

March 1, 1964.

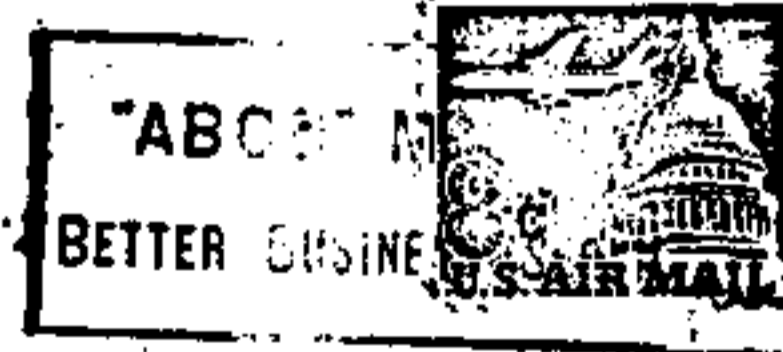
Dear Jack:

I hope by now you have received my letter. I was about to mail it Thursday morning on my way to work, but, the day before I suffered a strained back, and although it didn't seem too painful at the time, the next morning when I started to move around it was all I could to walk a short distance. I wasn't very bad when I sat still but I suddenly realized that I could not work on the floor a whole day. I decided to call my boss and let her know that her most valuable salesgirl (that's me) was indisposed, and what do you know she didn't seem upset at all by my inconvenience and apparently she believed my story. I guess she thought I was telling the truth - and I was. I told brother "Hy" about it and he said "it was due to old age." Some people don't seem to care about my feelings at all. For that unkind remark when I make soup I'll throw ashes in it - that'll teach him. I have been back to work in fact I'll only stayed home one day as I said earlier "how could they manage without a good worker like myself?) Things are just about the same here since we all work to don't have to much time to give this place the attention it needs. This will have to do for now - hope to write again soon.

LOVE ANN

*Love
Ann*

AIR MAIL



Mr. Jack Ruby
% County Jail,
Dallas, Texas

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