

[Transcription begins]

#41 - Monday June 12, 1944

Dear Douglas--I'm back to my Monday letter night again but do not expect this letter to be too interesting for it was only last Thursday that I wrote you, and since then, as you know, my whole time has been given to taking care of Daryl so Marilyn and Bill could be free their last days together for awhile--altho Marilyn tells me today that there is a slight possibility that his request for a transfer will not be granted as his commanding officer seemed loothe [sic] to lose him. He goes back to Bourne to report Friday. He was tagged for parking his car in front of the house all night but because he was in uniform got off with just a reprimand.

We have had a spell of cold north east wind--have needed rain desperately but this was a dry storm up until Friday, then we had a good downpour all night and Sunday, clearing and pleasantly warm today with the rambler roses in full bloom. Dad has several lovely specimens this year, one delicate pink & another very deep, dark red. Tonight he has gone to the annual business meeting of the CYMBC at Mrs. Jordan's--Marilyn & Bill are at Schmid's, so I put Daryl to bed at six and took my tray under the tree. We have the summer slip covers on the living room chairs and couch & the ruffled white summer curtains up, so let the hot weather come, we are ready. Luckily, it has been cool enough so Bill & Marilyn can sleep upstairs.

Sunday after lunch Dad, Daryl and I went to Coles where I washed a few more dishes, plenty dusty after two years' idleness and Dad painted two screen doors. Without thinking, he dropped the wide paddle with which he had been stirring green paint & before he remembered it again, Daryl had grabbed it in both hands and how! Both hands were absolutely covered with the thick stuff! I held her quiet while Everett White cleaned one hand with kerosene and Dad did the other! Whenever she sees a bird she gets quite excited & says "peep!" in a high pitched voice. Yesterday, up in your room she kept saying it over & over & finally I realized it was the gilt eagle on the clock in your room which had caught her eye! Smart child!

You must have by now received the clipping showing that Dad is to run for councilman of this ward on the Republican docket--you can see he is to have a busy season!

The news since D-DAY continues excellent, France, Italy, Russia, only in China is it discouraging & we are waiting to hear just what the casual mention of action in the Pacific in the Marianas may portend and are you any way connected with it. Keep your memory functioning for you'll have countless questions to answer when you come back.

I am listening to a real treat on the radio tonight--Nelson Eddy & Jeannette [sic] MacDonald in "Naughty Marietta." I hope you do buy the "Mikado" records.

Saturday I intended to go to market but was so busy helping Mrs. Webber that finally about five o'clock gave Dad the list & he went to Washington Park, at that late hour, the choice on meats was absolutely nil--he came home with a weird five pounds of some sort

of pork to be boiled which I did & then threw it all in the garbage for it smelled to the high heavens! We had eggs for Sunday dinner and as the stores around here are closed on Monday, I had eggs for supper tonight!

I'm not expecting any mail from you for awhile as you warned me it might be awhile before you could write but when it comes, it will be most welcome.

Ever so much love to you from us all

Mother [Transcription ended]