you run the tub?

Yes, John, Please take off your clothes.

What are you doing Dad?

I'm fixing the toilet John.

John, are you ready?

I don't have a wash cloth.

Just a minute, John, Here.

Dad, the water is too hot.

All right, John. Don't forget your face, your ears, and the
back of your neck.

The water is too cold.

Just a minute, John. Don't forget the ears, the face, and
the back of your neck.

Is the toilet fixed yet?

Not yet.

Will you get me a towel, Dad?

Just a minute, John...Here. Are you done?...John, your face,
your ears, and the back of your neck.

Oh, I forgot. Are you done with the toilet?

John, are you done with your bath?

Yes, May I get out now?

John, your face. your ears, and the back of your neck!

Story Hour

Mommy. — Mommy

What is it dear?

I want to go to the story hour.

Are you dressed completely?

Is Ella ready?

I don't want to take Ella

But she wants to go

But I don't want to take her

She will feel bad.

Joyce will take her

All right. You want to go right now?

Yes. I know the way.

Good Luck

What does that mean?

It means I hope you find the way.

Ella, it's time for your nap.

I don't wanna take a nap.

Ella, it's time for you to go to bed.

Right now, Ella. Get into that bed.

I said I'm not gonna take a nap.

All right, I guess I'll have to put you in bed.

No you wont. I'm not gonna ~~ge--te~~ go to bed.

Come on. Here you go. Now go to sleep.

I'm not gonna go to sleep.

Yes you. If you don't take a nap, you know how you will be.

I'm not. I'm not. I'm not gonna take a nap.

Go to sleep Honey. Do you want me to tell you a story?

I have to go to the bathroom.

All right. Hurry up. I have things to do.

Tell me about the Three Bears. I'm not gonna take a nap.

Please hurry up.

I'm not gonna take a nap.

Now turn over and close your eyes. Don't open them until you
wake up. Once upon a time there was a little girl with
long golden hair who was chasing butterflies in the woods.

Bill is my friend.

He loves what I love.

He gives of himself the things that he needs.

He takes what he needs with great care of hurt.

He knows what he knows and feels that its little.

Bill is my friend.

Bill is my dreamer.

He thinks thoughts of love.

He ^{smile} for the best for all of his friends.

His impatience is real for things to be good.

Bill is my dreamer.

Bill is my colleague.

He teaches me much.

He comes to school early to ponder the day.

He brightens his presence but speaks to the point.

He worries about failure and feels the blame.

Bill is my colleague.

Bill is my brother.

He's there when I need him.

He knows of my care and beleives in our link.

He basks in my sunshine and shares in my pain.

Bill is my brother.

Ed is my friend

Because he's been a friend to me.
He's open and honest

And follows things through.

He kind and gentle and
Tries not to hurt.

He's busy, so busy

With fulfilling his life.

I see in this man

the struggle for truth

The feeling I have

is good and its strong.

Commitment to him

of all that I have

His Acceptance of me is

a large part of life.

The ways that we go

we each must decide

The love that I have

is not just for him

Its there for them for

~~and~~ his love of my family

gayer

A Little Girl

This is about a little
girl 10 yrs old who
is emotionally disturbed
Very close friends

She's just a little girl

And all mixed up.

She hits and she hurts

Without knowing why.

She wants to be loved

It shows & it hurts me.

She wants to be sure

Of the hand gently offered.

She cries all inside

For fear of reprisal

Reprisal of what

I can't rightly say.

So unsure is she

Of her own sense of value.

The love that she has

She will not accept.

How torn is the feeling

Engendered inside her

To help but to hurt

Are really but one

You are loved, believe it

By Mommy & Daddy

By those that have hurt you
Including me too.

Friends

Friends are people

Dont expect them to do,
to go,
to help
or to show.

Friends are people

Give them your love,
your hurt,
your fears,
and your dirt.

Friends are people

Help them to give,
to cry,
to live
and to die.

Friends are.

help without coming across as though I'm wallowing in self pity. Be objective? How can you be objective with emotions? I've been told I'm too emotional - right now I feel naked of emotions, I want desperately to love and be loved but how the hell do I get there? Someone says "be natural". What the hell does that mean? "Be yourself." What does that mean? I'm being myself, and I don't know where it's taking me.

Again I'm running out of patience. Where do I turn from here?

In looking for honest positions to take I can't find anything that resembles certainty. How much must you feel to feel certain? I've been told I'm new to having feelings. That sounds like a presumptuous statement, I can't help but feel that those feelings that I have for people are not that different than those felt by others. What am I saying now? Am I saying I doubt their sincerity? Am I an animal?

What is love for someone other than Ann? If the feeling that I have for Bill + Gail is not love than I don't know what love is. What yardstick do I use? Not my love for Ann for if I use that than there is no hope of me loving anyone. Do I use the love of my children? No-again even though this love seems entirely different in feeling or attitude it still leaves me with no hope of loving others. My feeling toward all others seem to fall somewhere short of those toward Bill + Gail including all relatives other than those mentioned. This than puts into doubt my love for anyone other than my ^{own} immediate family. Can I ever feel toward others the way that I feel toward my family? Do I have the potential of doing so? They say they can and do? Is it true or do they wish it true to the point of faith acceptance? If its faith acceptance, do they ever doubt? I doubt most things.

