

May 9, 1943

Sunday

Camp



Hood

Texas

Dear Dad and Mother,

First of all I want to apologize for the despondent letter that I penned the other night....the feelings expressed were well justified, however. It seems that as time goes by I am becoming accustomed to this kind of treatment that goes into the regular routine of a private. May be when and if I get some stripes on my sleeves the present condition may be alleviated. As example of just what they are doing to make life really tough around this outfit, (and I personally think that all credit for our poor handling reverts indirectly to the Colonel at Group Headquarters and not to the Company Commander), take last night and early this morning for instance. Last night at seven o'clock we were all called out to police the area and smooth down the rough spots on the ground that were there as a result of a rainfall. I was definitely in on this detail, but missed the one this morning, that was cleaning the P.X. and its grounds, because I was slated for a pass. The pass went through but it was too late to even get on a bus to get into Gatesville. The transportation facilities around camp are extremely poor. I have just spent two hours waiting



waiting for a bus with any room at all to get on...but no soap. It's only 6 miles from here to the center of town, and I didn't exactly feel like a 6 mile march this morning, so I gave up. The reason that I wanted to get into town especially this morning, was to call mother and congratulate or extend my best to her on Mother's day. Since I couldn't even get into town, and probably couldn't even come close to getting in a call, I am now over at Battalion Headquarters doing the next best thing. I'm really terribly sorry, Mom.

Now I suppose that you would like to hear a few more details about just what's what in my new set up. Once again in the letter I received this morning from dad, the question was again put forth concerning O.C.S. Dad, I haven't done anything more about it, and I haven't really planned on doing anything until I get this job and a stripe on my sleeve of some grade or other. I have talked to several people about just what to do, and the best reason that I can possibly give for not diving into O. C.S. immediately, is that if I do well on this job in Operations and Intelligence, it means that instead of being classified as a Rookie Marcher, and general handy officer for any detail or assignment that comes up, I will at once, upon graduation be classified as S-3 officer with some newly activated Battalion. So you can see that really would be a definite advantage.

Say, Mom, you sent just exactly what I wanted. It appears that I will really have a standing debt of gratitude with this family of mine. Your package arrived this morning, and I assure you that it was received with the usual enthusiasm, as all of the rest of them. Thanks ever-so-much,

Say, Adele, you also rang the bell and won the box of candy with your letter. You have a very nice knack of making very newsey letters...please keep them up. I see that Myrt is as batty as ever in her affectation for Floss...I guess that left little doubt in Mom's mind as to how serious Miss Morris and Mr. Williams have become.....at least that was the question that was asked when she visited me. I assure you that love affairs are my least worry....I remain under the belief that there will still be a few girls left when the war is over.

If I were you, dad, I'd give that Navy Department hell.....I can just see you burning the midnight oil all of this week in an attmpt ~~to~~ get the work done. Be sure and get Clayt and Adele, and even Putt, on the ball to get the work done, and if they are slackers on the job, just remind them that their brother is now putting in 15 hours of work each day, without fail. You lucky people you.

That again draws the close to another letter, with usual million mistakes...but you should see me type when the work has to be accurate. The old morale is back up to normal now that I have once more been able to reconcile myself to the new Army with which I have become acquainted. I will write as soon as we finish moving, (just two blocks down the street, but same address) and be sure and get off a letter soon....how about you, Clayt ?

Still in there pitching.

*Doug*

P.S. You have never sent me Dick's address...what is it?







FAMILY MEMORANDUM

Saturday  
June 30, 1945  
Mailly-le-Camp,  
France

Dear Youall,

In the past few days, the mail of the past few weeks has caught up with me.....Your letters accused me of being a poor correspondent, and I'm out to correct that. For once, I have an evening free.....no work, and no glamorous mademoiselle to visit.

Tonight, I am writing you on a German typewriter that one of the boys presented me.....I spent two days working on it, and it seems to be in fairly good shape (don't misjudge it on account of my typing). The boys are finding all kinds of equipment in the vehicles that are being turned into us. We are now operating a Vehicle Receiving Park.....today we took in over 1,000 vehicles. While our jobs always appear to be of such importance that they can't do without us....we always end up moving after a few months stay. I have an idea that this camp will bid us adieu about the first of October.....and I hope we "adieu" right back to the states.

Poor old France - now even Williams doesn't like it. Compared to Belgium, I fear that the "Champagne" sector of La Belle France rates very low on my hit parade. Perhaps it's due to the lack of Champagne. The other day I was lucky enough to visit the town of Troyes, France.....my linguistic talents was my passport. It was deemed necessary that the company have some local firm do their dry cleaning - so off I went in search of an establishment that could handle the work of 170 men. My quest ended in success, and I stuttered through sufficient French to get my point across. This all brings me back to the subject of Troyes. I imagine that it's a town of about 80,000 people. Little narrow streets.....ancient buildings.....filth in dirty little alleys.....a million little kids asking for gum, candy, and a cigarette for papa.....peddlers at each corner selling apricots.....American soldiers in search of some form of entertainment.....French soldiers with some form of entertainment.....a café here and a café there (café is an aristocratic name for a beer hall).....rubble - trouble - rubble - trouble.....that is France. The country is really nice...as are the smaller villages, and the towns are little better than big slums. Believe me, this is no gripe, for I still wear a good conduct medal in place of myriads of battle stars.

Our company is missing a good deal of fine opportunities by being designated one of the working organizations. We have little spare time in which to really see the country in which we are located. There are also educational opportunities that

pass us by because of our work. In our present capacity every man in the outfit has a definite job to do. (mine continues on the same).

I haven't as yet been awarded that pass to Paree, and I doubt that there is much chance that I will be able to see the famed city under the present set-up. About the best that we can manage is a 6 hour pass once a week.....that includes Sundays.....it's still a seven day working week for us.

Floss, I received your package today with the Pecans, candied almonds and fudge. I might mention that the fudge was moldy.....I guess the warm weather and the time lapse is too much to expect.

Your last letter stated that Clayt had been assigned to his ship. You now have two sons on or on the other side of the briny deep. I hope that Clayt is fortunate enough to draw an Atlantic Patrol, and isn't required to visit the South Pacific Area.

I hope that Buck and Mare's new location is satisfactory. I don't know if I ever passed judgement on your youngest, Anne, but the fact that I think she's tops is proven by the fact that she is holding down number one place of importance on my desk. I now have pictures of all the Williams Incorporated's grandchildren, and I assure you that it makes a mighty impressive array.

I suppose, Mrs. Worsley, that I may contribute your slackening in writing to the fact that I haven't written you. My loss Mrs. W.....I'll promise, if you'll promise. I'll even go so far as to say that I'll get off a secret special to you in the next few days.

And Buck, if I don't a word or two from you, I'll make secret wishes that I get discharged before you do. By the by, if you want any German Ordnance equipment as an item of interest let me know, and I'll see if I can't fix you up.

