Dear Douglas:

Yesterday we received your nice letter telling us you were pleased with your birthday box. I am glad that the cake tasted good and that the candy was eatable. Daryl hopes that you knew that she signed the card herself (of course with her mother holding her hand!) As for the cribbage game, perhaps some day on shipboard, you will have some idle moments and everyone who plays it seems to think that it is a very interesting game. Marilyn has been playing it quite a bit with Mr. Schmid and lately she has been teaching it to Dad.

I meant to ask you in my last letter if you wouldn’t like to have me send you a cool black and white tiny check silk bathrobe belonging to Dad. It would be a very small package and any time that you move on could be easily mailed home. Should it be a trifle large a tailor could alter it with very little difficulty or expense and I am sure you would find it most handy and cool. Why not buy yourself some short-sleeved shirts? You never know what your next assignment will be and why not be comfortable for the time being?

Dad carefully packed your box with old Providence Journal’s and included some funnies—did you happen to find them?

How is your watch holding out? Be sure and let us know if you need another one or that one repaired.

I have been listening to the bells of the old Baptist Meeting House ring as the Commencement procession comes down hill. Never will I forget the thrill of last year when you were a part of it. Today had just about the same kind of weather, not just sure whether it would rain or not but except for one slight shower, it stayed dry. Tonight we will have some crisp tripe for supper, does it make your mouth water or is the weather too hot where you are to think of it?

Marilyn goes to see Barbara Fleck married tonight, and I will take care of Daryl which is no hardship as you can imagine.

This letter was written chiefly to ask about the bath robe so please let me know whether you want it sent.
Lovingly,
Mother (Transcription ends)