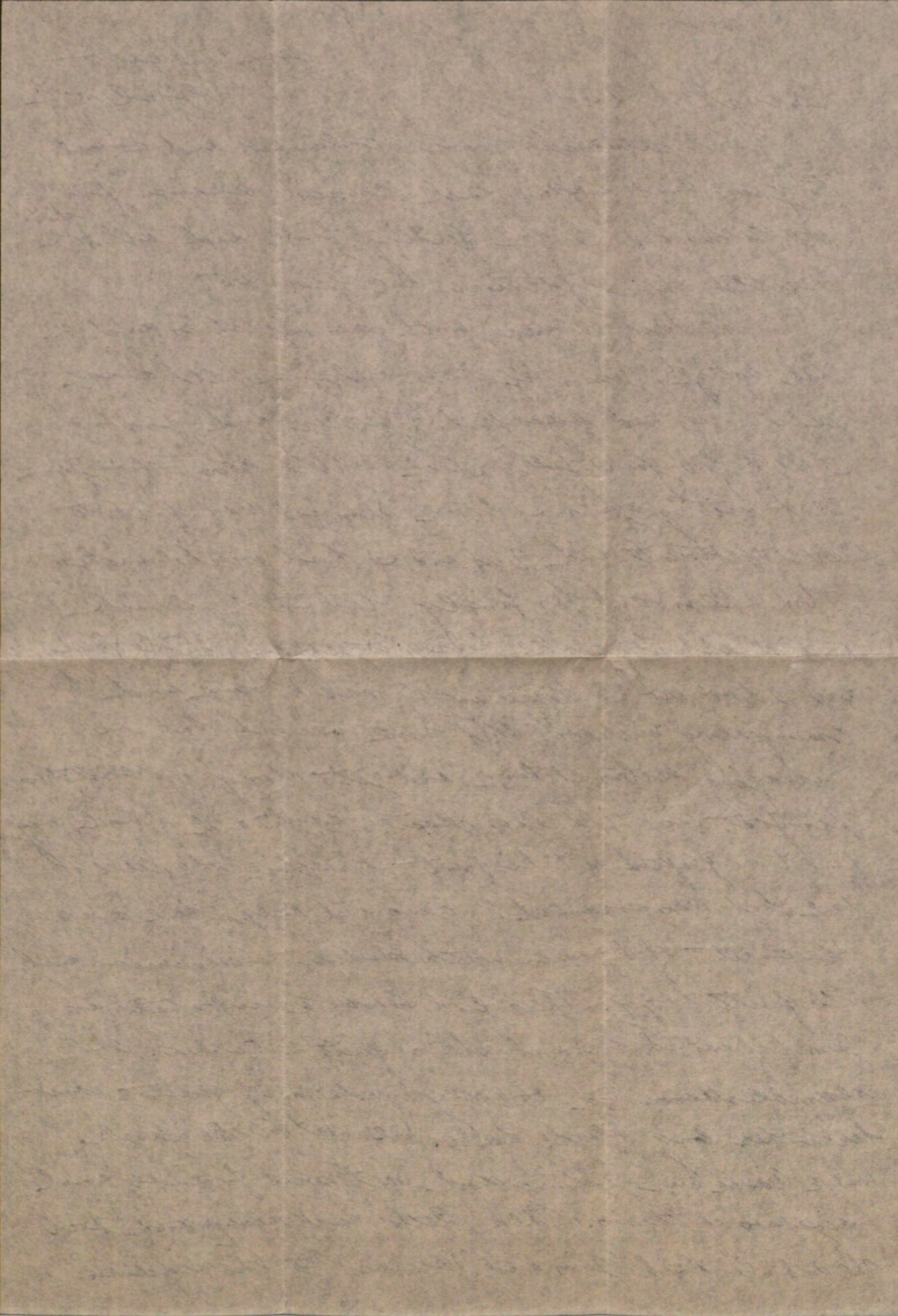


Sunday eve —
April 15th

Dearest Beloved,

Just returned from Rockaway and a visit to your Aunt Sophie and cousin Aaron. Jim, the folks and I are feeling fine and all, ^{those} we visited this afternoon are fine too.

The day began with sunny skies and a cool breeze. Jim, Miss Bess and Jan all arose early, we had breakfast together and Jim and I left for your folks' place while Bess - Miss Jan went visiting again. I drove Mom and Pop back to our apartment and Jim and I had our lunch. Then Bess and her family had their lunch and we all left the house together. The folks and I drove out to Rockaway to visit Aaron and he's coming along nicely. He lost some weight but is mending better at home and gets along on crutches. His foot is still in a plaster cast and a bone may have to be grafted on to his foot to replace the piece of bone that was smashed. Aaron and Ralph have a nice apartment of 4 rooms with modern conveniences and it's quite cozy. Their girl Barbara is as tall as Jim (if not taller) and she's quite a talker. She resembles Aaron and the only redeeming feature about her is her long blonde hair. We sat in the porch where Aaron was resting and met some friends and neighbors of theirs. Then Stella came along and both she and I took Jim and Barbara to the Kiddies



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Dayland in Rockaway. The children had a grand time on all the rides, sit in all, and Jim wanted more after each ride. He rode the whip, a boxcar, a chow chow train, a horse and buggy, a boat and a racing car. You should have seen the expressions of joy on your precious son's face. I was delighted to watch him through all the rides and didn't pay too much attention to Barbara. Jim was really thrilled and I guess he'll dream of all those rides to night. A short while after this we had dinner at your Aunt's house and Sonny and his future bride were there too. Sonny looks very well, resembles Bob a bit and may be married very soon. The whole family send their best wishes and regards to you. Uncle Harry, who was among us, showed me the latest letter received from Joe and in it he said that Harry ~~was~~ the only one he's going to care for in the future. He also made mention of some people, he's sending to Harry for me. I guess Joe has an inferiority complex or he's just negligent or maybe he's sad because he's now in the infantry. It sure beats me the way he's neglecting you!

