

Mam's last letter etc

Thursday, June 9, 1944.

Dear Marty:

For the past three days I've been trying to write to you and on Monday nite I actually started a letter to you but I got so terribly tired while writing that I tore it up and since then I couldn't find another spare time when I felt well enough to sit down and concentrate. So I'M staying in for lunch today and writing while I'm eating.

I had'nt received any word from you in over two weeks but on Monday, 5th I received three letters from you, one written the 14th to me and Grandma and another one on the 21st. When we don't hear from you, we all get worried especially when we hear about the action in the south Pacific. I know you're right in the thick of it and I can't get it out of my head, but thank God we don't hear from the War Dept., so we're satisfied. I imagine you can't find much time to get lonesome although in your letter you say you miss being home. Well, maybe it won't be as long anymore as we think it would be, but you should utilize your spare (?) time in writing or did you ever try reading? Do you want us to send you any detective stories?

I saw Pearl last nite - she was over with Winnie Hill. I guess you know that she is visiting here now, but she leaves today for Boston to join her husband, whom I have not yet met. They may stop in New York again on their way to La. She also had her dog "Jitty" with her.

I guess Pearl wrote you all about our Honor Luncheon last Saturday at which she entertained Winnie. They gave me an elevated table like a daiz and we were 7 at the table; Grandma, Ann Chadwick, Betty Chadwick, Frances Spector, Pearl, Ceil, Winnie and myself and 3 of us donated money in the hope of your safe return and do~~y~~ you know what else - Leon Lipton also made a donation in your honor and he told us that he had just written to you a few days before. We all had a swell afternoon and everything was just ducky. It was in the Coconut Grove at the Park Central Hotel and there were about 300 women and a long table of men (husbands of some of the ladies).

You say that you write me every three days. If that's the case, I don't seem to receive all your mail for as I told you, I didn't hear from you in two weeks. And you know how Grandma looks for mail. She was tickled with your letter and she said I should "grease" you for her and she only wants you to come home. I spose you got real skinny, eh? You better fatten up before you get home. Ceil had to use the typewriter so I have to finish this letter from home. And then my boss got back from lunch and even though my hour wasn't up, as soon as he sees us in the office, he gives orders and that's the end of our lunch hour. Tonite it's hard to concentrate with Abbott & Costello

Yell

yelling their heads off. Tonite is their last program for the season so there's a lot of racket. Do you ever listen in on their program? It's now 10:15 P.M. and Oney just walked in - she worked late tonite.

The weather here this week has been quite cool and really very wonderful. Everyone is wishing that the whole summer is as cool as this week, but of course, we know better. Last week it was sweltering with the thermometer as high as 88 at times and the humidity must have been in the 100's. You wrote that you're having winter now but from your explanation it must still be very warm. You once wrote that you went swimming - do you still have that privilege or where and when do you bathe. Let me hear a little news once in a while. The censor won't mind if you write a little more information as to what you boys do to keep clean and healthy

We're all well here, thank God and Grandma is feeling much better although she still complains that she can't walk and that her teeth don't fit her, but she manages to eat alright. Gee, am I kept busy buying bread and butter. My household has increased 100% and it's sure is a strain trying to keep up with the situation.

I called Betty Chadwick tonite about going to a charity luncheon with me on Saturday and she told me that she has a 25th anniversary on the 29th of this month and that her children bought her a diamond pinky ring. She certainly was thrilled and so was I, for that matter. Harold is stationed at Springfield, Mass. and comes in quite often. He was in last week and will be home again this week, she believes. I meet Thelma and Stan every once in a while and from their conversation, it doesn't seem that you write to them very often. I think they feel neglected.

I'm sorry I could't write you (or did I mention it before) for your anniversary, but I do hope that next year finds you at home and we'll all celebrate together - you make the party. I'm still shopping around for an anniversary gift for you and Ceil (things are very very hard to get.) This was your second and cotton anniversary - did you know that?

I'm getting tired so think I'll take my bath and get to bed a little earlier than usual - 12 A.M. I'm terribly nosy about the invasion and of course, the radio keeps going all the time. Just now I had to shut it off so I could finish this letter to you.

Let me hear from you real soon and take care of yourself. We all send our love and remember that we're all wishing you good luck and want to hear good news.

Love

MOM.