

[Transcription begins]

#57 10-2-44

Dear Douglas - We have just finished doing up your Christmas box and a measly small one it is! Imagine you will be tempted to say about the various items, "What on earth do they think I want this thing for!" But you will realize we have done the best we could under the circumstances and it is all sent with the greatest amount of love possible! By the way, have you ever received a package of music & a pitchpipe [sic]?

Your latest letters dated Sept. 17 and 20th have arrived and I comment on their contents herewith. It seems queer to think of its being so hot where you are as our weather now is inclined to be on the sharp side. We have not yet started the furnace, for the sun pours in & except for early morning & evening we are still quite comfortable and while we have some coal we are a little uncertain about a future supply. By this time you must have received my letter with Tommie's Miami address. Don't ever think any letter from you could be uninteresting--every word you write tells us a little something about you and that is the all important subject to us at home. [R]e the fountain pen--Dad has already forwarded one to you with your name on it, let us know when it arrives. He will also buy one for your friend--could it be that there are any light fingered gentry around?

I feel rather unfamiliar with the church affairs right now--we have not been all during the summer & these last few weekends of the Fall we have spent at Coles. This last one we had the Metcalfs & Henriksons for overnight & we were very cozy with the oil stove going & extra blankets on the beds. Then Sunday the womenfolk helped me clean up the cottage & the men helped Dad put on the shutters, take off the pump & do all the many necessary jobs for closing for the winter. We never closed so quickly & efficiently. Mr. Henrikson has taken a panorama view in front of the cottage so that we can join the different pictures together & have them framed in a long frame. I hope to get to church next Sunday, but the week after that we hope to go to Long Island to visit the Lotts--more about that later.

Both Dad & I have read "The Robe" & like it immensely.

The Ying Brothers have gone out of our life temporarily. An entirely different group run the laundry now & so far with Dad it is strictly a business proposition--the men are much older & not talkative.

Do any of the men have subscriptions to any magazines & do they receive their copies with any regularity? I wondered if there were any you would care to receive? We are getting your "Naval Proceedings" here at the house & saving the copies for you--would you prefer to have us send them to you?

Latest engagements noted--Hope Morey & Norman Bridge but not to each other! I don't think you know their fiancées--I meant to clip the notices from the paper but forgot to. Did you know Dick Johnson is going to Brown this year?

Daryl had her first lolly-pop [sic] this morning & said "Oh boy!" She & Billy Pine often scrap for the same toy & Daryl generally is the winner! She has a most determined look on her face when she means business! But she is generous & very often will yield a toy when she is not particularly interested in it.

Chip is allowed more freedom, is seldom tied & rarely goes out of the yards--you see, he really has quite a bit of territory taking in Grays' to Simmons'. Milkmen & garbage men, however, are still his pet peeves!

Dick Whipple is at Georgetown University & Hartly Roberts has started in with the Prov. Washington Ins. Company.

Dad is insulating the last storage upstairs & Marilyn is at Barbara Fleck Keck's tonight. Our house looks pretty good downstairs--the new paper is pretty, we have new sheer curtains at the windows & have taken off the summer slip covers from the furniture. But upstairs is a riot! You know how it is when I have to dump everything up there but as soon as Dad finishes up then I shall get everything ship shape for who knows, it might be needed, sooner than we dare hope!

Ever so much love to you, don't ever doubt that happier times are coming.

Mother [Transcription ended]