

72 Monday afternoon - June 19, 1944

Dear Douglas - I have just finished putting last week's entries in my 5-year diary and that a few of the previous entries as I noted there might bring you a few memories to mull over as you pass long hours on watch.

- 6-13-41 Dining ² days of us "Pirates" at Trinity Methodist church
 6-15-41 ² Godchild's wedding & reception at Mrs. Gordon's
 6-19-41 Very warm - took a load to Liles - here to Suffern to watch some T-square drawing
 6-20-41 ^{Very hot -} D left for Camp W for the summer
 6-15-42 D goes to Boston with Sonnie - was never gloomy
 6-23-42 D & Sonnie go on short camping trip to Co County
 6-24-42 Met D at seven A.M. He looks fine - he slept all morning, so I washed Hankie

Your H.H. arrived today - and life seems to be about the same for you - glad the ocean is behaving itself, that you are keeping well and that the harmonica continues in use! Indeed, I didn't intend to infer that you were on a "training" ship but felt that perhaps you had had such intense work that your experience might be valuable to a crew which had not been kept so busy - one is forgiven?

D's grace skirt is slightly too long and we will shorten it should we cut it, so are keeping it until she is a little older and there as you say, "beware the tiger!" we can always get Billy playing wildly by simply hanging an overshot over a dining room chair & letting him ride behind it. -

Saturday we attended Barbara Hard's wedding - a lovely affair in spite of terrific heat. The church was dim and cool and the pale green palms, white flowers and candles made a lovely setting. The ushers were all such nice clean looking young men, all southerners and veterans of the African & Italian campaigns. The high spot of the ceremony came when Mr. Somlin asked "Who gives this woman, etc." with swelling chest, senior to me forth, "I, the father!" we times surely heard down in the choir room! Never before have I heard more than a fumble "I do" and generally the heart broken father, overcome at the thought of losing his child - it merely places the bride's hand in the minister's. I have had three people telephone me today, starting the conversation with "I, the father!" The reception at Mrs. Gordon's was lovely, the garden and grass so lush and so many good friends gathered together but no young men the the exception of the ushers. Johnnay has a full weeks vacation, then they have a furnished apartment in Rabbord Beach for the next two three months while he is stationed at Hilegrov. Afterwards, the Fishers affune & Leashes had supper at the Little Red Hen and Mrs. Buffins remarked that the last time we were together there was after your induction.

Mrs. Brown, has just telephoned that they have just received several things from John who is on his way to his new ship the destroyer

writing at new grammar. I can't quite understand why he can mention names of places but maybe it is because he's enroute and not actually in locations. By the way, Roger was married the day after your birthday, on Sunday because on the Saturday evening on which they had expected to be married, Garnet's nursing class had their formal dance and dinner & they thought it would be nice to have a chance to go to it for they had had no opportunity because of Roger being sent to info.

Today morning Bill returned to Bowring and now Marilyn is waiting to see whether his transfers has actually gone through. The commanding officer seemed reluctant to have him leave.

Yesterday Dad & I went to Coler for some finishing touches. We painted the porch chairs and washed the kitchen floor & Dad cleaned out some tall trees. Marilyn doesn't care much about Coler but think we'll hold on to it for awhile.

On the news broadcast this afternoon, Churchill is quoted as saying that the European peace could be over this summer. I hardly dare believe it possible and yet the war news continues excellent from all fronts except China. Yes, our large map is on the kitchen wall & our pins in Saipan & Tinian and I would buy a solid gold one if I knew your location! But perhaps it's just as well that I don't.

Dad is getting quite a kick from his political connections - it is amusing how quickly he has become "Art" to some people who didn't even know he existed a few weeks ago!

I have been tempted to start writing out clippings about the Pacific front, thinking later on you would find I had saved time which brought memories to you but there are so many that perhaps you'd rather buy a history of the whole affair, later in life.

Garyl is just up from her nap and Marilyn has dressed her in a little white blouse and a short bright red flaring suspender skirt and she looks like a little ballerina. Uncle Captain James is here for the afternoon.

You mention in your letter how you looked forward to weekends at home - they were mutually enjoyed, I can assure you. Almost nine months since you were here which simply means, of course, nine months meant you next leave home.

Let us know what you hear from Tommies - I do wish they would pre-date his jg commission, it seems a chance to hasn't closed up thru no fault of his.

Tots of love to you