



Saturday 5-13-44

Florence, my love!

Every day since I became a member of this men's army has been a lovely one because of my separation from you, but some days I am lovely to a lesser degree because of some incident than others. Last night I had a short but beautiful dream that you and Jim were standing in Penn. Station awaiting my return from the army, with an honorable discharge in my pocket, and plenty of money to enable me to retire permanently. Upon greeting you I shouted that now I could devote the rest of my life to making you the happiest woman in the world, and you assured me that you would continue to do the same for me. Even awakening after that and finding myself here did not spoil the quality of that dream. In reality that seems to be all I think and dream about all the time. One of these days most of that dream will come true, and then I'll begin to live again.

Then to gild the lily your Wednesday and Thursday letters arrived to-day, and I devoured every word of both. The snapshots were positively grand, and I have one of you kneeling alongside Jimmy at the fence pinned up in my new office. I hope you appreciate that you are my only pin-up girl, and I'm pretty proud of Jim too, even though he poses on Flatbush avenue with his hummers hanging out. I got a real belly laugh out of your description of that scene.

after receiving the other you promised to forward  
I'll keep one for myself and send Bob one, and I'll  
return the rest to you for posterity. Also please mail  
a good one of my packs when, as and if you get some.  
The boys cannot understand how I rate such a young,  
pretty wife, but I tell them I bought you at an  
Arab auction sale when I traveled around the world  
before the war. I think some of the boys are skeptical  
of my story. If the Birmingham photo flatter  
me as little as these snapshots you probably will  
have a tough time making the selection.

I am glad you are attending to your teeth,  
and Doc Jaffer seems to be rather considerate  
of his fee. For you girls anyway. Billy Lohel continues  
to be a true friend, and most appreciative of my  
little gestures. I wrote him a letter earlier in the  
week inquiring about his sister, and advising him  
that you would endeavor to return the camera soon.  
When you complete take the 125 feet of film, send  
the negative to the Agfa Ansco Co, using the N.Y.  
address which is in the box. The box being in the  
Camera's leather case. The snaps I parted out to be  
found in two brown envelopes in the breakfast  
compartment where the check-book and file is  
kept. The other day I wrote Sunny at the hospital,  
congratulating her; please ascertain if my letter was  
received. Have not heard from Bob, and patiently  
awaiting advice of his new address. No other mail  
to-day, but your two letters obliterate all other correspondance.

It begins to look more and more definite that  
I will receive a T/S rating, which is the same as a  
Corporal only the stripes have a T underneath. The  
order is supposed to be issued on the 15th, but I  
believe nothing any more in the army. My commanding



officer discussed this rating with me yesterday, and I advised him that if my request for transfer was approved I wanted here to be transferred as a "private". He promised to do this for me, and also said he was approving my request. Now it goes to the Major, so let us hope everything happens for the best.

The baseball game last night proved exciting enough, but I prefer watching the Yankees than these minor league teams. Oh well - Jim and I will get plenty of chances to do this in the years to come. After the game we visited the U.S.O. again and had most delicious apple-pie, cheese and coffee, all for free. Also signed the payroll yesterday, and will receive 2 months pay on June 1st, so I guess I'll have plenty of dough for a while. Please don't send any. Sunday the Mesonic Service Center is having a big "mother's day" program, so if I don't go to the picnic I'll probably spend my afternoon at the Center. The weather is gorgeous, and I hope you are enjoying some real Spring season. It would be beautiful if you and Jim get down to the beach on these beautiful days. I feel fine, and hope you and Jim are in excellent health and spirits. Those little stories you write me about Jim are really heart-warming and I get a tremendous amount of joy reading them. The other night I saw Betty Hutton in "The Angels Sing" and she does a number about little Jimmy, whose wooden horse ran away. It's a riot, and

I know you'll enjoy the whole picture, so please try to see it. If my folks want one of these snapshots please send it to them, and have others made. Thanks.

They well, my darling, Kiss Jim for me and here him kiss mummy for daddy. Hope Jack continues to improve, and please keep me apprised of his condition. I will phone you next week-end, if you advise the time you prefer. If convenient and agreeable to you please endeavor to have mom and pop present too. My best to mom, pop, Bess, Helma and Eleanor, and to all our good friends and neighbors, with a special love squeeze for you

as ever,

Ja.