



AMERICAN RED CROSS

Sunday June 17th

Dearest beloved,

Just 19 months ago you left
for Uncle Sam's Army and a European
town. It's sure been lonely at
times, especially those long winter
nights but it seems as though we've
come through fine up to this
present day. Jim and I are well,
you're healthy and not picking so
what more can we hope for except
an early discharge of our dearest
Sweetheart and Buddy. We both
love you so very much and we'll
keep on loving you forever and ever.

We're all set to have some fun
this summer and don't you forget
to enjoy yourself too. At least, Jim
will have his play things, sand box and
Ellen brought up his raking barrel and

raking chair late to night.

It's been a quiet Sunday until Marie, the chamber maid at the camp, came to clean. She's sure a character and told her life story during the five hours of cleaning here. Bea hopes to send her here every once in a while to scrub the floors and windows. Mom and I helped her along at first, Jim too put some knick knacks away and by 3.30^{pm} the house smelled clean and looked fine. Then we decided to keep Bea's short visit and while on the way it started to rain, thunder and more hail stones greeted us. To stay safe, I stopped the car near the golf course and waited until the storm subsided. When I started the car, it just wouldn't turn over so we waited a few minutes longer. From last experience with Big Ben I knew the wires and plugs got wet so I decided to dry them myself. It was



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raining slightly so I removed my
stockings and shoes and with an
umbrella in one hand I started to
wipe the plugs and rings. Jim had
fun watching me and Marie and my
mom were almost hysterical at the
sight I made. And I was wearing my
bright red and white dotted summer
dress so I'm glad the bulls didn't
notice me. The car didn't start after
that so I decided to call Bess -
no cars were available at the hotel
so luckily a hackey was going to
the Congress and gave us all a lift.
He tipped him and I left the car
near a safe place. My and a
friend, a Frigidarian man, helped
me and it seems as though I
wiped the wires too good and pulled
me out of place. Mom and Jim had

a grand time with Bess in her room and even tried to take Jan home with us. They get along swell together and Jim is just a little too busy. We arrived home at 6.30, had supper and Jim fell asleep soon after his "bottle." Mom went to the movies and I listened to the radio and read the Herald-Tribune. Eleanor, Harry Liebet and Ruby Smith came here about 9.30 direct from Albany. The three of them were completely exhausted and had to continue on to Brooklyn after a half hour. In that time I got them drinks, a nice supper and coffee but no cigarettes. They brought the contents of your latest package to me, the Life magazine and most of Jim's toys. The parcel contained a Nazi flag, a letter opener, German money and medals and Eleanor is safely keeping the Churchill Royal until I get home. Thanks again, dearest, for all your



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thoughtfulness and generosity. Did I mention to you that I never found the clip you sent with the mirror. It may have been thrown out with the wrappings for I still have the specially built box at home. I hope it was not too valuable a clip.

It's still very warm and it rains almost every night here. We all sleep well and once I'm back in routine again I'll get those afternoon naps. Nothing new on the air re - gardening temp of 35 or over but I have high hopes that an announcement will be made very shortly.

I'm quite hungry for some mail from you but to - morrow is another day and maybe some word from my love. I wrote to the folks to - night, to Bob and to - morrow

I'll write cards⁶ to my friends and
those in your office.

It's almost 11.30 so good night,
my darling and let's dream of one
another. We'll be together soon
so don't you lose heart. I love you
more and more and being here
in the country makes me more love-
sick than ever before. Stay well
and Jim and I will take good care
of each other. Best wishes from
my mom and Eleanor. Regards
from Ruby and Sam. Keep and times.
Yours Jim.
Lovingly,
Florence



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VI.

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