

Mrs. William H. Rossman
4274 Stone River Road
Birmingham, Alabama 35219

Tuesday, May 18, 1993

Dear Pat,

I do not remember seeing you at the Phi Kappa Reunion this past February. It was the first one I had attended in over 50 years.

I was married to Bill Rossman Dec. 7, 1940, a year before Pearl Harbor and had planned to graduate in 3½ years in '39. Actually I was of the class of 1940. However as you may or may not remember I returned to State in 1944 to take the six hours I needed to graduate, taking advantage of the opportunity of coming back to San Diego when Bill was drafted.

We returned to L.A. after the war to Bill's job with an oil company. We had two sons by that time and we were eventually transferred to Midland, Texas, when a new oil field was discovered there. We remained there for 5½ years and then moved further east to Birmingham when Bill was hired as an accountant with a young construction company. Our fortunes prospered with the company especially when it went international. Bill became eligible for retirement at the company's peak and at the age of 69 he retired as the vice-president of the finance department.

We adapted to the Southern way of life very easily and life has been good to us here. We have visited family and friends in San Diego almost every year we've been away. We are a little saddened by the change in our home town brought about by too many people, too many automobiles, too many freeways and too many parking decks and parking lots. However the bays and the harbors are much more beautiful and we enjoy staying near them.

We have traveled with the "People To People" tennis team all over the world for the last dozen years or more. I took up tennis a little late in life to become an active participant but hope I fulfilled the other purpose of P-T-P as a good will ambassador for the U.S.

My "career" has been a full time homemaker and an active volunteer in the community. With so many women working full time volunteers are much in demand. At any rate I thoroughly enjoyed working with children and young people putting my education to work though without pay.

Our sons married wonderful girls and both couples have been married for over twenty years which for their generation is quite remarkable. We have four grandchildren - the oldest is graduating from High school next week and is planning to go to a small liberal arts college I've never heard of - Centre or is it Center ?? - near Lexington, Kentucky. He is a gifted writer and hopes to enter

some field of journalism - news media - etc. His younger brother is mentally retarded and his situation has been a chaotic building experience for us all. This family lives in Memphis, Tennessee. Our older son and his wife live in Atlanta and adopted two precious little girls. Their mother is a career gal herself but since none of the "nannies" or nursery schools met her standards the little girls have become her career and she is doing an outstanding job with them. They are extremely bright and talented and we feel we can brag about them because they are not blood-related to us.

Our younger son (Memphis) served in Vietnam upon graduating from the U. of Alabama. Now his son has registered for the draft but grandma is going to turn vicious!! if the draft-dodging president of the U.S. takes another generation of Rossmans into a war. - I just had to get that out of my system.

Pat, one of the most rewarding experiences of my life besides rearing our two sons and seeing them become every mother's dream of sons with good characters, was to serve as the Reach To Recovery Coordinator for our metropolitan area for the better part of eight years. As I got older I realized the patients were getting younger - no, I was getting older - anyway they began having difficulty relating to me "an old lady who had already lived her life".

Guess that about does it. Use what you can of this - or throw the whole

thing away. Joyce Slaughter Hockloa and I keep in close touch.

I wish I knew more about you. There are bits and pieces of memories of being with you and Steve Foster is the grand and the Cob but that is about all of those bitter sweet years. I think Steve's brother was in the wedding of my brother-in-law, Bob Rossman, when he married our sorority sister, Beverly Barker - 50 years ago May 21. That was the day my husband Bill reported for induction into the Army in L.A.

Lots of good wishes to you.

Sincerely,

Evelyn Rossman
Phone (205) 967-4108

P.S. My maiden name was Oberg.