That's the finis for this evening.....I only wish that I were able to close with an "à bientôt", but not quite yet. Godspeed to Clix, and

Love to All,

*Darry*

the stories of men returned from German Concentration Camps. Most of them are not very pleasant, I assure you. I talked with one fellow that was returned from Dachau (sp) Germany. This boy was a relation of the family that I had dinner with Sunday. I met him just three days after his return from the Camp. Here's the story he told, as near as I can remember:

He was the son of a farmer that lived just out of the town. The town Burgomeister (who~~x~~ has had about 5 attempts made on his life) was called upon by the Germans to furnish a number of boys for work in German munitions plants. The boy was in the town getting his coal ration when the Germans picked him up. Remember this boy was 18 years old. Without so much as permitting him a chance to get his clothes - to notify his folks - he was sent to Germany. They put him to work in the Ruhr Section (in a coal mine) and they had a lot of trouble in the particular mine. The entire group of men from the mine were sent to Dachau. This was in 1941. He stayed in Dachau all that time and was one of about twenty men that were the remnants of over 300 that lived through the ordeals of the camp. I felt very self-conscious all the time that I talked to the boy. His head had swelled to almost twice its normal size. He claimed that it was from the bleedings they gave him. Twice a month they would bleed all the men from veins in the neck and upper arm. You could see the place where he had been bled in the neck very easily. He said that the size of his head was caused from the numerous bleedings. The boy was nothing but skin and bones.....his skin felt just like a piece of heavy wrapping paper stretched over two pieces of wood. You've got to see something like this to appreciate it. That's his story.

That boy was liberated from the camp by the Americans.....all the prisoners were armed and the boys were given the opportunity to go back and clean up the men that had previously been their guards. I'll wager they did a good job. This is no isolated case.....trainloads of these men arrive in Brussels daily. And it will take another six months to get them all back to their homes. You just can't have any compassion at all for the Nazis people. Whatever happens to the German people will be too good for them. When I return, I'll have many more stories to tell you that our men have seen on their trips into the various parts of Germany.

Clayt: Thanks muchly old man for your letter.....I was very anxious to hear how you were faring. In answer to your question about how we were shipped over: We came across in the SS General Richardson....and Army transport manned by Coast Guard Personnel. I thought about you at the time.....thought that you would possibly be assigned to a similar boat. They did a good job. I think you're a bit balmy for letting the flight urge get the best of you. It's a glamorous life all right, but I don't think there is much that it can add now the war is slowly coming to an end. I say that because I think you would get more benefit from some other type duty.....and they may keep you in for some time just to complete your flight course. However, if you have the old noggin set on being a pilot.....be a damn good one. Must be nice to have your gal in N.Y.

Adele, Wood, and McGlut: The Worsleys sound like everything is rolling along fine for them in the convention city. Louise Frawley wrote me of the Hub-bub in the city. Richard Douglas must be quite the man about town.....from the various reports of growth and progress in the Williams family, I am a bit afraid that I am destined to be the shortest and meakest of all the offspring. 'Tis good that Wood has yet his shore duty....I'm a bit afraid that if he was put afloat on the fair Pacific his stay would not be a short one. From the way the sailors talk at the Port of Antwerp, discharge for the Navy Blue is

to be a slow process. So it is good that Wood serves as much of his time as possible on good old terra firma a la San Francisco. By the way a "Merci" for youall's letter.

Buck, Mare, Ricky, Anne (the production leaders): Floss sent me pictures of pride and joys of the Philadelphians.....I can readily see why they are pride and joys. From all reports, I hear that the Philadelphia Family is truly a hospitable one. Everyone must have had a fine time on the reunion. Buck, I still get the Newspaper.....and I enjoy it. How about a little inside info on the Arms program. Are you planning big slashes in production of the small arms stuff?

Ma, Pa, and the old empty house: Enclosed for you, you will find the honest attempts of an amateur camera fiend. Any shots that are above average are not due to any fault of mine, for I just pointed and clicked my way through all of them. It should be just about time for Mr. Williams to head for the mountains for a few days of fishing. I have thought of trying my hand over here.....but I lack ~~the~~<sup>two</sup> things and the country lacks one. I have but little spare time, and little equipment (I did manage to salvage one of these emergency aircraft fishing kits), and the country has no fish. That pretty well spells no fishing. Floss, your packages continue to come through with regularity.... and it seems that I am forever thanking you.

That brings a finis to this letter. I hope everyone is feeling well, and that everything looks as well over there as it does here.

Love,

*Dang*

# FAMILY MEMORANDUM

6 June 1945  
Mechelin, Belgium

Received  
July 11th

Copy for Clayt

Ma Famille,

June 6, and a holiday for us in commemoration of the famous day last year when the boys hit the beaches at France. This gives me a good break to get off a letter that I owe to all of you. Things are moving at a dizzy pace right now.....this Army Clerical system is the biggest headache that I have had.

CBI or CBI is the biggest question right now for all of us. We know that we haven't a chance for discharge with the few points that we have accumulated.....I have a measly "38". (That means 5 months overseas credits - 5 points -, 1 Battle Star for Combat Credit - 5 points -, no parent-hood credit - no points -, and 28 months of service - 28 points -.) The so-called critical score is 85, and that is a long way from the few points I harvested. When I come marching home in 1988, I want nothing less than a brass band to greet me. (I should make it out just in time to be eligible for admittance to the Old Soldier's Home.)

Between Monsoons and squalls, I manage to get a look at the fair land of Belgium now and then. If nothing else, you can't beat these people for hospitality. Last Sunday I was invited to a most scrumptious dinner.....and was attended by no less than three of the fairer sex. We have had a chance to become acquainted with a good portion of the town's folk in connection with our work here. I've been to about 5 or 6 different homes.....been invited to dine 4 or 5 times.....and there are invitations to dances almost every night. The Army is quite concerned with the manner in which the men are to spend their leisure time, and they are bending over backwards to afford them all the recreational and educational facilities that are available. The people of Mechelin are very cooperative in this manner. We have company dances about once a month.....a requisition is submitted to the town Burgomeister for 100 girls for the dance, and 150 of them come. With these 150 girls, there is an average of 1 parent per girl.....the female is not allowed out alone until she becomes engaged, or is a confirmed Old Maid. This one girl's father has become a very good friend of mine. He is the General Manager of the a Railroad Repair Shop in town, and I have visited him several times in connection with getting transportation for men being shipped out of the company. He, his wife, and his daughter come to almost every one of our dances. He invited me to dinner last Sunday (and to be sure that I was properly entertained had his daughter bring her two girl friends) and insisted that I come again tomorrow evening. Just about all the people feel this way.....they want you to come to their homes.....they want your stay in Belgium to be a pleasant one. The father, mother and daughter all speak English very well. The girl, who is only 21, speaks no less than 6 languages fluently. It's a relief to be in the company of someone that speaks English well....so that it isn't necessary to stumble through my meagre French vocabulary and nill Flemish. To sit with these people and ~~hear~~ them tell of the German Occupation, of the Allied Bombings (we hit Mechelin pretty regularly), of the privations,

Mailly-le-Camp, France  
23 July 1945

Dear Ma & Pa:

If there was ever a delinquent correspondent, I just "delinquent" him right out of his title. The peculiar part of it all is that I really have no adequate excuse. The pace has been fast here.....so has the recreation. The powers that be are not chancing a slippage of moral in their group of internees.....I have become so accustomed to seeing Special Service and USO Shows that I can't sleep nights without an entertainment nightcap. We were disappointed the other night by Jane Froman..... she was hospitalized, and was unable to appear before the group. They are doing a "bang-up" job of providing shows for the boys "sweatin' out a furlough or the fray".