After supper, Jim and Barbara had a light supper together and I put Jim into the car until we got ready to go. Baby fell asleep on the way home and I managed well with him after I dropped the folks off at their place and Harry at the railway. Bob and they left for the country and must be home by now. It's sure quiet here to night without Duke and the gang.

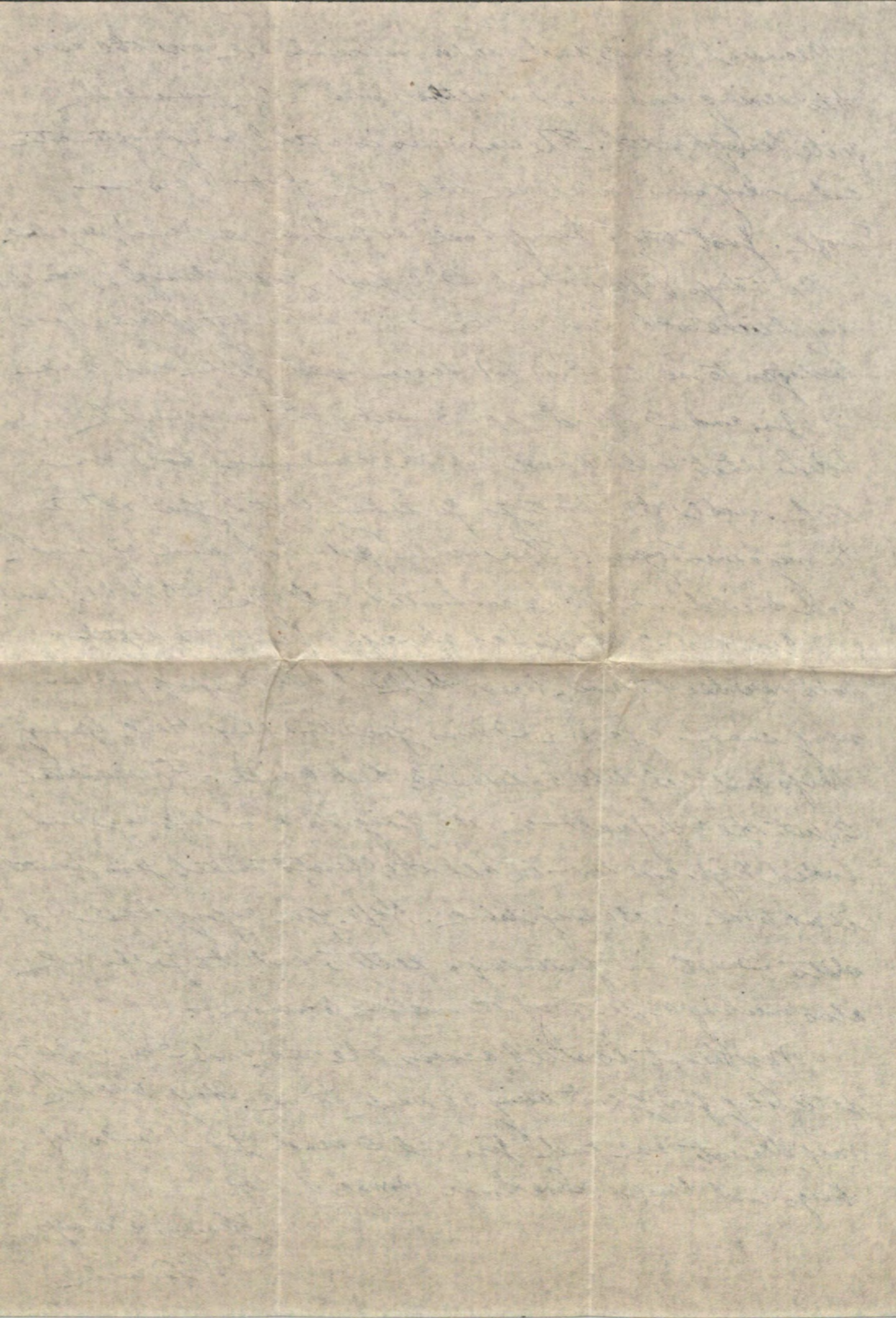
Memorial music and no commercials are on the air this evening and even Walter Winchell sounded quite happy hearted. The war news is still very optimistic and very soon we'll see the end of the mess in Europe. Just try to hurry home as fast as you can, my love.

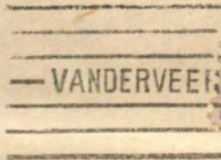
In 5 days paper which I've just gone through, there's very little to be had in the line of country places or cottages to rent. I'm not discouraged yet and even if Jim and I spend 2 or 3 weeks at a small hotel that will break up the summer for us and make the time go quickly until you return to my arms again. Then we'll get that acre of land and build our own enchanted cottage. It'll be fun.

Jim and I love you as always, from the depths of both our hearts and know ~~high~~ will be happy for us very soon again. I miss you terribly these spring days and feel like a lovesick kid again. For instance, I put the box of salt in the frigidaire 2 days ago and looked high and low in all the closets until Jim pointed it out to me in the frigidaire. Hope you enjoy those snap shots I sent in yesterday's letter and the folks are also mailing a photo of themselves to-morrow.

My heart is still across the sea and I'm waiting patiently for you to bring it back to me. Stay well my dearest one and Jim and I send you loads of hugs and kisses. Love from Mom and Pop.

Yours always,
Florence





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