

UNITED STATES POSTAGE
GRAND CENTRAL
ANNEX



Mrs. Yunko Tschada
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Labour Day.

Darling.

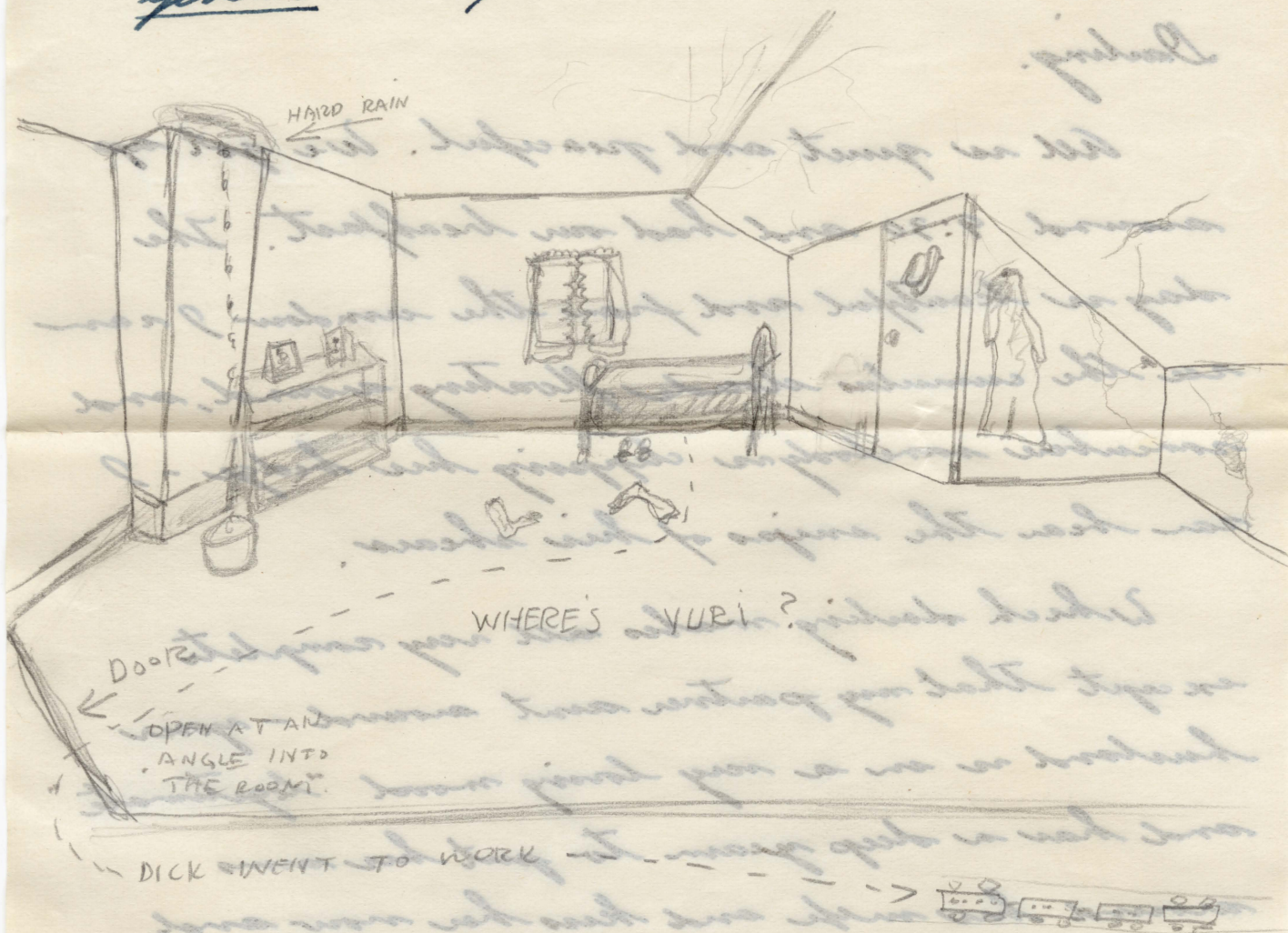
All is quiet and peaceful. We got up around 9:30 and had our breakfast. The day is beautiful and from the window I can see the cumulus clouds floating around, and remember somebody is dipping his hedge - I can hear the snips of his shears.

Which darling makes all very complete except that my partner isn't around - your husband is in a very loving mood "legitimate" and has a deep yearn to put his arms around his wife and kiss her now and then and tease her a little.

Our living quarters look much more respectable since I worked like a devil to make it look more habitable than the shack in the "Southerner". The south wall isn't up and it leaks around the chimney - when it rains extra hard but will get that patched up.

Here is a sketch to give you the

general idea of how it looks. —



So a fella' gets mighty lonesome with a
couple of sweetly socks for company and a drip, drip,
drip and when it wakes and thunder up in heaven
he gets mighty, mighty lonesome for a warm
company beside him aled.

Howy remember that wash I used to make
mother's day come on Labor Day? It reminds me
that a couple nights ago Sally said that she
is expecting in December. I asked her Tuesday
about a week ago but since you gave me an

awful hell about the matter I kept mum -
was itching to mention it to you but like
a good citizen I refrained from passing on
idle rumor. ^{Just!} And next door - the Westmore-
land came home a few days ago with a
brand new baby - I can hear her wailing
any at night now and then.

Yesterday, Mamas and I went into town, ate
at Myah's and saw Broadway lights and
Greenwich village. Broadway was all lit up
but catheer Greenwich was dark and quiet.
I was going to take her to Radio City. Notebook
show but he said that he didn't care to
go into any showhouse this time. He is
going back on the 6 PM train tonight.

Last Saturday a negro - slightly webbed came
into the store to buy some produce - he said
that he was a palmist - good too say he. So I
stuck out my left hand - ^{he} says I have a long
life line and a dual dual personality, well, well
of course - Richard (economic) Dick (husband) I
asked her if I were married - he says - looking

straight at my eye. "no. you aren't married
yet but will pretty soon!"

Heck. honey. here I am, on my fourth page
of writing but I look out of window. all is
very nice outside and I feel very much in
love with you - now not so "legitimate". The
little one says. Hey. you don't suppose I don't
miss her too do you? Between the two of us we
really miss and love you so much.

So with this beautiful feeling for you. Dick
is going to mark off this gladness to you right
now

your loving husband
Dick.