

Thursday Morning

Dear Bob:

Hope you are improving and that you may soon be able to come home for a few days at least.

We're trying to harvest - the wheat isn't too ripe and this unfavorable weather isn't helping things along. They get in about half a day - hardly ever get started in the mornings - the other day they cut from 6 A.M. until 9. Yesterday afternoon it rained so don't expect they'll harvest until late this P.M.

Have raised so many beets - wish you could love some fresh from the garden. Canned 14 qts. Are going to have lots of beans. Don't know if I'll can much fruit unless it's frozen as the canning sugar is too scarce.

Suppose you heard of the storm they had over Iowa. We drove out to Mr. Ruby's home and it was terrible. He told Frank for three cents he would be sprinkled gas over it all and set it a fire. The place was so twisted and corn stalks - trees - wire - boards were all tangled together. We saw where oil derrick

2/ Cemented in front of my window as a dining room table pulled out of the ground leaving an immense hole. It didn't seem possible a wind could be so strong. I can't see how it comes no one got hurt. It seemed to take the barns instead of the houses so guess that is why.

Dad Oscar Sat. and asked about his well-said it was dry. Its bad - if it had been one - the estate would have eventually got another.

I can't ever remember such a cool summer - Last night we shut all the windows and doors in order to feel comfortable. Reminds me of Colo. weather.

Have'n't seen Jean since they quit the store. Everett said he stopped in at Mary Ann's one day. Her baby is so good - guess it sleeps most of the time. Said Mary Ann still talks so fast - every other word was God damn - if you could have heard Everett at it I know you would have to laugh - as we did. We haven't been out to see her baby - its a shame I know. But we're going to try and get out after harvest - also down to see you if you aren't home by then.

Frank hired a man & his son from Iowa last harvest to haul wheat. This year he wrote - wanting to come back so Frank wrote telling him to come.

31 He drove in one night at 11:30 - we were in bed. Frank told him we wouldn't start for a couple of days - so he said they would drive on to Salina and probably get something to do and be back. His cow was in service - so he had another man with him. They left that same night and never came back - so what wheat they thresh - they are putting on ground.

Myrtle said it was about time for Ireland to come into port - So I must try and write him a line. She hasn't heard from him for so long - I know she is worried. Bernard got deferred for harvest by Jimmy Fink - but don't think his wheat is any too good since the hail - so suppose he will have to go now soon.

Opal Lindsay Chelick - sister to <sup>Mrs. Earl</sup> May Cook and Mrs. Ray Shaffer lost her five year old daughter a week to day. She was the prettiest child - dark eyes and long dark curls. She complained of a pain in her stomach - at different times. The pain didn't last long so they say & she would play as usual. So they took her to Dr. White - had sprays and he said he would have to operate. The news came out from under the ether and the Dr. said as soon as he opened her there wasn't a chance as she was full of cancer. I never did feel so sorry for a couple in all my life. Her daddy simply looks awful - and

41 I don't know how they will overcome the  
sorrow. So many think if they had taken her to  
some other Co. or several different ones - things  
might have turned out differently.

I don't know if you have heard this story or not.  
Five soldiers were out in a jeep - and seeing they  
couldn't make it back to camp by night decided to stop at  
a farm home and ask if they could put them up for the  
night. The lady said she could keep one - as that was all  
the room she had so they left Peter with her and drove  
on until they came to another farm home. They told the  
lady their trouble and she asked how many were there -  
and they said <sup>there are</sup> four of us without our Peter - and she  
said, "my goodness," what this was hasn't done to our  
poor boys!"

Mrs. Hoke was out and made soap yesterday.  
Dad glad as ever did see anything so hard to  
find as laundry soap. They told me that  
they lay the shortage to hoarders.

Tell your mother hello for us and if we can  
send out anyway to her we know. Hope you are  
better and your dad said it was such a swell place -  
The very best of luck - Love, Aunt Mildred