

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

March 12, 1943
Friday morning.

Dear Douglas:

Your package of letters came this morning and I have put them upstairs with the other ones you sent home. I am glad to know that you receive so much mail—it keeps you pretty busy answering it but I know how much satisfaction there is in keeping in touch with friends.

We were very pleased to receive the three jars of jam and fruit which you so thoughtfully sent us this week (nothing like keeping up the morale of the folks at home!) We have opened the one made from mangoes and like the flavor, had some of it on toast this morning. I feel guilty to have you sending us packages when we should be the ones sending you. But, I really am not sure just what you like to receive except home-made cookies, and as you know I don't get too much time for that. Do chocolates arrive and keep in any kind of condition and is there anything else you can suggest. You know the spirit is willing but the brain is weak!

Dad and I were all set last Saturday to have our pictures taken when I had to have a touch of the grippe. I was all right again by Monday and we are going to make another attempt this week end. Why is it, the older you grow, the more you hate to have your picture taken?

Last night we went to the Palace to see James Cagney in "Yankee Doodle Dandy." I remember that you had dinner at the Millers one night and then went afterwards to see the picture. We have the book of records. Dad brought home four very lovely records last week, two of them from Grieg's Peer Gynt Suite and the other two Strauss waltzes.

Marilyn had hoped to go to the Vineyard with Mrs. Schmid this Saturday but Bill telephoned yesterday and he is just starting on a five day patrol so they had to give up their plans.

It's funny that Chip has such a stubborn streak in him. This morning he brought the ball to Dad and he threw it out in the yard for him—a stunt that Chip loves—he brought it back to the steps but absolutely refused to pick it up and bring it in the house so Dad shut the door and left him sitting there. Every time Dad would open the door Chip would slowly walk down the steps, looking neither to right nor left and disappear around

the corner and not looking at the ball at all and nothing Dad could do would make him look at that ball, much less go near it. Dad, of course, lost out as we finally had to go to work.

I guess the back of winter is finally broken, even as late as last Monday we had enough snow so that it looked as though we might be in for another blizzard, but it stopped in about an hour and the sun came out. You never will forget your experience of a winter spent in Florida. Dad and I will surely try to take one trip there after the war, and I really would like to drive down by machine.

I'm enclosing a postcard from Mrs. McIvor. I was surprised to read on it that she sees Dad at church but not me, because we always go together, but perhaps she does not recognize me in my new fur coat. I have had a lot of enjoyment from it but now it is about time to put it in storage away from the moths.

By the time you receive this your school will have started. I do hope you enjoy it as much as the other military experiences you have had, and at the end of the term that you will have leave to get home.

Marilyn made us a delicious meat pie for last Sunday dinner and had enough of the crust left so that last night we had an apple pie. You would be surprised to see the initiative that she shows around the house now, so different than a few months ago. When we are through supper she starts right off putting the things away and stacking the dishes whereas before she used to go right into the living-room and read the paper and only come out when everything was picked up and just the wiping of the dishes to be done. Today she is going down town to buy some material for a dress and wants to cut it out and make it.

Dad has just finished reading "The Little Minister" one of your books and a favorite of mine. He certainly has enjoyed acquiring these books for you and is never at a loss for something to read.

Do I write about the things in which you are interested? Ask me any questions you want to know for I always try to refer to your last letter before I answer.

Lovingly,
Mother (Transcription ends)