There have been so many things that have happened since I last beset my body to beget a letter that I had better list them in order of occurrence:

1. Your son is now a sergeant. Gad, to think of it.....here only five years ago he was a corporal. (Another \$25.00 allotment beginning August (for bank account - that zoot-suit three years from now))..... I couldn't start one any sooner.
2. I finally got to Paree.....I finally saw Martha Richardson. I might say that Cousin Richardson looked in tip-top condish, and for that fact better than I have ever seen her. I only had the day to spend in the gay ville (business trip), so I had but little time to spend in her company. It had been so long that I had talked with one of the race (human) - feminine gender - that I've talked about nothing since.
3. I took another trip into north-eastern France to Nancy and Metz (also a one day "business trip".

(Please bear me out with my facetious terminology "business trip". This is something dreamed up to permit travel of France.....something like acting as an interpreter to the mess sergeant while he goes to the sausage factory.)

Those are the three main items of interest in this, the devil's own nightmare.

Work plods along with unceasing regularity. I fear that I have locked myself in a rut for the rest of my days. The sad thing about this position is its restrictions. USFET (United States Forces European Theater) have just declared Clerks (Specialty Numbers 405) essential. This can mean anything from being retained in the theater for the next century and one-half to being shot at sunrise for making a typing error (They'd need a machine gun for like repayment for some of my well-errored letters). This cuts young Williams (Sgt. to you) out of a chance to absorb a bit of the intellectual from one of the continents universities. Men are being chosen for 4, 6, 8, etc., week courses at these various universities. For Williams it is no go, or "Go?" "No!". So whilst I become a proficient twiddler of thumbs, others become manipulators of slide rules.

Mailed two weeks ago was my first shipment of booty - believe me, I have held this souvenir business down to a minimum, but I could no longer resist the temptation to ship something to the home front. These two swords that should arrive in the 15 years

hence, were acquired in various and underhanded ways.....but to keep my post-war stories backed with fact, I had better say that I got them in the battle of the bulge when I was surrounded by two divisions of Germans.....I fought my way out..... captured a German General and took his sword away from him.....where are my medals, they ask?.....I refused to take them. I seriously believe that I have in mind retaining the sword.....a bit of polish will bring it back to its glory, and the bayonet, will probably end up being a garden digger-upper or some kids paything (dulled, of course). Also in my bag of loot, is one German 25 Caliber Mauser pistol (my pride and joy) that I shall hold on to, to ward off the beasts of the forest. I could bring home a German Luger or a P-38 pistol, but they are such large caliber that Mother would die of fright, and I would never use them. I have also acquired a tripod and filters for my camera (it makes quite a sight now - Williams going out into the bright loaded with his photographic paraphernalia) and a German Artillery site..... worth \$500.00 militarily.....worth two cents ap<sup>re</sup> le guerre. I promise, to allay your fears, not to bring home any hand grenades, explosives, or submarines..... nothing that can't be hung on a Christmas tree.

Mrs. W. your packages have arrived with the same old wonderful regularity. The caramels and nuts arrived the other day.....in top-tip condition. Your box of candy and cookies today also tip-top condish. Your name is being spoken on the lips of all the men as a morale booster for the whole 473rd (the thieves). It goes without saying that all you are doing is being appreciated.....don't consider my poor correspondence as my thanks. By the great three-toed sloth, I promise to get off more letters in days to come.

Time to close shop for tonight. Thanks for everything. (How about some news of Clayt) (How about some first-hand news of McClut - I'll bet he fills the empty halls of the Williams "B" Street manor with new life).

Love,

(signed) Doug

P. S. That was a terrible shock about Mr. Judd. I hadn't heard anything about it until your last letter. I'm going to write Robby tonight.

Butzbach, Germany

December 9, 1945

Sunday Morning

Received.  
Salt Lake City  
12/17/45

Clayt. Again - Merry Xmas.

Dear Family;

After completing the third consecutive non-productive week in the field of correspondence, my better half finally won out and directed my efforts towards the completion of a letter to ma famille. I must admit that I have been the wayward son in the past few weeks.

Germany has been the coldest spot on the face of the earth in the past few days.....we really got hit by old man winter. The temperature has been below zero. We had been enjoying fairly decent weather...with only an occasional light snowfall.....but now it's so cold, half of the vehicles won't even start. Days like this convince me that my father is in a business more beneficial to the welfare of mankind than any other field of endeavor. In your next package, Floss, please include one radiator, with steam and hot water attachments. And Now.....

#### R-E-P-O-R-T F-R-O-M G-E-R-M-A-N-Y

(Compiled and edited by your.....family reporter)

In the past few weeks, fraternization has taken on new aspects in this land of the "super-human". Prior to Jack Frost's visit, the pass book was filled with page after page of men going to the little village of Butzbach to learn of German ways. As the mercury in the thermometer slowly settled, so dropped the men's enthusiasm for night life mitt der frauleins. This is very understandable. The German life is now at its lowest ebb. The home now consists of but two rooms.....kitchen and bedroom. Each family gathers each evening

in a little two-by-four cubicle designated as the kitchen to exact all the warmth possible from each and every stick of firewood they are able to gather during the day's search. Two fires cannot be afforded.....they must cook and draw their warmth from one source. And yet, very few of the boys have any compassion for the condition the Germans are now in. It is "just desserts". As yet we have had no trouble with the people here.....but I still have that old .45 at my hip whenever I venture out after twilight. There are a few young lads with a bit of that "SS" contamination flowing through their veins.....they are the "present" dangerous Germans.....all Germans are still classed as "potential" danger. To look at Germany; to pass through all of its wrecked towns.....to see the total population rummaging through piles of rubble....sorting out garbage from Army Mess Halls, one would say, Germany could never declare war again. That was my first impression.....but that impression lasts only as long as you remain "unacquainted" with the individual workings of the German mind. These people would leave their homes and towns in complete wreckage and go to the hills to erect factories.....to organize again. That may sound like a solid batch of propaganda.....but if one will look past his acquiescent fraulein into the mind of her father and brother, you will see the real German. There is more hatred in the German race....more jealousy....more racial discrimination, than in any other people I have ever become acquainted with. They don't call you a "dunkoff" if you play the idiot.....you are either called a Pole.....a Frenchy.....a Belgique.....a Hollander. One can't seriously mention the French people without a heated argument....nor the Russians without noticing a definite sign of fear. Their attitude towards the Americans varies with each American. Some draw respect...some smiles

....but few draw fear. The periodical searches being conducted in all areas of Germany are the best thing, in my estimation, that the Army can do. It keeps these people right on their toes. One of our kind-hearted dough-boys, while keeping company with his fraulein will give her a package of cigarettes for the morrows smoking.....but on the morrow his fraulein is searched, and for each of those cigarettes she received from her GI, she is now spending one hour in jail. For two boxes of "K" Rations, Germans have spent as much as six months in the brig. Gasoline will draw heavy fines and jail sentences. There are many more incidents that I will tell you in person in late winter or early spring.....and thus we are at the end of our Report on Germany, and already headed into the subject of "Redeployment."

