

July 7, 1944

Dear Summer:

Well here I am back in the office after a day in Boston and things here are running their usual tenor. Miss Robinson is out of the office for about a week, as I believe I wrote, and I offered Helen a job to answer the telephone, but between working on the farm, going to the dentist, taking music lessons, and offering her services to the day nursery, she has not yet found time for me. Not that she is needed but I thought it would sort of lift up her morale if she felt she was being useful to her Daddy. I offered to pay her on an hourly basis but she insisted she would contribute her services without cost. The matter, as you can understand, has never reached the decisive stage, for she has not yet been able to make her appearance here. Any way it is a good idea and we are all happy with the thought.

I wish you were able to tell us something of your work. By that I do not mean for you to impart any military secrets, but I would like to know what a service command company does and what would be expected of you were you to join one of the invasion forces. Meanwhile I am duly thankful that you are where you are.

No special news.

Affectionately,