

December 9, 1941

Dear Mother,

A very very happy birthday. I'm thinking about you today and also thinking that maybe your birthday – the day we go to war again – isn't so happy after all. But it can be a time to count our own personal blessings. Daddy is too old to see active service at any front, and the boys are too young. It may be that we will feel the tragedies facing others even more keenly because our own immediate family is comparatively safe. But that thought at least can give us strength.

This little gadget – a meat thermometer – is something no happy home should be without. At least that's the way they train scientific home economists. Now you can follow our motto of "Science With Practice." I just hope you haven't got one already – why don't you keep me posted on the innovations in our household? I've just about decided this should be a practical Christmas.

I can hardly wait to get home. So, 'til I do, Happy Birthday, Mother dear.

All my love,

Virginia