

Saturday - July 7th

Dear Bob:

My goodness, were we glad to finally hear some news about you and to learn you are at last back in the U. S. A. I don't know what we'd do without Ethel. She is the best letter writer and always gives us all the news and details. I think I would be better if I had a typewriter that would work all the time. Ours is out of kilter again and Floyd spent an hour this evening trying to get it to work - but it wouldn't. So I had to go back to the trusty pen. Pens are OK but too slow. I guess I shouldn't

complain about the typewriter
- after all, it was given to us.
But I'm beginning to think there
was a reason! However, they
say, never look a gift horse
in the mouth. Nevertheless, I think
it's a horse on me. I was so
delighted and all I'm ending
up with is a sense of frustra-
tion instead of a typewriter!

Dick is in the card stage
age and has just been trying
out his latest tricks on me.
He is quite dismayed at his
failures. I don't mind being
the audience only Jerry wants
to do them too and his hands
are so small and he gets so
mad. Talk about another frustra-
ted individual! Dick is caddying
for golf at one of the country
clubs this vacation and is
getting a liberal education in

human nature (as well as making good money). One of his clients threw his golf club at him the other day when he made a bad shot. I bet there was one surprised golfer that day as Dick picked up the club and threw it right back at him. We pointed out that that is not exactly what a good caddy does but Dick maintains that nobody is going to throw a golf club at him for nothing and get away with it. And I'm inclined to agree with him. The first day he went out he came home & said that golf was absolutely the silliest game he'd ever seen but by the end of the week he was interested in the price of golf clubs! He lost interest, at least temporarily, on being informed! Dick is quite a one for gags. He was down town this afternoon & came home just at dinner time with a large, properly red, bandage

on his finger. He said he cut it on a tin can in a store & went into quite a tale about the store owner etc. Of course we wanted to know was it disinfected, was the can rusty & this & that. Quite a to-do until we noticed that the bandage was first on one hand, then on the other. We bought it at ~~at~~ a trink store down town and was highly pleased at all the conversation etc he caused. Only, he should have bought three as it took me half an hour or more to make one each for Helen & Jerry so they could fool the children on the block tomorrow. Jerry is the one who must follow up on such things only he always has to tell, he can't wait for people to find out. He's like me when I tell a joke: I always have to explain the point. Once or twice I have been greatly embarrassed - I had the wrong point.

Hayd has just come up stairs from the shop. He has some good equipment & certainly enjoys

it. He has ~~made~~ some lovely things. Also, he's getting to be the handy man around the neighborhood. Anybody who has anything to fix calls him up or comes over. Between his shop & his vegetable garden he doesn't have enough spare hours. The garden is lovely - only the string beans had an unhappy fate. We had a rabbit (Floyd was going to augment our red points), the last of an unhappy venture. I wanted him to give it away it was such a nuisance - nobody would eat it, of course - but he wouldn't. He started letting it out of the box and finally built a pen for it, figuring the rabbit would be so happy to be outside it would be discreet about its activities. The next morning, after the pen building, he got up & looked out the window as usual to admire the garden. There followed a hellow and Floyd flew thru the house with the speed

of Santa Claus, ~~peeled~~ down
the stairs. The rabbit had eaten
all his beans! That ended the
beans - also the rabbit!

Well, Dad, Floyd says it's
time to go to bed and you know
how it is - the master's voice.

Please get your mother to
drop us a line when she has
time; and meanwhile, we
want you to know our hearts
and thoughts and best wishes
are always with you.

Love from us all
Verna

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Lt. Robert Dole
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