

"Home Sweet Home"

9:30 P.M.

Sunday Apr. 4.

Dearest Dot:

You are now hearing from the "forgotten
ma's": Dear Mom, Dearest Mom, Dear Mam,
and on, and on, from just one and then
the other. But seldom, if ever, does Dear
Dad or Pop resound down through the
literary halls of correspondence. But I
suspect that's the way of old flesh. Hah!
Hah! Now don't feel down in the dumps
because of what has just presumed. I
am only joshing, for I am aware of the
pressing need for time and space that
you go along with letter writing. So, Honey, you
just continue along the same line and

anything that goes for Mother, goes for
me, for as you know, I read and re-
read each and every letter coming through
and they really are very meaty and
full of interest.

Well, Sugar, you certainly have
unfolded a revelation regarding the
transition from civil to military life.
You know, I was just reflecting what
a clean, orderly, well regulated house
this is going to be on the return of
the Army Shield (s) Oh! heavenly days,
Mc Gee, everything in its place, no pins

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sticking in your feet, the count for my
hair just where I can find it fronts.

I'm telling you but this is worth writing
you.

Well much has changed since you left.
Maybe mother has told you that our
office has moved to 4021-18th Ave. This
is just one block from Ocean Parkway. We
are now located in P. S. 134. You remember
Miss Harrington; she was the clerk there. Well
she has retired. Things are not so good
with us in the office since Mr. Lotz laid
up again. You know he suffered another stroke

and bids fair now of fading out of the picture altogether. The convulsion this time lasted more than five hrs. and almost killed him outright.

But, it has been terribly cold here right up to the present. Why only this morning the temp. was down to 28°. And that means emptying out the radiator every night.

Martha's Grandma has been acting so queer of late too. She pictures Pop as one who has returned to her after leaving home when she ^{had four} babies in her

arms and had to struggle all through
the year, working and saving to provide
her family. Now this man has come
back, looks to her to support him. I
don't know how many times she has been
up to me and mother to cry and lament
about his lurking about the house
and eating all her food. And would
you believe it, poor old pop told me he
hangs out in the cellar to escape her
ravings and gibes on. In contrast, his
mind is as clear and alert as a young

man and he'll tell how Grandma^{will} will
 crouch down in her chair at night and
 have the lights extinguished, fearing the
 man who is standing on the back stairs
 looking through the rear windows. And
 only a few weeks ago, she saw a young
 man crouched in a corner of her bedroom
 as she came out of the bathroom. He ducked
 out and down the back stairs and later
 she missed her wallet containing all the
 money she had. And since then, pop,
 "that man" can't be expected to eat and drink

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as before. I'm at a loss to know what to do
under these conditions. You know I went
back to work only this week. And things here
so changed at this office now; it's going to
be a tough pull now for the rest of my
time in it.

Chas. & Gert. come down often and so
do Gudge & Bill and of course we go through
the usual routine of car-beer and chess
and gossip. We've only been over to Boyle's
once and that was with Eileen. So you
see things are not what they used to
be.

Oh! yes, I forgot to mention, we were over to Tommy's a couple of times and had a beer fest.

Last night, Sat. April 3rd we, Chas. Bert, Gledys + Bill, Tommy + Kate we were down to Eileen's house to a "housewarming." Had 1/4 of beer and cold cuts. Rather enjoyable and pleasant but for one little incident that I thought was uncalled for. Tommy as usual was soon jovial and around 1:30 or 2:00 A.M. Gill woke up and a cat nap that he was having on the sofa and in a jumpy, alert gesture shouted Tommy

down with Hey, Jimmy, cut it, ^{you know} do ~~you~~ know
 it's two o'clock. But Jimmy didn't pay
 much attention to him. And from
 that moment he was boiling and you
 could see he was in a sweat to get us
 on the move, so the cart was in finished
 when we pulled out shortly after.

Believe it or not, I have just come
 back from Boyle with a pint of beer and
 it's raining snow and cold.
 Nell's Grandpa bought the pint and
 after a confab with Grandma, everything is

joke for planting the garden and having a
cup of thickens to help the victory cause.

So you see how things go there, the
uncertainty of things makes one top-heavy.

Indeed you will find a clipping
from the Daily News showing the W. and
su. parade in Africa. What do you think
of it?

So, Dad, don't take seriously what I
said in the beginning for it was only a
burlesque

Yours with loving memories
Daddy. ^{XX}XXX