

HICKEY ... THAT IT IS ... HICKEY, ROSEMARY HICKEY, RICHARD
HICKEY, DAVID area code 214, 231 7969
Hickey - 607 W. BELT LINE RD. RICHARDSON, TEXAS 75080
607 W. Belt Line Road, Richardson, Texas, 75080

HICKEY ... FORMERLY OF ESTES AVENUE, CHICAGO ILLINOIS
(If correction fluid rex-rotary will work on any stencils, will any correction fluid work on r-r stencils?) It will be interesting to see how well this machine has survived the trip. It was overhauled at the IBM Evanston service station not that long ago. Whatever comes out of those spot/splotch/scratch areas below, my intention was to be rollickingly witty & most Pollyannish. In less than 3 weeks, things were sorted, discarded or dispersed. Richard prepared his last (Chicago) spaghetti dinner. Friends used to come to our house for dinner before going on to George Price's monthly party. This time George came to dinner, too. The last weekend of February could have been a blue stretch for me but fortunately friends and family came over both Saturday and Sunday evenings and their presence was the nicest farewell present I could want.

The knowledge that I'd be seeing a good many of our friends for a very long time... and the few relatives we have that we'd be leaving behind... just weighed on me so... that I really don't remember too much of what happened that weekend. I remember the tuna salad that Elaine Wojciechowski made but can't remember whether it was she or Leonard who carried it into the house. A fair portion was boarded for Monday. Richard and I had the last of it after the packers finished about 8:30pm. The packers handled Ann Dinkelman's Souvenir of Chicago tray as gently as they tenderly removed my Centura dishes from the polyurethane shipping containers and repacked each dish. The tray is still on the piano Ann. I'm not ready yet to put it out of sight where such things as trays belong.

My sisters-in-law helped so generously to give David a Happy Birthday morning. He was so thoroughly thrilled and excited at having so many children around. We're most fortunate to have kind friends and relatives. Sunday evening was just adults and David pouted at the table that he wanted a Happy Birthday again. We all sang HAPPY BIRTHDAY TO YOU but that wasn't what he meant. His face was so sad. I asked him why. He explained he wanted children there. Poor David. His moment of glory was so short.

The packers came on Monday. The van was loaded on Tuesday. I don't remember Wednesday. Thursday (Richard had loaded the car Wednesday night and got home early enough Thursday morning to finish the suitcase loading) we left Chicago almost just like leaving on a vacation trip. The Beyers downstairs - especially Rose Marie - were most generous. The youngsters were so tolerant of David - so good! That beautiful birthday cake for David!! That was a birthday present from the master baker Ewald Beyers, our Estes Avenue landlord.

It's obvious that even while I'm trying to talk about today & now, what comes out and gets on this sheet is what happened in February... the people we got to see - who came to say So Long - the kindnesses shown us... so, although this was begun purely as a CHANGE OF ADDRESS NOTICE, a touch of maudlin (?) recall keeps detouring me. Whether you mind or no, (I'm hoping to have this run off soon) this one sheet is going into the mail as soon as I can get it reproduced. In fact, I'll just start with the "A" sheet in my black book and as each sheet is addressed, it will get its stamp and be dropped in the mail. In Richardson, one drives/walks to the post office to get letters in the mail. There may be mail boxes around but either they're not as common (frequent) as in Chicago or my world here is smaller than distances allowed between mailboxes.

We had gorgeous weather the whole trip. Bright, cheerful sunshine. Clear roads. It wasn't too difficult to maintain a vacation mood. We frequently forgot the finality of the move. Then the generator light began to glow redder than the red lights on the traffic signals. Richard wasn't able to get rid of it until Saturday afternoon in Tulsa, Okla. We had that station wagon so heavily loaded with things we couldn't or wouldn't ship in the van that the helper (auxiliary) springs were broken by the time we pulled into the motel in Garland, Texas. *###/MORE TO COME FROM Rosemary*
(If you don't want more, just don't respond. This IS my letter to you.)

General Electrodynamics Corp. is a young 12 year old company which started as a manufacturer of vidicon tubes and then grew... began with one building and now has 4 - one for each division: vidicon, electronics, optics and mechanical. I was immediately plunged into the mechanical aspects of a video dic recorder. With the orthodox company (like the one I was working for, a new product would be very slowly and painfully investigated and researched and, maybe eventually designed and sold - maybe. GEC goes ahead and sells something that hasn't been designed yet. Then we work like mad getting it designed and made for the promised delivery date. Working for a young progressive live-wire company certainly beats the frustrations and aggravations that are found in moribund companies. At GEC a man is forced into accomplishing things of which he just didn't think he was capable. My current project involves electronics, optics, information theory, ultra-precise mechanisms. Although there are many people in the company who are experts in these areas, and although they are extremely helpful and cooperative, they're also extremely busy. So I just have to learn -- and I'm very gratified that I am able to learn and accomplish... something I would not have done if I hadn't been forced into it. As one of my colleagues at GEC observed, "This is the only company I know of where a man can get 5 years experience in one year."

((And this and thus we are moved from Illinois (and family and friends) to Texas.))

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As one of my colleagues at GEC observed, "This is the only company I know of where a man can get a year's experience in one year." In my black book and as each sheet is addressed, it will get to (And this and this we are moved from Illinois (and Illinois and friends) to Texas.) get letters in the mail. There may be mail boxes around but either they're not as common (the rest) as in Chicago or my words here's smaller than distances shown between mail boxes who carried it into the house. A fair portion was handed for Monday. Richard and I had the best of gorgeous weather the whole trip. Bright, cheerful sunshine. Clear foggy. It wasn't too difficult to maintain a vacation mood. We frequently forget the finny of the move. Then the generator that began to glow redder than the line tray red lights on the traffic signals. Richard was able to get it to glow redder than the line tray red lights on the traffic signals. 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