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, then keep in a listener, coolness, we said. We have plenty of shade in the yard + spend our waking hours there. Do you remember the large tree between our gardens + lavey? Nothing ever amounted to much in the garden under the heat so Dad has dug up a half circle eight feet in diameter + cut posted, tinted flagstones in as a terrace + it is very lovely. He is thrilled with the natural delicate color + where the grass has grown up. It between will make an attractive spot for our blue + white lawn furniture.

The next enclosed item will bring you grief but it is better for you to know of these as they happen rather than to lie there all out. I owe when you return, John is buried on one of the islands according to the telegram.

This morning a telephone call from Mrs. Hard old of your pleasant times with Roger, an hour letter your most welcome letter arrived. I spent the rest of the day at Edgewood with Mrs. Jones + when Uncle George arrived at night he had your letter. Very good mail service, says he. I know your get to the care both great pleasure and we certainly enjoyed having all the details.

The account of the appendicitis transfer was most interesting to me.

Know you are pleased to have regular service in mind 3 made just how much you influenced the plan! Hope you receive the music I sent + that if can be used. The clerk at Apple's music store helped me select it + while it wasn't great it was what I wanted. I was the best they had.

Your descriptive cartoons are always appreciated &
Zeta Psi fraternity, and was editor of the Freshman Handbook.

At Hope High School, from which he graduated in 1949, he received the Anthony Medal and was on the R. I. Honor Society. He was a member of St. Martin's Church.

Besides his parents, he leaves a sister, Miss Elizabeth H. Allen, also of Providence.

EXX. John C. Allen
Killed in Pacific

"I am very unusual weather winds and humidity not too mild, at night, always keeping in sensation shade in the yard and speed where there. Do you remember the large tree between our nothing it amounted to me, much in the garden? Dad has dug up a half circle ing room.

In the pastel tints flagstones in as a terrace, it is very lovely. He is thrilled until the natural delicate colors, where the grass has grown up between, will make an attractive spot for our blue-white lawn furniture. When you come home you can telephone your host. 'Would 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 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. One letter your most welcome letter arrived. Repeat the rest of the day at Edgewaters with Mrs. Jones, and when Uncle George arrived at night he read your joint letter. Very good social service, say 9! I know your get-together gave you both great pleasure and we certainly enjoyed hearing all the details.

The account of the appendicitis operation was most interesting to me.

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 sheet that it can be used. The clerk at Apple music store helped me select it. While it wasn't quite what I wanted I was the best they had.

Your descriptive cartoons are always appreciated."

Awfully sorry about the dearth of mail received
as well as pay, but I know eventually it will catch up with you.
No, indeed, you will enjoy your collection of records. I will
have some favorites if you were you will want to buy
now. I have saved my big news of the week for last!
Monday night we will see the Buffums including Tommie
and his captain, A. White! Tommie looks well and his eyes are
improving (it is a question of concentration and nerve strain as
much as anything) and they will be all right. A. White has a
nasty gash on his forehead which is to be removed by plastic
surgery in about eight months. Tommie's assignment is
Mumbai for further instruction. He has his (39) retractor, as
of last March. He has about 21 more days at home.
This is his story as we perceived it out but by bit.

At 2:15 AM of June 11, under a crescent moon the
Partridge, heading for the coast of France with a tow of
equipment (pontoon bridging sections) about ten miles off shore
and moving about two miles an hour, received warning, a
torpedo amidships, presumably from a waiting F. boat, radar
had just previously announced two targets (?) to starboard
and one to port, and she sank in 40 seconds. All hands were at
general quarters, Tommie with 13 others in the mess room.
He and 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 did, the others, head on
their life jackets and he managed to get each arm over a log,
they were rescued after about 3/4 of an hour. I think about
the saved of a crew of 128. Do you see, he has plenty to tell
his grandchildren!

Lit Whit is from San Diego and yesterday Uncle George
entertained there birth at the Rotary Club luncheon where they
had a WAVE demonstration and moving pictures of the home
front, much to his delight. Lambert Bridge was also home.

Dick Johnson spent the evening also at Buffums. He
has decided that he is going from Boone, Brown, a landable
airport, and an excellent opportunity.
I had a very pleasant afternoon with Mrs Jones and Dad came down to supper. It is interesting to hear the trains in the distance - they run long freight trains pulled by monstrous diesels every few minutes - you just know that military equipment is being sent in great quantities - even if it points to progress in both theatres of war. While we are not yet actively optimists, we can certainly be very hopeful.

Do you remember our indoor hockey game too? Dad had carved up the goal holes, put a narrow plank around the edge for a seat, filled it with clean white sand from Wachusett Beach (Marley to lead a chance to spend the day there with Betty Lockwood) and bound behold, a most lovely arrangement for Dangil. She sits in it by the hour, filling her bag and wriggling her toes.

Have I told you that she is learning the starts procedure for "cheerios!" - but keeps us busy and she thinks it can also apply to her various dolls and animals!

Did I also tell you she lighted one of the matches from a paper of theirs? I was holding one 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 there when he had a desk job at Sandwhich.

Dad is quite busy at the shop for the 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 scenes one, similar in shade for the dining room. Marley is to have pale peach stripes in her room & I will have pale blue in mine. All three to be done the first week in September while we stay at Coles.
Being is spread out over my paper & envelopes, promising this head off, these last few weeks he has wanted to keep out of doors, nothing for adventure about for the morning. Gately, he sits on the engine hood of the car until Dad puts it up for the night, then rides triumphantly into the garage.

Chris spends every minute possible on his Pines, from romping with his little black lady friend, when he try to keep him home, he runs over to gramp's yard very innocently if he thinks we have forgotten him we catch him sneaking along the rake fence across our yard, thru Jones house until we get 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 who calls me so much short.

Ever so much love to the best boy in the service.

Mother.