Keeping in mind that your son has 51 points and three years service, I will now take you through the latest rumors on the subject of going home. Men with over 55 points have been cleared from the outfit already. Men with from 52 to 54 points are supposed to be cleared sometime this month.....that leaves 50 and 51 pointers in the month of January. Earlier in the month, before the Merry-go-Round broke down, 50 pointers and above were supposed to be cleared from units of occupation and on their way home by the end of December. This would have placed me in the states in January.....now it will take a bit longer. The latest word is that all 50 and above will be home by March 1st.....and I definitely think it will come to pass. Three weeks ago I was given the title without rank of First Sergeant.....two weeks ago they started me towards the rank by making me a Staff Sergeant. For some unbeknown to me reason, they had supposed I would become a Class II Volunteer (Service in the Army until Feb 14)

F O U R

and that I would remain in position long enough to make my grade. For the purpose of promotion, a man must be expected to remain in the theater for at least 60 days. Now all promotions for men with more than 50 points has stopped. So now the only way I can be stopped from hitting the boat in the next two or three months is to be declared essential.....and that nomenclature is going to be a rough one to stick on me.....I'll fight it all the way. That is the story on redeployment.

The past three days have given me my first command function. One of our officers left for home. One of our officers went on leave, and the other officer, since he took command of the company, I have not seen. So now in addition to my other duties of First Sergeant, Company Clerk, etc., I have the command of the Company.....and you can imagine the work that all this means. Sooner or later, I'm going to quit....come home happy, and as Pvt.

My latest report from the mail clerk places my package file at; Eight packages from Floss, Two packages from Bette Lou, and one package from the Worsleys. This promises to be my biggest Christmas. Really folks, this is too much.....it will take me all day to open the packages on Christmas Morn. (I have made a deal with the mail clerk that he is to hold all the packages I receive until Christmas.....lest I become too inquisitive.) Thanks to all of you.....my full appreciation is difficult to express.

Dad, you were correct about that \$150.00 check....it was to correct errors in past allotment checks. I had to go through no less than four exchanges of correspondence to get the check on its way home. Now everything is hunky-dory.

F I V E

I must draw my finis here. Sunday is no less a working day than the other days of the week for this lad. Let this letter serve as my Christmas letter to you all.....if your Christmas is big enough, and happy enough, my Christmas, too, will be complete. My merriest wishes for a scrumptious Christmas and the Happiest of New Years to you all: Mom, Pop, Adele, Dick, Wood, Marian, Dougie, Ricky, and Anne.....and I pray that old man Cliz will be able to hit the homeland long enough to enjoy Xmas in the USA. (I'm hoping that dad will have an address of yours, so that I can drop you a line.)

Love,

*Doug*

P.S. I am mailing four copies of this letter....please make the distribution dad.

---

Mr. and Mrs. Freeland Thomas Boise  
announce the marriage of their daughter

Sally Cowan

to

Mr. Douglas Campbell Williams

on Friday, the thirtieth of August

One thousand nine hundred and forty-six

Salt Lake City, Utah

1035094



## Honorable Discharge

*This is to certify that*

DOUGLAS C WILLIAMS 39 907 035 STAFF SERGEANT

473RD ORDNANCE COMPANY

**Army of the United States**

*is hereby Honorably Discharged from the military  
service of the United States of America.*

*This certificate is awarded as a testimonial of Honest  
and Faithful Service to this country.*

*Given at*

SEPARATION CENTER  
FORT DOUGLAS UTAH

*Date*

29 MARCH 1946

*Earl G Linhart*

EARL G LINHART  
MAJOR ORD DEPT

# ENLISTED RECORD AND REPORT OF SEPARATION HONORABLE DISCHARGE

|                                                                  |  |                                                                                    |  |                                        |  |                                                                             |  |                                 |  |
|------------------------------------------------------------------|--|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|--|----------------------------------------|--|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------|--|---------------------------------|--|
| 1. LAST NAME - FIRST NAME - MIDDLE INITIAL<br>WILLIAMS DOUGLAS C |  | 2. ARMY SERIAL NO.<br>39 907 035                                                   |  | 3. GRADE<br>S/SGT                      |  | 4. ARM OR SERVICE<br>AUS                                                    |  | 5. COMPONENT                    |  |
| 6. ORGANIZATION<br>473RD ORD EVAC COMPANY                        |  | 7. DATE OF SEPARATION<br>29 MAR 46                                                 |  | 8. PLACE OF SEPARATION<br>FORT DOUGLAS |  | 9. PERMANENT ADDRESS FOR MAILING PURPOSES<br>489 1ST ST SALT LAKE CITY UTAH |  | 10. DATE OF BIRTH<br>13 JAN 23  |  |
| 11. PLACE OF BIRTH<br>SALT LAKE CITY UTAH                        |  | 12. ADDRESS FROM WHICH EMPLOYMENT WILL BE SOUGHT<br>489 1ST ST SALT LAKE CITY UTAH |  | 13. COLOR EYES<br>BLUE                 |  | 14. COLOR HAIR<br>SANDY                                                     |  | 15. HEIGHT<br>5'9"              |  |
| 16. WEIGHT<br>140 lbs.                                           |  | 17. NO. DEPEND.<br>0                                                               |  | 18. RACE<br>SEE 9                      |  | 19. MARITAL STATUS<br>X SINGLE<br>OTHER (specify)                           |  | 20. U.S. CITIZEN<br>X YES<br>NO |  |
| 21. CIVILIAN OCCUPATION AND NO.<br>CLERK GENERAL 1-05.010        |  | MILITARY HISTORY                                                                   |  |                                        |  |                                                                             |  |                                 |  |

|                                   |  |                                        |  |                                                                       |  |                                                        |  |                                                                                                                                           |  |
|-----------------------------------|--|----------------------------------------|--|-----------------------------------------------------------------------|--|--------------------------------------------------------|--|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|--|
| 22. DATE OF INDUCTION<br>9 JAN 43 |  | 23. DATE OF ENLISTMENT<br>NONE         |  | 24. DATE OF ENTRY INTO ACTIVE SERVICE<br>16 JAN 43                    |  | 25. PLACE OF ENTRY INTO SERVICE<br>SALT LAKE CITY UTAH |  | 26. HOME ADDRESS AT TIME OF ENTRY INTO SERVICE<br>SALT LAKE CITY UTAH                                                                     |  |
| 27. LOCAL S.S. BOARD NO.<br>13    |  | 28. COUNTY AND STATE<br>SALT LAKE UTAH |  | 29. HOME ADDRESS AT TIME OF ENTRY INTO SERVICE<br>SALT LAKE CITY UTAH |  | 30. MILITARY OCCUPATIONAL SPECIALTY AND NO.<br>502     |  | 31. MILITARY QUALIFICATION AND AVERAGE (i.e., proficiency, division and marksmanship badges, etc.)<br>MARKSMAN RIFLE SHARPSHOOTER CARBINE |  |

