

July 3, 1945

Mrs. Charles H. Stough
Box No. 13
Naval Air Gunner's School
Miami, Florida

Dear Mary Jule:

We received your jolly letter of June 29th and thoroughly enjoyed it.

With your duties coming along like clock work, I wonder what would happen if you should stub your toe. Your time seems to be well planned and profitably used. I think it is mighty fine that Vera is so competent in looking after herself and in helping you.

We planted geraniums on both your mamma's and sister's graves--also a lot on your grandmother's, and while they are growing beautifully on Julia's grave, the rather clumsy workers in the cemetery clipped several growing plants in trying to cut the grass where your loved ones are buried. We shall replant and try to keep something blooming.

I presume that Charles is prosecuting rather than defending the chaps who are up for courts martial. I don't know whether he is happy in freeing some poor devil from the toils, or tickled to death in tying him up in knots. You know the Bible says, "Woe unto your lawyers". As I think of Charles, I recall a pleasant individual rather than an ogre thirsting for human blood. I don't imagine he seems much like an ogre to you or to Vera.

We occasionally see Charlie's aunt, not the theatrical one. I have not seen Margaret for some time.

It has been a cold and backward season here--the morning of July 2nd, the thermometer stood at sixty degrees. I presume that farmers would still plant corn if they could get into their fields. I am fearful of a scarcity in food products. All of the food bureaus that can be formed in the visionary minds of New Dealers cannot make an ear of corn grow where it is too muddy to plant the seed.

I am always glad to hear from you, and certainly enjoy your letters. Give my love to Charles and Vera.

Lovingly,

Your Uncle