

Friday, July 13th, 1945

My dearest Billy,

I still am without any news from you, this gives me the blues. Have you left Italy? This morning, I went swimming with Aunty and Uncle Lodin like every morning. This afternoon, I am alone in the house. I read, I sew and I play a little bit of piano. Now, the blues don't leave me. And for you Billy darling, have the blues passed? I will always remember the evening when we accompanied you to the hotel and we said our goodbyes. Oh how the return with Uncle was so sad, oh how the journey home seemed very long. But still let's hope that the good days will return to us. Dearest Billy, I still do not have the photos but as soon as I get them, I will send them to you right away. Billy darling, you can never say that I am forgetting you given that since your departure, I have written you every day. I might have written you the same thing over and over again because my life does not vary much; the morning swim, afternoons at the house where I speak about you with mother and the Lodins and where I have my books. Do you like reading? Yesterday night at 6 o'clock, I met a friend at the end of her work day, we went to eat some ice cream and then we wisely went home. Dearest Billy, like in every letter I ask that you write me very quickly. Mother, the Lodins, and Lolo send their best wishes and their deepest regards. Give my very best wishes to Bob. Billy darling, I end my letter by sending you my love and a thousand kisses.

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