I enjoy positive responses toward me. Does an accumulation of what

appears to be honest positive responses result in love. Can I realistically accomplish this analysis?

What is love? I guess I better look at my feelings toward Ann. She comforts me when I'm down. She follows me when I'm lost. She does not judge me (often). She holds me when I'm confused. She's angry with me when she thinks I'm wrong and tries to convince me. She cares about those things that I care for. She hurts me with her hurt. She's interested in my interests. These are not my feelings toward Ann they are the things she does. Feelings— warmth, concern, oneness, respect, pride, pity, comfort, care, trust and more. What do I do now, measure them in a test tube? This is not helping. How can I do what I'm trying to do? Interact more with people? I've been working at it for what seems an awful long time. I feel like I'm alone and being left behind. How do I call for

(3)

Where do we go from here?

Is it possible for the board, the administration, the staff and the students to interact openly and honestly to resolve their differences in peace?

I really don't know but given a setting of informality such as that that existed at Berne last weekend, just maybe, constructive change might follow.

Can our policy makers afford the time? Can our staff afford the time? Can we afford not to take time to attempt to bridge the gap between what we believe to be right and what is? I believe we are in store for much more disruption and chaos unless we take measures that provide more direct feedback to our policy makers and staff members of the problems our school community faces as the student sees it.

The depression that I felt at the close of this conference was largely due to what appeared to be acceptance of the self-fulfilling prophesy "The answers cannot be reached by dialogue therefore they must be sought through disruption."

I believe that the common denominator that welded most of the total group together was a feeling that students are not being listened to by teachers, administrators or by the community at large or if they are being listened to, their grievances are being ignored. I also believe this is true. Too often we look for students who reflect our views to express their views on ~~the~~ society and our school.

(6)

Specifically I suggest another conference be held, a conference similar to the one held last year at Frost Valley. A difference would be that the Board of Ed. be included along with our top level administrators. In addition I would suggest that the student representation not be the elected leaders only but rather a cross representation of the student body as a whole. The elected student leadership as it now stands seems to me to represent primarily the "successful" student in the present structure. Isn't it possible that our most needed changes are those providing for the least "successful" student?

If it is real

And I feel that it is
It's got to be good,
And cannot not be hurt.

The love that we have

Our family for him
Is real and has shape.

We feel his presence
Even in his absence

To allow him to go
Is one thing we must
My longing to write
Is not to lose touch

Courage is an interesting concept. What appears to be courage in one context may not at all actually be. Am I courageous if I do what I am afraid not to do. Am I courageous if I do what makes me feel I am doing what someone else thinks I should do. How are courage and fear related? The fear that exists within me is real in many situations that demand action of one direction or another. Maybe if I can act on the basis of what I believe to be right in spite of that fear I am courageous. Because I shake with my fear does that reduce the quality of courage? If I ask too many questions before acting, will I not act out of fear? When is the time right to act? How much information is necessary to act "well"?

Can it also be that I enjoy to act in a situation fraught with my own fear? Many times it seems that I have intentionally thrown myself into a confrontation that I am not at all sure for my own gain or loss. Gain or loss of what I'm not sure. Maybe a touch of machacistic enjoyment is within me at my own danger. Not danger to survival of life so much, but danger to the status quo of my own thinking. This whole thing with openness seems to be of this category.

It does seem that all in all I have come out of most of these confrontations more aware of my self which seems of possible value. I say possible, because I'm not really sure that self realization is an attainable goal, but I feel like it is.

I sit and look at the fire. My mind meandering--wandering.
How much have I enjoyed the day?

It started not too well. I search for a state of contentment and sometimes I feel I'm there. It's duration is almost always short live. I resolve to be better with the children. I enjoy them and then reach frustration and find myself less than I want. I anger all too easy. Patience is hard. Anger moves fast. How I hurt when I hurt Tom. I pain for his frustration and anger. I try to hold back and forget. If only he could accept my love. How long? Will he ever be content with himself? God if he were only a little more satisfied with himself. Would I be happier then? I don't think so. Can I help him to love himself? There is so little that I feel I have helped him with. So often my misjudgemnt screws things up.

Except for Tom I feel good about the day. It's been a a day I've felt productive work wise.

Bob is trying so hard to move. I feel he is moving quickly but doesn't seem to be aware of it. Quick. That song last night was something. I hope he soes it again.

I love you my dear more tha I've ever been able to tell you. No matter what I do or say I cannot convey its reality. There are no strings. It just is. There is no dependency, no jealousy, no desire for ownership. Nothing but the greatest desire for the best for you.

What is a gift?

Is it a thing that if accepted a debt is due? Is it something given with no strings attached? Bill and Bob have both given much of their time and their effort and their concern to our parish project. Do we owe them for their kindness? I hope not. It seems to me that their gift is all the more beautiful if there are no strings attached. It is this kind of giving that I need to express. I hope that what I give is accepted in that way. The acceptance is the return gift. The acceptance is as much an expression of love as the giving--The gift of acceptance.

