Thanks to the wonder of search engines and feedback from former Harlingenite Marty Zayco we now have considerably more information on the Reese-Wil-Mond Hotel, its builders and operators. This hotel, readers will recall, was later transformed into Heritage Manor.

Sometime in her fifties or later Mrs. Luvenia Frances Bloss Pace set down a 40-page journal of her early life. It was posted on the website Rootsweb. In it we learn of a teenage girl in Harlingen in the late 20s and through the 30s. I have excerpted the journal to reflect mainly on Luvenia’s Harlingen, Valley, and Texas experiences. Luvenia was the daughter of Thomas J. and Eva Burk Bloss. Her birth date is January 22, 1917 in Chattanooga, Tennessee.

It was the Burk family that was responsible for the construction and running of the hotel. Mrs. Pace’s mother Eva was a Burk who had married mechanical engineer Thomas J. Bloss. They had met while he was staying at the Burk Boarding House in Chattanooga, Tennessee. It was run by Grandmother Burk. It was later that John Burk, Luvenia’s uncle, received his first hotel experiences when his mother opened the Burk Hotel in the same city. That later would stand him in good stead. John and his brother William had previously operated a combination car sales business-café starting in about 1903. They advertised "Come in and eat lunch, look at a car, and order one if you like it."

Luvenia relates an adventure as a ten-year old in 1927:

Mother’s brother John Burk built a hotel in Harlingen, Texas. Mother and I, Aunt Birda, her husband (Uncle Ed Dayton who ran a drug store in Chattanooga) their daughter Georgia and grandson, Dayton, all went to the grand opening. We went on the train. When we first got to the Hotel and went up to my uncle’s suite of rooms, his son Raymond, who was about three years old, came up behind me and broke a light bulb over my head. Some welcome.

I was very impressed with the hotel. There was a roof garden where people could dine and dance. The kitchen was downstairs, and there was a dumb waiter to get food to the roof. A dumb waiter is like an elevator shaft, with a platform to set food on and ropes to pull or lower the platform. I thought that was neat. My father didn’t go because he had to take care of the [hardware] store. I don’t think he ever had a vacation.

We went to the beach at Port Isabel on the Gulf. To get to the beach on Padre Island, you had to go on a boat. They were small boats. When you got on, you went down a few steps and there was a bench on each side where you sat. There were windows back of the benches and if the waves were high, you had to shut the windows or you would get wet. There was a bathhouse on the beach where you could change clothes but no other buildings. It was fun at the beach to play in the waves and look for shells. This may have been the start of my not learning to swim. Wherever, there or any place else, if I got water part way up my knees, my Mother would say “Don’t go in so deep; you might drown.”

We also went to Old Mexico. You couldn’t take a car over. I guess we walked across a bridge, then got on a sort of bus. You sat on the bench and there was a long bench on each side of the bus. You sat on the bench and slid yourself down to make room for others to sit. There was no floor in the bus. On our tour of Matamoros, we went to a cemetery. All the graves were above ground. Some workmen were breaking the seal of a tomb. We learned that no one was paying the rent on the tomb so they were taking the bones out, so someone else could be buried there. At one corner of the cemetery, there was a walled off section. That was the bone yard where bones were thrown. Years later, at a gift shop, I bought a necklace out of bone. I hope it was animal bones. I still have the necklace.

Luvenia in her young mind may have confused the actual situation which she encountered. In reality what she may have seen was the preparation for a vertical burial, customary in Northern Mexico.
A year or so later Luvenia and her family took another trip to Texas to visit Uncle John. She recounts:

He named the Reese-Wil-Mond after his three sons, John Reese, William Edwin, and Raymond. We took Lois with us. We sang a lot while we rode. I had her play double solitaire so much with me when we stopped, I think she was sick and tired of solitaire. We were on a straight stretch of road in Alabama, when we had a blowout. Mother had been going pretty fast. Fast in those days was somewhere between 45 and 50. Mother couldn’t control the car and was going side to side of the road tilting on two wheels each time. Daddy was in the front seat. The emergency brake was between the driver and passenger. Daddy pulled the emergency brake. When he did, the car spun around to head the other way. The front end was really airborne because there was a deep gully on the side of the road. All the luggage was piled on top of me, and it was lucky Lois wasn’t thrown out.

