(Transcription begins)

BWRS

Sept. 8, 1942
Tuesday morning

Dear Douglas:

As usual your letter was eagerly pounced upon when we reached home last night and contents rapidly devoured. As it was the last day of the month Marilyn had to work and did not get home until almost ten o'clock.

We hear from all sides how strict and severe your life is but you seem to be taking it in your stride and as you say you've "got to be good" and severity seems to be one of the necessary things to produce the desired result but you seem to be able to take it and that makes us happy. I felt all along that you would like the Navy way of life and am so pleased that you are able to make the grade.

Have you received the letter I sent enclosing the pictures taken at the Bus station the day you left? I had hoped those would be good enough to put in your leather folder which I promised to fix for you but there were none that I could use and I have looked all through our collection but cannot find even one so this Saturday Dad will take some of Marilyn and me and then I will snap some of him, so you will have to wait a longer (*sic*) for your pictures. I'm sorry.

I know just how much joy there was when you and Tommy actually met even for a few minutes—I'm sure you will be able to arrange liberty together and what a tale you will both have to tell! Wish I might be there to hear it all.

Sunday afternoon Dad had traffic duty at Scituate and quite enjoyed it as at the same the army was trying to locate and capture so-called parachutists in that section. He has bought a khaki shirt and with it wears those brown whipcord trousers and his regulation hat. Marilyn had a chance to go to the races at Newport so I spent a quiet time reading in the garden with Chip curled up beside me. Poor Bill is out of luck—after being accepted and completely overhauled his boat has been rejected and Bill has been sent to Newport with the regular Coast Guard with no idea of what the future holds in store for him. Time alone will tell.

Your proofs arrived from South Bend and weren't too bad—I have written them asking them the price and upon receipt of that information will probably order one smiling and one with a more serious expression and requesting the free one.

Last night we bought your three books, Keats, Jane Eyre and Treasure Island. Dad has mentioned the reception to Harold Brown but I will tell you about it a little more in detail. Of course, coming as it did at the tail of summer and so unexpectedly, all that could be done was telephone to everyone we could think of that morning and the resulting crowd was quite gratifying. We gathered in the chapel and sang with Harold at the piano. Florence Skoog was having her wedding rehearsal in the church and just as the groom started escorting her down the aisle after the ceremony we were singing "Taking Nellie Home!" Harold gave us a flute solo and then Herb Waterman for the YP choir, Mrs. Lawrence for the Jr. Choir, Don French for the Young Couples Club and the new organist Isabel were called to the platform and given a note which told them to look on page 427 of the third hymnal on the table, there directions lead them to Isaiah in the Temple, to Mr. Thompson's work bench, to the No Parking sign in front of the church and while they were out there another note was slipped in the same page in the hymnal, to which they were again directed by the note under the No parking sign. Isabel looked rather disgusted as they came into the room as if to say "I'm sure we found everything in that book" but you can imagine how that expression changed when they discovered fifty dollars! Thus endeth an era in the music of Calvary. What will be the plan for the coming year we do not know. Of course the new organist is a Westminster man but with the shortage of men I believe there will be no attempt at a choir.

George Jones showed us your letter to him—every day he receives quite a few and is so pleased with each one. His own letter is a fine piece of work and I knows (*sic*) means a lot to every one that receives it.

Have you any desire for your tennis racquet or do you get all the exercise you need? I know Tommy has sent for his and I will have yours restrung if you wish.

Bob Green's address as last reporter was RW Green RT 2C USNR Norfolk Va.

We think constantly of you and look forward to seeing you soon. Marilyn and I definitely are planning to come to New York for a weekend not too far distant and then if Grandma will stay with her, Dad and I will plan to come, but if she can't stay, Dad will come alone.

Love from
Mother (Transcription ends)