Dear Douglas--Nine-thirty and I have just finished washing the supper dishes but instead of doing them immediately I went out in the yard while Dad watered. Marilyn left this morning by train for Sandwich with Grandma and Aunt Hazel. The latter intends to do a book for boys [indecipherable], the Cape, and Grandma was pleased enough to go along to point out points of interest and visit the records of the Historical Society there and Marilyn hopes to see Bill evenings. He came home last Sunday and Monday and is pretty much fed up with the place and eager for his orders to come thru. Marilyn will only be gone a day or two and I, of course, will have Daryl. It is the week that Dad’s shop shuts down for necessary machine repairs so he hopes to be home more or less. Today he put in a whole day of golf with Mr. Dick. By the way, did I think to tell you that when the Dicks spent a Sunday with us at Coles they brought their five year old grandson and he was thrilled to have a boxful of your soldiers to play with while there.

Saturday and Sunday at Coles we entertained the Henricksons and Metcalfes--perfect weather, good food and Saturday evening “Michigan.” It brought to mind the many, many times the crowd of youngsters played that.

An air mail letter from Tommie followed close on the heels of an official telegram saying he had been “wounded in the performance of his duty” and according to his own words “the X-rays show I will be as good as new again.” His ship was lost off the Normandie coast and of course he gave no details but Mr. and Mrs. Buffum were so overjoyed to receive the letter in his own handwriting only a few hours after receiving the telegram. I will write you when I hear any more about him.

Monday night Dad and I went to the stock company play of “Fair and Warmer”--a farcial comedy but good for a few laughs. Tuesday the fourth, Marilyn, Daryl, Dad and I went to Coles and Marilyn had a grand time displaying Daryl, dressed in the briefest of sun suits with a big sunbonnet to match.

Clara Kern was down, a little disheartened because the age limit for Lieut-Commanders has just been raised to 35 [indecipherable]

Larry expects to be home for a short leave soon--Kenny Green has landed in San Francisco after a trip to Australia with a cargo of beer! They think he is headed for Pearl Harbour now.

Your last letter, telling of being on captured territory was intensely interesting to us all and I wonder which one of my map pins was on your spot that you visited! Just at present, we are having gorgeous moon light nights and it seems so queer to think that you see the same golden orb only at a different time.

The war news continues good and we are eagerly awaiting Churchill’s talk tomorrow on the robot rockets\footnote{V-1 robot bombs were “pilot less airplanes,” developed by the Germans during 1942-43 with much}.
he will be able to tell us why. With Germany brought to her knees before Christmas as we all hope and pray, then the combined might of the Allies should force Tojo\textsuperscript{2} to despair.

I heard Dewey’s\textsuperscript{3} acceptance speech, thought it well worded and pertinent and think his radio voice equals the President’s. What chance he has, time alone will tell. Dad is much interested in his own part of the campaign.

Sometimes I feel at a loss just what will interest you, so if you have any questions you want answered, let us have them and we will do our best. We are all well, Chip and Bing have gone to sleep for the night and altho it is after ten, Dad has gone out to water. Things are quite dry altho the garden does not look too bad for we have quantities of petunias in bloom.

Keep well, courage up and know we all think of you many times each day.

Lovingly,

Mother  [Transcription ended]