

anything plain white and I heard  
of a girl friend of mine there is  
still silk stuff in Italy. Will  
you be reasonable, Billie? And  
may I ask you again to buy  
a plain white silk stuff to make  
linen (8 metres = 8 yards)?

But, please, listen to me: as soon  
as you buy it, you write to me  
how much my mother has to send

you, or I mail it back and if  
you can bring it, I decline it?   
you don't accept its reimbursement.

Billie, don't be angry with me  
if I did not send you my portrait.  
I don't forget about it but I  
have not been yet to the photo-  
grapher. May be I have been  
lazy, may be I have been too  
busy. Be sure someday I'll

23 May 45

Dear Bill,

Yes, this mourning  
paper brings you a very pain-  
ful news: my poor Grand'mother,  
my "Mémé" is dead. - Since  
I came back from Paris, she  
was not well at all, but we  
never thought her end so near  
and so fast.... Do you re-  
member when you saw her at  
home? She looked already  
weak, and she suffered much  
with her rheumatism. We  
had been accustomed to see  
her like that for several years,

but this Winter she caught a bad cold which turned in slow congestion and she could not be cured. —  
Yes, really, death is close to life. —

My dear Mémé died on Monday the 14<sup>th</sup> and, on this very day she had been glad to see and my brother and my cousin, our two soldiers who, by chance, were in Nice at the same time. Jacques had just come the day before. Poor kid, what a rest!!! While I write to you, he rolls again towards his camp. — And, for the first time, my mother and I we are alone at home. —

Excuse me, Billie, with my so sad beginning. I turn the page. your last letter came to me.

Very slowly and since I received it I wonder if one of mine have not been lost: the one in which I told you about my holidays in Paris? —

Well, now I wait very anxiously by the white cloth. But, you know, Billie, as for paying it I can't forget about it. Will you remember: I talked the first and I asked you if you could not buy for me a white cloth. So, that can't be a gift. And, as I think you will come very soon in Nice, be sure I talked again about it because <sup>am</sup> I shamed. That is bad for I just planned to ask you an another service. My mother, indeed, used to wear pink linen, but now, with her mourning she can't. I ran along in many shops here without finding

make up my mind and I'll  
Keep my promise. —

Good night, Billie - It is  
not very late (for me) but  
the last days have been tiring  
and I feel quite sleepy -

So long. —

Sincerely yours

Suzanne

Congratulations to your brother  
for his deserved medal and  
greetings for his best health  
again. —

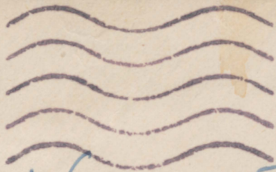


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Cpl. William Lino

Pers. Sec. 442<sup>d</sup> Inf.

A. P. O. 758

U. S. Army

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