Pretty soon a police car came along. They said they were looking for us because when we passed them we were going too fast. They didn’t give Mother a ticket but helped put on the spare tire and got us on our way.

Luvenia’s father, Thomas J. Bloss sold his hardware store before the Stock Market Crash of ’29, but was later to lose most of his savings in a bank failure, one of many, in the early 30s. His brother-in-law John offered him a position at the hotel in Harlingen. Luvenia tells us:

It had to be 1930 when we first went to Texas—sometime in late summer. Daddy was going to be in charge of maintenance, such as elevator, heavy-duty laundry equipment, heating, and whatever. There wasn’t air conditioning at that time. Mother was going to oversee the kitchen. Grandmother had had a hotel and restaurant, one of her sons and his wife also had a restaurant, and Uncle John and Mother both had ideas along that line.

We lived in one large room. If I had friends over, we used the Hotel parlor on the second floor. I think we were on the fourth floor. Before school started, I met Joy. Her mother was a seamstress and had a little business just down the street from the Hotel. Joy was the same age as me, 13 years old. She was allowed to drive her parent’s car, and we went places together. She introduced me to others, so when school started I knew a few kids. We roller skated a lot.

The first day of school, I took my records from Tennessee. I was to be in the 8th grade. The principal put me in the 7th grade because Texas had only 11 grades and Tennessee had 12 grades. Texas furnished your school books. I took the books and when I looked through them, I had had all the material.

So the next day, I went to the principal’s office and told him I already had that material, and I wanted to go into the 8th grade. After a bit of “discussion” he said, “Okay, I’ll let you try the 8th grade, but if your grades aren’t good, back you go to the 7th grade.”

Then I went to a room to get my books for the 8th grade. There was a list of required subjects and a list of electives, which included foreign languages, home economics, etc. I must say I was a little apprehensive because in Tennessee, that was 9th grade.

I didn’t indicate that I was surprised. I elected to take Spanish and Home Ec[economics]. The others were English, Algebra, History, and Gym. I’d never had Gym before either. My school in Tennessee didn’t have Gym until high school and that was after school hours. During school hours the gym was study hall. I made the honor roll so didn’t have to go back. I decided that they did 2 years work in the 7th grade. They had an A and B term—7A the first half of the school year and 7B the second half.

The hotel elevator operator was Spanish. The fair skin Mexicans are of Spanish descent and the darker skin Mexicans are of Indian descent. I did my Spanish lessons on the elevator. It would be hard to find someone that rode an elevator more than I did. I liked Home Ec because I liked to eat. Maybe even knowing Joy’s mother got me interested in sewing, so I did okay. Because Dad was an engineer, he could always help with any kind of math. The rest was just study on my own.

There was one other girl living in the hotel. She, Betty, was older than me. Her father was a retired railroad executive. They had a suite of rooms, a big car, and she had beautiful clothes. I was so impressed with her. I was given a dress that Betty had outgrown. I thought it was the prettiest dress I had ever had. It was red, with white polka dots (dotted Swiss). It had a full gathered skirt. I felt I should go to a party whenever I wore it.

There was a boy that lived there too. His name was Ted. He was in my class. His father said that he would give us money for every A we made. I don’t remember how much it was—seemed to me it was
$1.00 but that would have been a lot of money in those days. Maybe because I had several A’s I got $1.00. Poor Ted, he hardly ever got an A.

Either Ted or Betty’s father drove us to school. One day when Betty’s mother was picking us up and I was on the sidewalk talking to a boy, she told me that I was too young to have a boyfriend, and I shouldn’t be talking to him by myself. I did have my first boyfriend that year, but it wasn’t the boy I was talking to on the sidewalk. My boyfriend’s name was Eugene or Gene. We always did things in a group, or sometimes we would walk to a movie theater which was close to the Hotel.

