

November 14, 1944.

Mrs. Mary Hamilton,
860 Center Street,
Palo Alto, Calif.

Dear Mary:

Don't you get insulted when I send you these \$2.00 for nail brushes. I am so anxious to get them because I want to have one for my grip and one for home. That is the only thing with which I can keep my fingernails in shape, and I will appreciate it if you will mail them to me after your first shopping tour.

I am trying to get out an article so will make this a rather short, snappy business letter.

Little Jill Mons is as cute as a bug's ear. Mother and I go out to the hospital each day but the grandparents never see enough of Jill. We do get to visit with Jane. Mother no doubt has written you that Jane is as peppy as can be, but yesterday she let down a little and admitted she was a little fatigued.

But I promised to make this a short letter, and will let Mother tell you most of the news.

With love to Pete, Sonny, Joan and my Wibble-Wobble, and kind thoughts to the hamburgers that they call Hans, Dipsy Doodle, and so forth, I am

Affectionately,

FCA:AH
Enc.