

244-87th St.  
June 24, 1943.

Dear Dot:

Today your very endearing letter was received together with the package containing the pipe and tobacco pouch. Oh! Dot, how happy I am to know you have such good thoughts of me. And thanks so much for your Father's Day card that arrived just this week. It's sweet, honey. I can just find words to express my full gratitude. And especially do I feel grateful for your permission, offering.

When I read of your permitting back over your childhood and youth, it certainly touched me keenly. Dot, I would give all these precious years to live those joys over again. Surely they were gems of adventure. How quick time can be in rushing us through life's cycle. And now, dear heart like the closing of a precious book at the end of its tale, all the exciting events go gliding



by and there remains only fading memories that the march of time and issue of current events tend to obliterate. So, please God let us try and keep the Brook open and at hand to refresh us.

Dotty dear things and events here are somewhat crushing at times. Grandpa, from his actions, appears to be going astray mentally. Oh Dot the things she does and says are really pitiful. Only a short time back she was brought home by the police in the middle of the night when all were in bed. She was found blocks away in her old tattered clothes and one black shoe and the other white. Had been roaming around unable to say where she lived. And another night after everyone was retired, came up stairs getting red



crying she couldn't sleep in her bed as the strange man downstairs had the place full of women sitting around the front room and some were occupying her bed. She had two pillows, a blanket, and insisted she would sleep on the floor. Well I had a hell of a time getting her downstairs again and trying to convince her that the strange man was afraid of her. And now she locks the doors and puts out all lights while pop is down at the little store in the cellar thus forcing him to sleep on the



back stoop or in the chair in the cellar. Several mornings now, I've gone down through the cellar in my way out and found grandpop asleep in the chair. She has come upstairs time and again saying we had taken her money. Now I'm fearful of her not being able to find her money to pay the taxes, interest etc. Twice now she has lost her pension check. \$27.00 each time.

Dad, you should see our garden how nicely it is coming along. And our poultry farm, two chickens that were raised since Easter time. I have them in a cute little chicken coop screened around with a yard and runway. One of them is a rooster. Mr. Lovett is still in bed and



just waiting away, weighs less than  
ninety pounds now. He was forced  
to retire yesterday the 23rd. I don't  
think he will live the summer out.  
We haven't heard anything from  
Joseph since the letter from South  
America. That was the first week  
in May. But Felicity phoned  
one evening and told mother she  
received a V-mail letter from Joe.  
Said he was somewhere in Africa  
and what he has seen of the  
place, impresses him very much.  
Told her not to answer until  
he had been settled definitely as



his present station was temporary.

Fran wrote and also sent a telegram saying he was going to Teacher's State College at Raleigh N.C. and that he will have a five day furlough when he reaches his new assignment. Nothing further from him since.

It is now five minutes before midnight and Gert has just phoned asking me to go for a can of Cher. She says she wants to do something big for me for Father's Day. This is Thursday night and of course Gert got



(7)  
paid today. Said the heat of the  
day has her tongue out a yard.  
And that reminds me, Bob, to  
mention about the heat up here.

It's been 90° and 95° in the shade.

Boy it's been Hell.

Last Saturday night we, the  
gang: Katie, Jimmy, Kate, Mother  
and I were at Jimmy's where

we had a quarter 8. Oh! yeh!

Charlotte and her boy friend  
were there. Had a very nice time.

Oh! yeh, beside spoke to Mother  
to say and said before she leaves  
to go to Massachusetts to visit



her mother, she plans throwing  
a party at her bar for all her  
old friends and cronies.

So, wouldn't it be just nice  
if Fran happened along about  
that time?

But, if you can do something,  
send poor old Grandpop a picture  
card from there just to cheer him  
old heart up a little. He always asks  
for you and the boys. Says he  
misses you terribly. He is so  
weak and old now. But, that he  
hardly can manage to leave the  
back stoop. Sincerely Love, Dad  
Daddy,



244 – 87<sup>th</sup>  
June 24, 1943

Dear Dot,

Today your very endearing letter was received together with the package containing the pipe and tobacco pouch. Oh! Dot, how happy I am to know you have such fond thoughts of me. And thanks so much for your Father's Day card that arrived earlier this week. Honest, Honey, I can not find words to express my full gratitude. And especially do I feel grateful for your communion offering.

When I read of your reminiscing back over your childhood and youth, it certainly touched me keenly. Dot, I would give all I ever possessed to live those joys over again. Surely they were gems of adventure. How cruel time can be ? rushing we through life's cycle. And now, dear heart, like the closing of a precious book at the end of its tale, all the exciting events go fleeting by and there remains only fading memories that the march of time and issue of current events tend to obliterate. So please God, let's try and keep the Book open and at hand to refresh us.

Dotty dear, things and events here are somewhat crusing at times. Grandma, from her actions, appears to be going astray mentally. Oh, Dot! the things she does and says are really pitiful. Only a short time back she was brought home by the police in the middle of the night when all were in bed. She was found blocks away in her old tattered clothes and one black shoe and the other white. Had been roaming around unable to say where she lived. And another night after everyone was retired, came up stairs yelling and crying she couldn't sleep in her bed as the strange man downstairs had the place full of women sitting around the front room and some were occupying her bed. She had two pillows, a blanket, and insisted she would sleep on the floor. Well I had a hell of a time getting her downstairs again and trying to convince her that the strange man was Grandpop. And now she locks the doors and pus out all lights while pop is down at the little stone in the cellar thus forcing him to sleep on the back stoop or in the chair in the cellar. Several mornings now, I've gone down through the cellar on my way out and found Granpop asleep in the chair. She has come upstairs time and again saying we had taken her money. Now I'm fearful of her not being able to find her money to pay the taxes, interest, etc. Twice now she has lost her pension check \$27.00 each time.

Dot, you should see our garden how nicely it is coming along. And our poultry farm, two chickens that were raised since Easter time. I have them in a cute little chicken coop, screened around with a yard and runway. One of them is a rooster.

Mr. Lovett is still in bed and just wasting away; weighs less than twenty pounds now. He was forced to retire yesterday the 23<sup>rd</sup>. I don't think he will live the Summer out.

We haven't heard anything from Joseph since the letter from South America. That was the first week in May. But Felicity phoned one evening and told mother she received a V-mail letter from Joe. Said he was somewhere in Africa and what he has seen of the place, impresses him very much. Told her not to answer until he had been settled definitely as his present station was temporary.

Fran wrote and also sent a telegram saying he was going to Teacher's State College at Raleigh N.C. and that he will have a five day furlough when he reaches his new assignment. Nothing further from him since.

It is now five minutes before midnight and Gert has just phoned asking me to go for a can of Cheer. She says she wants to do something big for me for Father's Day. This is Thursday night and of course, Gert got paid today. Said the heat of the day has her tongue out a yard. And that mreinds me, Dot , to mention about the heat up here. It's been 90° and 95° in the shade. Boy it's been Hell.



Last Saturday night we the gang; Katzs, Tommy, Kate, Mother and I were at Tommy's where we had a quarter bbl. Oh! Yeh! Charlotte and her boy-friend were there. Had a very nice time.

Oh! Yes, Cordie spoke to mother today and said before she leaves to go to Massachusetts to visit her mother, she plans throwing a party at her bar for all her old friend and cronies. So wouldn't it be just nice if Fran happened along about that time?

Dot, if you can do so sometime, send poor old Grandpop a picture card from there just to cheer his old heart up a little. He always asks for you and the boys. Says he misses you terribly. He is so weak and old now, Dot, that he hardly can manage to leave the back stoop.

Sincerest love, Dot

Lovingly, Daddy

XXX