

[Transcription begins]

#73 - Tues. night Jan. 2, 1945

Dear Douglas - Since writing my last letter to you I have been wondering whether I adequately expressed to you how much pleasure you gave us at Christmas time with your thoughtfulness--all the gifts will remind us for many years to come of the last Christmas (we hope) that you were away from home. I had to laugh when I re-read your letter (as I do many, many times) where you wrote "I am only sending home a couple of small things." true as far as it went! How I wish we could have done more for you--but there'll come a day! We have received your Christmas cards and passed on to friends the ones you addressed here. Our cards this year were made from different pictures Mr. Henrikson took of Daryl, Marilyn, Chip and Bing.

The Christmas tree is still up & Daryl's toys are spread under it every night, doll carriage, dolls, ironing board, dolls' bed, books, broom & mops, et cetera. We had the Hards & Dicks over one evening for "Michigan" and Dutch Apple cake and one evening we called on the Richmonds, Joneses & Schmids to see their gifts and decorations. We had a very enjoyable New Year's party at the Henriksons, slept late the next morning and then went over to the Cranston City Hall in the afternoon for a very well conducted inauguration where Dad was sworn in and put on five committees, chairman of one, and on the Mayor's planning board.

We haven't had too much snow and it always seems to disappear quite rapidly--and just now the ground is absolutely bare again. Of course, January and February are our most severe months.

Your December 19th letter came today with its two clever drawings, one of the coal man surprised out of a year's growth by Chip's ferociousness and the other, you in a hospital night shirt hailing a taxi. Very good, you should do something with that talent!

You probably have my letter by now, telling [indecipherable] Bob Greene has been in the choir loft for several Sundays, and is squiring Isabel Keane considerably.

We are not suffering for coal, although we are not allowed to put in our year's supply as we always liked to do. Marilyn is sleeping in the middle room upstairs and we turn the heat on there late in the afternoon, so far we are fine. The food situation seems about the same, we have plenty, haven't had any butter for weeks but that doesn't bother our family for we use oleomargarine and can't tell the difference but to some people that is a hardship. The powers that be did suddenly cancel stamps which we had all been planning on using after Christmas and I lost 600 that way! But as many of those were going for pineapple juice you probably can't sympathize with us!

We will be glad to know that you will have more help with the addition of Ensign Krayer. I hope you like these new men for it must be difficult to be quartered with disagreeable companions. Tommy [sic] can probably tell plenty about that after the war.

You may have heard about the two German saboteurs that landed late in November from a sub on the coast of Maine. Bill was called out on the job to help with a merchant ship that they torpedoed & he was questioned at length by the FBI. I suppose they were trying to get all the clues they could and they have caught them, with a short wave radio on them as well as \$50,000.

Don't worry too much about your post-war future. You are getting a good nest egg, lots of experience, meeting various types of men and learning how to deal with all kinds and keeping up a correspondence with some nice girls, your background is firm and stable and if all that doesn't add up to something--what do!

Dad is tuned in to "Fibber McGee and Molly" which may interfere somewhat with the continuity of this letter. He bought the book of records from the "Bloomer Girl" a most successful musical comedy for which it is impossible to get seats in New York. We like the music very much. That phonograph-radio combination is one of the best investments we ever made. I'm looking forward to the day when you too can enjoy it with us.

Dad wonders where Daryl gets all the words she knows--she stopped in front of him today and said "tie, tie" holding up his shoe. I can't think of any ordinary noun that she doesn't use. Today she walked up to the store with me and back again--her first trip out of her carriage.

Everett Jones writes "send me the numbers of some of the boys' ships for I'm right in the midst of everything."

Have you heard the current story of Minnie Moth who was the champion wool eater of New England? Her parents entered her in the National contest and she ate and ate and won that, so her parents saved and sacrificed and sent her to England to compete there. But somehow she lost out but didn't dare tell her parents & when they met her at the boat, chattering about the big party they were going to give her, she was very quiet and when they reached the humble little cottage they called "home" she rushed upstairs and cried and cried. Did you ever hear a moth bawl?! (The longer you make this story & the more details you can insert, the madder the audience gets.)

Brother, if they ever sent you as near home as Newport, you wouldn't have to call a taxi, we'd all be clustered under your window! I'm glad its 1945 because I've promised myself that sometime during this year, you're coming home, if only for a flying visit and that's probably what it would be. John Brown flew home from Seattle.

I do hope your mail catches up with you again. I shall never let a week go by without writing you and shall occasionally slip in another letter, even if there doesn't seem to be any news.

We all are well, no colds, and Marilyn is fine. Chippy seems to be as lively as ever, on his feet like a jack-in-the-box at the slightest noise & more than once waking Daryl, thus being in a perpetual state of disgrace with Marilyn. We saw Pixie across the street in

Charlie Ralph's yard this week, if Mrs. Potter ever knew that she wouldn't let him out for a week! She's scared to death he'll return home here!

We are being constantly urged to send V-Mail, so once in a while I'll write that way.

Our best love & wishes to you for a satisfactory year in 1945, with Germany completely conquered, Japan on the verge of collapse, you with a senior lieutenancy and a 30 day visit at home!

Lovingly

Mother [Transcription ends]