

[Handwritten notes in left margin:]
 I hope
 Bill
 Philinda's picture
 The letter of June 25 with
 P.S. Just now! The letter of June 25 with
 Philinda's pictures arrived! Your darling is truly
 a darling! Very luminous-eyed and vivacious!

July 30, 1943
 Friday Morning
 L-284
 AUG 31 REC'D

Dear William and Philinda!

Summerschool is now already half completed, and even though we have a test today and I should at this moment be studying, I cannot forbear writing to you. → Your letters are very interesting and bring great joy to all of us, but especially to Uncle Laurence. — There has been just one thing lacking: a good picture of the girl of whom we have heard so many rhapsodic things said. . . . Philinda! — Please do send us a photo of her quite soon. We have heard from Bud Francis that she is indeed a rare creature, both in appearance and in personality. —

From George (Bill,) Gulick I received a fifteen-page letter the other day in response to a philosophic one I had sent before. It seems he liked my philosophic (?) ramblings, for

[P.S. note in a box:]
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Thanks ever so much! Melody ♪

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his fifteen pages were beautifully, indeed poetically written in answer to what I had mentioned, and he sent my letter home to his parents for them to keep for him! . . . He is a Lieut. (j.g.) in Panama on a minesweeper, and for recreation he paints watercolors and writes song lyrics. When he comes home again for furlough in October we will go riding at his farm (which Bill doubtlessly knows,) and then I can see what he is really like, & although letters, I do believe, give one deep insight into the individual.

(L-284 P 1) Although it seems poor material to put into a letter that must go so many miles & that should bring cheerful news only, I must tell you that, a week ago, my father left this life following complications after a minor operation. - He went easily, for as he was talking and laughing a blood clot reached his heart and put out the spark. - For this I am grateful, for in a world of so much horrible suffering both physical and spiritual, one has need to be thankful for whatever ones dear ones are spared. - Because I am a firm believer in Immortality I do not fear for my father's sake. The tears fall only for the rather selfish reason of pain & deprivation. -

My brother, Carl, is working for excellent pay in a Washington bank until fall takes him back to Military School. Mutti, Uncle Laurie & I are enjoying the warmth & beauty of Summer on the farm, & think of you both very often. We hope that Africa is kind to you, that you will write soon, and that this scribbled note finds you in happiness & good health.

Lovingly, Melody

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