[Transcription begins]

#40 - Thursday night June 8, 1944

Dear Douglas--Here it is Thursday instead of Monday when I customarily write you, but Marilyn has been visiting in Philadelphia for ten days and I have had Daryl and believe me, she is a live-wire. Good as gold, but lively as a cricket and on the move every minute. Many's the time that she has tipped over the dog's bowl of water or eaten part of Bing's supper! Marilyn came home last Monday night just a few hours after Bill had appeared on a twelve day leave before shipping to the Pacific coast--he reports back to Bourne June 17th and gets his complete orders then. I felt it only right that Marilyn should be perfectly free these next few days so again I am more or less tied up with Daryl which should explain satisfactorily the delay in writing you! Marilyn had a wonderful trip but I have heard very little about it for she has been with Bill every minute she could and I know there will be plenty of time after he goes to tell me about all they did. She and Bill are staying with us nights as Mrs. Schmid had a guest using Bill's room.

On June 7th we received a letter from you dated June 3rd and two V-mail, one for Marilyn and one for Grandma, dated May 17th. I am glad that you had such a pleasant birthday although I realize that our gifts to you were very meager. Thanks also for the card and wish for our anniversary. It was most thoughtful of you to think of us and remember the correct date. We had a very pleasant but uneventful day with many cards and a lovely bouquet of flowers from Carol Hawes. Dad gave me a very beautiful brooch and earrings made of rose quartz which pleased me tremendously because the stones are obtained near Clermont-Ferrand[1] and when he was there he sent me a pendant heart made of it which later was broken. We had a steak dinner at the Narragansett, taking about two hours to eat, taking our time listening to quiet music and talking and then went to see Eddie Cantor and Joan Davis in "Show Business"--light, but a good one for entertainment.

I spent the day down town shopping as Daryl went over to the Schmids'. I had several things to get for the cottage among them a small table for our reading lamp, in other years I have put one on my sewing machine cabinet but do not want to take that down this summer. I went quite a ways up Westminster Street and went all through the various second-hand stores, quite an experience, you would be surprised at the junk they have to sell, but I didn't find my table. Then I bought a hat to wear to Barbara Hard's wedding and on the way home, stopped to show it to Mrs. Jones, only to find that she had purchased one just like [it] to wear to the same function! So back I flew to the store, and bought a different model!

D-day was most awe-inspiring. We first heard it over the radio about half-past seven. All day there were prayers from all sects and the churches throughout the city were open all that day and night and at quarter of twelve when we came out of the Albee the next night, Dad wondered why Grace Church had its doors wide open and when I explained he said, "Bet there isn't a soul in there now." But as we looked in we say [sic] one pew full of sailors, kneeling in prayer. Every hour the following day after D-day there were conducted services there and I went to one about two o'clock and felt better for it.

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[1] Clermont-Ferrand is a city in the Auvergne region of France.

We did not attend the fare-well reception for Mr. Tomlin as we had already made our pland [sic] for celebrating our silver wedding anniversary and after all, that comes only once in a life-time!

By this time you have probably received the newspaper clipping showing Dad's name as a candidate for councilman from this ward. He did not seek the nomination but is much interested in it now and I hope gets the election.

We had some terrifically hot weather around Memorial Day. The poppies came out very fast but no iris this year at all. Even although I had Daryl to care for I wanted to have some of our garden suppers so had Mr. And Mrs. Jones on Friday night, then all day Saturday we spent at Coles. I took Daryl's play-pen along and was able to accomplish quite a lot. It was terribly warm but in the afternoon the weather suddenly changed as it does in New England and I thought we would freeze at night. I had invited Mr. And Mrs. Brown, Connie, Gennevieve, Marjorie, Mr. And Mrs. Metcalf for a bean supper but we had to eat it in the house, much to our disappointment. The next night was warmer and we had Mr. And Mrs. Howarth (Mary Arnold) and the Buffums. (Wish we might hear from Tommie as I think he must be in the thick of it now)

We did not get to Roger Brown's wedding but heard all about it. He wore his winter dress uniform because it was so good-looking! And took his bride to Delaware Water-Gap, a very picturesque spot from what I hear. Ushers were hard to get and at the last minute I believe that Donald Knowlton and Charlie Leach were able to help, being there at Harvard.

I am glad that your work is keeping you interested, life would drag for you if you had no liking for what you were doing. It seems as though you are getting some excellent training for future use as an executive of some sort. I was interested to hear that one of your officers had been in Scout executive school, for I always thought the Chief had a grand job.

We are looking forward eagerly to some snap-shots of you. Films for our camera are almost impossible to get but I think after Bill goes that we will have some professional pictures taken of Daryl and we can send you one of them.

Bing is in disgrace--a squirrel is his latest victim! Pixie is handsome now, I see him occasionally.

The news continues good tonight both in Normandie [sic] and in your neck of the woods--keep up the good work and the letters coming home and I'll not go quite so long again without writing.

It is about ten o'clock, Daryl of course is asleep, Marilyn and Bill are at the movies, Dad is down cellar painting a new chair for the yard, blue and white and I am going to bed early after my celebration of yesterday.

All our love and thoughts and prayers always,

Mother [Transcription ended]