

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

March 23, 1943
Monday morning

Dear Douglas:

Not too much to write you about this morning but just want you to know that I am sending you some cookies and will be interested to know in what condition they arrive. I sent a few in the round tin box so that you could use that to keep any that you do not eat at once. If you can snatch a piece of bread from the restaurant to keep in with them, it will keep them nice and moist.

Tuesday morning

I did not have another minute to finish this letter so will try to do so now.

Elizabeth Brown has just telephoned me to give me Charles' address—it sounds complicated but perhaps you know what all the letters mean. He has only just gone in the service so I know how thrilled he will be if you can find a minute to get in touch with him, I know you are tremendously busy but perhaps you have a little time to yourself, or do you?

Private Charles G. Brown
909 TG—SQ 96—FT. A
A.A.F.T.T.C. B, T. C. #9
Miami Beach, Florida

If you are still in touch with Austin Aker you might let him know, for I imagine that Charles knew him at Calvary.

Speaking of the church reminds me to let you know that Hollier's best man, Paul Morelli (?) has been reported missing. I think he was doing northern patrol duty.

Last night Dad and I went down to the church to hear Col. Furlong, a former World War reporter, diplomat, sitter-in at the last Peace Conference and a most interesting and well-informed person. I felt that I gained a lot from listening to him. His personal opinion for a second front is through cooperation with Turkey and striking at Germany from that position and his reasons sounded most logical.

I had an interesting letter from Mrs. Hard. Senior is recovering slowly, it seems to be a question of nerve exhaustion and he is still living at the hospital although she has a pleasant two room apartment to which he can come every other day for a short time. Junior writes that Ensign Kennedy from Johnson Hall had arrived on his ship and he had asked that he be assigned to his division but had not yet found out whether that would be done.

Mrs. McIvor told me that she had had a very nice letter from you and wanted your new address.

I have just heard of some Ensign first name of Clem from Meshanticut Park who has graduated from the sub-chaser school at Miami and who has been assigned to a new ship out of Boston—I'm keeping my fingers crossed.

Marilyn is feeling fine. She though she was all set on a boy's name as he was to be the Third, then she received a letter from Bill saying for goodness sake don't name it after him for that would mean three Bills in the family so now she has to start all over again with that problem. If it is to be a girl, the name will be Daryl Anne which I like and hope you will, too.

Saturday night we had a good bean supper at the Buffums, Marilyn included. We spent the evening looking over old snap shots—it is amazing how Tommie has kept his baby look!

Leland comes home today for a week and then starts his second year of medical college. Everett expects to stay in school until about the first of May.

I'm sorry that you have no officers' mess for I know that restaurant food is expensive and terribly monotonous but your course is not a long one and I imagine on any good sized boat the food situation will be excellent.

We were much interested in your physical condition—you must feel fine and look well.

The chest is 32" long, 17 ½" wide, 13 ¼" high but Dad does not think it is water-proof and thinks that possibly you can get one so reasonably at the commissary, that it might be a wise move. However, we can ship it down if you wish.

Lovingly,
Mother

(Handwritten with an arrow leading to the space between the words "chest" and "is" in the last paragraph): Sounds as tho (*sic*) I meant your lung expansion, written as it is, after commenting on your physical condition!

(Handwritten in the left margin of the letter): How come Peary is your roommate? I thought a Southern boy named Casey was to be the one! Have you heard about the Enlistee who, when asked if he thot (*sic*) he could handle a Jeep, said he wasn't sure as

he'd never had much to do with women—he thought it meant a female Jap!
(Transcription ends)