

Monday July 19, 1944

Dear Douglas. How about thunderstorms? I think we are going to have a good one in about an hour and we need it - we have had several days of oppressive heat and high humidity and we would like to have a change. Daryl stands it very well and looks so cute in her very brief sun suits. She is getting quite a tan and is very sturdy.

Dad had most of last week off and made the most of it. Tuesday was the fourth and we spent it quietly at Cole. Wednesday he went golfing and Marilyn went to Sandwich, saw Bill for a few minutes in the evening and came back here Thursday noon. Dad suggested that we make a flying trip to Carver so we phoned, found that Donald + Barbara and their two children Beverly + Pamela were there as were also Laura's family for you probably know their home in So Weymouth has been sold + they are back home awaiting military developments. We reached there about four and what a grand time we all had, especially Daryl. For the first time in her life she was turned loose on a spacious lawn with all her newly found cousins, including 1.001's three, Donald's cocker spaniel "Bo-Bo" Laura's black and white "Strauss" + cat "Lillian", also Jesse's little "Kari" and seventeen year old "Puffy" and of course Chip. Everything was harmonious and the only real tears were when each was summoned for bed! Daryl slept in the trundle - bed + did very well. Dad + I slept out on the porch and about 3 A.M. we were suddenly awakened by the most horrible spine chilling screams I ever heard to hear. They went on and on + we finally thought perhaps Blanche had set a rat trap + some animal had been partially caught in it. Finally they seemed to discontinue in the distance. The next morning no one knew what they were + Jesse said they had been heard several times lately but he had no idea what it was, birds or beast! Jesse seems about the same but I think he feels quite badly that Norman died for he really needs time at the mill but Norman's will was set on it + I understand he turned down a chance at a commission in the Navy for it meant a desk job buying rubber so now he is an actual corporal in the infantry in the Carolina. Jesse has a wonderful looking garden + owned the usual bowls of thick cream + fresh milk.

say nothing of home smoked bacon + churned butter. Ted Deacon (3 yr) is an absolute image of Laura - its uncanny she is so cunning + clever that her little arm is unnoticed. Her Marilyn is six months old + looks more like Jack. Curtis is a second Norman, long + rangy + gay about 1 1/2 years is very sturdy + looks like Jesse. We came home after lunch Friday.

Saturday Dad played golf in the morning with Bob Dike then he and I went to Colos. Marilyn staying home because she expected Bill but he didn't come. Sunday morning the Harolds (Mr + Mrs) + Mr + Mrs Gooden + ~~Joseph~~ Charlotte came down in time for breakfast. It was another swelter so we took the table for dinner out under the trees in back. We have quite a grove there now + the breeze was lovely + so refreshing. We stayed down until about ten + then all left for home.

Donald + Francis were down with their small son, a nice husky baby.

The latest word from Tommie is "My back is doing fine as are my burns but I would like some cash as I don't even own a pair of shoes + must borrow when I want to walk around the hospital" His latest address is

4199 US Army Hospital

APO 199 c/o Postmaster New York. I have tried to telephone Mrs Buffum tonight but no luck (our thunder storm has not materialized much to my disgust!).

You probably have heard about the tragic fire at the afternoon performance of Ringling Bros circus in Hartford where over 150 people were burnt to death. Leland heard the news flash as he was eating supper at his Haven - mine dialy hopped a bus + was thrilled to be put right to work - he certainly is in the right profession for him. Everett is in Bangor just now taking Red Cross work + then returns to teach his whole class swimming!

Your latest letter dated July 2nd was received today + we were very glad to hear so recently from you. In the previous letter I note your requests for music + ballads + will do my best to fulfil them.

Speaking of macaws Helen Goodchild told me that once
 toward had left his bag in some room while in training & a
 cat had five kittens in it! Perhaps the Elder will find a
 monkey somewhere and adopt it - you can always bring it
 home to Dad - you know he always said he wanted one!

Never worry about what subject to write on when writing to
 us - there is one that is paramount - YBO! Anything on that
 subject is tops with us all!

We also have sent in a request for your ballot but beyond
 that, we are no more than friends. Have you heard the new
 pledge of allegiance to "one family, indispensable, with
 commissions and divorces for all!" Dad is quite interested
 in his politics & as you suggest, Cranston has never had
 much "dirt" out here. This time the mayor situation is
 interesting with the present republican incumbent Kelly
 Lind well known to Dad as he is a mfg firm with whom
 Dad has had lots of business, has been indicated by
 his own ward one for a nomination but it is all too
 complicated for me!

Yes, I realize the Elder is meaning his first birthday -
 do you have a cake and candles for the occasion?

Our camera film is A-116 & should you be able to
 send any will see that it is returned in finished pictures!

The "Little Red Hen" is doing pretty well but
 dining out is not the joy it once was. Our last experience
 at the Red Hen was after Barbara Harde's wedding & the little
 waitress had to return so many times as each time we
 made a selection "they were just out of it" that she was in
 tears - actually - for fear we would be offended! Finally,
 miserable was our dinner, deliciously cooked but still not
 just what you hope for when dining out. For my weekends at
 (or is) have been making chowder & clam cakes & it always
 goes to please.

It is thoughtful of you to write Mrs. Dennis - I
 am very sure she will appreciate it.

Dad will take this letter to mail + should Mrs. Puffum
leave later news or address for Tommie, he will take it
before sealing it.

Chips has been getting quite chunky + stuck necked
in his old age but since his little black lady came
into his life, he spends so much time prancing back
& forth at the end of his rope that once again he has
regained his gazelle like form.

Ever so much love to you and looking forward
to your next letter and seeing you a year from now!

Lovingly
Mother

We enjoy the cartoons!