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August 8, 1942.

Mrs. Mary Allen Hamilton,
Kip Silvey House,
R. F. D. #1,
Carmel Woods,
Carmel-by-the-Sea, Calif.

Dear Mary, Pete, Sonny, Joan and Wibble-Wobble:

I met Edna Lemon Clay walking along the University concourse this past week together with her fine four-year-old son. She spoke to me and said, "You don't remember me, do you?" I said, "Yes, your face is very familiar." (I told a fellow this once and he said it was the same face he had had for 42 years - but I tried it on her and it didn't work.)

She said, "I live at 701 North Cordova, Alhambra, California, and I am here on a short visit. Where is Mary? I thought she was somewhere in the south because I sent her a Christmas card last Christmas, but never heard from her."

I promised her that I would get your address, and I am sending it to her at the above address. I know that she would appreciate a card from you because she has always liked you very much, and I want to do my Boy Scout deed today and deliver the message.

One other item of news - Bill Phipps, who took Dick Barber's place at Charlton's, drove by the house on his way down to see Milton. He had just come from Tulsa and found a lovely cottage there that was going to be vacant, and thinking that Milton was going to settle in Tulsa with one of the oil companies he desired to tip Mit off to this cottage. During the conversation of Bill, Mother and I he asked about you. Bill has a fine job here and he says he feels awfully bad that he had to take it under the military situation of pushing Dick out and him coming in. Bill has two children, Sally Ann, I think, a girl of four, and a boy age 17 months. He has really snapped into it since coming here, and he is delighted.

Just those two bits of information from the news front before I tell you that we have all been wonderfully pleased at Pete's fine success and the congratulations from his company. Mother is the chief correspondent of the 801 household and she does a swell job of it. If it were left to me I would get a sprinkling of news where she gets gobs and gobs of it to pass on to Eleanor and to me. We love Joan's and Wibbo's letters, and when that great historian, Leander P., Junior, turns loose. - my, what a volume of information we get!