

[Transcription begins]

#69 Wednesday night Dec. 6, 1944

Dear Douglas - We love the picture of the cat demonstrating to her kitten how to wreck a chair. "You've got to get your back into it!" It is so very true to life and our experience with Bing and Pixie. In return I am enclosing what I consider the side-splitting picture of the year from the Providence Journal (it is positively the last clipping about Catlow that I shall send you!)

We were particularly interested in your account of meeting fellow [indecipherable] and I hope that contacts with old friends and acquaintances become ever increasing. Geo. Williams wrote of the encounter to Stafford Allen and he in turn called us by phone, sure that you were in San Francisco! But we knew he was mistaken and hope by this time you have seen Louis [indecipherable].

I suppose your ship is now plowing the waves away from home again and your little time on shore is over for the time being. We all thought of you often and hope you had plenty of fresh fruits, vegetables and milk. Trudie telephoned us, saying your letter told of one trip up the mountain and I know how much you must have enjoyed that. The next time you head in this direction, I hope it's for the states!

You know, I'm not quite sure whether I have answered your last letter or not, so if I have duplicated please forgive. I note that I wrote a letter on the same date that I received one from you, but I'm not sure whether I wrote before or after receiving the letter?

Last Friday night, Mr. & Mrs. Jones and Dad and I ate at Huston's restaurant, then went across the road to see their lovely home and then Mr. and Mrs. Huston went with us to Chepiwanoxet to call on the Everett Youngs! We had a very jolly time, as there was much reminiscing (?) of World War I. Dad always sends some message by the waitress to Mr. Huston and this time said, "Tell the proprietor [sic] that I've had ptomaine poisoning twice from this restaurant & I'm going to give it one more break!"

Sunday Dad and I went to Communion at Calvary. I could hardly believe my eyes when I saw both Bob Greene & Mary Noyes in the choir! It looked like old times! Three girls told me Sunday what a great letter-writer you are--Mary, Trudie & I think one of the Mowry girls. Keep up the good work!

Monday night we had a very pleasant program at the church for Service Mothers and it was quite inspiring to be one of a group where each had a son or daughter in the service. Geo. Jones spoke in his humble and appealing way--he has done a marvelous job in keeping the young people together and gives hours to them.

Last night the Joneses and I went to see Eddie Bracken in "Hail the Conquering Hero."

Today I started my Christmas shopping in earnest and the first thing I bought was a new book of Nelson Eddy records, "Patter Songs From Gilbert and Sullivan." That is for your

collection! (But I'll keep it for you.)

Marilyn and I have been very busy making a pale yellow coat, hat, and legging set for Daryl. It is trimmed with very narrow brown fur and we finished it today so Marilyn walked over to the Christmas sale at the Church of the Transfiguration where Daryl became the center of attraction. Hollier's baby, Edmund Brown's baby hardly say a word but Daryl has a very extensive vocabulary, practically saying anything.

We are having a grand time picking out the name for the next one and are open to suggestions although we will not promise to use them!

At quarter of nine every morning WEAN puts on a Quiz Show in which contestants are called on the telephone and if the correct answer is given the first time \$5 is paid, every time the telephone is answered but [if] the person does not know the answer, he is sent \$1 in war stamps just for answering the phone and the question pyramids \$5 in value. You are allowed one minute and if you can do it in that time, [you] can ask someone in the house or look it up. I must tell you of an incident so funny that I sent it in to Paul Loring of "This Really Happened in Providence." The question was, "What State does not grant divorce for any reason?" and the announcer said, "Is this Hopkins -----? Is this Mrs. ----- of 53 Brandon Rd?" Then he asked the question and said, "Oh, sure you must know, there are only 48 states and that question is worth \$55. Take a chance and guess." Then he said, "Yes, I'll hold the line," and in an aside to the radio audience he said, "I can hear the dog barking furiously." And in a minute, "Yes, you're exactly right. South Carolina is correct and you have earned \$55." This is what happened. A neighbor two doors below heard her friend's number called, listened to the radio long enough to hear her say that she didn't know the answer, ran down the street, pounded frantically at the back door. No answer. Rushed madly to the front door, ringing the bell furiously. No answer. So got down on her hands and knees and yelled thru the letter slot "South Carolina!" The good neighbor happened to be Vera Hanson that I know so well and yesterday I heard Kirke Everson's mother called and [heard her] fail on the question, "What was Tiny Tim's last name?" That question is now \$30. Everyone listens to it as every number in our book will eventually be called.

Marilyn is going to Boston tomorrow with Mrs. Schmid so I'll have fun with Daryl all day.

Bill says that the boats built at Camden are super and that is where Tommie is right now. I will try to get you his address as soon as possible. It is too late to call Maude tonight.

Tomorrow is a day never to be forgotten in the history of the US but we are making progress, slow but sure and the Navy is doing a great job. I'm glad you picked it for your service.

Of course, I shall write you several times before Christmas but I'm never sure when you will receive it, so here's a wish for a peaceful day and a pleasant one with thoughts that by next year you will have had a chance to return home.

Love from us all,
Mother [Transcription ends]