

He lost his job of CREDIT MANAGER of Nichols when he was fifty years old, after being with this company for 18 yrs. And this was because the attorney and Vice President wanted Dad to do something he considered dishonest. The depressions of the 1930s had firms behind in their bills. The company was in receivership with these two at the head. They wanted Ross Crutcher to collect money and put it aside rather than turn it in...thus working with them. Dad was an honest man and he would not <sup>do</sup> this. So they let him go.

You as a baby were his salvation, I was working as a free lance artist at home, but had to take my art work down to the companies I worked for. He came up from his nearby apartment and rocked you, and sang "Old man river" until I got back home.

He said he got enough religion when we was a boy, to last a lifetime! His grandfather was a Baptist preacher and preached his sermons until his ninety fifth birthday in the pulpit, being that day of his retirement.

Although you say you are not interested in your ancestors, their genes and goodness, son, have "trickled down to you". We are proud of you and and so lucky to have your caring love, in our senior years of 81 and 77 years.

Ross Crutchers greatest heartbreak was the loss of his only son, Robert James Crutcher, in the D-Day invasion of World War II. He was a Command Pilot, of 92nd Bomb Group, 8th Air Force, stationed in England. He had 52 Flying Fortress Bombers under his command, 10 men to each ship...520 mens lives he was responsible for on his bombing runs. The name of "CRUTCHER" was lost with Bobs death. I was a Crutcher, of course, but I became a Martin when I married....but you and your children and your childrens children, carry the Crutcher genes.

I gave Bob his tiger eye ring for his graduation 1937. I didnt have much money then, but he loved his ring and it was on him at the hour of his death. It was returned to his mother, as was his watch. I know you treasure his watch and ring as much as his mother and sister have. You have lost a son, and I like to think Ross and Bob and Scott are together, looking down on us in your home on the Eve of Christmas.

love  
Mom