

(Transcription begins)

B W R S<sup>1</sup>

Tuesday, August 18, 1942

Dear Douglas:

What a lot of excitement your telegram caused and what speculation! This is the way it was read to us over the telephone—"Assigned New York Glee Club Broadcast. Monday 7:15 EWT - WSBT." First we figured that you were coming to New York with the Glee Club, then we dismissed that idea and called up all the local stations to see whether the program was coming in through them over the network. They told us that they knew nothing about it and that WSBT was the station at Notre Dame, came in on our dial on 96 but that the Outlet would drown it out which proved to be the case and we could not get it. Later Saturday night we stopped at the Buffum's, found your postcard to Tommie there stating that you were asking to be assigned to New York and the mystery was solved. There should have been a "stop" after New York in the telegram. And we judged that you were in a glee club broadcast from the local station and hoped that perhaps we could tune in to it. Are we correct? Yesterday your postcard written Wednesday was received telling us that you would be assigned to New York but perhaps not Columbia. Mrs. Buffum immediately Saturday night sent a special to Tommie to prevent his asking for assignment to Indiana! We are more than thrilled and I know you are looking forward to the trip back East again. You sound very much interested in your new work and I think it will prove that way all along the way.

Last night we had a chowder party at the Metcalfe's and Marilyn went with us. Bill Schmid is still in Boston waiting for his uniforms, he is being put up at the hotel taken over by the Coast Guard and altho (*sic*) they have nothing to do all day, still they have to arise at 5:30! His assignment calls for five men on this fifty foot boat, one of whom is little Tommie Hunt and the ex-chef of the Colonial Line (so they should feed well). It takes them a whole day to get to their area off Nantucket, they cruise around for three days and then a whole day to return. The boats go in pairs, they report every half hour to shore by telephone and have orders to abandon ship immediately should anything unusual be noticed. Rather dangerous, says I.

Harvey Whipple is starting on a bicycle trip to Gloucester, Mass., then up to Portland, Maine, across to the White Mountains and down towards home. He is going with two older boys.

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<sup>1</sup> **BWRS**—Acronym for British War Relief Society. The BWRS was primarily an administrative office, a central receiving depot for money and supplies donated which were then parceled out to its affiliate organizations in the US and in Britain.

Dad just purchased a white coat such as you have had to borrow several times. Outlet had a sale and I felt he would get quite a little use of it. By the way, I am having Bob Hard's cleansed and will get it tonight. George Jones tells me that Bob Green has just been sent back to Norfolk, Virginia.

According to Tommie's letter, he has been issued ten pairs of socks and if you find you have more than you want with the ones you took out there send them back and Dad can exchange them for some for his own use. But keep them if you can use them.

Last night we had quite a thunder storm, the kind that rumbles and grumbles most of the night and even that did not clear the air too much. We have had constant rain and humidity ever since you left and I was relieved to have you write that it has been comparatively cool.

I am enclosing a clipping about the new Brown Quarterly—if you don't get a copy by the time you get back to New York, let me know and I will telephone up about it.

Our Woonsocket BWRS has had to close their shop because of vandalism repeated again and again and this morning our British flag pole was ripped from the building and placed in the doorway. I have reported it to the chief of police and a carpenter is expected momentarily to replace it. Our police are very sympathetic to the cause but in Woonsocket they could get no cooperation.

Dad left his letter unsigned because he thought I would add a line or two but I felt I had enough to say to make it a separate letter. We rush through the house every night to get the mail but we know how every minute of your time is planned for you.

Lovingly  
Mother (Transcription ends)