Some of my friends thought it would be great to live in a hotel. Some would want me to go to their house because they were shy and didn’t want to come to the hotel. Joy wasn’t shy. It didn’t bother Gene either. There were good things about Hotel life. No housework, laundry, or cooking. I could always order anything I wanted from the menu--steaks, chicken, desserts, ice cream. I liked Heinz Chili Sauce with my steak. Uncle John would tell me he had to buy Chili Sauce by the case just for me. When I got home from school, the dining room was closed, but I could go to the kitchen and get myself a dish of ice cream, a really big dish.

Uncle John would let me drive his car if I wanted to go someplace after school. A few times one of my teachers let me drive her car to run an errand for her. I was glad Alba [Luvenia’s brother] had taught me to drive.

I was in some school plays. Sometimes parts and sometimes dance routines. I never took private dancing lessons, but a teacher would teach us a group a little tap for a number or sometimes on a more graceful line. We had tap shoes and ballet shoes. It was more or less something only a parent could enjoy.

Earlier in Tennessee Luvenia had taken piano lessons then switched to the violin. She also took elocution lessons for several years. She relates about a South Texas storm she experienced. This is likely the June24-28, 1931 storm that left upwards of 8 inches rain across the area.

We were doing a program one year in Texas when a hurricane was reported. There were a number of people in the convention center [Municipal Auditorium] where the program as to be. We all felt safe in this large sturdy concrete building. The storm did not develop that time, but when it did hit about two years later, that building and our school building were destroyed. [This was the high school on Tyler at Sixth.] A large hotel sign on top of my uncle’s hotel was also blown away and never found. I was glad I wasn’t there then.

In Texas the rules had been relaxed a bit. Maybe Uncle John had something to do with that. He used to take me places—Mexico was fun. He took me to a wrestling match. The wrestler got thrown out of the ring and landed near me in the front row. I didn’t like that, so I never went to another. Entertainers that came to the Valley to perform stayed at the Hotel and I would get to meet them—Ameilta Galli-Curci, an opera star, was probably the most famous [Galli-Curchi was the first feminine opera singer to record for the phonograph.]

In June 1931 Luvenia’s brother Alba got married and motored to Harlingen from Tennessee for a honeymoon with his bride Virginia. A short time later the family decided to return to Tennessee, however before the school year started that fall, Uncle John wanted the family back in Texas. Luvenia tells us:

This time I would have been in the 11th grade in Tennessee, but in Texas the same material was the 10th grade. I signed up for Spanish again. It was embarrassing. The teacher asked me in Spanish, what my name was and I didn’t know what she said. That’s a basic first thing you learn. We had a “discussion” about that. They had a record of my grades for 1st year Spanish, and they again took a chance on me. I took 1st and 2nd year Spanish. Each was a separate class. It wasn’t long until I began to remember and did well in both classes.

Joy was still around, but I began to distance myself from her. She did things I didn’t like. For instance, Joy’s mother made her a very pretty dress. Joy didn’t like it, so she ripped it up into rags. I didn’t approve of her behavior on dates either.

Gene was still a friend but not so special. There wasn’t any reason for that. I just had a different group of friends. Several of them went to the church [Methodist] I went to. Pinky (Kathleen) became my special girlfriend. Dub (W.C.) became my boyfriend that year. Dub’s special boyfriend was Darrell, so I wanted Pinky to go with Darrell when I went out with Dub. Pinky liked Randall better and his special friend was
JoJo, so Pinky wanted me to go with JoJo. The boys were more willing for that arrangement than Pinky and me.

[There is no way knowing for sure, but newspaper articles of this time mention students who are likely Luvenia's friends. These are: Kathleen "Pinky" Yancey, Joy Russell, Ted Woodruff, W. C. "Dub" Brown, Eugene "Gene" Witherspoon, Darrell Brumley, Jo Jo Koniakowski, and Pee Wee Ellis.]

