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1945-06-21, Irene to William

Irene Vasos

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1945-06-21, Irene to William

Keywords

U.S.A., U.S. Soldiers, postal service, correspondence, wife, husband, marriage, women at home, love, Carroll, IA, mother, father, children, family, culture, recreation and entertainment, leisure, homesickness, romance, coming home, loneliness, alcohol, discontent, health and sickness, humor, comradery, post-war plans

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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 really 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 Sol-dier". That is very pretty.

Say that Katar 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 charge and giving me
a bottle. Dorinda 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 or nervy
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 mosquitos 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.

Well now, I have to go sailing
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
live only for you.
(above line)

Don + + + + +
+ + + + + Judy
+ + + + + Patry

[[Vasos Correspondence #17]]

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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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[[underline]] 2 [[/underline]]

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, momma?"
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.

[[Page 4- Letter]]

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