I know that he cares and that is enough.
To A Daffodil

This child is a child of God. He wanders through the garden full of wonder. How beautiful things are. The geometric formation of life is a thing to behold. He wanders with wonder, "Where did this rose come from? Why is the Luna green? How do they feel?" He fears as he moves that he might hurt them and not even be aware. Can they feel the love for him that he feels for them? If they can, do they? Do the flowers talk to each other? He tries to learn their language and tries to earn their love. At moments it seems that there is communion, a oneness beautiful and real. At moments a feeling of incompleteness creeps into existence, a feeling of fear caused by, maybe, misunderstanding. He craves a constant flow of communion and wonders "Can it be?"

This garden has many dark corners filled with hazardous rocks. Why does he appear to hide in these places. He isn't hiding at all but is in fact lost in nightshade of doubt. Misunderstanding of statements not said hurt. This lost child is a concern for all who love him, even if lost only for a moment or two.

How can we help him to accept our friendship commitment that has no restriction nor bounds?

What does he need that he would fear asking?

What does he feel that needs to be tested?

We're in the garden for all to enjoy.

We flowers are children, all children of God.

Enjoyment of friendship, unqualified friendship,

is his and we know it no matter the test.

What test he might think of I guess not its answer.

Once upon a time there was a family of Grufkins. Ma, Pa, Tina, Beany and Ratchel. Grufkins are little people who live deep in the heart of the world. It is very seldom that a man becomes acquainted with a Grufkin family due to the fact that very few men are interested. More men might be interested if they were aware of the existence of The Grufkin people. The problem seems to be that once you meet your first Grufkins, curiosity overwhelms you and you feel that you must learn more about them. At least it was that way for me. What I know about about Grufkins is very limited but I will try to relate what little I do know. Another problem is that what think I know about them does not seem to be true after closer acquaintance. In fact it seems that ,at times, you can't tell one Grufkin from another, but that is to get ahead of my story. (Let me try to begin when I met ~~Ma and Pa~~ 1st Beany

You may wonder what my family of Grufkins last name is due to the fact that I haven't mentioned it. The reason that I haven't is simple. Grufkins don't have last names.

I was walking through the woods one day without anyone around At first I thought I was imagining things when I heard his voice. Very softly he said " My name is Beany. What is yours?"

"What? Is someone Here. Where are you?"

"I'm right here. Don't look to hard because if you

do, you won't be able to find me."

"Where are you? Where did you come from?"

"I'm right here beside you. Remember what I said. Don't look too hard or you never will not be able to see me."

"What the hell are you talking about? I can see anything there is to see. Where you hiding?"

"I've warned you already and I may have to disappear. If you want to understand what you're saying, stop trying so hard. Where did I come from? I been here beside you all along. You just haven't noticed me before. My name is Beany."

"You've been here all along? What kind of nonsense is that? Beany? Beany what?"

"Beany nothing."

"Beany Nothing? That's a strange last name. What are you?"

"No, no, My name is just Beany. I don't have a last name. I am a Grufkin. I don't think any of us Grufkins have last names. I was raised with a bunch of kids down to the local school."

"Grufkins? What in the world is a Grufkin? How many of you are there?"

"Grufkins are Grufkins. We stay with people but they don't usually notice us. There five of us in my family. I'm the middle one of us kids. I have an elder sister, Tina and my younger one's name is Rachel."

"Are there other families of Grufkins?"

"Oh certainly, There are as many families of Grufkins in the world as there are people in the world."

"Is that right? Then how come I've never ~~met~~ them before?"

"Because you didn't notice us. That's all. We've been here all along."

"I thought you said I couldn't notice you?"

"I said that if you try too hard, you cannot see me?"

"I don't understand. Why can't I see you?"

"Because your looking too hard. Please accept what I say. Don't look too hard. You wont see me and I may have to leave."

"I don't understand what your saying. Why will you have to leave?"

"Your looking too hard. I'll see you another time. Good-by."

That was my first encounter with a Grufkin. I really didnt know what he was. In fact I thought my imagination was playing tricks on me. I was some time later before I even thought about Grufkins again. I was returning from taking a gang of kids down to the local swimming pool when again I heard a voice. It was a ver small voice, like that of a very young child.

"Hello. My name is Ratchel. My brother Beany said he talked to you, and you scared him away."

"Hello. Where are you? Oh I for got I can't look to hard or you probably will runaway too. Will you stay and talk for awhile?"

"Yes. I like to talk but don't forget again."

Sand Castles

John a precocious eight and his sister Ella, a year younger were spending their first day at the the family beach house. They had been told to stay out of the water but could play at the shoreline where lifeguards were posted. After tiring of looking for unbroken shells and stones smoothed by the water they decided to build a castle, a sand castle, to while away the afternoon.

"Ella, lets build a castle at the edge of the water. We can use the water to help hold the sand together."

"O.K. John. Do you think it will be beautiful?"

"Yes Hon, not only that that it will be the largest and strongest anyone has ever seen."

"Oh John, that will be wonderful. I believe you and will help as best I can."

"Here's a good spot. The sand is wet enough for packing but far enough from the water ~~to~~ not to be washed away. Look at the other castles on the beach. It should be easy to build a good one."

"I don't know John. We've never built a castle before. You seem very sure of yourself."

"Why shouldn't it be easy, as long as we're careful?"

"Oh John. It makes me feel like ~~every~~ we can do anything, when your sure. I'm glad your my brother."

"Good. I like you to be sure of what we do together."

