

Saturday night  
May 13<sup>th</sup> 1944.

Dearest beloved,

Thanks ever so much for your very sweet letter with the Mother's Day Greeting. You know how much I enjoy every word you write but this last letter struck a soft spot in my heart - one of the few I have. To add more sentimentality to the day, Billy and Mickey Rubel sent me 1 dozen long stemmed red roses. I tried to get them on the phone this evening but there was no answer and I'll try again to-morrow.

Hope you're feeling fine and dandy and that we see you again soon. Baby and I are just swell, keep busy all day long, try not to worry too much and always think about you. I love you as always, my darling and thank my lucky stars for Jimmie and his Ruddy.

This morning I awakened quite early and was restless because of the brick, the spring cleaning and you. At 10.30 baby and I drove to the hospital and baby slept in the car until the sirens started to blast at 12 o'clock. Sonny looks fine, was all excited and liked the gift very much. Rev. Raichman came into the room, asked about you and baby and looks "hacked out." We left early because of Jimmie's lunch and got into more comfortable clothes because of the warm weather again today. We got outdoors early and Baby and I went to the campus to sit. There baby played, romped on the grass and managed to hit a



kid with a stick. He didn't hurt him but was so quick  
 didn't even notice it. The dirt and pebbles fascinated  
 him for awhile and later he started throwing the stuff  
 at us. But not for long because I moved him to a  
 different spot and kept him busy with the birds, trees  
 and mother nature. Saddy. You should have seen your  
 son's face, hands and feet after that hour on the  
 campus but a good hot bath took care of that. He's  
 fast asleep now and will probably be up to new mischief  
 to-morrow. In the morning, I'll see your folks and  
 take snaps if the weather permits.

Sanny called to-night and sends his best to you.  
 Also got a bill from Cidley for gas & light on car for 8.00 &  
 will mail check to-morrow.

It seems that Doris's wife deserves what she's getting  
 and will end up behind the 8 ball. You know that law of average.

Last night, sweetheart, all my love and devotion to  
 you and a kiss and hug from Precious.

Yours always,  
 Florence

P.S. Enclosed find 2 more snaps. Am keeping 2 back to  
 show the folks how you look.





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