

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

Tuesday, July 20, 1943

Dear Douglas:

The salt water taffy has just arrived and is most welcome for I am here alone and can sample each flavor, eat as many as I want and take the rest home tonight. Thank you so much for thinking of me. There are not many kinds of candy that I care for, but taffy is one that I do like.

Mrs. Buffum tells me this morning that Tommie has at least received his assignment—a sea-going tug out of Norfolk! He expects to arrive there Friday, the 30th so it may be a “near one” whether you meet or not. He is having quite a few days of leave, is going to Nantucket for three days, on a bicycle trip with Roger for two and is planning for a one day stop-over in New York. I believe that a certain Peggy has a little of the edge on Wesley!

Speaking of romance, the Cranston Herald has it that Miss Wales is at last to wed her patient suitor, patent to the tune of an eight year engagement, but at last she has coyly given in and will go to her new home in North Hampton within a few days.

I am enjoying my long week-ends of three days. Bill again came home so I had the baby but she is so good that it is a pleasure to have her around. Sunday afternoon the Millards came over and we had supper in the garden. Dad had to go out with the state police—theoretically the Kent Dam had been weakened by a bomb and the group had to find the roads going down each side of the river to notify the people and evacuate those who would be endangered.

Friday night we had a delicious chowder supper at the Metcalf's. Mr. M. is able to bring home very fresh quahaugs (*sic*) and plenty of them from Newport so the clam flavor was strong and good. That, coupled with a fresh lobster salad, was almost as good as a shore dinner, which are out for the duration although you can buy chowder and clam cakes at Crescent Park.

Tonight we are going to the Play House to see the famous veteran actor, Fred Stone, in “You Can't Take it With You.” Grandma is with us for a few days and is going too. I saw the movies of it with Lionel Barrymore and think it is worth seeing again.

I see by this morning's Journal that a group of seamen at Norfolk were ill from some sort of food poisoning from a meal which included cream pie. Avoid that in the too hot weather for something happens to that which makes one very uncomfortable and again and again we read of that being the cause of mass discomfort. Why it is served, I don't see. Chocolate éclairs, cream puffs, and Boston cream pie come under that heading.

Roslyn has a son, Donald Elton White, I am sure he will be called "Dew or Dewie" when he gets older and Dodsy Nuttall also has a boy.

Bob Stang is doing exceptionally well with his course and Fwankie Bwidge can't understand why Normie who has been to college isn't quite up to him and talks about it endlessly in his queer lingo.

Marilyn was pleased to get your letter yesterday. By now you are back at Norfolk and probably very busy and hot. I do hope that you are not too uncomfortable nor too rushed. Also that you will be able to wangle your Washington weekend.

Were you surprised to get your letter from Lieut Hewitson? I should think correspondence between you two could be quite interesting, one an officer in the Navy and one in the army and one from the man's point of view and the other the woman's angle.

I have found a very interesting copy of the Geographic (can't remember the number) with an article on Tidewater Virginia which you might enjoy reading. I can mail it to you if you care to have it.

Hope your suits arrived in good condition and on time.

I anticipate a pleasant lunch hour this noon—eat at Miss Dutton's and then look at cribs for our Daryl Anne will rub all the hair off the top of her head if we don't get one soon! She now weighs 13:12 which is an armful in anyone's language.

Love from
Mother (Transcription ends)