

Someowheres.

4 January 1945.

Flower, Sweetheart:

Sitting in a service club I have been talking to some English soldiers who have been in the army for over 4 years. In common we all miss our loved ones at home, and have every hope that this bloody mess will be over that much sooner because of the latest German spine. It is a bit difficult to have beautiful dreams of my dearest girl in a smoke-filled room with the radio blaring, men talking, playing darts, shooting pool etc., but I continue to have visions, and only of you - fortunate for me I have so many happy times to look back to, with every assurance that the future will be even more happy. It is a duty incumbent upon both of us to remain well, in good spirits, and hopeful until inexorable destiny re-unites us. Of this I'm certain, and want you to feel the same -

No letters from you to-day, but I received a package containing the Brit. Irish Herald and Brit. 16th issue of Time. The bundle arrived in perfect shape,

absolutely secure, and everything to my liking. The pumpnickel was too stale for any purpose, so I suggest you do not send any form of bread. Crackers, cookies, and biscuits are all right. Cookies should be packed, not loose. The marshmallows which you sent are being saved for Sunday, and be assured you'll be blessed more than once - Thanks so much, Harry, and I'll advise when the other bundles arrive. Incidentally, The overseas concentrated boxes sent in the 5 and 10¢ stores are the worst boxes to use - Putting that pi of cheese in a tin can was a revelation, and if my perfume box will fit in the same can, I'll use it in the same manner.

Still no word from you that you've received my packages and funds, but I'm certain you will advise in due time. Intend to forward another collection of stuff to you in a day or two. Bought another bottle of perfume for you to day, and sure hope it turns out to be the real thing, instead of cologne water or tea - not unlike our own Prohibition days. Sent you a snap in yesterday's letter, but the air mail there days seems lots slower than

V-Mail.

Mat Pincus a long letter to-day, and a V-Mail to Eleanor. Did she get a job yet? Max opened that you may be going to the country again. Have you done anything about a place for the summer yet? Suggest you arrange for something now, and if you chance across a good buy for a summer cottage or home, don't hesitate to take an option, or even buy it. I'll want plenty of leisure and fresh air after all this.

There is little of note to relate to-night, and yet there is so much I have to say to you. To lead you in my arms, and caress you, as I whisper words of love and adoration into your ears. I can see you now, bedecked in a gorgeous leaf-shirt evening gown, smelling heavenly in your new perfume, eyes glistening, and I, the luckiest man in the world, at your side. A dream, I say, but one that will spring to life even before we realize it. Hold on, darling, there are many worse deals in life than ever, and we shouldn't complain too much or too loudly.

Hope this finds you and Jim well,
in excellent spirits, and the source
of strength and joy in the family.
I'm very well, keeping on the ball,
and dreaming or talking about you
always. Kiss Jim for me, give my
very best to everyone, and I'll
continue to adore you

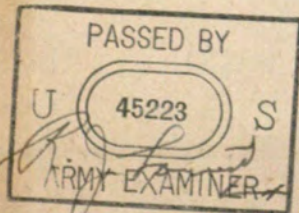
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