

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

Tuesday morning
September 7, 1943

Dear Douglas:

I had hoped that by this time your experience with extremely rough seas would be a thing of the past for this trip at least but after being at Bonnett (*sic*) Shores on Sunday I have my doubts. I never saw such surf and long rollers in my life. We went down to our old camping ground about ten o'clock in the morning and put on our suits but knew enough not to go out above our ankles and even at that the first wave almost engulfed us. There were not more than twenty people on the whole beach and no one took any chances. The heavy sea was the result of some storm far out and I am afraid that you must have felt it in all its fury but when you receive this, I hope it will be but a memory and not too bad a one at that.

We took Chip with us and of course he had a wonderful time. Somewhere down there he unearthed the remains of an old rubber ball which he hailed as a long lost friend and just about ran his short legs off most of the day. And speaking of our pets, I must tell you of an incident that happened last night just before we went to bed. Hearing a terrific cat fight outside and fearing for Bing's life I grabbed the flashlight and rushed out. There in the back yard was Bing holding down a poor little angora kitten which was letting out all the screeching! Dat ole debbil Bing! Face of an angel but what a cat!

Yesterday of course was Labor Day and we had thought some of going to Coles to cut the hay in front of the cottage and showing off Daryl but instead Herb Henrickson came over and took her picture in a variety of poses and from them we should get one good shot. Marilyn refused to have her taken in just her curves as she says she suffered too much from the one of her hanging upstairs!

Bill was home for Saturday but spent most of the time sleeping for he had been on continuous duty because of the heavy weather. He tells an interesting story of a shark caught by his crew and when it had been practically all cut up for easy disposal a rope passed across its jaw and it snapped, cutting the rope in half!

I am enclosing newspaper clippings which I think will be of interest to you as they were to us. The Hostel is one which both Roger Brown and Tommie have visited and which you may care to some time in the future. By the way, do you want us to keep your

bicycle or shall we sell it for a good price now and put the money aside towards the purchase of another one at a later date?

We're counting the days until you walk in again and think that can't be too far distant. Until then, as Walter Winchell¹ says, with oceans of love from us all

Mother (Transcription ends)

¹ **Walter Winchell**—(April 7, 1897 – February 20, 1972) was an American newspaper and radio commentator. He was a major gossip reporter, whose newspaper column and radio program could alter the reputation of a celebrity.