

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

Wednesday 1-27-43

Dear Douglas:

Well, you certainly "picked a winter for yourself!" It either has been terrifically cold (and I mean cold) or the sidewalks have been glare ice, or we have had raw, chilly rains. Today is another snow storm but with promising of clearing before much has fallen. Monday I stepped off the back steps and flat on my elbow, but luckily I only bruised my arm instead of breaking it. The night before forty people were treated at one hospital alone for accident fractures, among them being Hope Morey, whom George Jones drove to the hospital.

Yesterday Dad bought me a fur coat, seal-dyed muskrat, severely plain and of a rich dark brown color. I am much pleased and will get years of wear with it.

Billy has been stationed at Newport—I think I wrote you that the owner demanded that his boat be returned and he and the government are dickering as to the amount of repairs to be made (he wants practically a new one, including both engines) and until the affair can be satisfactorily concluded (*sic*), Bill must stay thinking perhaps he may get to Providence, and it will also give her a chance to do some shopping, etc. I know you will be as delighted and surprised as we all are to learn that you will be an uncle about the first of May! Marilyn and Bill are thrilled. I have always said that if you and Marilyn found the right one, I could wish for nothing better for you than an early marriage and family and I think there is no doubt about that in her case. She is planning to come home about the middle of March and stay here until the big event. Wouldn't it be grand if you could have a short leave before your next assignment!

Are you quite certain that you will no longer be kept as an instructor or is there a chance that you might be sent to another school?

By the way, a Mrs. Barbour who always has sat in the seat in front of us at church, she is grandmother to the Holden girls, if you know them has another, grandson (I think) Ensign R. A. Matteson, whom she says is attending your school. Ever come in contact with him?

Mrs. Buffum asked me to share her ticket for one of the Community Concerts last night but I preferred to stay home and visit with Marilyn, so she invited Clara instead and told me this morning going down in the automobile that they had a very enjoyable evening.

The artist was the South American soprano, about whom there is an amusing story told in the Reader's Digest which I mailed you this week.

I also sent you some nut bars made from some of the honey which we found packed in with the crate of oranges. (By the way, we still have four grapefruit left.) I shall be interested to know just what you think of the recipe and in what condition they arrived. Ernest Jordon's mother gave me the rule, by way of Alden Carpenter's mother, and the cookies are supposed to be better after ten days. Personally I didn't care for the flavor of them, but perhaps you will like them.

Helen Hard had a telephone from her husband from California yesterday in which he said that he "didn't have a scratch on his body but was going into the hospital for about a month." I saw a postcard which the captain's wife sent her and from the phrasing (*sic*) I took it as did several other people, that their boat had been sunk, but for some reason Mrs. Hard didn't seem to read it that way at all and it may be that he is going in because of nerveshock.

I wrote you about the convention which I was to attend and where every service man from our church was to be represented by a delegate. I found out that Mrs. McIvor had asked for your name among the first ones taken, but it was a bitter cold night, they live away out in North Providence and the meeting was in Olneyville and the McIvors were missing, so I am afraid that you will receive only my report of the affair. About three hundred people had a very fine turkey pie dinner, with some good reports and a very fine address by the minister of the largest Baptist church in Los Angeles. It was interesting to know that less than a hundred years, this was a tiny chapel supported by money donated thru the Northern Baptist convention for extension missionary work in the states and now this same church contributes over 15,000 dollars annually to that same convention for the same purpose. A large number of the young people from our own church were there, including Hollier and Ruth and the Miller girls. But young men are getting more scarce than hen's teeth. Bob Stang leaves today for Atlantic City for the first part of his training to be an aviator. When I last talked with Bunny she said, "I can't help but think of the times down river when Douglas and Bob were tiny, and they would start off the piazza, Douglas running down the steps and Bobby clumsily turning around and feeling his way down backwards. How will he ever stand flying!" Lloyd Cooper expects to be called anytime and if he had been at the same time as Bob, I think the two wives would have pooled their resources and tried to keep house together for the duration. But he is still waiting and I think Norma will put the furniture in storage and go back to her old job in Everett.

Dad is taking up his painting again and has recopied one picture and made two other very lovely marines.

Bing and Chip are delighted to have Marilyn home and Bing, the bright one, stands under her window in the morning and cries to be taken in. You know we have taken down the log that used to be there, since we put on Venetian blinds at those windows. How does he remember that she is home? He never goes in and out that way.

Marilyn is still getting wedding presents. The Buffums gave her a lovely sterling silver steak set, and yesterday she received a butterknife from Grandma, a gravy ladle from Aunt Marion and a lemon fork from great Aunt Saidee. Then she has had two interesting Chinese bowls from Aunt Elise. Rice had been pressed into the design and then taken out and the holes glazed over, giving it a very interesting transparent affect (effect—you tell me!) And the Schmids telephoned last night that another friend of their family was sending twenty-dollars which she will put aside for furniture.

This experience of living with someone else has been a wonderful thing. She is so much more tolerant and has learned to cater to other peoples' likes and dislikes, even although it interferes with her own pleasure. And to Dad she is no longer the child to be sat upon, but an interesting new adult. A great many of the Coast Guard boys are glad to be allowed to come inside their home and carry their heavy bundles from the store or clean the yard and lug ashes for the privilege of sitting in an easy chair by the fire. Last Sunday they had a delicious chicken dinner served on one of the boats, probably more or less crudely served but good wholesome food and Marilyn takes it all in stride. Can you imagine her washing out the toilet bowl or the kitchen floor and doing it as a matter of course! I better not ramble much more but get back to BWRS work. Write soon, we love your letters.

Lovingly,
Mother (Transcription ends)