Texas was the first and only place I ever had a nickname. I was “Tiny” and still am to my Texas friends. I drove to school every day. I went to the new high school [13th Street], and it was a long way straight down the street from the Hotel-10 blocks, I guess [actually 13]. That made me different, living in a Hotel and having the car all the time.

We did a lot of horseback riding. We rented horses. We rode along the arroyos (dry stream beds) out to the airport [present south side of the Municipal Golf Course]. There weren’t many airplanes, so the airport was a good place to ride. I rode a horse named Coca Cola. One day at the airport, he ran away with me. Randall, I think, because he was a good rider, caught up with me and grabbed the reins and stopped my horse. I was really hanging on. After that, they told me he had been trained to be a racehorse, and that day something made him think he was in a race. I rode him after that, but I was more careful to control him. Sometimes we would take a Victrola [trade name for portable and console phonographs] and records and a bunch of us (10 or 20) would go out to one of those concrete roads in an unbuilt subdivision and dance in the street.

One of the fellows had a Model T Ford. Dub drove one sometimes, but it didn’t belong to him. One of the fellows had a motorcycle. I don’t remember which one, but I rode with him sometimes. Maybe it was Jo-Jo. I remember it seemed awfully fast and the wind could blow tears out of your eyes. I didn’t ride often. I did enjoy the Model T.

This group would also have swimming parties. I think I went to one but no more because I couldn’t swim. It was no fun to sit on the sidelines while everyone else was in the water.

I had my 16th birthday that January. Pinky had a little party for me at her house. I don’t remember who was there. Would you think it strange that I don’t remember the girls’ names at all, but I do remember some of the boys: Dub, Randall, Darrell, JoJo, Gene, and John. I do remember John for sure. He had lost an arm in an automobile accident in the fall of ’32. A girl was killed in the same accident. I had gone to her funeral. I remember how her hands looked. They looked so unnatural. One doesn’t expect young people to die. The first year I was in Texas, a girl in my class died. She had trouble with asthma. When she would have a bad asthma attack, her parents had medicine to give her, and it always helped, but this time, when she took the medicine she started to foam at the mouth, and she died soon after.

Back to John—Kids had a saying: “Sweet sixteen and never been kissed, or Sweet sixteen and never been missed”. I hadn’t been kissed, and the boys were daring each other to kiss me. I knew they were doing that. I was keeping a sharp eye on the boys I had dated, but I had never dated John. I was in my car and ready to leave, and John walked up to the car and before I even suspected, he kissed me.

I was mad that I had been tricked. As I drove to the Hotel, at a cross street a block from the Hotel, a lady on the cross street did not stop at her stop sign. I was on the main street without a stop sign. I hit the back bumper of the lady’s car. Her car tilted over on its side then settled back on its wheels. She was not hurt.

People started coming from everywhere. There was another hotel on that corner [likely the Madison], so a lot of people were around. You should never do what I did, but I decided to put my car in the garage before I got hit by one of the other cars. The garage was in the middle of the block [there was a parking garage on Van Buren], just beyond that intersection. We kept our car there all the time, rather than leave it on the street. The Hotel didn’t have a garage, and we got a special rate there. I had not been going fast, and it really was the other lady’s fault. The police came down to the garage and talked to me. They talked to other witnesses too. The police took me to the Hotel to talk to my parents. Our car wasn’t damaged, so nothing happened to me. The other lady was charged for failing to stop at a stop sign. I never told my parents that I was mad because I had been kissed. Would the accident have happened anyway?

There was an orchestra that played during the dinner hours in the dining room. That evening the orchestra dedicated a number to me, and the drummer presented me with a rose. That was a good ending for my 16th birthday.

That year Texas began to issue driving licenses. Alba had been transferred to Harlingen by the National Cash Register Co. He and Virginia were living at the Hotel till they found an apartment. He went over and got a driver’s license. He told me I should go. He told me what you had to do. They had oral questions,
actual driving and parking. He went over with me. I took the test, passed without any problems, and got my first driver’s license.

