

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

Tuesday morning 8-31-43

Dear Douglas:

Your first letter was received last night—naturally giving us no information but we hope that your gastric indisposition has improved as well as the deterioration of the weather.

Now as to news of your friends—I am forwarding a letter from Roger Hard and a card from Gertrude. Mrs. Buffum has had a card depicting Bermuda saying, "I have been all over this beautiful island. Doug has arrived, I think, in a hurricane and as soon as the weather subsides, I hope to go out to him."

We have had a most enjoyable three days at Osterville, on the Cape with the Fishers. We left Friday, as soon as I could close the shop at four o'clock, arriving at Aunt Tempey's Tea-Room in two hours. We had very pleasant accommodations near-by in a better than usual over-night cabin and ate all our meals at Aunt Tempey's and they were delicious, even with food rationing. We were about a quarter of a mile from one of the gorgeous Cape beaches, between Craigville and Falmouth. We went in through the drive-way of a private estate which had been unoccupied for about five years, and being a native, Mrs. Fisher knew all about it. On the beach were the private bathhouses, the door having been broken but nothing disturbed and no one else ever on the beach, so we had the use of these, with a private dock. The house was one of the most beautifully designed I have ever seen and just before we left on Sunday, Dad discovered a window through which we were able to enter and go all over it. It was the most gorgeous place I have ever been in, no furniture, but the house itself in almost perfect order, mammoth rooms with fireplaces and elaborate stone floors, carved stairway. The sunken gardens, tennis court surrounded by a ten foot rustic fence, hidden by rambler roses, servants lodge, etc., were so lovely and no one to enjoy them. We spent a lot of our time there, either swimming or on the sand and Dad sketching some of the magnificent trees, etc.

Saturday night we went to Hyannis at half-past ten for the premier showing of "This is the Army" the film made from Irving Berlin's play which has toured the country raising fabulous sums for the Army and Navy Relief. It is coming to Providence and I believe the bottom price for seats is \$25.00 so we were quite fortunate to see it for \$1.10 and at that, they raised \$1,500 at that one performance. It is very good, plenty of comedy and very good music. There is not so much Navy in it as Army so perhaps it might not

be as interesting to a sailor but Dad certainly enjoyed it and I know you would like the music, drilling and dancing as well as some of the imitations.

Bill did not get home this weekend and Marilyn has not heard from him for a week so is just wondering whether there has been another shift in his plans. That happens so often in military circles.

Mrs. Fisher tells me that Roger Sr. is due for another promotion which will certainly mean that he is up in the world. He is still convalescing from a(n) operation for hemorrhoids (sic) and does not yet know whether he has been accepted again for active duty.

Timmie has been home for his first week-end. His mother is still in the hospital and I was sorry not to have him for Sunday dinner but of course we were away.

Wendell Brown dropped in Monday night with a donation of quahaugs (sic) so we had a delicious chowder.

Yesterday we took Daryl for an inoculation against diphtheria, a routine thing in these days. She behaved very well, only crying when she felt the needle but smiling at the doctor through her tears. She says A-da-da over and over again which Marilyn is pleased to interpret as Daddy. Chip is condescending to let her pat him and only growls a bit under his breath. She likes to take hold of Bing with both hands now.

Richard Whipple has gone to Washington for a day or two, he has always had it at the back of his mind that he would like to go to Georgetown University and study to be a diplomat. So he thought he would take a short vacation and combine business with pleasure.

The pleasure-driving ban has just been lifted and left up to the honor of the motorist—a dangerous thing, says I. It will make no difference in the life of the Leaches except for one to Coles to cut the hay at the cottage and perhaps one afternoon of golf for Dad. Otherwise than that, we find plenty to do at home.

We hope your cruise is up to your expectations and we are looking forward to your return.

Love from us all.
Mother (Transcription ends)