

(Transcription begins)
British War Relief Society, Inc.
Rhode Island Committee
38 Exchange Place – PROVIDENCE
Tel. GA. 2176

Jan. 18, 1943
Monday morning at the shop

Dear Douglas:

I have just returned from a week-end spent with Marilyn and found her very well and happy. Elaine had had to go back to the hospital at Ossipee to have an abscessed tooth removed but Marilyn expects her back tonight.

Bill is up against it just now. The skipper on a larger boat decided he didn't want to enlist in the regular Coast Guard, when that ultimatum was put to them, so he was discharged back into civilian life and Bill taken from his own boat and put in charge of this larger boat, which was a promotion for him and an expression of satisfaction on the part of the authorities. He found the boat in terrible condition and while they were mounting the guns and ash-cans on her, he set the crew to work to restoring the inside of the galley, etc. He had just been at that a couple of days when the former owner, appeared and when he saw the condition of the boat (not Bill's fault, of course) hit the ceiling with the result that such a scene arose that the Coast Guard threw up its hands and gave the boat back to him! He insisted that it be sailed back to Newport with its whole crew and its former skipper, but the Coast Guard insisted that Bill be in charge and as the former skipper had been "hitting the bottle" steadily ever since leaving it, Bill has had his hands full. At present he is on his way to Newport, not knowing what his destination will be after that, although the Lieut. in command at Vineyard Haven told him that he considered him and Ray Kershaw, their two most able skipper (*sic*) and would do everything possible to get him back there, although Newport had the final say. Bill would love to have his old boat back but of course, another skipper had been brought in for that so there you are.

Marilyn is very pleasantly located, she has a nice little home, in a nice part of the town, with plenty of trees around and only a short walk from the centre of the town. Dr. Prior's summer home is on the next street, and the bathing beach is but a short distance. You took the trip to Oak Bluffs once with Grandpa and that is about a fifteen minutes ride by auto from Vineyard Haven. It took me just exactly five hours to make the trip from Vineyard Haven by taxi to Oak Bluffs, by steamer to Woods Hole, by bus thru Buzzards Bay to New Bedford, by bus to Fall River, by bus to Providence, by bus to Edgewood, so you see Marilyn can not get home very often. But you would love the way she is taking everything in her stride, much to my amazement. She has two coal stoves to keep going, having to go out to the bin in the yard to fill her coal hod, no electric refrigerator,

but she does have a modern bathroom with running water and plenty of it hot, provided she keeps the fires going as the tank is connected with the kitchen stove. Her shopping for food is all right, except for meat and occasionally she can get that when the men come in from the commissary. I haven't had one bit of red meat such as beef or lamb since before Christmas but it doesn't bother us too much, as Dad isn't supposed to have much, so we get along on cheese dishes, tripe and liver.

We were thrilled at the postcard of your living quarters, someday Dad and I must plan to visit that location and perhaps hire one of the bungalows, after the war. We are pleased that the teaching is going so well and also that you are getting a little touch of home-life thru your connections with the church. How interesting is the connection with Uncle Harry.

Our annual Baptist convention is to be held this week at the Broadway Baptist church and you know how it is, if you can think up a reasonable excuse, it is a great temptation not to go even although (*sic*) you know you should. This year they thought up a very clever scheme, saying that after all, it is our duty to keep up the church, for which so many young men are fighting to preserve, among other liberties, and suggesting that one member attend, for each one of our young people in the armed forces, taking a name and later writing to that one, saying that you have attended, etc. Of course, each one of us felt that we couldn't let our son be the only not having a sponsor, so of course, I signed, as did many other people and by the time I reached the clerk taking the registrations, I was told that your name was one of the first taken! I shall be interested to know who it is. I have taken Roger Hard's as his mother has taken Seniors'. So a large delegation from Calvary will be present at the banquet and the meetings this coming Wednesday.

I am enclosing clippings and various mail that has come for you, some of it you may want.

Sunday while I was away Dad got out his paints for the first time in over a year and did two very lovely oils of small sketches made down at Blanche's summer cottage.

Tonight I go over on Angell street to the Sheraton to a meeting of the Martha Waterman Club—rather an ordeal this time as I have charge of the refreshments and must carry everything on the street car but we are having very simple sandwiches which two of the women will bring and I will carry the makings of tea. The old canvas bag will come in handy again.

I took a framed picture of you to Marilyn (had to take your letter out of the typewriter to make out a receipt for a customer) and she was much pleased with it. I wish Bill would get one taken but he never seems to have a minute. Theoretically he should have a 24 hour leave after six days out but with the boat to be overhauled, provisions to stock and reports at the office, he has very little time at home, sometimes I wonder that Marilyn thinks it worth it for the many days she is alone, but she seems to think it is.

Tomorrow night Dad has some sort of a drill at the armory. Ward Butler has been in the hospital again fighting drink and seems to have made another come-back as he is in

charge of Dad's squad again. Did you know that Alan announced his engagement to Barbara Hunt (don't think you know her). Also Kenneth Greene is home from a long voyage, gone since last May as part of a gun crew on a Merchant boat.

I have just written to Marilyn and I think I had better get down to work pertaining to the BWRS.

Our love to you
Mother (Transcription

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