

Fifteen Years

Wednesday morning
H 520 August 15, 1944

Dear Douglas. The enclosed weather stem is not sent in the spirit of complaining but just to tell you what very unusual weather we have been having - day after day of intense heat & humidity & not a drop of rain. We open all the windows wide at night & close them all again about nine the next morning, thus keeping in a beaten coolness we can. We have plenty of shade in the yard & spend our waking hours there. Do you remember the large tree between our garden & gray? Nothing ever amounted to much in the garden underneath so Dad has dug up a half circle eight feet in diameter & set pastel tinted flagstones in as a terrace & it is very lovely - he is thrilled with the natural delicate colors & when the grass has grown up between will make an attractive spot for our blue & white lawn furniture ~~garden area~~^{area} ~~garden~~. When you come home you can telephone for best - "Wait you come over and have lemonade on the terrace?"

The next enclosed stem will bring you grief but it is better for you to know of these as they happen rather than to find them all out at once when you return. John is buried on one of the islands, according to the telegram.

This morning a telephone call from Mrs Hard told of your pleasant time with Roger, an hour letter your most welcome letter arrived. I spent the rest of the day at Edgewater with Mrs Jones & when Uncle George arrived at night he had your next letter! Very good mail service, says I! I know your get-together gave you both great pleasure and we certainly enjoyed hearing all the details.

The account of the appendicitis transfer was most interesting to us.

I know you are pleased to have regular services on board - I wonder just how much you influenced the plan! Hope you receive the music I sent & that it can be used. The clerk at Ap's music store helped me select it & while it wasn't just what I wanted, it was the best they had.

Your descriptive cartoons are always appreciated & loved.



Mrs. John C. Allen

Killed in Pacific

Zeta Psi fraternity, and was editor of the Freshman Handbook.

At Hope High school, from which he was graduated in 1940, he received the Anthony Medal and was on the R. I. Honor Society. He was a member of St. Martin's Church.

Besides his parents, he leaves a sister, Miss Elizabeth R. Allen, also of Providence.

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awfully sorry about the dearth of mail received

as well as pay, but I know eventually it will catch up with you.
Yes, indeed, you will enjoy our collection of records & will
have some favorites of yours own you will want to buy.

Now, I have saved my big news of the week for last!
Monday night we called on the Buffums including Tommie
& his captain, Lt White! Tommie looks well & his eyes are
improving (it is a question of concussion & nerve strain as
much as anything & they will be all right). Lt White has a
wasty gash on his forehead which is to be removed by plastic
surgery in about eight months. Tommie's assignment is
Miami for further instruction. He has his (39) retroactive as
of last March. He has about 21 more days at home.

This is his story as we pieced it out bit by bit.

At 2:15 AM of June 11th, under a crescent moon the
Partridge, heading for the coast of France with a tow of
equipment (pontoon bridge sections) about one mile off shore
& moving about two miles an hour, received without warning, a
torpedo amidships, presumably from a waiting E. boat, radar
had to first previously announced two targets (?) to starboard
& one to port, & she sank in 40 seconds! All hands were at
General Quarters, Tommie with 13 others in the mess room.
He & one other were the only ones saved from that position, all
on the bridge were killed. As he remembers it, he was
suddenly spun around facing the door but before he could
reach it, he was swimming. He, as did the others, had on
their life jackets & he managed to get each arm over a log.
They were rescued after about 3 1/4 hours. I think about
ten saved of a crew of 120. So you see, he has plenty to tell
his grandchildren!

Lt White is from San Diego and yesterday Uncle George
entertained them both at the Rotary Club luncheon where they
had a WAVE demonstration & moving pictures of the home
own, much to his delight. Lambert Lindquist was also home.

Dick Johnson spent the evening also at Buffums. He
has decided that he is going home Brown, a landable
ambition, and an excellent opportunity.

I had a very pleasant afternoon with Mrs. Jones & we discussed
the down for copper. It is interesting to hear the trains in the
distance - they run long freights pulled by enormous diesels
every few minutes & you just know that military equipment
is being sent in great quantities - everything points to progress
in both theaters of war & while we are not foolishly optimistic,
we can certainly be very hopeful.

Do you remember our indoor hockey game boy? Dad has
covered up the goal holes, put a narrow plank around the
edge for a seat, filled it with clear white sand from Matunuck
Beach (Marlyn had a chance to spend the day there with
Betty Lockwood) and behold, a most happy arrange-
ment for Daryl. She sits in it by the hour, filling her fist
& wiggling her toes.

Have I told you that she is learning the proper
procedure for "cher, cher!" that keeps us busy & she thinks
it can also apply to her various dolls & animals!

Did I also tell you, she lighted one of the matches
from a paper of them, & was holding it on her chair! I just
happened to look up in time!

Bill is making runs between Rockland Maine &
Lutec & has been up to Digby, Nova Scotia & is much better
pleased than when he had a desk job at Sandwich.

Dad is quite busy at the shop for his man Charlie
is out with a strained shoulder & that means Dad has to
get in early & stay late. Luckily he does not mind the heat as
do most people.

We have bought a very light paper for the walls of
the living room & an indistinct scenic one, similar
in shade for the dining room. Marlyn is to have pale
peach stripes in her room & I will have pale blue in
mine. All this to be done the first week in September,
while we stay at Coles.

Bing is sprawled out over my paper & envelopes, purring his head off, these last few nights he has wanted to sleep out of doors. Not being far advanced about five in the morning. Lately, he sits on the engine hood of the car until Dad puts it up for the night & then rides triumphantly into the garage.

Chips spends every minute possible over the Pines farm romping with his little black lady friend. When we try to keep him home, we run over to grape yard very innocently & if he thinks we have forgotten him we catch him sneaking along the rock fence across our yard, then Jones & thus on to Pines again!

We have to mail our Christmas package to you by October 15th. Can you give us some ^{Hints} hints as to what you would like, could use, & have room for?

A permanent warden at the corner shops calls me so much stop.

Ever so much love to the best boy in the service

Mother