

[Transcription begins]

Wednesday morning
#50 August 15, 1944

Dear Douglas - The enclosed weather item 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 whatever 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 & Grays'? 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. [Small diagram inserted.] When you come home you can telephone your list--"Won't you come over and have lemonade on the terrace?"

The next enclosed item 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 later 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 joint letter. Very good mail service, says I! I know your get-to-gether [sic] 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 Axels 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 & shared.

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 your 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 nasty 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 (j.g.) 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 A.M. of June 11th, under a crescent moon the Partridge, heading for the coast of France with a tow of equipment (pontoon bridge sections) about ten miles off shore & moving about two miles an hour, received without warning, a torpedo amidships, presumably from a waiting E-boat¹, radar had just 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 ¾ of an hour. 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 his home town, much to his delight. Lambert Linquist was also home.

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

I had a very pleasant afternoon with Mrs. Jones & her Dad [indecipherable] down for supper. 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 theatres of war & while we are not foolishly optimistic, we can certainly be very hopeful.

Do you remember our indoor hockey game box? 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 (Marilyn had a chance to spend the day there with Betty Lockwood) and lo and behold, a most happy arrangement for Daryl. She sits in it by the hour, filling her pail & wiggling her toes.

Have I told you that she is learning the proper procedure for “cher, cher!” but 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 & Lubec & has been up to Digby, Nova Scotia & is much better pleased than when he had a desk job at Sandwich.

¹ The German Navy used motor torpedo boats (*Schnellboot*, or “fast boat”). The Allies referred to these vessels as E-boats which may have stood for “enemy” or for *Eilboot* (“hurry boat”).

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. Marilyn is to have pale peach stripes in her room & I will have pale lilac in mine. All this is 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, knocking for admittance about five in the morning. Also lately, he sits on the engine hood of the car until Dad puts it up for the night & then rides triumphantly in the garage!

Chip spends every minute possible over on Pines' lawn romping with his little black lady friend. When we try to keep him home, he runs over to Grays' yard very innocently & if he thinks we have forgotten him we catch him sneaking along the back fence across our yard, thru Jones & thus over to Pines' again!

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

A permanent wave at the corner shop calls me so must stop.

Ever so much love to the best boy in the service

Mother [Transcription ended]