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Friday Note.

Darling.

Here we be again with 2 whole days in front of me! Really fine all this, but it would be heaven and luxury if you were with me to spend it. We'll go to the beach because it is very humid and depressing weather around the house.

This morning I first stopped at the city library and translated a Spanish letter. Then dropped into the Dept. of Commerce. The people there were very nice and helpful.

Spent the rest of the day making price lists for South Africa. Got pretty good at it now.

So, ~~things~~ things are rolling along as usual. The B's last words were, "See you in the morning!"

Anyway, I come home and find the post haste letter waiting for me. And do you know what you did honey? ya wrote on the address, - New Rochelle, Mass. Tsk! tsk!

The letter was marked 7 P.M. Boston yesterday  
and I got it today - good service. By now  
you have read my letters on the matter and  
it is working out as you said in the letter.  
No, darling. I wasn't alone in my thinking  
because I asked myself, "what would you'd  
say?" But you know darling, now when a  
knotty problem comes along all I want to  
do is to have you put me to sleep. Bad  
boy, huh!

Have a good weekend? Honey, stop dropping  
head cunts all over this page. The very idea  
and what bad manners. You should always  
read the mail before lunch. Did you finish  
the bag of work you got last Wednesday?

Yesterday, I sent "letter of greetings to your  
sister at Seabrook."

Jumping jumping Jehovah, what ever happened  
to the thesis? Send it down here maybe I  
can play with it. No? No!

Darling, until tomorrow, good afternoon.  
Your boy is going to bed now and I hope  
to dream of you, with all my love - always.

Good night.  
Lick