

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

Monday morning, Jan. 4,

1943

Dear Douglas:

Having just returned from Martha's Vineyard yesterday perhaps you will be interested in a brief description of our trip and Marilyn's new home with which we are much pleased.

We were invited out to Rhodes and to the Metcalfes' for New Years Eve but declined as we did not want to stay up so late before our trip but in spite of that it was almost one-thirty before we went to bed as Dad's Christmas jigsaw puzzle was almost done and we couldn't leave it alone until it was completed!

Mr. Schmid called for us at eleven on New Years Day (Friday) and it was well for us that he could use his car, as we were well loaded with suitcases, dishes, blankets and dog. We had a good dinner in New Bedford, parked the car in a garage, took the good-sized and sturdy boat at two and reached Martha's Vineyard about four-fifteen after a very pleasant and interesting ride in a glass-enclosed cabin. We stop first at Wood's Hole then go on to Vineyard Haven which is the town in which Marilyn lives on the island of Martha's Vineyard. It is a long, rambling typical New England town, with six churches and many large substantial white homes, many of them winter residences. We put up at the only hotel, a many-winged low building where we were very comfortable and enjoyed meeting the proprietor and his wife, who own a fascinating eleven-year old marmoset and a 33 year old cockatoo, gray and rose, who will let any man handle (*sic*) but no women. To Chip's disgust Bozo, the bird, climbed (*sic*) all over Dad's shoulders.

Mr. Burleigh, the proprietor, is more than kind to the Coast Guard men stationed there, urges them to use the hotel for recreation and gives them the privilege of a bath at no cost if they will furnish their own towels. Every time any are in they go to him for a blinker lesson. He has told Marilyn to come up there if there is a thing she needs or gets lonely.

Marilyn's home is about a ten minute walk from the centre, on a street running one block up and parallel with the main street along which are beautiful homes facing the water. Her house is on a corner lot with big trees in the back yard and is as warm as toast, with storm windows on every window, a stove in the kitchen and another in the living-room.

Elaine had been about there two days and already had it looking very home-like and I know in a week Marilyn will feel quite at home. Elaine is twenty-one, comes from Turners Falls, N.H. but went to Boston for secretarial training and had about the same type of position as Marilyn, and left to marry Mr. Kershaw, who is thirty-two and very likeable, according to all reports, as we did not meet him.

The only draw-back to her happiness is that Bill can be there such a little time. He is out six days, comes in Friday night, has to report Saturday morning at eight and spends until about noon re-plenishing the boat which needs plenty after being thirty miles out for six days. Theoretically he is free for the afternoon but while we were there, he had so much extra to do, such as conferring at the port office, etc that he didn't get home until midnight Saturday and then left at seven the next morning. He is being transferred to a larger schooner and was busy supervising the installation of a gun on the bow and this new boat has depth charges. He will be in charge but with an entirely new crew. He looks well, has gained weight, and I think enjoys it but don't let anyone tell you that they are living a (*sic*) easy life for we think it is terrific. He does no talking but we know there is plenty of activity going on.

Did I tell you about Dad getting the ties for the Ying brothers? When he took them in for Christmas one of them blushed and seemed so embarrassed (*sic*), and when Dad went by again, called him in and gave him cigars. He evidently hadn't been prepared the first time! We had a big Chinese wedding at our church New Years' Day, but no connection with them. One of the brothers is working at the Quincy Ship Yard.

By the way, we had a \$250,000 fire at Rheems last Thursday afternoon. There was a terrific wind and I guess it was pretty stubborn. It evidently was started by a carelessly thrown cigarette.

Mrs. Buffum said Tommie was home for New Years' Eve and Day. Their boat is in drydock and he sleeps on it while it is there.

We came home from Martha's Vineyard on the morning boat at ten Sunday morning and reached Edgewood about four. The Jones had taken care of the furnace and Bing insisted on going into their house and made quite a hit with Everett because he started to purr the minute he picked him up.

We'll be looking for a letter from you in the near future.

Everything is white with snow again but it does not look as though it would last long.

Lovingly,  
Mother

(Small-scale version of Marilyn's home drawn here with the following notation):

Not drawn to scale but gives you some idea—L. Room is about 14' square.

(Transcription ends)