My parents never told me about the “birds and the bees”. I don’t think they ever told Alba either. One day he told me that if there was anything I wanted to know, Virginia would talk to me. I guess I didn’t want him to know I didn’t know much and made some excuse so that I didn’t talk to Virginia. All my information came from older girls at school. Not the best.

My church had an active youth group. We had good times at the church, went on day trips. Pinky was a member there too. We had parties. I seem to go way back when it comes to enjoying food.

Way back, family friend Miriam would make us candy, chocolate fudge, buttermilk fudge, cookies...ice cream at Georgia’s—everything was good. Mother cooked some good stuff too. Even when Alba was still at home, if he didn’t go to church on Sunday, he had to cook Sunday dinner. That was fried chicken. The Hotel dining room food—food—I do like good food.

My father needed surgery. He needed to have his tonsils and adenoids removed. I took him to the hospital. I believe it was in Mission, Texas, which is not far from Harlingen. Daddy had a local anesthetic. He sat in a chair for the surgery, and I sat at his side and held his hand. I watched a little. Daddy held my hand very tight. When the surgery was over, they put him in a room, and I stayed with him. The nurses checked him a couple of times, then it was lunchtime. Daddy started to bleed badly. I went to the hall and called loudly for a nurse. Only one nurse was left on duty, and she was with another patient. I got some ice and held it on him till the nurse came. It was scary. I took Daddy back to the Hotel the next day, and he recovered. He had more trouble in the same area in later years.

Daddy’s doctor had a violin that he wanted to sell. The label said “Stradivari”. It wasn’t a real Stradivarius. It was a beautiful violin though, and the tone was wonderful. It was expensive. The doctor had gotten it in Mexico. Daddy bought it for me. Daddy must have told the doctor I played – why else would the doctor mention it? My father had a lot of confidence in me. He thought I could do anything. Even though I may not have played any better, the music sounded better. The violin was destroyed in a fire in my parent’s motel in South Pittsburg, Tennessee some years later.

I was in school plays too. I have a newspaper clipping from the previous time. I was in Harlingen that says I was president of the Home Ec Club. I don’t even remember that. I was more popular with the other kids on Texas than I was in Tennessee. I began to play a little tennis that year.

Uncle John closed his roof garden soon after he opened his hotel. He needed more rooms. He now had a Patio where he had dances on Saturday night. Our room was above the patio, and many nights I went to sleep listening to their music. I remember a piece named “Shuffle Off to Buffalo”; they played that a lot. This year we decided we would like to go to Monterrey, Mexico before we went home. Alba and Virginia were going to go with us. We drove both cars to El Paso [likely she has erroneously confused this city with Laredo]. There we put Alba’s car in a garage, and all went in our car across the border. Alba drove, and we had a wonderful time. The drive to Monterrey was interesting. Monterrey was very pretty, and Monterrey Falls was pretty. When we walked down the street, a couple of times a Mexican reached out and touched my hair. I didn’t like that. I guess they didn’t see blonde hair like mine very often. Maybe they didn’t think it was real.

We took some pictures that the border patrol would not like. They wanted your film developed, so they could see the pictures. And take some away from you if they didn’t approve. We hid our undeveloped film under the dashboard.

There followed a summer trip back to Tennessee and the Chicago Worlds Fair where she saw Sally Rand, the Fan Dance with her very large feather fans. Time spent in a beauty shop as a “gopher” taught her how to shampoo, trim, and set her own hair. The family had resettled in So. Pittsburg where Luvenia would be graduated from high school in 1934, and her parent were to build the Courtesy Court Motel. However, her Texas experiences were not quite over yet. That summer before she started at the University of Chattanooga, Luvenia was to drive her father back to Texas to see his doctor in Harlingen.

