

June 3, 1944

Transcription:

Dearest,

I'm at the office again – but not working too hard. Let me hasten to explain: last night I stayed at the office until 630 to do some work: got all piled up late in the afternoon, and couldn't bear to see it all set over until Monday. When I finished the last piece it occurred to me that one of the the memos Instructed our New York accountant to pay a bunch of money to somebody who owes us, so I took the mail home with me and called the boss about it. He was very pleased that I caught it, and so I had to come in today to correct it and send it on its way. I wouldn't have made a special trip downtown, but we're going to see Oklahoma again anyway. I was at Field's this morning, so it was a little extra effort to come over here. (Besides, it'll add overtime).

Thought I'd get my sweater finished at fields this morning, but there's a lot of work to be done on it – seems to sew, and neck to finish, so I left before I had it completed: probably finish it tonight or tomorrow on the way to the country. Didn't do anything else; it's much too hot to shop, and the streets are full of people. So I shall soon eat some lunch and hie me over to the Erlanger.

Took three pictures for you this morning – I have my new dress on, finally it looks very nice and if the pictures come out halfway decent, I shall send you a swatch of the material with a snapshot. But they won't be ready for a week or more, and then it'll be an Air Mail letter, so by the time you get it you'll probably have forgotten they're coming. Be sure to let me know when the package with the two rolls of film arrives, and how soon there after I can expect snapshots.

No mail again today – the Sun had a paragraph on the front page saying that the British officials in Washington and the office of the secretary of state say that probably the delays due to stricter censorship and D-Day preparations – as if we couldn't guess that ourselves. Keep hearing of more people with men in England who aren't getting any mail either – Aunt Sarah hasn't heard from either of the boys in about 10 days.

Still hot as hell – 88 outside about a half hour ago, but the forecast is for cooler and showers tomorrow – – – when we got to Mich city. Wouldn't you know? All week you can swelter, but come Sunday it gets comfortable. Will go even if it pours, however, for we're all very anxious. And gosh how I'm going to miss you! Dave'll probably take the Truck Route along the smelly gas tanks on the way out, and when we get to the park there won't be anybody to appreciate it if I holler, "Tanne I'm here!" It's going to be a bleak Michigan City, but as I've been writing to you continually, I shall enjoy myself in spite of my loneliness, because I know you want me to. Mom says that by next summer we ought to buy a house there, so that it'll be ready when you come home and you and I can honeymoon there, for the whole season. I guess it would be when we come back from Colorado – and New York and Washington DC.

Nice daydreaming – must be the heat.

But hot or cold, you have all my love

Your babe.