

July 20 '40

Dear Mama,

Your letter dated July 11, posted July 16 came to-day amid rejoicing. I love you. I love Jimmy (yours) and by the bye, I love my Jimmie, too, very much.

So Badams is a mama! Deary me, isn't that nice. I should like to have had a baby, but they're so expensive.

Your farm makes me jealous & happy for you. What a perfectly gorgeous time you must be having with it, the dream of a lifetime! Wild strawberries & peach trees & raspberries & utility crops! Well, we had radishes. Now we have five big Morning Glory plants twining 'round a trellis, & flowers! and petunias, which are pretty. We look upon them as our babies. Also Sweet Peas.

We were fascinated by the Arnie & Marie story. Your brightest move was the lipstick and powder & dresses. The poor people! There is so much misery now everywhere that you can't even picture it. Here and there, in the promised land. We feel funny being so happy. One's own troubles shrink, till it seems the only real things are food and a roof, everything else is luxury. We can see how you feel about the Red Cross, etc's uninterest in local problems. What selfishness! They help those who are more interesting to them. And what a horrible shame that there isn't such plenty over there that they can help the poor starving people over here! Because whether or no you think it's logical & right, these poor people, refugees & innocent soldiers, get you. You can't be hard-hearted & logical when they are under your nose. What a revolting world! Pretty soon everyone will be in or just getting out of concentration camps all over the world. It's not funny. Right now the German Military Authority are picking up Englishmen for the camps. Not women yet. We just wonder why they didn't do it till now. With two million soldiers in Con. camps, I guess they didn't have room. The Germans have just been released recently, including one poor American girl married to a German, who doesn't even speak German. She's been in since February. All concentration camps are alike, French or German. The Germans are pretty easy on the French soldiers in camps, and many of them escape & are not followed at all, but because of conditions the food is sparse and awful. Caring for two million men's wants is a little difficult when you're running a war. Ah well, it's all such a mess.

Yesterday we were completely broke, so I changed five dollar bills for 400 francs. One of the bills was one you sent me months ago, and the other four we bought from one of the Ambulance boys, at 43 to the dollar. So we made a good profit. We needed it, and wished we had more dollar bills. They can always be changed, legally or illegally, because of the large number of rich refugees waiting to go to the U.S.A., and willing to buy dollar bills for enormous amounts in francs. Luckily, we learned that the Embassy is able to advance us some francs if we really need them, which will be about two days from now.

August 1

A cold, foggy day. Our Morning Glories are out in full purple force. The top of the Eiffel tower can't be seen for the mist, and along the Rue de Sevres a column of soldiers

(German, of course) are singing lustily and well as they march. The tomato soup is bubbling, for lunch.

I was so glad to hear you had sent the cream! It'll come in due time. In case sometime you feel like sending things, stockings are wonderful. So are American silk slippers (34) because they only come in awful rayon here, and those bras one gets at Bests - you know the kind I always get. Black socks (unobtainable here) and needless to say, anything in the way of a dress that goes with black. Washed once, there is no duty. I long for Liquid Lipstick. So does Jimmie (though he doesn't know it) because he hates to have red all over his mouth!

This picture of my love was taken last summer, and is awful of him. He's plumper now, & the circles under his eyes have disappeared. I love him because he's sweet. We are very happy in spite of just about everything. I've known him for a year now.

I just got a letter from Poppa. I love letters, and poppa.

Me

1 minute later

Dear People,

Jones the Great just called up, saying that I got your air mail letter with the argent in it.

You're a pal, poppa, but I don't know what to say about the extra money. It's lovely, but it makes me so embarrassed-like. Decoration day indeed!

Excuse me, I'll write later. There goes the air-raid alarm siren again. How provoking. I'll mail this after it's over.

Love,

Me

July 30 40

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or no you think it's logical & right, these poor  
people, & the good & innocent soldiers, get you.  
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are under your nose, what a revolting world!  
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out of concentration camps all over the world.  
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(F-60)

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Mo