She relates that the surgery her father had had never healed properly. In 1937 her Uncle John became ill and was taken to Temple, Texas. John’s wife Bessie asked Luvenia to room in Temple while her uncle was undergoing treatment for tuberculosis which in a
The doctors decided there was nothing they could do to help Uncle John, and Uncle John wanted very much to go back to Harlingen. So Aunt Bessie rented a house and hired a nurse, and Uncle John and I went back on the train. An ambulance took him to and from the train. He was bedfast.

I moved into the house with Uncle John. I had the front bedroom and Uncle John was in the back bedroom. I had Uncle John’s car, so I went back and forth to the Hotel. Most of Uncle John’s food was prepared at the house. There wasn’t much he could eat. Most of his nourishment was given intravenously.

My friends were away at school, so there wasn’t much for me to do. I stayed at the house most of the time, did a lot of reading. A nurse was always with Uncle John, but I sat with him a lot. I could talk to him about things and places we had been.

One time we were going on a trip. Some wild turkeys were along the road. They flew up just as we got to them. One broke the windshield of the car, and the glass cut Uncle John on the neck, near the ear. He was bleeding a lot. I don’t know how we happened to have some bandaging in the car, but we did. I got the bleeding stopped and put a bandage on. We were a good ways away from town, but when we got there, we found a doctor who took better care of the injury. We still had the turkey. It wasn’t hunting season, but I don’t think we had any trouble about that.

I have a ghost story. After Uncle John died, I went back to the Hotel to stay. Most of my things were still at the house. I had forgotten something I needed to wear for the funeral. It was dusk, when I remembered, so I drove out to the house. I parked in front and went in to get it. I had to turn on the living room light because it was dark. As I started to my bedroom, the doorknob slowly turned on Uncle John’s bedroom. The door opened just a bit, and I left, jumped into my car and took off. The next day Alba went with me to the house. There was an outside door at the back of Uncle John’s bedroom and tire tracks in the side yard. Someone had gotten in that door to rob the place. So I had a burglar, not a ghost. I guess he didn’t expect anyone to be there, so I guess I scared him too.

Uncle John died April 20, 1937. His services were held at the Baptist Church where he was a member. Aunt Bessie’s father had been a Baptist minister. Uncle John is buried in a San Benito cemetery beside two of his sons.

His oldest son was named John. He was injured playing high school football. His kidneys were damaged. Aunt Bessie took him all over the country trying to find a doctor to help him. He was never well. When I knew him he stayed in his room most of the time. He must have been still in his 20s when he died.

The younger son was Edwin. He clerked at the desk of the Hotel. [He was] A real likeable guy with lots of friends.

Aunt Bessie had always lived in Chattanooga, til she went to Texas about 1926. Edwin had a girlfriend in Chattanooga. Aunt Bessie wanted him to marry her. Edwin was dating a girl in the Valley (from Brownsville to Edinburg is called the Lower Rio Grande Valley). Aunt Bessie was going on one of her many trips to Tennessee with “Little John”, and she took Edwin’s car because it might make a handicap for Edwin and his dates. Edwin was with a friend, in the friend’s car, and there was an accident. They were both burned to death. It was difficult to identify which was which. Edwin, too, was in his twenties.

William Edwin Burk died at age 21 in Hidalgo County on July 18, 1930. His brother John Reese died November 27, 1930 at age 23. His death certificate lists tuberculosis as the cause of his death. This presents something of a mystery. Some family members speculate that perhaps John did have TB, and it was kept quiet because of the public nature of the hotel. That his father also suffered from TB adds to the mystery of its source.

That left Raymond. Raymond had always gone away to a private school. Aunt Bessie didn’t think the Hotel was any place for a child to live. Aunt Bessie decided that if I would agree, she would rent a house in San Antonio, hire a housekeeper, and I would live there and look after Raymond. She would pay for me to go to a business school.

