



Sept 23-1943.

My dearest Berin :-

By now one of the hardest days of our lives is over. For the first time in 15 months we are actually apart. I kept myself busy all day, but by early afternoon I was as lonely as could be. When 5 o'clock came around and I could not go home to you, I was lost. Mory and I went to the Officers Club and had steak dinner, but there were empty chairs at our 4 chair table, whose emptiness only exaggerated our separation. We came back to pack - I have already finished and am writing to my sweetheart before going to sleep. I packed all my things with ease and so ended up with plenty of room to spare. I'll probably take some of Mory's stuff with me.

The news is that we're leaving Friday eve around 6 or 7. So far we're still going to the same place; We are sustained by the hope

that we shall surely get a chance to see
you again before we sail. We have no idea
how long we'll be at the P.O.F. I know that this
hope also sustains you. I want to hold my
Birma in my arms again and tetcher I love
her so much. I want to see her Pearls and
smell her pretty perfume and kiss her good all over.

I know how lost you must be, separated
not only from me but also from Nikki.

I am hoping this will reach you in good
time - to keep your courage up -

How are my folks? Don't the Chamois's get
around? I sent my mother a real Eger?

What's new with you? Did you see
Elizabeth Hudnell while you were driving? or Mrs. Franklin?

Some nice news came thru today. Harris'
wife delivered last night - a baby boy - no word
from Frank yet.

I count the days til I see you again. I
have the utmost hope I will I want to see
my wonderful wife and Prencies.

Jerry.