

26 October 1944

Florence, dearest:

In this day and age each person should be ever thankful for small things and favors, and for two sweethearts such as we, I believe we must be even more grateful. Is it not a divine feeling to know that despite our continued separation the sublime love we have for each other continues not only to flourish but becomes more dogmatic each day, each hour, each minute? Somehow all that seems to matter as time goes on is that I continue to think about you, to dream of you, to adore you, to practically center my whole world about you. How fortunate that I should have had destiny treat me so favorably to have fallen in love with the lady of my dreams. What an empty world this would be if I did not have you to return to after all this. The unreality of what I see only tends to make you the reality for which I seek. You are the light towards <sup>which</sup> I am grasping thru all this darkness and unhappiness. This I know, that with you to love, and be loved by, I will be able to overcome all this and even more. Be steadfast with me, my darling, and this will be soon a fragment of the imagination which will seem to have had its genesis in a bad dream.

Being a human being I am sure finds me susceptible to the reality of things. Receiving mail from you continues to be the hypodermic that keeps my spirits high and my mind at ease. Among others I received your letters written on the following dates: Sept. 17; 18; 19; 20; 26; 29; 30; Oct. 1; 9; and 11th, which brought me only two weeks behind the news from the home front. Perhaps subsequent letters will bring me closer to current events, and I certainly have every hope that my mail is getting thru to you. N. Fox's wife advised in her last letter dated Oct. 11th that she had received his letters forwarded from England, which leads me to believe that you too have received most of the mail I wrote enroute to, and since our arrival in England. Also received a letter from Julie, Harry and Bob. In short it was a banner day, and did ever so much to break up the monotony of this existence; also a long letter from Max Piccus. Have already replied to all these letters, so you can readily imagine how anxious I am to get mail these days. Piccus was quite insistent on sending me something I wanted so I requested a cheap camera and some films. A letter from Kay was included in the batch received to-day, and I also replied to her.

Jimmy must look like a big boy these days, 29 years old and a baronet! Sorry about his cold but he's in excellent hands so I'll not worry too much. Hope his birthday party was a success, and will look forward with impatience not to miss his next party. Did you take those photographs of him



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on his birthday as you planned? I certainly would love to see him with his new hair cut, so forward any snaps that you have taken recently, not overlooking the fact that I want one of you since your return to New York. It's no trouble to hear him say "good morning" or "good night" daddy, and I'm rather proud, and rightfully so you will agree, to be in love with you, and to have such a fine, handsome son. What more could a man want, after he gets home?

It is gratifying to learn that Bess, Hy and Jon are well, and without worries. We are learning our future happenings the hard way. I wonder if she does not envy you now despite her so-called lack of "worries"? Your description of some of those delectable dishes prepared for you by our respective mothers make my mouth water, despite my inability to comprehend how your mother's roast chicken could taste any better than some of the cooking prepared by the broken-down cooks we are afflicted with. As yet no packages have arrived; but be patient it should take no more than 6 to 12 weeks to reach here after mailing in New York.

In one of your letters you noted that you received \$8.75 dividends. I think this was an error in figures, as it should have been \$18.75. Please let me know about this. Also attend to all the insurance bills in due course, and note in the book accordingly. Commencing with August you should be receiving a \$10.00 War bond being deducted from my pay; and beginning with Nov. 1st you should receive a \$12.50 additional allotment from me. Advise if these are coming thru monthly. I don't need any additional funds, and probably will forward some to you after my next pay. No place to spend any money here. Continue buying our monthly allotment of bonds thru the bank, and during the next drive buy an additional bond for Jim. I trust you are keeping up on the latest styles, and that your wardrobe is not being neglected just because I'm not around to admire you.

You write that you, Jim, my folks and your family are well, and I have no recourse but to believe you, since you'd probably spare me any worries if possible. You do neglect to mention Jack in your letters, so please advise if his operation proved successful, or any late developments. I am very well, miss you terribly, and love you dearly. Take care of yourself and Jim. Don't worry, and continue to write those elegant letters. Only my mail is censored so write what you will.

My best to everyone, kiss Jim and the folks for me, and to-night I will no doubt dream of the sweetest girl on any hemisphere

as ever,

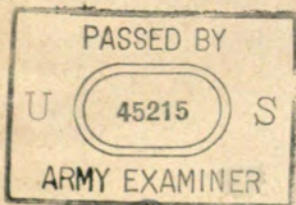
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