|                                                                                                                                                       |  |                                 |  |                                                 |  |                                                                                                      |  |                                                                         |  |
|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|--|---------------------------------|--|-------------------------------------------------|--|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|--|-------------------------------------------------------------------------|--|
| 32. DECORATIONS AND CITATIONS<br>RHINELAND<br>AMERICAN THEATER OF OPERATIONS SERVICE RIBBON<br>AFRICAN-MIDDLE EASTERN SERVICE RIBBON<br>VICTORY MEDAL |  | 33. PRIOR SERVICE<br>NONE       |  | 34. REASON AND AUTHORITY FOR SEPARATION<br>NONE |  | 35. SERVICE SCHOOLS ATTENDED<br>CONVENIENCE OF GOVERNMENT RR 1-1 DEMOBILIZATION AR 615-365 15 DEC 44 |  | 36. EDUCATION (Years)<br>42                                             |  |
| 37. TOTAL LENGTH OF SERVICE<br>MAR 44 FEB 46 MAR 44                                                                                                   |  | 38. HIGHEST GRADE HELD<br>S/SGT |  | 39. DATE OF DEPARTURE<br>10 DEC 44              |  | 40. DATE OF RETURN<br>21 MAR 46                                                                      |  | 41. SERVICE SCHOOLS ATTENDED<br>BASIC ENGINEERING UNIV OF OKLAHOMA ASTP |  |

|                                                         |  |                                                         |  |                                                                                                                            |  |                                                                                                      |  |                                                            |  |
|---------------------------------------------------------|--|---------------------------------------------------------|--|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|--|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|--|------------------------------------------------------------|--|
| 42. LONGEVITY FOR PAY PURPOSES<br>YEARS 3 MONTHS 2 DAYS |  | 43. NUMBERING OUT PAY<br>TOTAL \$300 THIS PAYMENT \$100 |  | 44. PAY DATA<br>45. TRAVEL PAY<br>46. OTHER DEPOSIT<br>47. TOTAL AMOUNT NAME OF DISBURSING OFFICER<br>ARMSTRONG CAPT FD RN |  | 48. INSURANCE NOTICE<br>49. HOW PAID<br>50. EFFECTIVE DATE OF ALIEN<br>51. DATE OF REENTRY INTO U.S. |  | 52. PAYMENT DUE EACH MONTH<br>\$6.50                       |  |
| 53. KIND OF INSURANCE<br>X U.S. GOVT. NONE              |  | 54. ALLIANCE<br>X V.A.                                  |  | 55. DATE OF REENTRY INTO U.S.<br>31 MAR 46                                                                                 |  | 56. PAYMENT DUE EACH MONTH<br>\$6.50                                                                 |  | 57. INTENTION OF VETERAN TO<br>X Continue Only Discontinue |  |

|                                                                                                                                                                                                              |  |                                                                                |  |                                                                                |  |                       |  |                      |  |
|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|--|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------|--|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------|--|-----------------------|--|----------------------|--|
| 58. REMARKS (This space for completion of above items or entry of other items specified in W. D. Directives)<br>LAPEL BUTTON ISSUED ASR SCORE (2 SEP 45) 51<br>INACTIVE SERVICE IN ERC 9 JAN 43 TO 15 JAN 43 |  | 59. SIGNATURE OF PERSON BEING SEPARATED<br>Edwin C McLaughlin<br>CAPT INFANTRY |  | 60. SIGNATURE OF PERSON BEING SEPARATED<br>Edwin C McLaughlin<br>CAPT INFANTRY |  | 61. RIGHT THUMB PRINT |  | 62. LEFT THUMB PRINT |  |
|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|--|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------|--|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------|--|-----------------------|--|----------------------|--|

WD AGO Form 53, 25 November 1944  
This form supersedes all previous editions of WD AGO Forms 53 and 55 for enlisted persons entitled to an Honorable Discharge, which will not be used after receipt of this revision.  
Form 53, 25 November 1944  
RECORDED 2 1946 BOOK 17 PAGE 35  
L. F. Felt

# Certificate

STATE OF UTAH

COUNTY OF SALT LAKE

ss.

I, Cornelia S. Lund, Recorder in and for the County of Salt Lake, State of Utah, do hereby certify that the foregoing is a full, true and correct copy of the original

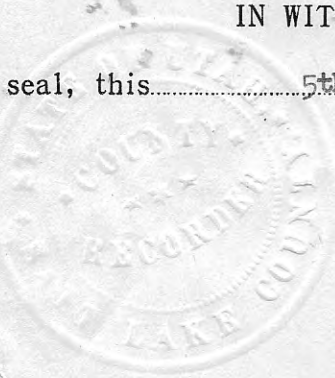
HONORABLE DISCHARGE

DOUGLAS C WILLIAMS

No. 1035094, as appears of record in my office.

IN WITNESS WHEREOF, I have hereunto set my hand and affixed my official seal, this 5th day of April, A. D. 1946, Cornelia S. Lund, Recorder,

By *Douglas C Williams* Deputy Recorder.



October 16, 1952

Dear Doug, Sally and Children,

We have been too emotionally upset the past week to attempt to write to you or telephone to you.

Moburn Hardy has been missing since Wednesday morning, October 8, when he left his office in Ogden in his 1947 Buick sedan without leaving any word as to his destination, or reason for his departure.

At the time of Aunt Clare's recent illness and death, "Mob" was under terrific strain, traveling back and forth between Ogden and Salt Lake, trying to take care of his business at the same time; and heaped on top of all that, assuming the responsibility of acting as secretary of the Kiwanis International Convention at Sun Valley. He came back from Sun Valley completely worn out, and when he stayed with us a couple of nights at the time of Aunt Clare's death, your Mother and I remarked many times how worried we were about his health and broken spirits. He appeared to be headed toward a "nervous breakdown."

On Monday of last week, October 6, "Mob" came down to see me so that I could help him make arrangements with Attorney Joseph S. Jones to handle Aunt Clare's estate, inasmuch as Moburn was named executor under the will. As I walked with "Mob" from the Walker Bank Building to the Dooly Building, after we had worked out a very satisfactory arrangement with "Joe" Jones, "Mob" became quite emotional. I tried to convince him that he would have to "take it easy," and I thought I had assured him that I could handle for him a lot of the details with "Joe" Jones, so that he need not chase back and forth between Ogden and Salt Lake. His last remark to me was: "Bert, if my friends will just keep their arms around me, I'm sure everything will work out okeh."

The next afternoon, "Mob's" father-in-law, Gordon Hanson, came in to see me, to tell me that he thought the solution to "Mob's" trouble was to get him out of Ogden, to get him out of the insurance business, and to get him back into the general lineup of accounting service (such as I tried to persuade "Mob" to do several years ago when he worked with us on a part-time basis).

The next morning, Wednesday, Moburn left home with his lunch, and made an appointment with "Meme" to meet him in his office at noon. He must have "snapped" not long after he left home, because he was not seen after 10 a.m. nor have we been able to locate any clue whatsoever as to his whereabouts,--notwithstanding the fact that we immediately alerted the State-wide Sheriff's Organization, all local police officers,--followed by automobile drives

Doug, Sally & Children

October 16, 1952

Page -2-

throughout the area, including such points as Holiday Park, etc.

Last Monday, Dick Williams joined two other reserve officers at Hill Field, and flew for about three hours all over the surrounding territory in a CAP plane, and found no clue either as to "Mob" or the missing automobile.

Now, we are relying upon radio broadcasts, newspaper publicity and intensified air search,--all in addition to a reward which has been offered for information leading to the location of "Mob's" Buick automobile.

