Friday eve
March 23rd

Dearest sweetheart,

My literary efforts are very poor indeed these re'ent nights and after a rather busy day with Jimmie, I just scribble off anything that sounds like the day's events. With you in my thoughts continuously, how could I make sense on paper? All I know and write about is how much I love you at all times and our precious babe. You could fill volumes with Jim's daily doings but I just dash off something that strikes me funny.

There was no mail from you to-day but we did receive two parcels, one with a pair of woolen shoes for Jim and the other contained 2 lovely mauve wood-carvings. Do you mind if I hang one under your silver plaque? Also received the telephone bill and the Life magazine. Forgot to mention the "York" magazine and the blanket which was wrapped around the carvings. Thanks again, dearest, for your good taste and thoughtfulness.

Last night after mailing your letter, I called Velda Bell. She's fine and had letters from Frank every day this week. Her best regards to you and she'll call me soon. To-day I wrote to several more places about rates for the summer and wrote again to Cheshire Lodge in Cornwall. You remember that place, it was so charming and clean. Perhaps they'll accommodate us this year.

2/ (Sorry to cut the letter)

Effect to look around in nearby country places in another week or so and will let you posted. Allan will take care of the gas situation so have no fear and I'll put the car in good shape first.

Glad to have this afternoon and she and I are fine. Of course, they'll deserve a nice long rest after this war is over and perhaps something could be worked out for this summer — will do my best. They had a letter from Bob, who's O.K. and mail from you at the beginning of the week. Jennie and I are well and had been cleaning up to day. Colored girls are a rarity these days so Jim and I pitch in and don't mind it a bit. I've gained more poundage and will probably have to reduce before your return home. I've gained and you lost.

Joe Gleckner is coming back home to-night from a hospital in Mass. and we'll pay him a visit in a day or so with a bottle of wine. He walks on crutches and will heal eventually. Understand his leg was broken and also a few ribs but he's so happy to be here.

Weather finally cleared again but it isn't too warm. War news is excellent and it'll be sooner than we expect. Just a little more patience and don't forget this is the year. We're really proud of you, the best G.I. in the whole service. Here are some columns.

Jim and I love you with back our hearts and miss you every moment. Stay well and we'll see to each other. Good-night, darling, and all our love and kisses to you.

Always yours
Florence

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