As they piled the sand into neat little piles and built several realistic chambers connected by ramps, the feeling of accomplishment was theirs. It was beautiful.

"John, our castle is wonderful but the waves are coming closer than they were. What will happen?"

"No problem Hon, all we have to do is dig a moat. The water won't get to our castle."

"Oh John. I hope your right. Are you sure we built it on a good spot?"

"Maybe not at this point, but we can't move it now. Come on. Help me. The water is almost ^{to} its edge."

They dug and worked hard. They patched the walls that washed away. One whole portion dissolved but they stuck to it and rebuilt it.

"Oh John, you were so sure of yourself. I know that your trying and I'm trying too. Do you want to let it go?"

"No, Our castle may not be strong enough to stand if we let it alone. If we stay with it and keep repairing it, it will be here ~~if~~ after everyone else is gone. I'll dig a big hole in front of it to catch the water before it gets to our castle."

"All right John, but its not beautiful anymore. The ramps are gone the walls are coming down and even the moat is washing out. I will help. It is our castle and I love it."

As John and Ella struggled the water came in larger and larger torrents. Soon John and Ella were sitting in the water with only a smooth mound of sand between them. They ran up on the beach, lay down and slept. When they awoke the sun was setting and the water calm.

"Look Ella. The shore is smooth. There is nothing left of our castle."

-3-

"No. Its beauty, the joy we had in its building, the pain we shared in trying to save it will last forever. We will always have our castle. I love you John. "

Randy walked home from school filled with fear of how his parents would react to the latest incident in school. He had screamed at his teacher when she accused him of writing an obscene note. Had she accused him? He wasn't sure at this point. The way she had asked him if he had written it, he was positive she thought he did. Why did people always accuse him of whatever happened anywhere near him? It seemed to be the story of his life.

As he neared the house he saw Mom and Dad sitting in the back yard. He ran in the front door and up to his room in hopes they didn't see him come in. This might delay the confrontation a few more moments.

Jack, Randy's 9 year old brother was laying on the bed without any clothes on.
~~Even though~~ Jack was only

My friend

Who are you?

Are you my brother?

Why do you help me so?

Haven't we met before?

Why do you ask so many questions?

~~Why do you ask so many questions?~~

Where did you come from?

Are you real?

Can you really mean that?

What do you mean you trust me?

Haven't we been here before?

How long has it been?

Why haven't I seen you?

What is in your thoughts?

Where are you going?

What do you plan to do?

How long till I see you again?

Why do I ask so many questions?

Are you my brother?

Morning

How good the sun feels in the morning.

Why haven't the birds begun^u to sing?

Is something in the air?

I hear a sound.

The sound of laughter from beyond the trees.

Who would be up at this hour?

I stand still.

Two voices I hear,

Hers like music,

His just a whisper.

Now they are running

Naked in the grass.

I steal away.

Evening

To sit by the fire all crackling with smell,
To listen to games quite quiet with fun,
To see the enjoyment of family with friends,
Brings a communion as all into one.

Here in this house our place of repose
Are sounds of the people who live life for love.
They surround me with music of meaning unique
As bed time approaches the melody softens.

A sick child needs tending, a pitiful thing.
Unhappiness lingers the crying is pain.
How often the hurt for another is real.
The child's understanding so fragile & frail,
Is really no less than that for a man.
When all are in bed and friends have gone home,
The time for us two is just to begin
How good was the day? It cannot be measured.
How full was the beauty? My cup runneth over.

How good to grow young old.

The joy of love last long.

How sweet the taste her tender kiss

The love that is seems so frail.

The kiss, the tears, the laugh, the fears

How good she makes me feel

I've lost my age and yet grow strong

As though God himself were me.

We play among the stars at night

And work at love to our days end

The image of her in my mind

Allows me to rest and love mankind.

The kiss, the kiss that hurs inside

The eyes so clear and blue

The touch of hand, of life, and youth,

Desire and growth are mine.

How can it be, this love so real

Just flies above the earth

How strong it is I do not know

Enjoy it for its worth

The words I speak c annot convey

The depth of my emotion

The life I live speaks for itself

My love a wild ocean.

Restless

The back fence needs mending.
The grass is getting tall.
The porch's paint unfinished becons me to come.
The things undone need doing.
I should be on my way.
To sit here at the table
And watch the time go by
Makes me feel uneasy about
How I spend my hours.
To read a book I might enjoy
Seems not quite enough.
Enough for what?
I'm not sure.

I hear a song,
Enjoy its tune,
And wonder at its name.
Is this for now?
Will it do?
Will it right the tone?

I need people.
I like to talk.
To feel them here
Is pleasure when it's good,
But sometimes.

The feeling's past.
The writting's not good but fun.

Anger

The punishment of known anger is great.

It is as though love has been withdrawn for a moment.

The care for approval is dear.

The care for understanding is more.

A moment of anger is sometimes enough

to engender a feeling that life's really ~~tough~~ bad.

She probably knew I needed her kiss.

To help reassure me that things are all right.

Then why didn't She?

Maybe she didn't believe my understanding.

~~Or~~ rather have enough trust in my attempt to try.

If not these--Why does the anger linger?

It would be good.

Rebuff again.

Now I feel anger, disrobed and nude.

If she should come, how should I act?

Impulse to return tit for tat is

over ridden by desire for calm.

