[Transcription begins]

#39 - Monday evening May 29, 1944

Dear Douglas--We have today received your #108 written May 22nd & I notice that my last letter to you was written on that same date--we evidently were thinking of each other at the same time! We appreciate your writing so often for we realize how valuable every minute of your time is. I do hope you will some day re-visit some of the beautiful scenes you describe but even if you cannot, the memory will return again and again. Often the "feeling" of the atmosphere of Sandwich, the warm flush of the midsummer Sunday morning when we went to the old white church, comes to me with remarkable clearness and scenes flash on my memory of some of the lovely spots my father took me to when I was a very little girl. They have become a part of me, which I have never lost. Saturday was your birthday and for some strange reason, I remembered you as a little boy just Daryl's age, walking along Broad Street by Potters Avenue with a new straw hat I had just bought! I wish we might celebrate it with you but we can't do anything this time. I note by my diary two years ago we had supper in the garden with Tommie & the Miller girls.

Sunday night we had our first one there for this year--the Henricksons and Grandma enjoyed it with us. Daryl we had tucked into bed so we could enjoy it in peace! The oriental poppies are just in bud, showing no color as yet, and it looks as though we would have few iris this year, but the foliage and grass are quite luxuriant. Marilyn left Friday morning with Mrs. Schmid for a ten day trip to Philadelphia--Betty Gordon (?) and Charlotte Goodchild happened to go on the same train with them--Betty was going to visit her in-laws in Philadelphia & Charlotte to New York to meet Donald Proctor who has just received his wings. Bill was home the day before but left before they did the next morning. I am having lots of fun with Daryl--she is too young to miss her mother. She trots back & forth all over the house, dragging blankets behind her & leaving other trails of toys and debris.

Saturday Marjorie Schmid took care of her for me while Dad, Mrs. Webber and I put in a busy day at Coles. Now the cottage is ready for occupation & looks good to me. Tomorrow is Memorial Day & we are taking Daryl down with us as well as Grandma & shall stop at the cemetery to leave a geranium.

Uncle George brought over the most recent Odyssey and I think you will find it very interesting--Dick Whipple's picture is in it, showing his arm in a cast. Just now it is in splints again [next line indecipherable] you can have these services & that you take such an active part in it.

Congratulations on being "C" Division officer--Dad looked at the panel of your baby pictures at the top of the stairs tonight & said, "I can't imagine that little fellow with all that responsibility on his shoulders!" You've come far in these last few months, eight since we last saw you! What an ad for Thom McAn--the length of time you have worn the two pairs of shoes--it doesn't seem possible. Better get yourself a spare pair if you

ever get to a town, for they might give out all at once like the old one horse shay.[1]

I'm so pleased that you have the harmonica & tell Dad he must brush up on his banjo and Marilyn on the piano so we will be all set for some real harmony when you return.

Yes, I can just imagine the situation when you were watching the "Miracle of Morgan's Creek!" That picture struck me as very funny. Dad & I went to the Palace the other night, sat very near the front & smelled smoke so strongly that we quietly left, but just after we got out many others decided to go. There was no panic but as we came right home we don't know just what happened, not much I guess.

We re glad you are getting our letters--does it take very long for them to reach you?

I went upstairs a few minutes ago and there in the dark was Bing sound asleep in the white tub we use for washing out clothes!

Next Sunday is Communion Sunday & Mr. Tomlin's last service--I had hoped to go but it will be Daryl's dinner & bath time so guess I can't.

I have ordered a book for you as one more birthday present but am not sure when it will arrive.

The best of fair weather & good sailing and that you will be home on your next birthday.

Love from us all
Mother [Transcription ended]

[1] Oliver Wendell Holmes wrote a poem ("The Deacon's Masterpiece or The One-Hoss Shay") about a one-horse carriage that gave continuous lasting service for 100 years only to fall apart all at once. One-hoss shay is sometimes used as an economic term used to describe the depreciation of a durable product that delivers the same services throughout its lifetime before totally failing with zero scrap value.