

[Transcription begins]

#11 Monday November 29, 1943

Dear Douglas:

Saturday we were much delighted to have a letter and postcard from you received at Dad's shop and a post-card which came to the house. You are certainly traveling over this globe and you will have many tales to tell us the next time you come this way. If I read between the lines correctly you are pretty tired and not too keen about the hot weather or is that my imagination? I know a trip up the mountains would be a treat for you and I do wish you might have one. I had hoped that detail work would not be quite so heavy after the commissioning but the navy is the navy, and I can just imagine you are up to your neck most of the time.

I am glad that you have enjoyed the snapshots we have sent you. They were all taken on the same day by Herbert Henrikson and as the main object was Daryl, neither Marilyn nor I thought of ourselves and the result was pretty good pictures of us and excellent ones of Daryl. Dad stood on the outskirts clapping his hands and making faces! But we will do our best to get some snaps of him. Just now we can't get films for either my camera nor Marilyn's but we ask every time we go into a store and hope to be successful sometime.

Saturday night Aunt Eleanor and Uncle Hartley spent the evening and the enclosed clipping will interest you. It was headlined with Uncle Hartley's name in the evening paper. They took home your electric train expecting to sell it to their postman for ten dollars and if so, we will put the money in your account. We had hoped to get more but with the difficulty of people getting around to look at it, we thought it better to accept a sure offer, particularly when the Roberts would take care of the delivery of it.

They had ordered a large turkey for their Thanksgiving and then one of their neighbors who had invited a crowd because she had been promised a bird by her grocer but had been disappointed, asked Uncle Hartley if he could get her one. He was assured by his grocer that he could, so she went ahead with her plans, but at the last minute the Roberts grocer could only produce one bird and they generously gave it up to the neighbor, substituting two very small chickens on their own table but not letting their neighbor know of the sacrifice. Little Eleanor thought it was quite a treat to be allowed two turkey

legs, not knowing that she was eating chicken.

Saturday afternoon Daryl had an inoculation for diphtheria. She entertained the whole office at Dr. Bowen's and they thought she was wonderful and two women begged to hold her. But yesterday, Sunday, she was miserable and we could not put her down from our arms for a minute. Bill came home later in the day so I had Marilyn go over to his house for the night but it was past three in the morning before I could put Daryl down. But then the fever seemed to break and she slept until seven and woke up just like herself, laughing and playing. So I feel that had she not been inoculated and ever caught the disease, it would have gone hard with her. Bill thinks it may be his last trip home. He is to take his boat to Quincy today to be de-commissioned and returns to Sandwich tomorrow for orders.

Hollier was to give a talk at Young People's last night--I had planned to go but of course could not. We took Clara down this morning and she said that she had expected to go, too but some friend of a friend had a father who needed a blood transfusion so she gave a pint of her blood. She seemed none the worse for the experience.

Sunday afternoon Lucille Ralph and Marilyn Eaton called and while they were there Mary Noyes and Ruth Bristow came. Mary looked so smart and happy. She has seven days furlough and is now second-class something. As you probably know, she is chaplain's assistant, both Protestant and Catholic, and besides that is in some entertaining group. The Navy is preparing a show similar to this in the Army and Mary expects to be in that which has great possibilities, such as movies, etc. She loves the service and makes a beautiful Wave. Her little dog Raggedy-Ann has just died with distemper and she misses her so much.

We think of you constantly and are always so glad to get mail from you. It seems as though your last made very good time, the letter containing the postcard was dated by you the 21<sup>st</sup> and we received it at noon on the 27<sup>th</sup>.

All our love,

Mother. [Transcription ends]