Hold back, stay ~~calm~~ cool.

Stop crying in pain.

This will pass over and love will again.

Acceptance is cool.

Self pity is bad.

Her problem is me.

My problem is her.

Love her I do, not love her I must.

Acceptance is real--just as she is.

Fear

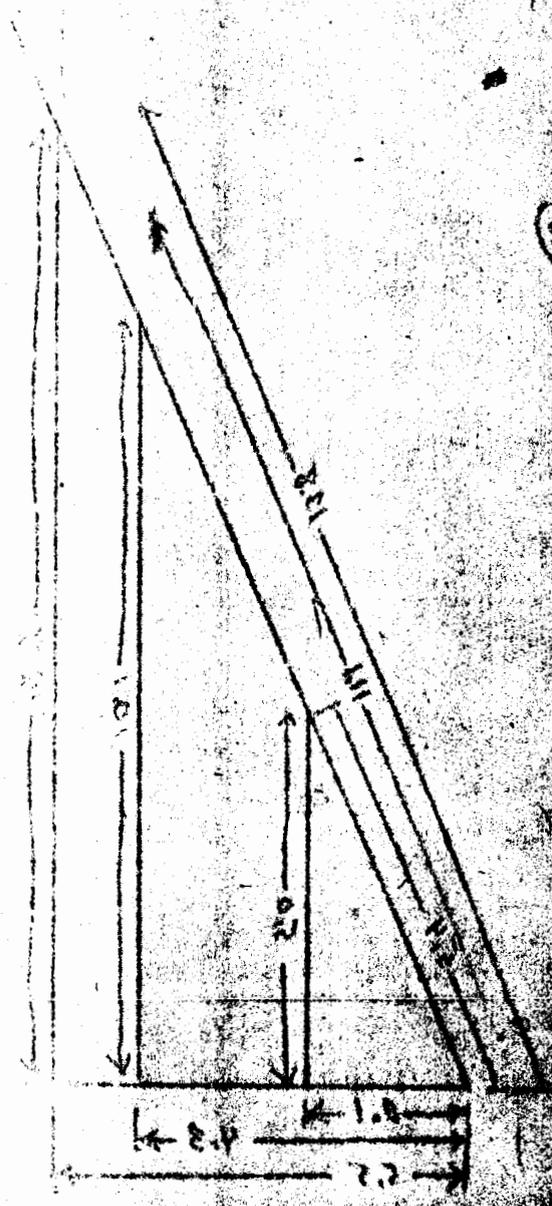
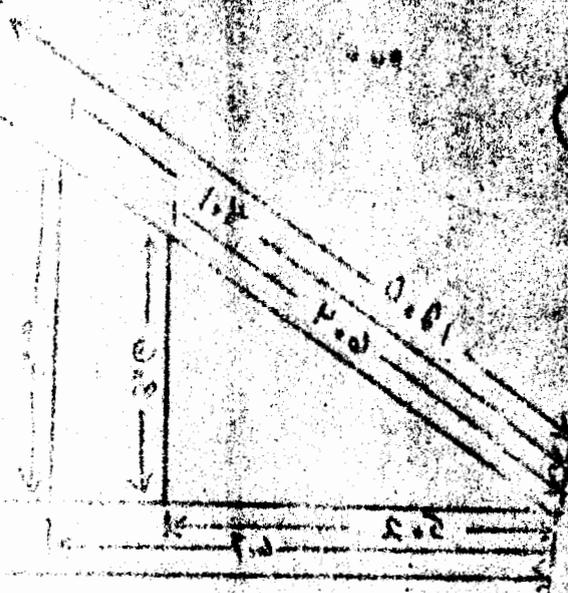
When walking in the garden of spring,
We see a blue-jay taking to flight.
It screams at intrusion,
Flies away safe.
Why hasn't it trust
To take food from ~~my~~^{our} hands?

When looking at an evening sunset,
We hear a dog howling.
It cries at its friends,
Barks at its foes.
Why does it choose not
To run with the pack?

When listening to the rustling wind,
We feel the chill of
A snake underfoot.
It hisses its name.
Why does it hate and
Hide all alone?

While resting by a bubbling brook,
We watch the chipmunk
Feed and scamper.
Why does this fellow
Have fear of us?

While lying on the grass at night,
We taste the moon-beams.
And in them take joy.
How beautiful
To dream of wonders.
We are one.



To be natural is not to be tight.

To be tight is not to be loose.

To be loose is not to be worried.

To be worried is not to trust.

To trust is not to fear.

To fear is not to have confidence.

To have confidence is not to lack faith.

To lack faith is not to love.

To love is to be natural.

To be natural is not to try.

The Place

This is an interesting place.

Four by ~~eight~~, *four by eight*.

Apeculiar smell,

A good place to sit and rest.

The pleasure of sitting alone

In this place of sweet repose

Is unsurpassed. ~~by any known~~
of any I've known.

The only problem'is my nose.

~~How-funny-the-stories-writ, on~~

The walls are odd

all covered with words,

some funny ^{some} some not

~~What-is~~ That smell? that smell

That terrible smell-

It's me.

