

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

Monday, May 17,

1943

Dear Douglas:

Just time for a few words with you before the day's work starts. It is a beautiful spring day, just a little sharp in the morning but by noon it will be quite warm. The yard begins to look lovely. Dad has planted several evergreen trees (small ones) and mountain laurel along the back fence and some of the bushes that he put out last year are beginning to flower. Here and there in the garden the daffodils and tulips are flaming and the lilac bushes are tinged with color and just ready to burst into bloom. The grass is thick and green and Dad cut half of it yesterday. What to do with the cuttings is still a heavy problem.

Bill was home over the weekend and as we had planned to be out Saturday night, Daryl spent the week-end at Schmid's. I missed having her but had rather looked forward to a late sleep on Sunday morning, something I have not indulged in since her arrival as I like to give her her seven o'clock bottle. A state wide air raid was scheduled for anytime between seven in the morning and four in the afternoon so Dad felt that we must have the alarm set for seven o'clock so it was "good-by" to any thoughts of late sleeping! But it was lucky we did for the signal was given at 7:03! Dad grabbed a glass of milk and took some cookies with him and with his five men drove out to the Scituate barracks. We saw none of the excitement but theoretically the Edgewood Yacht Club was burned, as well as several houses, and many of the enemy were intercepted at Reservoir and Park Avenue. One group of colored enemy managed to reach West Exchange Street before being noticed. Dad came home about two o'clock.

Saturday morning we enjoyed a May breakfast (Held for the official opening of the Yacht Club) at the Yacht Club with the Browns including Dr. Brown (although he still has to take his State Board exams.) Promptly at eight o'clock the Cranston High band played the National anthem and the flag swung into the breeze. Little Harvey Whipple is behind the big drum. The uniforms are the same as when you were in it, but there are ever so many more girls.

Saturday night we went to the Howarths' (Mary Arnold who used to work with me at the YMCA). They have a very lovely home out near the old Budlong rose gardens, a new development with quantities of new homes. We reached home about 1:30 and Mrs. Buffum told us this morning that just as they got into bed Tommie appeared with his room-mate who is a marvelous piano player and put himself through college with it.

They had been to a dance at the officers' club at the Biltmore. They sang and played for an hour or so and Tommie had to be back in Newport at eight Sunday morning but was able to return in the afternoon and managed to get a group together, ten in all including Clara, Roger, Carol Lindquist, Trudy and Henry Kraus and some other girl that Mrs. Buffum didn't know. They had a grand time singing. I miss that part very much as I know you do, and it is one thing that we both look forward to in the future.

I was able to buy a toothsome looking roast on Saturday but as both Dad and Marilyn were not to be at home for Sunday dinner we are having it for tonight. It is quite an event for red meat has been rather scarce. How are your meals and under what condition do you have them, that is are they furnished to you or do you have to go out and get them as you did at Miami? Are you allowed any leave at all, and is it too far to go back to Miami? I try not to ask you questions which you shouldn't answer so just let me know if I err in that direction. Are you receiving the Readers Digest that I forward to you and do you still want to get them?

Everett Jones seems very happy in his new school—has reached the stage of inoculations and shots in the arm and writes of the fellows dropping by the wayside and at drill which will bring to mind your experiences along that line at Notre Dame.

The first customer of the day has just departed so I think I will consider it as a signal to get busy.

How are your clothes holding out—could you use any thinner pajamas than the last ones you bought and if so, must they be white?

Keep cool and a-plugging!

Lovingly,
(no signature) (Transcription ends)