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and claim all as next of kin
I was too alone, lame & broken hearted
to protest, but I still have his direct request

Now the City wants this heavenly place
at \$13,000 — 1/3rd of its value, if I
wanted to sell; and I do not. I
positively refuse!

So please Lord Mr Belli, Mr Ross. etc etc
because when they bring that tractor
and big ball to knock over this
home — I'll be ready for
a goodbye.

They can't do that;
but they will. — unless —

This is a hell of a letter, Jack Ruby
in view of your own present
problem.

With the help of Don Belli — we may
survive — There are some
white clouds over the mountain range this
morning. So quiet, nice. Pink Peach tree, birds
— oh yes. I love the tune "Hello Dolly" — Armstrong —
I know you must like it too.

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