

Saturday aft and eve.
April 12 1944.

Dearest beloved,

Another month has begun and I sincerely hope the end of the war is not too far off. It would ^{be} so wonderful for us and the rest of the world if peace came soon. When I think of the last 4½ months without you around, I still wonder where we get the courage to stand this long separation; but, as you say, all things are temporary. I do perhaps our wishes will be granted soon. Loving each other as we do, sometimes makes it all quite simple but at times I think how unfair some situations are and I just want you around, to bury my head in your arms.

Oh, to be with you this moment, my darling. Perhaps soon?

Baby just brought me to earth again and I guess it's time for his bath and supper. so I'll leave you until I finish with specimens. It's now seven o'clock and all is serene in the Staff domain. Baby is fast asleep after a very full day and is snoring, which is unusual. He awoke this morning at 5:30 a.m. and cried so I took him to the water closet. but he kept on crying. I took him into my bed and that quieted him but he remained awake until I fed him breakfast. You can imagine how tired I felt but he managed to have a nice long nap in the morning and I couldn't sleep a wink during his nap. It may have been his teeth or a night mare. He's a very sensitive baby and I think he's scared off his own shadow.

We got out before lunch time, did some shopping and met
Dinnie and Betty on the way. Betty dreamed about you and
a purple pair of shoes. What a combination. It was very snuffy
and windy most of the day but we could take it and went
out again in the afternoon with Toly Teng. She adores our
Jimmy and thinks he's quite smart and good-looking. It
was too cold later in the afternoon so we returned to the apartment
and had a grand time listening to the "Magic Flute", which is gay
with a happy ending. I played with baby and cut out
a pair of pajamas for Jimmy which I'll try to sew up soon.

No mail from you but I trust all is well and that I'll
get some mail on Monday. The allotment check came and Pop also
got his. They'll be here to-morrow to see baby and me. Last night
I wrote to Bob again and will write to Pers to-night as I
don't know how to plan until I hear from you. Mrs. Pinson called
and he's fine. He advised that my mother's stocks Am. Ref. ~~is up to~~
15 and he may sell it soon but will keep me informed. He's
writing to you to-night will mail a carton of Camels to Bob
on Monday which I collected piecemeal in the past (only 2 flgs at
a time). Just spoke with Denny who just got the news of your where-
abouts. A. W. G. C. in his outfit comes from ruin. so he'll talk to her on
Monday. His best regards to you.

I still love you with all my heart and cherish the thought
that we may be a happy pair again. Baby also sends a nice French
kiss and his favorite salute to the best daddy in the world.

Keep well, darling.

Springer yours,
Florence



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