Reality is changing.
time is a moment.
Age is now.
Youth is to feel.
Pain is good.
Good is judgement.
Judgement is bad.
Bad is sometimes.
Sometimes is always.
Always is never.
Significance is a focus.
Focus is to live.
To live is to feel.
To feel is to be aware.
To be aware is to love.
To love is pain.
Pain precedes joy.
Joy can be pain.
Pain can be understanding.
Understanding is now.
Now is Before.
Before will come.
Here comes the sun.
To live is to function.
To function is not enough.
To live is more than to function.
To live is to be alive.
To write is to capture.

18 I'm going.

14 I'm going.

12 I don't know where.

14 I'm seeking.

13 I'm seeking.

11 I don't know what.

10 To wait and to wonder

8 How long and for what

7 Us to live for the moment.

6 Don't worry.

4 Don't worry.

3 Don't worry so much.

2 It's closer.

1 It's closer.

What will it be?

To live and let love

Is hard and yet good.

The moment is here.

The future will come.

1005: 72DE-NW-80

1100: 7000-CU-GE

1200: 7000-CU-GE

1300: 7000-CU-GE

Thoughts of
isolation
misunderstanding
shrinking
and death
do not help but only immobilize.

Words of
irritation
hurt
spite
and hate
do not help but only embitter.

Acts of
cowardice
resentment
self-pity
and despair
do not help but only alienate.

Thoughts of
acceptance
understanding
growth
and life
only help when believed as real.

Words of
care
friendship
warmth
and love
only help when read as true.

Acts of
courage
love
extension
and trust
only help when accepted as is.

Why?

When I eat I wonder why
the quantity and type.

Weight is better,

Not yet good.

Will I ever be content?

When I bathe I wonder why
the frequency and soap.

May be clean

Not yet good.

Will I ever be content?

When I shave I wonder why
the style the cut.

Stupid sideburns.

Not yet good.

Will I ever be content

When I fart I wonder why
the smell the sound.

Embarrassment.

Not yet good.

Will I ever be content?

When I cry I wonder why
the tears the hurt,
the will to hide

Not yet good
Will I ever be content

When I feel I wonder why
frustration, pain and need
I can give

Not yet good
Will I ever be content?

When I wonder I wonder why,
Are there answers?
If so when?

Not yet good.
I shan't ever be content.

Where can I run?

Where can I hide?

When

Run

Hide

Scream

Explosive

From whom? From me?

Can

Fear

Fight

Hate

For what? For love?

These feelings are ~~not~~ those of love?

I wonder

How long before a split?

How wide a split?

Split for air or split for good?

These are mine,

Not pretty but mine.

Split for good?

Whose good? Mine?

my feel^{ing} is elusive. At one moment
I feel the ecstasy of perfect communion,
the next I feel the loneliness of being
turned off as though I don't exist. How
can the same two people interact in such
contradictory ways? ~~What~~^{What could} I have said
or done that chilled what appeared to
be ^{such} a ~~happy~~ ^{for} warm feeling? I
can't understand what it is.

July 7, 1972

Dear Tom,

Glad to get your note Tom. It seems that things are going well with you and Mom + Dad (Mine). From what I understand you have been a great help to them. We have been working hard also. We miss you Tom and are looking forward to your return in August I assume.

How are your toes? I glad you got the attention they needed.

It seems very different here with such a small group. Ted, Frank, Gay + the Pines minus you. Its quiet and work has been steady and we are making progress. I would like you to be here with us for at least part of Aug. I think you would enjoy the gardening (maybe not).

Bill & Gail are going to spend a few days up here and hopefully some of the others who have spent time here will return to help.

We are trying to find people to buy shares in Innisfree. Those that buy shares will be the decision making group for its future. All anyone can buy is one share and if they have a share they have a vote. So be it. We may be able to get through the year this way so that we can promote a family camp next year or something. We are looking hard for rental tenants for the winter to help also.

Give my love to Grandma & Grandpa

Love

Daddy

From the desk of

Bud Rue



Do not use
air conditioner

Tom

1. Don't lose this key (for back door)
2. Keep as many electric things off as possible
3. Lock house when leaving
4. David's sub will do papers on porch.

*.5 Monday between

10 and 2:30 a man will come to fix the dishwasher. I have sent in the check + application for warranty therefore he needs no money.

over ↴

6. water plants once a week.

7. Tell Connie you need your check (tell her by June 10) to pay your June 16.

8. chicken in door
hamburger " "
hot dogs " "
ed

9. \$10 to cover food incidentals any more you pay.

10. Take care of cleaning after yourself.

~~11~~ Take care Tom
Dad.

From the desk of

Bud Rue



6 Aug 76

Dear Tom,

Good to hear from you Tom. I'm not surprised at your nostalgic trip up the mountain.

I have as yet no job offer that will provide us with the needed \$s to provide a standard of living to which we have become accustomed. I have many lines out though and a number of them seem to be interesting & challenging jobs.

David has taken over the custodial duties at the nursery and seemingly ~~is~~ doing an adequate job.

John has taken over David's paper route and

and your bedroom & seemingly
benefitting from both.

We have been to the
store gotten badly burned
and not really done a
whole lot besides me
look for work.

I'm glad you got a
head on something you
can do for \$5. Let me know
what your courses are when
you get registered (No particular
reason except I am interested in
what you are doing).

I'm glad you had as good a
time as you indicated at the
Pagent. My only reservation about
you going was concerning
its cost and, who knows,
if you don't do those things,
you can't afford to do
you don't end up doing
much.