We are hoping against hope that he may be "hiding out" until he can get hold of himself. Certainly, nothing is being spared to locate him as quickly as possible.

It is pathetic to say the least. "Meme" with her four children waiting out the hours and sleepless nights, even though encouraged by her many friends who have kept close to her.

As soon as we hear anything, we will pass the word on to you quickly.

We hope that all of you are well, that "Gil" is really "back on the beam" again, and that you are enjoying as nice weather as we have had here for the past thirty days. It is dry because we haven't had a drop of rain for over thirty days, but it is beautiful weather.

We are anxious to know more as to your activities in Wenatchee, the friends you may have made, and how things are going at the store.

All of us join in love to all of you.

Affectionately,

GWG/p

cc: Allen W. Williams  
992 East Circle Drive  
Whitefish Bay  
Milwaukee, Wisconsin

January 19, 1954

Dear Dad and Mother...

It seems as though I have been trying to get this letter off for 6 months.... something always seems to come up.

FIRST.....Many Happy Returns of the Day

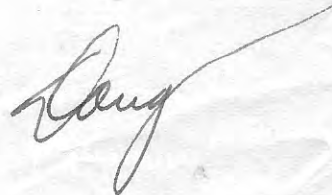
We'll try and call you tomorrow night....at one of your haunts. I hope that your Birthday will be as nice as mine.

In addition to this being a Birthday note, it is also a thank you note.... certainly Sally and I have a lot to be thankful for and especially thank YOU for. I hope you understand how appreciative we are. Many many times Sally has mentioned how close she feels to you two, which I believe I appreciate more than you.....in so many other families today, the opposite situation exists. A family knit as closely as ours is difficult to find. Being the only member of the flock living away it would seem that we would feel that we were being left out of everything, but the reverse is true....last Christmas when we had the opportunity to talk with all the family - individually - demonstrated just how close we are to you. I can't begin to thank you all for what you've done - only hope that you realize our appreciation.

Now-----when are you coming up this way....we're certainly anxious to see you. Sally still hasn't figured out the valance part of the bedroom curtains...so our desire to see you is strictly to put the "decorator" to work.

Business has been both stinko and good at the same time....generally our sales are down, but television is making up what we lack in other lines. It's going so good we can't keep up with it. We've been putting in just as many nights as before Christmas...it doesn't appear as though it will ever let up. I got quite a surprise last week when our District Manager in Walla Walla was transferred.....not so much a surprise at his transfer, but at his replacement.... it was Harry Lilly, the manager I worked under in Baker that you met and were not impressed with.....I'm somewhat dubious of the outcome, but not concerned to the extent that he will hinder my progress, actually he could help considerably.

Again a Happy - Happy Birthday....hope this reaches you tomorrow....the family is all well, and joins ~~you~~ <sup>ME</sup> in sending our love.....



I came in contact with men of your age that are still trying to find some job that they can settle down to with some permanency - their children following in their foot steps. I have often thought - you must feel you have an ungrateful son - never expressing his appreciation for all you've done for him - but you're wrong there - it just isn't easy for me to express my thanks in just so many words. I hope you have known how much I do appreciate your help - your guidance. Anyway - enough of that and on to Celebrating your new year - we've been trying to compute how many years this new one has added up to - Can't get above 49.

Letter-writer Sally has probably told you all the news about the house - and there isn't much to tell you about the store - business is so rotten that I hate to write about it - the only consolation being that the rest of the stores are in the same boat.

I thought you might enjoy the enclosed subscription - Consumer Report - and the Buyer's Guide that comes with it. I try and get each copy - they give you pretty much of an unbiased opinion and testing of consumer products.

we certainly like the chairs -  
as Sally has probably told you -  
it's all finished (the table) except for  
the art work that Dorothea Bailey -  
(Bailey Lires - not Bill Bailey) Ex-Salt  
Lake - is going to do.

The Se Soto is purring like a  
cat. just had a tune-up - and  
new plugs. I can't say that I  
miss the old Packard and the daily  
push to get it started.

Carolyn is always talking  
about you two - she's as pro-Salt  
Lake as we are - and her younger  
brother is just now getting to say  
two or three words - ~~she's~~ had  
little chance with his gabby sister  
who's current is "Stand-up - Stand-up  
for Jesus," "Onward Christian Soldiers"  
and "I am H.A.P.P.Y" all at one time.

again - happy 49 - we'll  
be talking to you Sunday.

All of us send  
our Love

Long

# Anger helps amputee find his independence

By GREG IRSFELD  
Dispatch Intern

With one leg amputated a year and a half ago because of a circulatory problem, Doug Williams, 61, Brainerd, painstakingly learned to use an artificial leg, first with a walker, then with crutches.

Four weeks after returning home, Williams lost his other leg.

"It was the worst thing that had happened to me," Williams said. "I reluctantly resigned myself to a wheelchair for the rest of my life because I wasn't physically strong enough to walk with two artificial limbs. I gave up. There was nothing left for me."

After surgery at the Veteran's Administration Hospital in Minneapolis and several weeks of therapy at St. Joseph's Medical Center, Williams is now back living at home. His hearty voice, (he once worked for a radio station) resonates as he sits in his wheelchair. His independence borders defiance as he recently tells the staff of Kingwood Good Samaritan Center his advice for dealing with handicaps.

Williams simply "got mad," he said.

"I got mad at bedpans first," Williams said. "Using a bedpan was the farthest thing I ever wanted to do. Rather than use

one, I asked nurses to help me in and out of bed so I could go to the bathroom, shower and shave."

This made him realize that with a little help, he could do things by himself, he said. "Independence is a great confidence builder, and super therapy."

"Next, I got mad at a nurse at the Brainerd hospital," Williams said. He needed this nurse's help to sit up and get in a wheelchair. She helped him, but the practice made him feel dependent, he said. "I decided I would get even and show her, and I did."

Williams built up his arm strength and mastered a "transfer board". The transfer board serves as a bridge Williams can slide on between a bed and a wheel chair, he said.

The board gave him more independence, but if he was to return home, his wife, Neva, told him he would have to be able to take care of himself, he said.

"I had a job working with handicapped people at Courage Center in Golen Valley, and I couldn't give up my important work with many handicapped persons to take care of Doug," Neva said.

"Neva didn't have the time to take care of only me, and I believed she was looking for a place

where I could be taken care of," Williams said. "That got me mad. I decided I was going to make the best of this thing, and not become a burden to anyone."

Williams became independent enough to go home, and combined his anger and frustration with ingenuity to solve some of his problems, he said.

"One of my first days home, a light bulb went out. I got mad because I couldn't reach it, but by modifying a grabbing device, I was able to change the bulb."

After that, Williams devoted much of his time to inventing appliances that would make his life easier, he said. He made implements that helped him reach things, and even developed a half step for his wheelchair that allows him to climb into it from the ground.

"That comes in handy when I'm staying at a place with a swimming pool," he said. "I can get into my chair without any help."

His successes gave him confidence, which brought independence, culminating in airplane trips to California and Las Vegas, Williams said.

"Dave has come a long way since his depression over losing his second leg," Neva said. "It was easier for him to accept his first amputation because he almost died because of that leg. He was in a coma for 40 days, and awoke with his leg gone, realizing it had been a choice between life or limb."

