(Transcription begins)
168 Grand Avenue
Edgewood, Rhode Island

Monday night
August 10, 1942

Dear Douglas –

Half-past eight—it's dark outside & I'm hoping that you have had a good dinner and because you can't see the scenery, that you are dozing a bit and catching up on your sleep. I was glad for you that there were several whom you knew on the bus for conversation helps pass the time.

You certainly had quite a send off at the station and we shall go down to speed Tom on his way when he leaves. Dad went back to the shop, Marilyn to the bank, and I to the Majestic to meet Mrs. Jones and see "Yankee Doodle." I enjoyed it very much and wish I had seen "I'd rather be right" as it must have been a grand show in its day.

After supper Dad went to a referee's class at Hope High School where he will learn how to judge the air raid wardens, etc in practice raids. Marilyn has gone to the movies with Bill and the first thing I did after supper was write to Blanche about the cameo and Dad mailed the letter tonight.

Tom has just telephoned trying to locate his writing pad given by the group,—he thought that possibly both had been brought by Mrs. Buffum to Grand Avenue but after glancing quickly around your room, I'm sure he'll find it at home.

Milton Sherman seemed so pleased that you and his son are starting the service together for he and Dad went thru France together and I knew him many years before that, in fact I can remember the days when he used to sit on Bumy French's (Stang) doorsteps, waiting for her to come out and play!

It pleased me that you kissed us before you went to bed—I am like you in that I dare not trust my voice and many things I have felt in my heart have gone unsaid. Your wonderful letter to us means more than you can ever know. It will be kept in my Bible beside my bed and when distance seems great and clouds dark, it will help to comfort and strengthen me as nothing else could. You have always been a dear son and brother and I know will return to us the same trustworthy, lovable, Christian (I can't say boy for I know your experiences will mature you) but to us you will always be "Our Boy." Your letter I know will help Dad over some of the rough places and will help Marilyn to think over some things which have not as yet touched her. But I know that will come in time, if I but keep faith. God bless you always.

I shall be interested to know whether you were sorry not to have your light weight trousers, whether you slept well and what kind of a dinner was served on the train. Also, are you using your electric razor?

Aunt Marion called to say how much she appreciated your waiting for Shirley. I shan't write you every day, but I thought I would jot down a few lines each night & then when I receive your address I will have a letter all ready to send.

I have started reading the Autobiography of Benjamin Franklin and find it most interesting.

Tuesday night
about 8:30

It has been warm today and I have wondered whether you had to wear your woolen trousers all day—I hope you were issued your outfit at once. Mary Gants (Doc Gants wife) told us over the phone tonight that Frank was born near South Bend and that it is a very beautiful town. She has been there and thinks the buildings at Notre Dame are very lovely. Send us post cards of any views you would like to save for I will keep them for you.

Tonight Bing seemed unusually affectionate with Chip—kept trying to rub his head against him and when I picked him up to pat him, found he had one eye closed and it was that that he was trying to scratch. It looked as though he might have been stung by a bee but as the swelling has disappeared already it is nothing more serious.

My telephone has been busy tonight asking whether you got off allright—Mrs. Hard—A Eleanor & A Marion—Mrs. Marble came into the shop to ask about you & Tom (they found the writing pad in Maud's desk).

It has been very warm, as I mentioned before and Dad has set up the small electric fan on my desk which is just enough to keep the air stirring. Perhaps if you find it to (*sic*) uncomfortable you could get a small inexpensive one (if you would be allowed to have it).

Don't forget to write thanking
Anna Beckman
Cliff Hard
The Gronnenbergs

Mrs. Hard seems to think Senior might be taking part in the present battle. A few minutes ago the largest bomber I ever saw just barely skimmed over the tops of the trees from the direction of the Sophia Little Home and disappeared over Pines house.