Love
Dad

From the desk of

Bud Rue



①

August 15, 1976

Dear Tom,

Got your letter. I'm constantly amazed at your tenacity in regards to the geneology thing.

Your question concerning how much money has been paid to BYU. breaks down this way

check # 1325	5/14/76	\$ 282.50
check # 1128	1/15/76	15.00
check # 993	9/28/75	25.00

paid to BYU by me \$ 322.50

From the desk of

Bud Rue



(2)

$$\$2000/\text{yr} \times 4 \text{ yrs} = \$8000$$

$$\begin{array}{r} 8000 \div 6 \text{ yrs} = 1333.33/\text{yr} \text{ for } 6 \text{ yrs} \\ - 332.50 \text{ paid to BYU.} \\ \hline \end{array}$$

1010.83 = the amt I should have written a check to you for but I missed a [#]15 check, that's why the check I wrote to you was 1025.83. #13 80

7/14/76. I also wrote another check to you the same day for \$100 which was \$50 for graduation and \$50 to match a deposit of yours in the bank.

From the desk of

Bud Rue



3

what this means is assuming
no catastrophic problems of
this end we will be able
to give you 1333.33/year
for each of the next
5 years. Along the same
line I said I would
pay for your flight home
either in Dec or in June
but you have to pick
up all other costs.

There is no way
of knowing what
the future will bring
Tom, but we will try

From the desk of

Bud Rue



(24)

really hard to support
you to this level. Beyond
this would not be fair
to what we feel to be
an equal type commitment
to each of the other three.

I'm glad to ^{hear} you
you have a job Tom

Interesting point the gutters
and water rights. Is that
when everyone bathes as
well as waters their lawn? ☺

Jim + Roy Rue

1160 E. Lexington

P.O. ~~Box~~ Cajon, Calif

tel #

1-714:444:6227

92021

From the desk of

Bud Rue



5

All 1st class mail I am just writing find to your address. Anything else I will save and periodically send you a bundle of last class. OK?

We spent the afternoon with the Paternos. They asked to be remembered to you Tom. You wouldn't believe how much their kids have grown.

Take care of yourself Tom and I really hope you have a good 1st term
Love
Dad

From the desk of

Bud Rue



16 Aug. and 1976

Dear Tom,

Sounds like you are anxious to
doing the student thing, cutting the
summer short and all.

One very early birthday gift
as you requested Tom. Will be
on the way as soon as the
things are picked up.

So you found a line of
mormons in the family tree. I guess
that's no worse than finding out
one of your relatives killed his
son (or son in law) I don't remember
which.

I'm glad you made up as
many resumes for me as you
did Tom. It looks like I'll
need them all. I'm still
looking for work. Something
will coming along soon. I've
convinced myself or at least am

trying to.

I assume you have been following the Rep. Convention. I am finding it much more interesting than the Demo one.

We had no problems with "Bell". Actually there was very little damage done in the whole state even though a wild storm was predicted.

We visited with the Paternos and the Prichetts. in the last week Tom. Mrs Prichett has burned herself badly + is confined to bed + probably need skin grafting to expedite healing.

Take care Tom - Study hard.

(Hebrew? - U.h.) I really hope you do better than either of us did with the foreign languages.

Love
Dad

From the desk of

Bud Rue



Sep 10, 1976

Dear Tom,

Really good to hear from you Tom. I was a little surprised to hear you had already moved out of the dorm. I hope you can get all of your money back. Probably your right that you can get by for less off campus.

I really was shaken by having my latest contract pulled out from under me. I assume the reason was too much \$. I am collecting unemployment and going to school at TSC. Hopefully my next job will be in counseling. You asked if the money we gave you is all for the year. The answer is yes. As you know we divided 8000 by 6 to get the figure you got. Therefore you can count ~~of~~ on that much (1333) for 6 years.

I was somewhat relieved to hear ⁽²⁾
you dropped Hebrew. That's one
course you don't need in your
freshman year (I don't know
if you need it or not later on -
you know better than I). It
seems more important to get
a good solid start in the
kinds of courses you feel
comfortable that you will
do well in.

John is doing David's paper
route through this week
anyway & David is finishing
up the printer job today. I
don't know if he will
want his paper route back
or not - I know John
likes the money.

As you probably know
Mom is back in the hospital

From the desk of

Bud Rue



3

Yesterday she went thru an exploratory operation and seemed in fair spirits. She is supposed to get the results today. I don't know how serious her problem is. I will call again to find out today!

John, Ella + Dove all seem pretty happy about their new school year's situations (yes even John)

Probably I will take over your old janitorial duties at the Day Care Center on

Monday. I will be doing
them from 4:30 - 8:00 every
A.M.

Let us know how your
doing Tom. - write don't call -
you can't afford telephone
calls + neither can we (that
is except in an emergency)
I am sending out a pile
of church type mail
tomorrow when I can
take it down to the P.O. +
send it last class.

Take care Tom

Love

Dad

From the desk of

Bud Rue



Sept 11, 1976

Dear Tom,

I went down to Sears intending to have sent to you sheets & towels and the whole thing was so complicated I decided to send you a check for what I was intending to spend. \$15 should buy two sets of linen & a couple towels. You get them Tom, its got to be much faster.