"But when he lost his other leg shortly after learning to walk again, his depression became obsessive. He would lie in his bed and stare out the window."

"Now he's his sparky personality again, and he told me that people pushing him had been his motivation," Neva said.

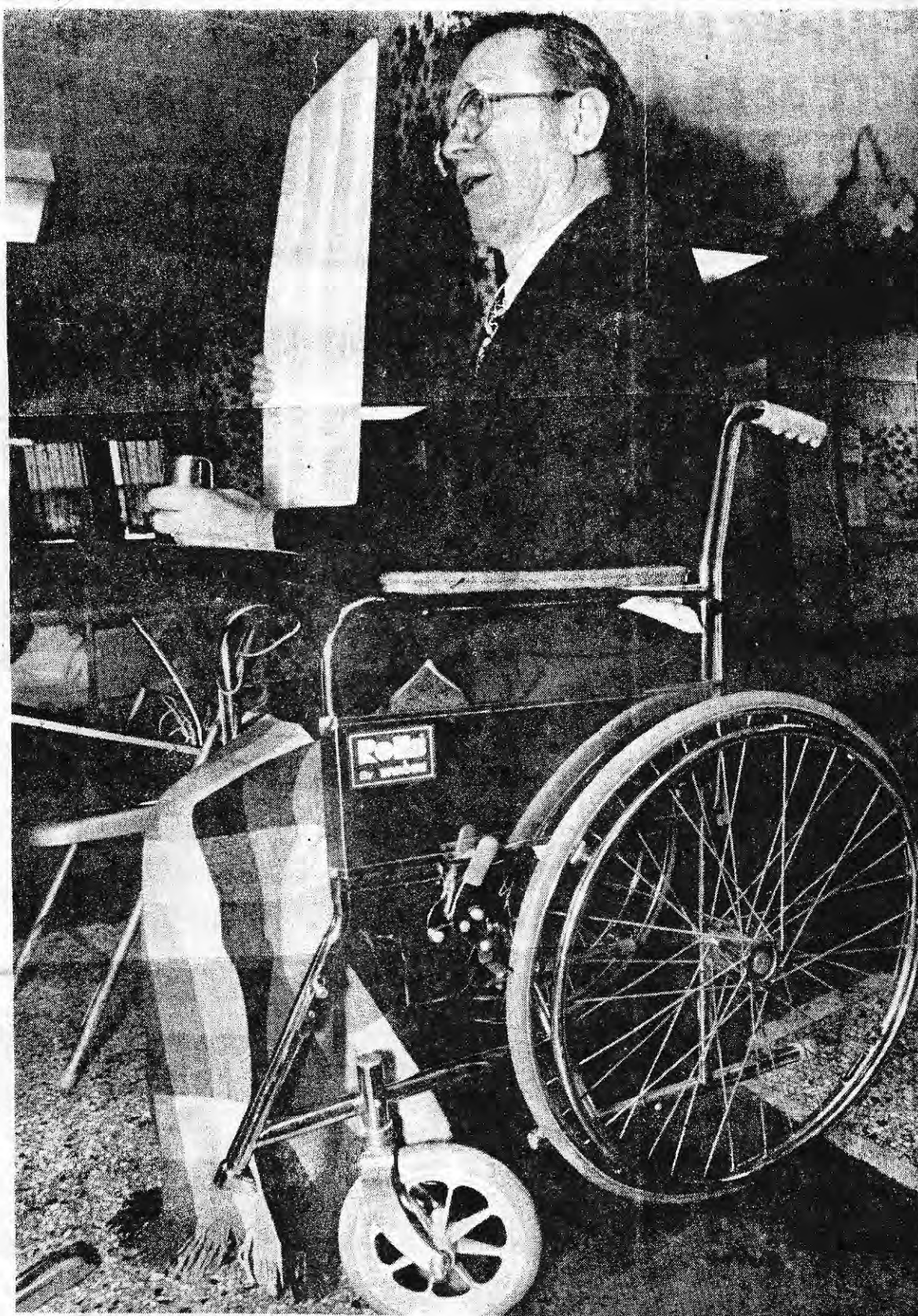
"I used anger as motivation," Williams said. "I can only speak for myself, but I think pushing handicapped people is a good way to get them to try things on their own. Independence is a fine thing."



NEVA WILLIAMS



DOUG WILLIAMS



**ANGER OVER HANDICAP HELPS** — Doug Williams, a 61-year-old Brainerd man who recently had both legs amputated, says he found his independence through anger. After spending much time in hospital rooms, he is now at home with his wife, Neva, and spends much of his time learning how to overcome his handicap. (Dispatch Photos by Jack Kurtz)



... Robert's Studio

**Sarah Summers — Douglas Williams Jr.**

Mr. and Mrs. L. J. "Chuck" Summers, 308 North State St., announce the engagement of their daughter, Sarah, and Douglas Campbell Williams, Jr., son of Mrs. Sally Williams, La Habra, California, and Douglas C. Williams, Sr., Minneapolis, Minnesota.

Miss Summers is a graduate of Merrill Senior High School and attended the UW, La

Crosse.

She is employed as a clerk-receptionist at Lincoln Boys School.

Her fiancé graduated from La Habra High School, La Habra, Calif., and attended the University of Houston and the Brown Institute, Minneapolis, Minn. He is a radio announcer for WSAU, Wausau.

The couple is planning a summer wedding.

Jan 9, 1974

Dear Nanny, Grandpa, et al;

First of all Sarah and I would like to wish Nanny a very happy 80th Birthday, and a happy birthday to you dad. We wish that we could be in Salt Lake to share in the festivities with you all, and hope that everyone is healthy and able to enjoy themselves. Again, Sarah and I would like to thank both Nanny and Grandpa, and mom, Carolyn & Gregg for the super time during our vacation.

Hate to be sending a "form" letter, but for right now it's a little easier. We've been busy planning for the big day, Sarah is designing, (along with my supervision!) our wedding invitations, and along with everything else there is to do I think maybe we should elope, though Sarah's dad hasn't come up with a suitable dowery .....yet.

Other than extremely cold, things are going fine in Merrill. Last week I applied for a job in Madison, working for the State of Wisc. in broadcasting as a broadcast technical engineer. The opening includes taking an exam, job oriented, and offers fantastic benefits plus a pretty good wage, and some security. I don't know if I have a chance or not but it never hurts to apply.

Enclosed is a copy of the paper write up, lots of people have congratulated us, sure doesn't take long for the news to spread in a small town.

Nanny, Sarah and I wanted to send you a finished engagement picture for you birthday, but they aren't finished yet. We'll get one off as soon as we get them. Once again, hope that you all have a great time in Salt Lake, I'll try to get in touch after the Super Bowl!

Love  
Dorey & SARAH

- Pop Reigns King -

One day a year is set aside...  
Dad's day of living - day of pride.  
Hitler, Stalin, war and grief,  
The doctor's tools, the lawyer's brief,  
are all forgotten to recall  
Our gratitude to fathers..... all.

His office closed - the bars shut down,  
It's father's day to see the town.  
His crown is set upon his head  
From morn - until it's time for  
bed;  
Open ma steps in, with rollin'  
him,  
and then the whole thing starts  
again.

