

[Transcription begins]

#25 Monday

March 6, 1944

Dear Douglas:

We are well established in our new shop, much smaller, but cleaner and warm and attractive. As you can imagine, moving was quite a job but Mr. Jones' men did a good job and here we are. We are having as cold a spell as we have had all winter, but clear and pleasant. The church was well filled yesterday and Mr. Tomlin gave a very fine sermon. I am enclosing the church calendar.

Bill was home over the weekend but Daryl spent most of the time down there, including the night. Yesterday I took her over to Bunny's and you should have seen how nice their dog was to her. Between Daryl and the dog, a valentine was torn into tiny bits and Daryl, flat on her stomach would pull these pieces from his mouth and then he in turn would try to get them out of her hand, but if he felt that his teeth would hurt her, he wouldn't take them but wait patiently until she had exposed a slightly longer piece! She had a beautiful time for Chip won't allow her to touch him nor his basket although he doesn't bother her as long as she leaves him alone. Then Don French came in with their new three weeks [sic] old baby, Donna, and Daryl went almost crazy she liked it so much. If Daryl is standing up beside a piece of furniture holding something in her hand, she will let go of the furniture and stand alone for a minute but then she realizes that she is doing it and will drop to the floor, it is lucky that she is so well padded!

Jean MacDougal was married yesterday to Bud Schuster, Lucille, last week to a See-Bee [sic] and Eastie on Thursday to some out of town girl. Mrs. Buffum had a cable from Tommie this morning, her birthday, in which he says he is in England. They were pleased to receive a V-mail letter from you dated the 13th of February but it arrived days after and [sic] air-mail to us dated the same day. We had false visions of your making short runs out of PH but the expression "trips thousands of miles in length" lead us to think otherwise. A new batch of mail should be in for us this week. Dad said that in his last letter to you he mentioned that I felt you were not answering questions which we asked, he was a little mistaken in what I had casually remarked to him, that evidently you did not have our letters on hand when you were writing us as there were several things which I had expected you to comment upon. As far as I know you have answered any direct questions

and I imagine that a lot of our mail has not even been received but I am still numbering my letters so you can tell whether you have missed any.

Saturday night the Millards and we had supper at George Huston's restaurant, just after you cross the Greenwood bridge. He can only seat 37 at a time but serves over 400 a day and is more than making good. Our steak dinner was delicious, \$1.40, and when we asked which pie he recommended as they all look so delicious, he told us that their rice pudding was their piecede [sic] resistance, the last thing that I should think of ordering when on a party, but he said that Johnson, who owns the famous "Johnson" on Allen's Avenue brings down three other men every week to Huston's for a meal and has tried in vain to get their rice pudding receipt. So we succumbed and ordered it--it was delicious! Their son, George, a handsome boy, [N]avy medical student in Philadelphia, was having supper there, home on a weekend, so we were glad to meet him, particularly Dad as he made him think so much of Mr. Huston when they were together in the last war.

Mrs. Buffum tells me that John Allen is at PH. We saw Tim for a few minutes before he left for Cornell University at Ithaca, N.Y. He has a very handsome stone ring, his class one, which looks almost like an Annapolis one, much to the disgust of those men and in a way, you can hardly blame them.

Daryl has a beautiful light blue coat and bonnet for spring and Marilyn has a new suit of a slightly different shade. I want to get a navy blue, plain tailored suit.

Do you ever have any time to read, if so, do you have enough on board, would you care to have any of the pocket size books sent, if we come across any you might like? Sometime I am going to send you a complete Sunday Journal just because it is your home town paper, so don't hunt carefully through it, thinking there is some especial article in it.

I have just another month to work at the BWRS and now that the time is drawing nearer, I am getting quite anxious to get back in the home again, at least for a while. I have worked for just four years and I started out to do it for just a few weeks!

Thursday afternoon Mrs. Marble called on me at the shop. They are quite well settled in Kingston. Ted expects to go into the service by the 15th of

this month, having asked his firm not to request another deferment [sic] for him.

Hope that I have covered the news satisfactorily, I try to mention each one of the family and find that I have left out Bing. He is well and happy, Spring time is on the way and I dread it, for his attitude towards birds is most unsocial, to say the least!

We know you're in dangerous waters and we pray for you constantly, keep well and happy, we are all looking forward to your next furlough!

Love from us all.

Mother [Transcription ended]