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POYNTELL C. STALEY  
*Secretary-Treasurer*

# British War Relief Society, Inc.

*Rhode Island Committee*

56 Exchange Place - PROVIDENCE

Tel. GA. 2176

Monday May 24, 1943

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- Woonsocket
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*Chairman*

Dear Douglas:

Friday and Saturday we had to start the furnace again but yesterday was a lovely day and it seemed good to be out in the sunshine and warmth again. Noone went out to church, we felt that we just wanted to take life easy and not rush as we always have to on other days. we had a good pot roast and new peas for dinner but nary a potato. When I tell you of these shortages, don't think I am complaining for that is far from my thoughts. We are not suffering a particle, have an abundance to eat, but it is just interesting to know how different the situations is from the past.

Saturday night we had a terrific fight on the front piazza between Bing and some huge black cat. Bing finally rushed to the arbor at the back of the house and up on the roof and Dad reached there just in time to scare the enemy from going up after him, although for a few seconds he defied Dad and refused to move! Bing came in through the upstairs window but sat for the longest time looking out the window with his eyes as big as saucers. Somehow that reminded me of the part Ieland sang in the "Princess Chrysanthemum." Do you remember that incident in your life?

We have sent you a box which should arrive in time for your birthday and, I hope, in good condition. I would suggest that you re-mail back to me the ~~tin box~~ in its container after you are through with the contents, as it might be possible for me to re-fill it.

Bill did not get home this week end as he was OD. He has been asked to take the examinations which, if passed, will admit him to the Coast Guard School at New London where he can take the three months intensive training course for commission as Ensign. He does not want this information passed around too far as he would feel badly if he does not pass the entrance examinations, but I know he will not mind your knowing it.

News from the Buffum lad - he arrived home Saturday for ten days after which he is to be stationed in New York for a month, four of his friends from Newport receiving the same assignment. Is Wesley still in the picture?

Daryl has gained another seven ounces which is very good and is taking her orange juice, cod-liver oil, and cereal like a big girl. She laughs now if you stop at the bassinette to talk to her and loves to go out in her carriage. Marilyn takes her walking every day it is pleasant, which days have been few and far between.

Everett Jones came home for Saturday and Sunday, looking very fine in his Khaki uniform. He leaves for a two months cruise probably around Long Island Sound.

By the way, Dad stuffed your box with old newspapers, thinking the contents would ride better and that perhaps you would enjoy looking them over. Should you wonder what items have been clipped from them, they have either been sent to you or else they are coupon information about rationing.

If you can find some thing to send for Father's Day I know it would please Dad immensely, nothing expensive but just a remembrance.

Did I write you that we had an opportunity to rent the Coles cottage to a Polish instructor at Brown (Polish by race, instructing in Mechanics) but with the gasoline rationing it is going to be almost impossible to get back and forth to open it, so I think we will keep the shutters on for another year.

I hope you have a pleasant birthday. I look back on the many you have had and wonder if you remember the particular ones that flash into my memory. Of course, the first one you knew nothing about.' But how about the year we gave you the tent and because it would not arrive in time I said you could do anything you wanted on that day and you chose to go back to Lexington Avenue School and visit your old teacher, Miss Gunnerson, or the time I took a carful of your friends to the Park and you came down with Scarlet Fever the next day! Next year, we'll try to celebrate in at home - here's hoping!

Lovingly