

(Transcription begins)

THE PARKER - YOUNG COMPANY
148 STATE STREET
BOSTON · MASS.

Sept. 21, 1942.
Sunday afternoon

Dear Douglas:

It has rained almost as hard today as it did on the day of your "Open House" but Dad and the Fishers and Mr. Dick got an early enough start before it began to rain so that they played nine holes of golf. It does Dad a lot of good to get out of doors and forget business for awhile. We thought of you often during the hot spell and wondered how you were standing it, particularly studying at night with your curtains drawn because of blackout regulations.

Your description of tom's quivering knee caps was most enjoyed by all, particularly to his mother. I am wondering whether having to play the trombone is going to make things any more complicated for you but as long as you sent for it, I am glad that it arrived safely. Too bad that your razor has caused you so much inconvenience. It should be all right from now on but you better keep some of the necessary supplies for the old fashioned kind incase (*sic*) of another emergency.

Somewhere I had the idea that Mrs. Moyer lived at Edgewater in New Jersey, hence all that dribble in my last letter about my visiting Aunt Saidee Tenney there years ago. It sounds as tho (*sic*) you had a very pleasant week end there. Roger Brown telephoned me that he has written you that he intends to be in New York today but as you will be on watch you may not see him.

Mrs. Buffum and I are looking forward to our visit very much. As I have written you, we are coming on the midnight bus Friday and will plan to be at the Saturday morning inspection, and will get in touch with you by telephone sometime after three fifteen that afternoon. We have our reservations at the Chesterfield on W49th.

Dad has sent the brush as requested, think you have received it.

Books this week were Uncle Tom's Cabin, Black Beauty and Madame Bovary which I am reading. Dad is concentrating on Moby Dick. He is as proud as a peacock of the books, shows them to everyone that comes to the house and rushes up to the drug store as soon as we are through supper Friday night. He has read them constantly and completed several of them.

We had good old roast beef for dinner, I can remember being quite upset when it reached a peak price of 42¢ a pound, it was generally nearer 38¢. Yesterday I paid 59¢ a pound. C'est la guerre indeed!

Leland is home on a three weeks vacation, end of the term. Yesterday he tried to make up a party for a day at his summer home—plenty of girls available but boys are just not. He is most interested in his course but the old flying urge is exerting itself and I sometimes wonder if he will finally succumb.

Alan Butler and Eddie Ross have enlisted as fireman (Coast Guard I think) and are situated at Davisville, Quonsett (*sic*) for training—learning all about gases, how to move around in asbestos suits, etc.

I note by the paper that the Shubert Company is having a three weeks run of Gilbert & Sullivan in Boston. Should it come here as it undoubtedly will, I want to see Gondoliers and perhaps Iolanthe which I have never seen. If "Life with Father" is still in New York, I think you would enjoy it immensely.

One night we had supper at Johnson's on Allen's Avenue. If it is particularly hot and I have to stop at the store and buy something anyway, it is a change to do it that way. We are just about getting by on our gasoline ration A card. We have used the last coupon for four gallons and that must last us the rest of the week.

Marilyn went to the first Cranston game last night, flood-lights but no band. Cranston was beaten.

Billy Cappelli called while she was away. He is four inches under regulation, you never saw such a tiny little sailor! Don't know how he got in. He was quite blue because his mother and father had gone to New York to see him, as he came on to Providence to them! He expects to leave Manhattan Beach this week for parts unknown and felt dreadfully about missing them, so he drove around to find Bill and Marilyn and they were out.

Dad saw Mr. Potter in the drug store this week. He had five pounds of haddock under his arm for Pixie (75¢) and asked pitifully "What do you feed Bing?" But they apparently have no one else to lavish their affection on—the other night as Marilyn and I walked by we saw him holding Pixie up in his arms showing him the airplanes flying overhead!

I think Marilyn and the Miller girls will be down the week of October the 24th as that is the first Sunday that Ethel can have but I will of course let you know more definitely when I see you next Saturday. Until then and with lots of love

Mother

Have had your Notre Dame Inspection picture framed by Nuttall—with a tiny x "marking the spot." (Transcription ends)

