

[Transcription begins]

#33 Monday April 17, 1944

Dear Douglas: I am sure you will find some of the enclosed items of interest to you. Polly-next-door brought us the Plymouth paper twice with the resultant gleanings. The booklet I found in my desk and thought you might like it or know someone who would.

Now, let's see what there is for news. I was much surprised to answer the telephone the other night and have a masculine voice ask to speak to you! After recovering from the shock I found it was Henry Fletcher who wanted to buy your trombone. He is musician 3rd class and as [sic] band master situated at Boston, Coast Guard. I told him that I thought you wanted to keep the trombone. The next telephone call of importance was from a rotund person answering to the name of "Charlie Leach." Much to the joy of us all we learned that he was interning for two weeks at the Lying-In Hospital helping to assist new citizens into the world and could have dinner with us on Wednesday. He appeared dressed in the uniform of a private, first class, has put on twenty pounds and is just as jolly as ever. We had ham--baked in milk, French style string beans, stuffed baked potatoes, raisin bread, coffee and lemon-meringue pie baked by Marilyn. After supper we had lots of fun playing all kinds of foolish games and tricks, Marilyn was home and I know we all, including Charlie, had a good time. He says that he has no particular girl jist [sic] now and I guess he is studying so hard that he doesn't have too much time to himself [sic]. (Typing difficulty is being experienced due to the fact that Daryl is in my lap adding her bit![])

Monday night was Ladies Night for the CYMBC--a dinner at Jordan's and Woodworth Bradley to speak on gardening. You will be interested to know that at present the Jordans own ten cats! Dad is to be the next president and made a most humorous acceptance speech and told how I, when asked by him if I would like to be the First Lady, rushed right down town and bought a new pink shirtwaist to wear to the dinner. As I had on a very pretty pale pink blouse that brought a laugh. Ernest Jordan has been wounded but is back with his outfit again.

It seems ever so good to be home, Marilyn and I try to divide the work and take the baby when the other one wants to go out. I spent one day down town last week, getting some shopping done and then going to the movies to

see “Broadway Rythm [sic]”¹ full of color and music. I am also doing some sorting and packing in the storages and painting the two sets of drawers upstairs in the hallway--I am going to use them for sewing material and have put your clothes (civilian undies and socks) in the dresser in the bedroom.

Bill came home Friday but as Daryl had a slight head cold she stayed home with us this time. We have all had it, Dad the last one and Saturday and Sunday he felt rather miserable but has gone to work today feeling better. The weather is inclined to be cloudy and raw but the grass is very green now, crocuses are up in the Jones’ garden and the tulips and oriental poppies are pushing up in ours.

Saturday night we had a most pleasant evening at the Buffums, dinner, with Mrs. and Mr. Livingston, minister of the Washington Park church, and Bill McCaughey’s mother and father. They had some very good snapshots of Bill taken in kilts. We introduced some of the games we played with Charlie--one, for instance, lay out fifteen matches and bet that each one taking up one, two or three matches, you can make the other fellow have to take up the last match. Make him take up the first lot and then be sure that when you take up you always leave, 13 or 9 or 5. Stand an empty coco-cola [sic] bottle on a dollar bill [line missing] touching the bottle with your hands or causing it to overturn. Start rolling the bill gently toward the bottle and the roll will cause the bottle to be pushed off the bill. The following is a silly game but we had lots of fun in a crowd with it. One in the “know” goes out of the room and the other puts his hand over the various heads of the crowd each time calling “Echo” to which the one outside responds “Echo” until he calls out, “Over whose head am I echoing,” and the one outside immediately tells the correct answer. The signal is that the one inside stands in front of the one he has chosen, Unostaniously (you know what word I mean!)

Thursday I had a most interesting day. Roger Senior took Mrs. Hard, Mr. and Mrs. Pete McKay and I to Quonset.² Another officer took us all over the

¹ Broadway Rhythm starred George Murphy who played the role of a successful Broadway musical comedy producer in need of a star for his new production.

² Naval Air Station Quonset Point was a United States Naval Base located at Quonset Point, a small peninsular in Narragansett Bay, Rhode Island. Commissioned in July, 1941, it remained a major naval facility throughout World War II and well into the Cold War. Due to defense cutbacks at the end of the Vietnam War, the air station was decommissioned in 1974. Standardized temporary structures used by the US military during the second world war, made of lightweight, prefabricated corrugated galvanized steel, were first manufactured near Quonset Point and given the name, “Quonset huts.”

place and because of his presence I am sure we saw many things generally denied the public. We saw men in the Link trainors [sic], being instructed by WAVES and had luncheon at the officers' club, a quiet restful spot. At one of the cafeterias we were told that 30,000 meals are served each day. We visited the small stores, commissary [sic], dispensary and of course saw much activity of men and equipment. It was quite a privilege.

It has been announced that Trudie Kraus is to go with Mr. Tomlin as his secretary. That is a good opportunity for her and will help him for she has worked with him so long.

Daryl's grass skirt has arrived and Marilyn is thrilled. We shall have her picture taken in it, just as soon as she will stand for it. Now, you can forget that I suggested a christening gift for that covers the situation adequately [sic]. It is so good of you to take the time to shop for I realize how very short your time is on shore.

Two weeks now since a letter so we know that you are out again. According to the papers, there is much activity in those waters and know you are getting your share. The best of luck to you at all times.

I went to church yesterday, Dad's cold was too bad. The weather was poor and it was the Sunday after Easter but the church was almost full and the service was good and the singing lovely.

I am toastmistress for the Martha Waterman annual dinner tonight, to be held at Mrs. Shellinger['s] on Shaw Avenue (a Jordan rival), so I think I must get busy on some jokes.

All our love and constant thoughts

Mother [Transcription ended]