(Transcription begins)

British War Relief Society, Inc.

Rhode Island Committee

38 Exchange Place – PROVIDENCE

Tel. GA. 2176

Dec. 28, 1942
Monday

Morning

Dear Douglas:

I never saw better timing—here we were, gathered around the Christmas tree (as much as three people can gather!) Chip biting furiously at his new squeaking mouse which we had had to give him very early in the game in order to get any peace, Bing with his catnip mouse clutched in his two front paws and rubbing his chin over it, when the front door bell rings and there is the expressman with the crate of oranges! What a surprise that was and how we will enjoy the fruit for many days to come and others with us. Even although (*sic*) we had had breakfast, we all had to have one, then Marilyn Eaton came over and sampled them and we gave some to the Grays and Mrs. Webber the next day. Thanks a lot, it was a very thoughtful present and one to bring pleasure and thoughts of the donor for many a breakfast and in between snack.

Where shall I start to tell you about our Christmas? Perhaps first with the tree situation—for several days we heard about the scarcity and high prices and the day before a the breakfast table Dad voiced the opinion that we probably would have to go without this year as he would be hanged if he would pay six dollars for just a tree. Marilyn seemed dreadfully disappointed so when I reached down town and saw a very thick and well-shaped tree but only about four feet high for $1.75, I thought I better get it, so that is what we had. We have put the desk under the fireside window nearest the street, tucked Dad's blue chair into the corner beside the piano as far in as it would go and stood the tree on a platform right beside it at the corner of the doorway into the dining-room. With plenty of ornaments and the tiny houses, figures, and reindeer underneath it is as pretty a one as we have ever had.

The gifts as usual were many and well chosen. Dad gave me a handsome rose colored silk puff for our bed and a double membership to the "Players" which means several good plays we will see this year as well (*sic*) several small affairs such as Sunday afternoon lectures, musicals, teas, etc. Marilyn had a grand time shopping with her own money and I am afraid spent more than she should. She gladdened my heart with such feminine booty as stockings, slip, blouse, muffler and immensely pleased Dad with a table cigar lighter (Ronson) which always works, besides several gifts (jig saw puzzle, gin-rummy score pad, muffler) I gave Dad a golf club he had been wanting for a year, sweater, pajamas, golf balls, book of Stephen records. Our new son-in-law gave us

together a beautiful set of playing cards in a case such as your traveling clock had, and the cards are practically indestructible and will last for years being washable. Marilyn gave him a portable battery radio. Marilyn had many things to help furnish her new home, for you know she is going there to live next week end. She is so busy making curtains and shopping while she is home these last few days that I doubt if she writes you until after she gets settled down there, but she was thrilled with the album and that gave Dad the idea to get her a camera.
Saturday we called up the Metcalfs, Hendricksons, Buffums (Tom and Tim included) for supper Saturday night. We had the usual beans, brown bread, cabbage salad, frankforts (not grilled over the fire-place this time) and Indian pudding. Dad stood in line for almost an hour for a half a pound of butter and Grace Metcalf brought me a quarter of a pound and a small jar of sugar done up in a Christmas package as a gift. Tom and Tim left for a party at Donles and the rest of the party danced (we have so many good records) and ended by singing around the piano. I meant to tell you that Marily (*sic*) left at noon Christmas day to go to the Island with Dr. And (*sic*) Mrs. Hunt and we had a lovely dinner with Aunt Marion and her family and Grandma was there.

Sunday, yesterday, Dad and I went to church and were pleased to see all the Buffums there. Also Hollier is home to see his new son and Kirke Everson was with his family. Marilyn reached home about eight after having had a wonderful time with a turkey dinner aboard Bill's boat furnished by the Hunts and a party in a lovely home given by one of the residents to the Petty Officers and their wives. She no doubt will tell you all about it when she writes.

Story of the month—a certain young Ensign stationed at Newport, reports for duty on the net-tender boat, a craft more like a house-boat with both ends stubby and squat. Not being able to discern immediately which is stern and which is bow, he sees out of the corner of his eye what he thinks is a glimpse of the white stripe of the flag flapping in the breeze, so he smartly salutes the wrong end and is chagrined to discover the bit of white is merely the tail of a shirt hung up to dry!—and TB doesn't stand for tuberculosis in this case.

We immediately looked up your two housemates in the Side Boy and discovering one of them graduated from Boston College, think it is possible that he may have known your second cousins, Allan and Dick Tenney, grandsons of Aunt Saidee Tenney.

Dad has telephoned from the shop that he has a letter from you enclosing a postcard picture of your (*sic*) in your white uniform and that he will bring them over this noon.

Tonight we are calling on Helen Hard and the Schmids to see their Christmas decorations and extend the greetings of the season, and tomorrow night we hope to have with us the Fischers, Dicks and Mrs. Hard. Wednesday Marilyn is having five friends over to luncheon and will use her new silver and a set of dishes given her by her in-laws for Christmas. Then the next two days will be spent in packing her trunk and getting everything ready to ship down. The Schmids and Leaches will go down next Friday for overnight and I will be able to tell you all about her new home.

We missed you Christmas, of course, but it was not tinged with any sadness, for we knew what a paradise you have for a while (or am I wrong?)

This is a long letter, and more must wait until another time.

Love from
Mother (Transcription ends)