

[Transcription begins]

[#51 August 21, 1944]

Dear Douglas - Daryl is safely tucked away for a two hour nap (we hope) and I have just finished reading your nice long #122, dated the 16<sup>th</sup> & received just as Marilyn & I were eating a bacon & tomato sandwich. The letter seemed unusually long & mentions [sic] several topics about which I had written you & answered some of our questions--every letter from me now will contain this question, "What do you want, what can you use, what do you hope to get for Christmas?"

You need not bother to return any pictures we send you for we always get a duplicate set for ourselves & one for the Schmidts. Yes, Daryl is plenty sturdy, she has lovely eyes like Marilyn only the eyelashes curl back instead of being straight.

My last few letters have told you of the extreme heat wave but that has now broken & the days are lovely & the nights beginning to seem cool. We sit out in the yard a lot & if we are there Daryl can run around loose, otherwise she is in her playpen or tied to the clothesline. Dad's new terrace is lovely, already the grass is growing between the tiles and we can put our chairs there in the shade.

Several times you have mentioned cats or dogs on other ships and I wonder how it is that the Elden has never had one. Knowing you, I'm surprised that long ago you haven't been beguiled by an ingratiating pup!

It certainly is something, the way the bonds are accumulating. It will be a comforting thought when you come home to know there is a substantial nest egg & that you can take your time planning your future life. Dick Whipple has just been accepted at Georgetown University which trains for the diplomatic service & I think his first two years are to be subsidized (is that the word?) by the government under a disability re-habilitation plan.

Yes, indeed, Tommie is home & the only regret about it is that you are not here, too! He looked rather tired the first time I saw him but now seems & looks just like his former self. Last Thursday night we took our supper & sailed until sunset with the Browns. The Buffums were with us as well as Trudy Kraus, Mr. & Mrs. Marble & Douglas Brown (Edmund's boy). The latter refused to sit in anyone's arms the entire time except Dad's! He is a cunning little fellow but very dark. After the sail we all came back to our terrace & garden (ahem!) and had gingerale [sic].

I believe Timmie arrives today by plane from San Diego with future assignment orders in his pocket. Trudy tells me that Harry F. Brown went thru about the same schools as you did and is to be radar officer on a DE [Destroyer Escort].

Bill came home Friday midnight & left Sunday night. He is very pleased with his new assignment, carrying supplies to various lighthouses & stands off the Maine Coast & goes up as far as Digby, Nova Scotia. He told a funny story about deciding, because of a heavy fog, to head for a certain lighthouse & put in for the night. The cook had supper

ready unusually early & he noticed that he was cleaning up afterwards very rapidly. Very soon he appeared before Bill spic & span & asked shore leave when they should reach the tiny island, not more than a mile in width. Wondering what on earth was the attraction Bill said, "yes" but asked why & the reply was, "I married the Lighthousekeeper's daughter two years ago!" Bill likes the work so well & it keeps him so busy that he would just as soon stay for the duration. That would also suit Marilyn for he could see Daryl at least once every two months.

Saturday we had a bean supper at the Yacht Club & then a crowd returned to the Browns' to see the colored pictures of Roger's wedding--very lovely and interesting to us to see Charlie Leach's beaming face peeking from behind the bevy of bridesmaids! Also some of the scenes taken on their vacation in the White Mountains would have made your mouth water, I'm sure. Maybe after the war we'll buy a shack up there somewhere, to be headquarters for your climbing trips, Dad's painting & I can take Daryl to keep me company & give Marilyn a rest!

Sorry the maple sugar didn't arrive. I'll try again sometime.

Last night Dad & I went to see Bing Crosby in "Going My Way" my second time. I think it is excellent, the characters are so well cast & done. Dad thoroughly enjoyed it & that means a lot for he is very critical of pictures & there are not many that he thinks are worth seeing. Hope it comes your way.

Glad the Elden had her cake. Yes, we too were sorry you could not have dinner when the [several indecipherable lines] I like them both so much & hope you keep up your friendship for them.

I shall think of Manzala the day that I hear of the re-taking of the Phillipines [sic]. It is funny how superstitious some apparently intelligent people can be--Beulah Hopps declares that the whole war will be over Sept. 7<sup>th</sup>! Junior is an Ensign in the Navy.

Yesterday Georgie Pulliam called--he is one of the unfortunate fellows who gave up college to go into the air corps & now has to start all over again in something else because the government has enough air men in training. Stanley Bates, a friend of Larry's, had all his uniforms bought & only six more flying hours needed, when he was dropped & is now an ordinary seaman.

Sunday was the club run for the Edgewood Yacht Club. Potters Cove, which has been closed by the government to all pleasure craft, was opened by special permission, every boat being checked in and out. A Dr. Clegg let Bill take his schooner for the day & they brought me back a water bucket full of quahaugs. Last night we had chowder, little necks [sic] on the half shell, clam cakes & tonight I am making a quahaug pie which is just like a chicken pie only with the succulent quahaug instead of the fowl. Lap your chops on that! Also yesterday I did up a bushel of peaches, made eighteen quart jars & some left over for supper & to cut up on cereal for breakfast.

Tomorrow Aunt Marion, Uncle Harvey & I take the 12:40 bus for Branford to attend the wedding of Hazel Louise & Douglas Bragg. His assignment is for the South Pacific so when I get his ship's number, I'll let you know and you must keep your eyes open for a new cousin. Dad is giving her one of his paintings, at her request. I shall probably come back the next day but may stay another night.

I had a long letter from Madeleine V[indecipherable] this week. As I wrote you, Hilaire is a prisoner of Germany & Rene has not yet completed his aviation training.

Dad is always so pleased to find a letter from you when he gets home. As always, he keeps busy both at the shop & home but has done very little painting this summer, although last Sunday he sat in the doorway of the garage & did a rather unusual one from memory--heavy clouds just before sunset when we were out sailing.

Probably you have heard that Clara Miller is joining the WAVES. If she gets the breaks that Mary Noyes has had, she will love it and I think it will do a lot for her--it seems to for all the girls.

The whole household is now napping--Marilyn was curled up on the couch with Bing purring on top of her & Chip is in his basket.

I met Mrs. Potter in the store last Saturday & asked how she was standing the hot weather--"All right if I could only get a little sleep. Pixie will not sleep alone. I get up & put him out on the couch & before I can get back into bed, he is there before me! And yesterday I went down town in all the heat to get him a fresh fish, you know they are not very fresh in Washington Park! But I have chicken for him tomorrow. I always put down two saucers of milk, one of ordinary & one of evaporated & then he can have his choice. He seems to prefer the evaporated!" And so on, ad infinitum!

My best love

Mother [Transcription ended]