Mom called again this morning & seems to be OK. She says she wants to drive west this fall yet. I hope she really

From the desk of

Bud Rue



Sept 10, 1976

Dear Tom,

Got your letter this morning right after I had mailed my letter. Your right, its been some time since my previous letter. I guess I find it difficult to sit down and write while joblessness is big on my mind. I don't particularly like ~~worrying~~ about it. I really do think things will turn my way. I have had a job offer (j.h. math in Camden) which is about an hour. The trouble is if I take it it will preclude being appointed to a new alternate program being set up to start in November. This I think I would really like to do. It is an on

the streets alternate program
with its own van, own
building. These are un~~un~~
city hard nuts but it could
be what I'm looking for.

We are sending towels +
bed sheets Tom Don't buy them
They should be there in a
few days.

Love

Dad.

Uncle Jim's address is

216 W. Sunida #C

Anaheim, CA

92805

MR. & MRS. CLYDE B. RUE

179 FOCH AVE., LAWRECEVILLE, N.J. 08648

Sept 21, 1976

Dear Tom,

I hope you got moved back into Desert Towers without financial penalty. I'm not surprised that they came down hard on people who move out, otherwise the dorms would have few residents.

I am not yet back to full time work yet but I think something should break in the next week.

John was pleased to get your letter Tom. He was really upset when he didn't get a chance to talk to you on the phone.

Sept 29, 1976

Dear Tom

One week later & I haven't finished the letter yet, nor am I back to work yet. I have many lines out but all I have gotten so far are mumbles.

How do you like the routine that you must have gotten into by this time?

Uncle Bob & Aunt Barbara were down with their family last weekend. We all went to a square dance at Emily's school.

How have you made out with clothes? Have you found a source of low cost clothes? SA or the like?

How do your finances look? Does it look like your earnings are in balance with your needs for the year.

Do write Tom. We miss you. I was going through the books the other nite. You really put a lot of work into them. Thank you
Love Dad

MR. & MRS. CLYDE B. RUE

179 FOCH AVE., LAWRECEVILLE, N.J. 08648

Oct 17, 1976

Dear Tom,

It has been some time since I have written you. I think it has something to do with my being unemployed. I find it difficult to banter with that praying on my mind.

I now am working at E.T.S. as an associate examiner. The job is temporary and has been funded for 6 months. It is possible that it will last longer than that but I cannot count on it. E.T.S. is a good place to work (nice people, good conditions + on top of that I like what I'm doing) because I cannot count on it going beyond 6 months I must continue looking for something more permanent.

Yes Tom I am saving your tellers. I am also saving stuff that has been sent to you + will send it parcel post after it accumulates for a while.

In reaction to your stuff about dropping
out 2nd semester. You know best what
your situation is Tom. I hope you
finish and I would rather see you
complete this 1st year before doing your
missionary but if you don't think the \$
will reach - so be it. Have you
talked to the school people about
assistance?

Another possibility is that I could send
you the rest of what was to be your
 $\frac{1}{4}$ of the total (In other words it would
mean to divide the total by 4 not 6)
This would be \$67 and that would
mean no help while on missionary
You decide Tom

You said you expect to be in LA
for Xmas. It will really be strange
without you Tom, but I guess this is
part of growing up.

We miss you Tom - I hope you
wrote in your last letter was
really good & touching. Take care Tom
& write soon
Love Dad

December 8, 1976

Dear Jim & Roy, and Mom

Finally I'm getting around to answering your letters -

I'm glad to hear you both have work and seem to be enjoying it. At this point I am working for Educational Testing Service as an Examiner. I'm in test construction and analysis of the S. R. E. (math aptitude section) That is my main responsibility but I also am loaned out at times to do things like write the arithmetic questions for standardized Real Estate Exams.

Ann is still at the nursery and likes it very much

Mom I'm glad you are back to OA. This whole thing of over eating is really getting me down. I have gained back exactly the weight that I lost on that last Diet. I have to admit it's depressing.

We have your group present ready & it's got to go into the main in the next day or so or it won't precede Xmas.

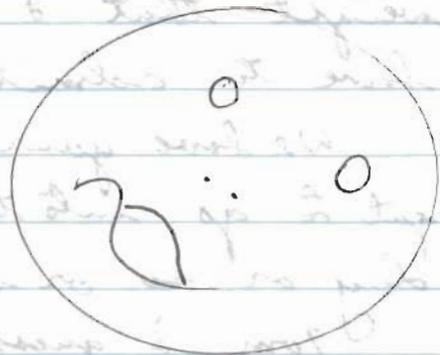
Tom I guess is planning to have Xmas with you & leave there Xmas mite to be home the AM of the 26th. That's good the family party on this end is the PM of the 26th

Mom, give our love to your sisters and
I hope you have a good holiday. I'll get
a call through to you over the holiday.

Merry xmas J + R. I hope you will
forgive me for again demonstrating what
a totally inconsiderate slob I am in
my letter writing habits.

All of you take care

Love
Bud



Tom, Dave, John & Ella

Clean the walk

right away + make
sure the 1st floor is
kept clean (Ella - do dishes +
kitchen so it is clean by 5PM)
Dave start a fire by 5 PM

27 Dec. 1976 - From CB Rec.