

6-21-1945

## 1945-06-21, Irene to William

Irene Vasos

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June 21 - 45  
Thursday.

Dearest Darling:

Here I am sitting in our kitchen here and I'm listening to a piece of music that speaks of you to me. "Dark Eyes". Fred Waring's orchestra is playing it. Its very pretty. Do you happen to hear any of the day programs. This one is very good. Such beautiful music. Darling you better have a pile of nickels ready for my piece. "Sentimental Journey". Boy, that is really a song. They are playing our piece at the club yet. "My Dreams are getting Better all the Time." They don't have Rum & Coca-Cola anymore. Down at the Lincoln they have "Goodnite Soldiers". That is very pretty.

Say that Kator first page is  
really something this time. Now  
honey did you ever have that  
trouble? You were most  
of a general rule coming in at  
that time from the Club. Ha!  
These poor fathers. I bet the  
fathers really get a good wazzing  
about taking care of the kids.  
Making a charge and giving me  
a bottle. Dorena you were the  
best of husbands honey. You  
always knew just what to do  
to help me. I could have used  
you this morning as Patsy  
woke up and she cried & cried  
before it was time to get up.  
I didn't think she could really  
cry that much any more.  
After everyone of her sick spells  
she goes through a ornerif  
streak. She just wants attention.

But she alright this morning. you should have seen her last nite how whiled was outside hoeing in the garden. I had her out in the go cart and she would see these two quitoes flying thru the air. She would put her hands together and try to catch them. She looked so cute. She had the sack where I had the beans in and she started shaking that and what do you know she shook them all out. Sleek a gal.

Judy just came in and asked me "Is daddy home, mamma?" I guess she still figures that you might be here anytime. I only wish you were here honey one of these mornings, when we would wake up. Just to be able to see our daddy again and to be able to live with him again.

Don is O. K. In fact he has quite a time with the boys in this block. He really gets along with them. He is going to go fishing Sunday with Grandpa & Grandma Kuesman. Dad wants to have a picnic out to Swan Lake Sunday nite. That will please old Butch alright. Mom called last nite. Everybody is O. K. Well how I have to go hunting but how you are in my every thoughts and how I love you and always will. Your kiddies send all their love & kisses for their daddy too.

For all my life I'll  
 love Only You.

Don + + + + + (you & love)  
 + + + + Judy + + + + +  
 + + + + + Paty + + + + +  
 + + + + + + + + + + + + + + +

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June 21 – 45  
Thursday

Dearest Darling:

Here I am sitting in our kitchen here and I'm listening to a piece of music that speaks of you to me. "Dark Eyes". Fred Warrings orchestra is playing it. Its very pretty. Do you happen to hear any of the day programs. This one is very good. Such beautiful music. Darling you better have a pile of nickels ready for my piece. "Sentimental Journey." Boy, that is really a song. They are playing our piece at the club yet "My Dreams are getting Better all the Time." They don't have Rum + Coca – Cola anymore. Down at the Lincoln they have "Goodnite Soldier." That is very pretty.

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Say that Gator first page is really something this time. Now honey did you ever have that trouble? You were most of a general rule coming in at that time from the Club. Ha! "These poor fathers." I bet the fathers really get a good razzing about taking care of the kids. Making a change and giving one a bottle. Darling you were the best of husbands honey. You always knew just what to do to help me. I could have used you this morning as Patsy woke up and she cried + cried before it was time to get up. I didn't think she could really cry that much any more. After every one of her sick spells she goes through a ornery streak. She just wants attention.



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But she alright this morning.  
You should have seen her last  
nite hon while I was outside  
hoeing the garden. I had her  
out in the go cart and she would  
see these mosquitoes flipping thru  
the air. She would put her hands  
together and try to catch them.  
She looked so cute. She had the  
sack where I had the beans in and  
she started shaking that and  
what do you know she shook them  
all out. Such a gal.

Judy just came in and asked  
me "Is daddy home, mamma?"  
I guess she still figures that  
you might be here anytime.  
I only wish you were here honey  
one of these morning, when  
we would wake up. Just  
to be able to see our daddy  
again and to be able to live  
with him again.

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Don is O.K. In fact he has quite a time with the boys in this block. He really gets along with them. He is going to go fishing Sunday nite Grandpa + Grandma Hausman. Dad wants to have a picnic out to Swan Lake Sunday nite. That will please old Butch alright. Mom called last nite. Everybody is O.K.

Well hon, I'll have to go darling but hon you are in my every thought and hon I love you and always will. Your Kiddin send all their love + Kisses for their daddy too.

For all my Life I'll love Only You.

Your Irene

Don xxxxxx      xxxxxxxx  
Xxxx Judy      x My Bill x

Xxxxx

Xxxx Patsy