

Dec 14 -
Jan -

Wednesday Morning
January 5, 1944

Dearest Moms:

Was so happy to find your nice letter waiting for me when I got home last night. Think it is indeed a shame you got "the bug" again. Can't imagine where you got it, unless that cold house is what does it. Glad you moved to the back room at last; you should have done it before, I'm afraid. Take it easy now so you won't have a repeat of last winter's siege. Better burn the oil more!

The news from Fred was interesting and I'm looking forward to seeing his other letter which you are going to send me. Glad he is back in Intelligence, as that branch sounds interesting. Am afraid it will be quite a while before he comes home, though, but better that than if he were right in the fighting, I say.

Last evening, in addition to polishing our table silver, I had three very nice phone conversations. I called Pam and we had a long talk. I asked her and her roommate, Alice Long, over for dinner next Tuesday night. Got around to it at last and they are coming. She had also heard from Fred but couldn't make out his address any better than you or I. Such a writer! She got as far as the 2677 Hq. Co. and that was all she could get. I had my roommates working on it, too, but everybody had a different idea of the rest of it. We settled on Exp. for the next word, but the last one is beyond all comprehension. My latest theory is that it is Prov. How does that strike you? Anyway I guess a letter will get to him without the ending. Pam wrote to him and bawled him out for writing so illegibly. She has the idea that he might be in Cairo, while I think it is Algiers. I think he said he was going to move to there in one of his recent letters to you, didn't he?

Poor Pam was so disappointed not to have received a Christmas remembrance of some sort from Africa but we concluded that if he didn't see something worth buying, he just wouldn't bother -- the man of it! We concluded that we women would like even a 10¢ notebook, just for the idea of the thing -- but not so Fred! She was just tickled with your little gift. She seems like such a nice girl. Her sister, Mary Harper who joined the Red Cross is in Laborador and just loves it.

Uncle Jack called me last night and we had a lengthy chat. He was feeling fine. Hadn't been over to work yet this year. Said he might come today and would call me for lunch. I am still waiting. He has received notice of the package you sent him being at the post office--so pumped me as to its contents to see whether it was worth going after! Forgot all about asking him was he did on Christmas, but will when I see him next, whenever that is.

I also called Mrs. Reed last night -- to do a little "apple polishing". She said to you that she had lost my phone number, so I wanted her to have it. My excuse was to ask her for Elinor's address. I thought anyway I might write her a little note, after having had that nice visit with Mrs. Reed & seen the pictures of her children. Mrs. Reed said something about having wanted to get in touch with me, as she mentioned in her card to you. There was something about the Opera and a Navy Lieutenant she had visting her--all of which sounded good. Will be interesting

now to see if I hear from her again. She was very pleasant on the phone. I think she is really so nice. She said Mr. Reed got sick while they were up in Boston over Christmas.

Tonight I am going up right after supper to call on Caswell and her husband. Her baby is due most any time now, so I wanted to get in this call before the great event.

Pam just phoned. She got this morning an air mail letter written Dec. 14th, on which she could make out the address, and told me right away so I could tell you. My hunch was right. It's "2677 Hq. Co. Exp. (Prov.)". Lord only knows what it all means.

My uncle hasn't phoned & I just called the office and he isn't there. It being quarter past 12, I'm going out to lunch with a girl here.

Mr. Carter has been out with the grippe all week; expects to be in tomorrow. I have been more or less busy; cleaned out all desk drawers yesterday. Have filing, etc. to do; not very exciting, but worthwhile.

No more news for this time, my sweet. Take care of yourself for me, now, and write again soon.

All my love,

Julia

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