We have just learned that George Jones has moved Ed Kettlety's brother, Howard out to South Bend. You know the Kettlety boys grew up in Calvary Church just as you did (there were six of them and he was the youngest) and I know he and his wife would be pleased to see someone from Calvary as they know no one out there. He works for the drug firm of {Bauer/Bower} and Black and his home is (*address withheld*), Coquillard Woods (which is a suburb about two miles out—as Edgewood is to Providence). Unfortunately their truck load of furniture burnt up some where in Kansas but was insured.

Also Mrs. Henry B. Cross who is on the BWRS committee lived in South Bend at one time and has just had a letter from a niece or something like that saying how busy she is helping entertain the boys, and she intends writing her about you, so you might be surprised sometime, but don't count too much on it! Howard Kettlety's mother and Dad's mother were bosom friends and the gold thimble which I always use when sewing was a gift to Nana from her.

Wednesday after supper

The atmosphere is very heavy and muggy, cloudy, and typical New England dog days. Did I think to thank you for the bagful of apples I found in the back hall? I gave a lot to Aunt Marion and I'll make the others into apple tarts for Marilyn. The last ones I made she had asked me to, but then I took most of them when we went to the beach the day you taught Gertrude "Diabolo."

Tom put up his car last night with Roger's help—jacked it up, took out the battery, etc. The Browns belated acceptance to our open house arrived after you left, a lengthy scroll in imitation of ours. I shall stick it in Tom's pocket for him to read on the train—also his letter from John Allen & the rhyme of acceptance from Hope Brown…. Tommie called on us about half past ten tonight and chatted for a few minutes and then had a cup of cocoa—he has been running around doing a few last errands and is all set to leave tomorrow. I think he is quite disappointed not to have gone to Notre Dame. One of the Coakley twins is going to Columbia—I believe the other one was on the bus with you.

Thursday night
about 10:30

What a terrific down pour all day. About the same group gathered at the Union Station at 1:00 this noon to speed Tommie on his way with the addition of Geo Davies & Herbert Waterman. But Tommie didn't have the courage you displayed towards the fair sex and they had to be satisfied with a hand shake! The train was one of the longest I ever saw (Boston to Washington) and absolutely hundreds of men in uniform mostly sailors. I don't think it rained any harder the Sunday we held Open House than it did as we waited for the train to pull out.

Maude and Tom came over for supper tonight and we spent a pleasant evening—Tom asleep—listening to Henry Aldrich[1] etc and talking—Maude knitting on a sweater for Tommie and I finishing the neck muff Aunt Eleanor made for you, you remember she had fastened it so tightly that you couldn't get it over your head.

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[1] **The Aldrich Family**, a popular radio teenage situation comedy (1939-1953), was also presented in films, television and comic books. It is remembered for its unforgettable introduction: awkward teen Henry's mother calling, "Hen-*reeeeeeeeeeeee!* Hen-ree *Al*-drich!"

We still have had no letter nor post card from you and the first thing we do when we get home is rush thru the house to the front hall and see if it has come!

What are you doing for a mirror? I came across a metal one that I bought for you some time ago and forgot to give you. Let me know if you want it sent to you. I saw by the paper that Kenneth Anthony's father died and in the account it spoke of Kenneth being in England.

Chip had a bath today and certainly looks and feels much better.

Friday morning—

A most dilapidated man just came in & bought five $1.00 English calendars. I noticed his Phi Beta Kappa Key & when I asked him about it & told him about you he told me he corrects the papers for the English Dept. at Brown! "I come in contact with their minds only," he said.

Friday upon arrival
at night after work

Much to our joy your letter was on the floor in the front hall and we were so pleased to hear from you and know all is well. It sounds most interesting and Dad is beginning to live over again his army life when you mention marching in detail, etc. Let us know if you run short of money before you are paid.

Harold F. Brown has given us his notice of leaving Calvary to accept another position. He feels he has accomplished all he can there. Dad is taking this letter up to the corner to mail before supper and will buy your three books.

Lots of love from all of us
Mother, Dad & Marilyn (Transcription ends)