

Dearest Minnie;

Well, Christmas is once more a thing of the past, and it was not a too merry one for us as we were all tired and the dimout and the absence of all lights and carols and etc, seemed to douse the spirit and you became sober against your will. However we were together and that was something and we cherished that and made a try at a gayer feeling. This dimout that we have gets you down, all they will allow is just a slit of light and to be in Boston at night is like walking around in a Ghost City. The reason of the strict rules regarding that is the light from the city silhouett the ships in the harbor and the submarine problem is pretty bad. There have been battles right in the harbor itself and one night we actually heard the guns. So it is very necessary, but doesn't help your morale exactly, I have had two or three narrow escapes coming home and that is a problem they are trying to solve, so many accidents. People are ~~wearing~~ wearing white assessories and etc and I have a pair of white overshoes. I know you must have missed Sug terribly and I wish she could have been with you Christmas, but if they are able to come in January that will make up for it in some degree. Minnie, I have not ignored the fact that I have not given Sug a wedding present and have scoured the city ~~for~~ for something that I could afford but have not been able to find what I want, I am going to get it and pay for it weekly so tell me if you think that she wants something in silver or linens, is ~~xxxx~~ she keeping house with her own furniture or is she boarding? Give me an idea with things so scarce and dear I don't want to repeat ~~xxxxxxx~~ something that she already has.

We are having a severe cold spell and the suffering due to the shortage of oil, is great. Headlines in tonights paper that they are going to evacuate the families into schools and public buildings. We are lucky enough to have a coal furnace and a good one, altho' t is is the first year we have used it as our kitchen fire was enough to heat the dining room and the sitting room, this year we are using the furnace and only ~~beingxxxxxx~~ burning our oil stove in the kitchen in the coldest weather, so we are comfortable enough.

Jean starts her exmas next Monday and the first semester ends, which means a hundred and sixty dollars for the second on the 22nd of January, when she finishes this year she will have a thorough course in secreterial training, this will be a stepping stone for her and enable her to work her way through

(continued on next page)

and can go on with her journalism, which she is so set upon, she is delighted with Pauls letters and bemoans the fact every day that he didn't have the chance to go on to College. We all think that he is wasted in Frankfort but he surely seems happy enough and that is all that really counts.

Michael received his papers for his appointment in the Post Office and that releived my mind because he has only been on temporary so far, he is a different man since he left the laundry and I am so glad he got out of that rut. He feels rather cheated because of the new ruling regarding the 38 year old limit, but he is not holding it over my head anymore and peace reigns.

I haven't had a letter from Virginia for such a long time, I think it must have been in October, and then it was only a note and not much information on how she was getting along. She said something about her lease expiring and not being able to stay where she was later then the Spring, but then she wasn't supposed to be able to stay later then October and I guess she is still there, I wish there was some way of being able to tell what is what with her. I should think that G W would be able to go over to see her as he is not too far away. Has Verna joined him?

Honestly Minnie, the more this war progresses the more awful it is. One of our neighbors' son is home from the Solomons and to look at that boy and think what he was like before he went away makes you want to sit down and cry your eyes out. I couldn't undertake to describe it but there is something marked on his face that makes you realize what terrible things are happening, of course, he had a dreadful experience. There were twenty of them all wounded being transported by plane when they were attacked and had to land on a coral reef. They were there for ten days when ten of them died and the others caught a fish and ate it raw, and that was all the food they had until the Coast Guard rescued them. He was brought to California and was in the hospital there for a month and then he came home on a furlough, only nineteen and looks 30, another neighbor (we lived in their house up the street) her son only eighteen mortally wounded in North Africa he used to play with Buddy, it begins to get pretty close. ~~Now~~ I surely hope that Carl will not have to go into it and that Sug will be spared that terrible anxiety.

As I have written Paul and there isn't any news and this letter is surely a poor excuse due to so many reasons, I am writing on a portable that one of the boys in school loaned to Jean and ~~this is a temperamental actress~~ tempermental is not the word for it. Write me soon and tell Sug that we would love a note from her. Give Dad my love and tell him that there might be a chance this Spring of my being able to come down.

Loads ~~off~~ of love to all