Soon after Uncle John died, the dining room cashier and hostess quit without notice. Aunt Besie asked me to take her job; I enjoyed it. I liked to be with people. I soon learned you must seat a waitress’ customers at her station or you will hear about it. They were nice about it, and I tried to remember. I took care of ordering all kitchen supplies, after the requests were made. I also paid those bills and kept records. Menus were updated as directed by the chef. It was a busy job, and I didn’t have much free time. Alba had asked...
me to go with him and Virginia to Galveston Beach on their vacation. That was before Aunt Bessie asked me to take the job. I had told Alba I would like to go, so I told Aunt Bessie to find someone else. I guess I only worked about 8 weeks.

Luvenia then writes of joining her brother who lived in Tyler and going on to Galveston before returning to Harlingen. Here she was to meet vacationing relatives from Aunt Bessie’s side. She exposed them to Padre Island, Old Mexico, and tennis as she drove them around over a several week period. Together with her Aunt Bessie she then went back to Tennessee before accompanying Raymond back to school, the Peacock Military Academy in San Antonio.

Aunt Bessie had rented a house about two blocks from the school. Mrs. Daniels was to be our housekeeper. Mrs. Daniels was the head of housekeeping for the Hotel. She was there when I went to school in Harlingen, so I knew her and liked her. If ever I was spoiled, Mrs. Daniels spoiled me. She was an excellent cook and delighted in my enjoyment of her cooking. She had meals fit my schedule. She kept the house in perfect order and left nothing for me to do. She did my washing and ironing. She welcomed my friends and supported every direction I gave to Raymond. It was a wonderful life, and it was mine.

One day I was coming home on the bus and I saw Raymond in the schoolyard doing something I had told him not to do. I don’t remember what it was, but I know I confronted him with it. He never found out how I knew. He thought I had some super power. He was really a good boy. I felt sorry for him. He never had a chance to live the life of a real boy. I tried to do a lot of things with him, like go to the parks and zoo, the movies, and ice skating.

Luvenia’s account concludes with a new housekeeper taking over in the San Antonio house, chores reverting to her, and a diminution of the great cooking. It ends with her Aunt Bessie inviting her, after the school year ends, to drive her on a trip to the west. Auntie’s new car has automatic shift which Luvenia has never experienced, however with her usual self-confidence when asked if she can handle it she answers “Sure I can!”

Although the physical things have changed over the decades, what comes abundantly clear through the Journal is that teenagers are still basically the same.

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Re: What is the latest on the
Reece Wilmont Hotel project?

From: Norman Rozeff <nrozeff@sbcglobal.net>
To: Richard Bloss <aa974@yahoo.com>
Sent: Mon, June 6, 2011 10:42:39 AM
Subject: Re: What is the latest on the Reece Wilmont Hotel project?

Hello Richard,

Nice to hear from you. The old hotel looks terrific. On its ground floor Colletti’s Italian Restaurant has opened to booming business. The name comes from the maiden name of the building’s owner Jo Wagner. She is a wholesale plumbing contractor. Two and three bedroom condominiums are being sold starting at about $325,000. This is higher than first projected but the overhaul of the structure has cost more and taken longer than forecast. An events center is planned for the top floor while the second floor will have busi-
ness offices. As you can see from the photos the outside of the building looks wonderful. The name of the complex is "The Reese". The city turned over some parking from the water utility so this has helped where downtown parking is tight and the new residents will need parking.

How is Luvenia doing? She is well up there if still living. If so please give her my regards should you communicate with her.

Regards,

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Monday, June 6, 2011 9:47 AM
From: "Richard Bloss" <aa974@yahoo.com>
To: "Norman Rozeff" <nrozeff@sbcglobal.net>

Many thanks -- I forwarded the info along to Matt Burk and to Luvenia's daughter who will print out and show to her mother

Luvenia is doing well for 94. She doesn't see to well but I talk to her on the phone once in a while. She is assisted living in Cincinnati near two of her daughter.

Another lives in Plant City FL and the oldest is with her husband in Singapore where he is helping start Duke Univ. Singapore. He was a Prof at Duke in Durham, retired and then was asked to help with starting Duker Singapore

Dick

Luvenia (Bloss) Pace died in Cincinnati on January 11, 2013. She would have been 96 years old on January 22.