March 1st. 1944

Dear Gracious Lady of the East Dennis Lady's Aid Society,

I must admit that I am a bit late in responding to your very thoughtful Christmas Card but it seemed that Uncle Sam had a other plans for me and this is the first opportunity I've had to respond. I enjoyed your card with all your signature on it and want to thank you, one and all, for your thoughtfulness. It seemed good too to read all the names so familiar to me and I only wish that by some miracle I could suddenly find myself in East Dennis and thank you all individually.

There is so much to say about this part of the world and yet it is impossible for me to even tell you where I am but no matter how far away I am, my thoughts are and always will be back in Dear old East Dennis.

We have for some time now, been pretty much in the thick of things and the early signs of Clematis are one marvel which is a real home t
to goodness, Waldorf Duck. It was brought aboard when a mere duckling and consequently does not know how to fly so we have no fear of losing him. We have a wash tub to swim in and a great pet well all the more. Too bad he or she didn't lay eggs. Donald, as we call him, spends most of his time wandering about the decks but when things get to bad he is taken below in the captain's room until all is calmer again.

Many to the times when I think of those golden days last spring when I was recuperating at Camp Lucas and what wouldn't I give to be there now and enjoy some real milk & cream from McDonnell's Cream, or some O.H. ice cream. Those days will come again, however and I know that if I ever get to East Downey again, I'll probably never leave the place.

As a good thing Uncle loving Crowell half our house with his shot gun, because he's sure had want no tune in shooting. Our Donald and serving Duck for dinner.

Best regards to you all.

Robert C. Taylor
Lieutenant, USN

E.
March 1st. 1944

Dear Gracious Ladies of the East Dennis Ladies Aid Society,

I must admit that I am a bit late in responding to your very thoughtful Christmas Card but it seems that Uncle Sam had other plans for me other than writing letters at the time and this is the first opportunity I've had.

I enjoyed your card with all your signatures on it and wish to thank you, one and all, for your thoughtfulness. It seemed good too, to read all the names so familiar to me and I only wish that by some miracle I could suddenly find myself in East Dennis and thank you all individually.

There is so much to say about this part of the world and yet it is impossible for me even to tell you where I am. But not matter how far away I am, my thoughts are and always will be back in Dear old East Dennis.

We have for some time now, been pretty much in the thick of things, and the only sign of civilization is our Mascot which is a real honest [over page] to goodness Mallard Duck. It was brought aboard when a mere duckling and consequently does not know how to fly so we have no fear of losing him. He has a wash tub to swim in and is a great pet with all the men. Too bad he or she doesn't lay eggs. Donald, as we call him, spends most of his time walking about the decks but when things get to hot, he is taken below in the engine room until all is Calm again.

Many is the time when I think of those Golden Days last spring when I was recuperating at Grandmas, and what wouldn't I give to be there now and enjoy some real milk and cream from Mrs Crowell's Cow, or some D. H. ice cream. Those days will come again, however and I know that if I can get to East Dennis again, I'll probably never leave the place.

Its a good thing Uncle Louis Crowell isn't on board with his shot gun because I'm sure he'd waste no time in shooting our Donald and serving Duck for Dinner.

Best Regards to you all
Robert C. Taylor
Lieutenant, U.S.N.R.