

Nice, September 16th, 1945

My darling Billy,

Today, Sunday, I am at Aunty's [house] laying on the couch. I just reread all of your letters and believe me, Billy darling, they made me sad. Billy, my darling, I don't stop thinking about the day where you will leave for America. This day scares me because for me everything will be over, I will not see you again. For you, it is not the same thing. You will return to your country, your family and you will maybe forget about the little French girl I am, a girl that loves you. But Billy darling, do you want to maintain our friendly correspondence? But either way, I will have little consolation. I will meet your friend Tom and Andrée and I will be able to talk about you with someone who was your best friend. My darling Billy, if one day you are sad, think that someone over here very far away is thinking of you, loves you and is not going to forget you because my love is sincere Billy darling. But today, I am sad and feel the need to ease my heart. Yes each day that passes makes me pine more and more for you. I await the day of your leave like a miracle as it will be, without a doubt, your last leave. Billy darling, these 7 days near you will be marvelous but very short and already I dread the moment where we will have to leave each other and say goodbye. Oh! Billy darling, why is life like this? But my darling, I hate to bore you with a sad letter. So I will now talk to you about my photos, I hope that you received them. Do they please you? How do you find the one of me in costume? Soon darling, I will send you others. Ok? But now I am waiting on you to put [photos] in my little album, you know that I am keeping it especially for your photos. But my darling, I have to tell you that now that my heart is settled, I am a little less sad. At this moment, Uncle is teasing me and Aunty is scolding him loudly. My darling I leave you because it is late and I have to return to the house. With all my love and millions of kisses.

Your little star,

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