

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

March 29, 1943  
Monday morning

Dear Uncle Douglas!

Daryl Anne Schmid arrived Sunday morning, March 28<sup>th</sup>, at quarter of the (*sic*) eight in the morning, weighing 6 pounds and a half. She has quite a little black hair but that will rub off and I think she will be a little blondie. Marilyn is feeling fine and very happy and we have been able to reach Bill by telegram and he has answered with a telephone to his mother. Marilyn was most ambitious on Saturday, made a cake, cut out a dress for herself, and went to a wedding but about an hour after supper we started for the hospital with the happy result. I spent a most interesting night in the waiting room with six expectant fathers acting in the traditional manner and saw six tiny bundles brought in one at a time by a nurse accompanied by the doctor and presented to the relieved and happy father (five girls and one boy). After that first glimpse you cannot see the baby again except through the glass window of the nursery because of the danger of infection to the baby and I was so disappointed not to see Daryl that way. I waited all night and about 7:30 the desk nurse told me it was a good time for me to go out and get some breakfast as everything seemed to be "quiet on the Potomac" and she was born 15 minutes later while I was out hunting for a restaurant on Smith Street! She evidently is going to be a lady of quick decisions.

Richard Armington whom you probably now at Calvary, was one of the fathers, waiting for his second and you can't imagine his amazement when he was presented with another girl, he had set his heart on a boy and haven't (*sic*) even considered any girl's names and just couldn't seem to realize that you can't pick and choose.

Marilyn will probably be at the hospital for eight days, then I can take off a few days from the shop and then Marion Butler will stay with her until she feels real strong again.

I am enclosing a clipping about Uncle Frank which I know will surprise you. He seemed well but we could see he was getting more frail and he evidently had a touch of pneumonia for he was ill for about a week and unconscious most of the time and just slipped away very quietly. It is not necessary for you to write to the family.

Tommie was home for the weekend and we happened to meet him at the corner of Armington and Broad as we were going into the funeral so we had very little time to talk with him. He looks fine, had on his khakis as he was going bicycling. He is through this

last school (don't know what it was all about) and for the next three days is attending one in Boston to learn how to fight oil fires. It seems that they have discovered how to put them out with water (contrary to the old-fashioned theory). He says that you write that you are tremendously busy so we do not expect much mail from you but I think that perhaps we will hear this week.

I am going to the hospital this afternoon to see Marilyn—if you write her better send it to the house.

Dad and I have been thru the horrible ordeal of having our picture taken and the finished article is being mailed (*sic*) you today—hope you like it and that it is the right size. It is difficult to get two people to look equally well in a photograph but I think this is quite satisfactory and particularly good of Dad.

Our best love,  
Mother

Ted Else was married last week and Norma Stang came down from Boston to sing at the wedding which took place in Chepachet. **(Transcription ends)**