It may be usually mother's loss,  
But once a year - father's boss.

# - Bang -

POEMS BY  
DOAG  
WILLIAMS

## Father's Day

When Father's Day comes around,  
And Father with his presents bounds.  
The man who all money brings,  
To buy all of your nice things.  
~~You~~ might get a trifle rough,  
But those are things that make you  
tough.

The man who likes to fish alot,  
The fish seem to like him and get  
caught.  
But who wouldn't get caught by  
him.

If I had the chance I wouldn't  
be grim.

Douglas Williams

THEY USED TO CALL HIM "SANTA CLAUS", BUT NOW IT'S

DEAR OLD "DAD"

(To be sung to the tune of "Whiskey-Rye-Whiskey")

Oh, they usta call him Santa Claus when we were all but chillun,  
We loved the myth about him, and the stockings he'd been fillun....  
From the trainboard to the portrait, each season had its share  
Of railroad tracks and "takum backs" and trees with limbs put there.  
In the wee hours of the morning, we'd try to rouse St. Nick  
To start the line aformin, from Clayt on up to Dick,  
But someone wasn't ready, or the Chritmas lights weren't on,  
Or Mrs. Claus demanded that all our clothes we don.  
Then we had to hear the warning that St. Nick may not have come,  
Or that coal was in our stockings, for a crime ~~that we had done...~~  
Then finally our impatience rose near to mutiny,  
St. Nick would yell "It's ready", and light the Christmas Tree.  
We marched into the living roon, or was it Macy's store?  
There never was a Christmas where the kids got any more.

Adele was first to find the man behind the great white beard,  
How long that she pretended, I really haven't heard.  
Then Dick was next to really know, at only seventeen,  
Then Doug and Clayt were soon to find who Nick had really been.  
When all the myth exploded, it hurt Nick to the core....  
So the clan became prolific, and provided him with more....  
Of chillun and more chillun to make each Christmas gay,  
He'll have to play his Santa's role every Christmas Day.  
But now his subs for Santa, have learned just what it means  
That Christmas's like his, leave no jingle in the jeans.  
Still Christmas comes around each year, of that we all are glad,  
We not only have our Santa Claus, but also OLD GRANDAD.

Carolyn

# Mother

One day a year set by  
for mother

There should be ten; another,  
another,

From birth on up she  
has cared for us

Without complaint, or thanks,  
or fuss,

The better things in life  
she's taught

With crime disease for  
us what a fright,

Life takes the lead in  
life's great play

A warm spot in her  
heart will stay

Without vacation without  
a rest

She will always, always  
be there best

and what's remarkable  
is this young son

He has a daughter; 21!

Young

Mother

One day a year set  
for mother

There should be ten in  
another,  
From birth on up to  
has cared for us  
Without complaint, or strain  
or fuss,

The better things in life  
she's taught

With crime disease for  
us she's fought,  
She takes the lead in  
life's great play  
A woman spent in her  
heart will stay

Without vacation with a  
rest

She will always, always  
do her best  
and what's remarkable  
to this young son  
She has a daughter; 2

Doug

When Mothers Day comes around,  
It does not pass with a leap and a bound.  
But gives you time to concentrate,  
And think about some certain date.  
But then you realize that you've been bad,  
Which makes your heart feel sort of bad.  
Just then you think how swell it is,  
To have a mother just like this.  
I am lucky to have such a mother,  
For I am sure there is no other,  
That is as good as my own Mother.

Doug

Mothers Day

1944

5th 9 14 C  
10

Dear Dad -Tues AM  
Happy Birthday! Now you have to stand  
up and be counted. Just shows you what  
good clean living can do. I'd sure like to  
tell my great grandchildren at 80 that I was  
still cleaning crystal chandeliers.

I hope everyone does give you a big celebration -  
just wish I could be there to help. Anyway, I  
will be calling you Thursday night and checking on  
the gala - goings on.

The weather has been morbid - don't know  
when it has felt colder - over the week end -  
38° below with a wind chill of 69° below. It  
felt like spring yesterday at 34° above. I  
stayed away from the Airport the entire week-end  
and put together all the financial papers - balance  
statements - profit & loss and forecasts for a SBA  
\$10,000 loan for the Indian Project. It went to  
SBA yesterday - they endorsed it - now all we  
have to do is find a bank to provide the funds.  
I spent all day yesterday at the apparel market -  
should spend today & tomorrow, but the special  
inventory Wed - Thurs - Fri has me completely tied  
up. A big sigh of relief when this week is over.

Again - a Most Happy Day, Dad -  
also to the gal that has to share her Birthday  
with you. Love Doug

## A Tribute to My Mother

Here is to my mother, the  
greatest on earth,  
may she enjoy many days of  
this gladness and mirth.

I wish all could have a  
mother so dear.  
That comforts your troubles  
and always is near.

If you had a wife like  
to my mother

you never would think to  
want any ~~one~~ other.

Be kind to your mother  
while she is still here

For someday you'll need  
her and she'll not be there.

When she has gone many the  
days will be shed.

(over)

But keep an brave  
and hold up your

head

For always and

always her spirit

will stay

and help you when

you are in need

and life is long

and

C

9. 1911

12. 1911

13. 1911



A Tribute to my mother

Here is to my mother, the  
greatest on earth,  
may she enjoy many days of  
this gladness and mirth.

I wish all could have a  
mother so dear  
That comforts your troubles  
and always is near,

If you had a wife-alike  
to my mother  
you never would think to  
want any ~~one~~ other,  
Be kind to your mother  
while she is still here

For someday you'll need  
her and she'll not be there,  
When she has gone many the  
that will be steady  
(over)

But keeps on bravely  
and held up your

head

For always and  
always her spirit

will stay

to help you and

guide you on  
our life's journey

Always  
D

Daddy

12-2-1910

From your loving boy  
Douglas McNamee

## Mother's Day

O Mother's day.

It is so gay.

It seems so very bright.

And all the pretty

flowers are such a pretty  
sight.

When everything is all aglow.

And mother with her  
good old face.

Is such a sweet and  
loving dear.

And a happy Mother's Day.



ADELE RAE WILLIAMS

Dads Birthday

Of all the days in all the  
years,

On my dads birthday brings most  
tears.

The Mother buys a lot of stuff,  
Dad takes them back and thinks  
he's tough.

Mother always when gets mad,  
and says that this beet can be  
had.

But dad is really a swell guy,  
and never thinks himself too high.

Wong, 13<sup>th</sup>  
and Clapton

Mother

One day a year at my  
for mother

I've should be ten; another  
another

From birth on up she  
has cared for me

Without complaint, or thanks,  
or fuss;

The better things in life  
she's taught

With crime's disease for  
me she's fought;

She takes the lead in  
life's great play

A woman's work in her  
heart will stay

Without vacation without  
a rest

And with always, always  
she's there best

And what's remarkable  
to this young son

He has a daughter; 21!

Wm

Dear mother,

Roses may be red, and violets blue,  
But the sweetest flower on earth is  
you,

I've never known a mother,  
So thoughtful and so pure  
I've never known another,

To replace you, I am sure.  
and so this tribute ending,

My wishes I am sending,

That every daughter, every son  
May have a mother like my own.

Love,  
Doug