

[Transcription begins]

#16 1-3-44 Monday

Dear Douglas:

It seems to me that these [M]ondays roll around quite fast and that is a sign that I keep busy! Your number 74 letter for some reason arrived after your 73 and I rather expect to find another one waiting for us tonight for I know if you possibly can you will have written on Christmas day. By now you will have received my letter telling you how much we appreciated all the things you sent us--Marilyn's extra gift of guest towels have also arrived and you are first on her list of "thank-you letters."

The Christmas tree is still up--I suggested to Dad that we take it down Sunday (yesterday) but he seemed to want it up a little longer and as it is not dropping and is an unusually pretty shaped one, there it is for a few days more. We did not have as many friends as usual in Christmas week because of Daryl's cold and both Marilyn and I had a slight one, but the Browns, Dicks and Com. and Mrs. Hard, and Mrs. Roger Hard, Jr. spent last Wednesday evening with us. Roger, Jr. is back in Boston for another short period.

New Year's eve we spent with the Henricksons, Metcalfs and Westcotts. It was a late party for we sang around the piano until almost three after playing hearts and partaking of a generous buffet luncheon. When a hostess serves one of those the family has to go without ration point food for quite a period so that the stamps may be used for the cold cuts, cheese, butter, etc. so it is always appreciated by the guests! Each one received a souvenir at the supper table and Dad's was a nice cigar which he saved to enjoy while reading the Sunday paper. Imagine his surprise when it turned out to be a trick one, exploding when about half way smoked! I had never seen one before, it was rolled round two wires which were apparently [sic] held together by string and when the fire reached that it burnt it in two thus releasing the wires which simply snapped apart thus tearing the cigar open! Saturday night the Hards had the Donles, Goodchilds, Fishers, Jones[es], Browns and Leaches, also Dicks, over. Cliff put on about the same show that he did for you with a few more new tricks. He really is good. Another well filled buffet table appeased our hunger but this time we went home about twelve. The weather has been clear and cold and Marilyn went skating at the Park Saturday afternoon. By the way, do you remember my loaning

my ski pants to any of your girl friends? They have been missing for two years and I have a vague recollection of some young girl borrowing them but who it is I can't think, so I am asking everyone I can think of to help solve the problem.

Went to church yesterday morning, the first time for quite a little time as Bill so often gets home on a weekend, but this time he couldn't. The choir loft seems to keep pretty well filled and there are always a great many service men in attendance. I am sorry to enclose the clipping telling of the death of Dean Phinney but I know you must hear of these tragedies from time to time and we just pray that they will not be too close. You must have been thrilled to participate in the airmen's rescue.

We are always interested in hearing about your living conditions, meals, etc. Wish I might be there to help you sew on buttons! Your food sounds good and I know that you are getting plenty of fresh air! Did I think to mention in a previous letter that Charlotte Hewitson called me when home on leave. She is Adjutant's Assistant at a very large Midwestern airfield, only several other Wacs [sic] being stationed there. Thinks nothing of traveling all around on a large bomber and is going to be a very much broadened young lady at the end of the war (speaking mentally and not physically). Glad that you still correspond with Betty Shaw for it keeps you in touch with just one more former piece of your life and we found her so interesting and vivacious the day we spent with them in Boston. You have a fine circle of friends, both boys and girls and I am glad to have you keep up your correspondence with so many of them.

Bunny and Phyllis called for a few minutes last night to see Daryl (just long [enough] to spoil the "Great Gildersleeve¹ and Jack Benny!). They think Daryl is a darling, as she is. Bob has only a few more weeks before he will be ready for active service. (we are still pleased that you are in the service you are!)

Dick Cole died this week, probably his name doesn't mean too much to you but you may remember him.

Dad has had fertilizer spread all over the yard and you can just imagine

¹ **The Great Gildersleeve** had its premier in August, 1941; it was created as one of broadcast history's first spin-off comedy series (from the situation comedy *Fibber MacGee and Molly*). "You're a haa-aa-aa-aard man, McGee!" became a Gildersleeve.

Marilyn's nose, it just about touches her forehead! But it should make a difference in the lawn next year, so I guess she will just have to get used to it. She has had a pleasant two weeks, for Janet has been home from Bradford Junior college and has been over real often, as had Bette Lockwood, Jeanne, Lucille Ralph and Marilyn Eaton.

I intend to call on your friend Raoul Hubby professionally this noon. Mr. Five by five and no foolin.

The war news continues good and you probably know much more about that than we do, but surely 1944 will see the end of Germany's part and then full concentration on the Japs will shorten that conflict.

Duty calls and I must away--keep up your good spirits and keep the letters coming, you are a good correspondent and we have no complaints!

Lovingly

[Transcription ends]