

[Transcription begins]

#45 Monday, July 10, 1944
[Indecipherable time]

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 Coles. 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 [indecipherable] three, Donald's cocker spaniel "Bo-bo"--Laura's dachshund [sic] "Strauss" & cat "Tristan," also Jesse's setter "Nan" and seventeen year old "Buffy" 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 in the porch and about 3 A.M. we were suddenly awakened by the most horrible spine chilling screams I ever expect 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 disappear in the distance. The next morning noone [sic] knew what they were & Jesse said they had been heard several times lately but he had no idea what it was, bird or beast! Jesse seems about the same but I think he feels quite badly that Norman enlisted for he really needs him at the mill but Norman's soul was set on it & I understand he turned down a chance for a commission in the Navy for it meant a desk job buying lumber so now he is an acting corporal in the infantry in South Carolina. Jesse has a wonderful looking garden & [indecipherable] say nothing of home smoked bacon & churned butter. Laura's Deanne (3 yrs) is an absolute image of Laura--it's uncanny--she is so cunning & clever that her little arm is unnoticeable. Her Marilyn is six months old & looks more like Jack. Curtis is a second Norman, long & rangey [sic] & Jay about 1 ½ years is very sturdy & looks like Jesse. We came home after lunch Friday.

Saturday Dad played golf in the morning with Bob Dick then he and I went to Coles--Marilyn staying home because she expected Bill but he didn't come--Sunday morning the Hards (Mr. and Mrs.) & Mr. & Mrs. Goodchild & Charlotte came down in time for breakfast. It was another scorcher 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 New Haven--immediately 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 & [indecipherable] & will do my best to fulfil [sic] these.

Speaking of mascots Helen Goodchild told me that once Howard had left his bag in some room while in training & a cat had five kittens in it! Perhaps the Elden 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 dwell on when writing to us--there is one that is paramount--YOU! Anything on that subject is tops with us all!

We also have sent in a request for your ballot but beyond that, we no [sic] no more than you do. 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 Billy Lind well known to Dad as he is a mfg jlwr* with whom Dad now has lots of business, has been adjudicated by his own Ward one for re-nomination but it is all too complicated for me!

Yes, I realize the Elden is nearing her first birthday--will you have cake and candles for the occasion?

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

The "Little Red Hen" is doing pretty well but dining out is not the way it once was. Our last experience at the Red Hen was after Barbara Hard'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

*manufacturing jeweler [?]

she was in tears--actually--for fear we would be offended! Finally mackerel was our

dinner, deliciously worked out still not just what you hope for when dining out. For my weekends at Coles I have been making chowder & clam cakes & it always seems to please.

It is thoughtful of you to write Mrs. [indecipherable]

Dad will take this letter to mail & should Mrs. Buffum have later news or address for Tommie, he will tuck it in before sealing it.

Clip has been getting quite chunky & thick 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! [Transcription ended]