Letter dated June 7, 1946, from my mother to my father

Dear husband,

I am rushing to answer your letter even though it is very late in the evening, but it is the best time to write.

## I returned late from taking care of the garden, harvesting about 10 pounds of strawberries..the children will love them!

This coming Sunday, I will be canning the very first peas this season; it is a lot of work, but I don't mind it..

the thought that you will get to taste all this later in the

year is keeping me contend.

Last year I picked gallons of blueberries, for you, of course,

always for you, I hopedand dreamed day and night that you

would be released. I am still alone.

I work so hard, it is so difficult to feed four children

without any help. But I do manage somehow, with God's help,

so they will not go hungry, I will go on working as long as

I can and with bleeding fingers. You won't believe how much

I have already canned for the coming winter!

You always said that I was a great minister of finance; but let

me tell you without my organizational talent and also my

frugality we would do even worse.

By the way, we are also moving to another place!

greetings from all of us