

Dear Bob, I hope by now the stitches are out and you are feeling relieved that the worst is over. I hope you sleep well as that helps so much in getting well business.

We have not heard from Phil as yet this week but I am hoping so much that we will hear tomorrow. He writes only once a week but almost always writes four pages packed full of news.

I had a letter from Elizabeth Lee, my oldest niece. I am sure you will remember her as she lived with me and went to school. She married 2 years ago in February and she worked at Beach for about 2½ years. Her Husband worked at Air Craft Welding and taught welding at an airplant night school, Now they are moving to Stafford, Kansas, to his father's farm as his father is moving to town.

I noticed in the Natoma paper that Dr. Parker's son, the one who was with Kenneth in the islands will not be sent overseas for a while but is assigned to station in Texas.

My cousin Ben Hagan, III. The one taken prisoner a year ago on the 8th. of June and released in May arriving home the first of June, left the 9th. of July

60 day furlough but went back earlier at his own request-I am wondering why, whether his long time in prison made him feel that the kind of life civilians lead is not worth while or just what or if he missed flying. He is a Captain in the airforce, a ~~piskat~~ pilot. He was 20 in January.

We are having trouble with the pressure pump for the cistern. Judge R. has been a hard drinker-of soft water all these years but for over a week has had to drink city water. He and Philip have corresponded on what and why of the pump-Jack Peake has been urged to look at the pump but has not come- Judge R. has at last taken the pump apart and put in what looks to me like leather washers and now gets a faint trickle but he is still far from satisfied I can offer no help from the OPA.

This neighborhood has become a sort of a dog refuge. The Reddigs always have at least two and now the Stuarts who live in the Waudby rock garden house have two and Dr. White keeps his hunting bird dog at Stuarts. There seems to be a very vocal argument over some important dog issue going on by night and day-I sometimes think the Reddig dogs

are putting the most yelp into the fuss but again I think the Stuart dogs a howling success and at night after several hours I feel like bringing Ed Mohl in as an arbitrator.

Wayne Perkins, who lives with his Mother in the old Ginther house, is in the car selling business. He was in the Air Force but contracted some sort of fever and was discharged and now tho he looks far from well, he is helping out in the support of the family as his Mother is a widow. I

see a lot of him as he has to clear his sales thru our office. Right now he has three newly painted and polished cars lined up to sell-a red tractor and another old car that hasn't had its face lifted as yet. He sold two last night. I was mowing rather late in the yard and more than enjoyed his dickering and sales talks. The cars must have been excellent if volume of noise in operation meant anything. At any rate he is hustler with lots of courage and I admire him for the way he works -they seem to be a rather unfortunate family as they had a bad smoky fire break out in the roof of the home and all Mrs. Perkin's best bedding burned and the house was smoked and water soaked.



I had a good visit with Lloyd Graf when he came in to get his extension leave (15 days) food points. He was much disgusted with the camp near Biloxi, Miss. There seemed to be nothing to do there and the camp had hard drink places on every side--as Lloyd has always been busy and does not care for that kind of life he more than welcomed the transfer to Nevada where he hopes to be kept busy. I asked about his girl, who is working a Virtues. He said she was all right but somehow I just felt he was not quite so ardent as he had been--it may be that he doesn't know just what to do next and is very much unsettled as most of the boys are.

Dear Bob, I am hoping every minute that you are gaining and am counting on your coming home before too long.

Love to you,

Margaret Pappenthal