

July 7th, 1945

Hello, Billie, never say die...! Yes, the first parcel you sent me has just reached me today. It has been so good a surprise for me! And now I hope again to receive the woollen cloth: did you not mailed it a few days later? Billie, that's marvellous: something from America! – Write quickly to your sister and tell her she has not to worry herself longer. She chose very well the towels and the swimming cap (the yellow one is quite matched to the twisted-guide⁵⁴ of my bathing suit), and I thank her very much. Now, as the parcel has been open, I write you down its contents: 2 big towels and one very small (a turkish handkerchief??) 2 swimming caps– and a pair of white woollen socks (for Jacques??). I'm very glad and I wait for the next parcel with the greatest impatience... how slow is the post office! It will make me die... and you, Billie, now, be a good boy and, please, obey me: send me my bill or I don't forgive you to have not come to see me– (I still think you should have put a note in my base telling if you could come again as giving me an appointment somewhere in Nice...) Have you seen Andrée? It's so long a time I did not hear anything about her and Tom. The Red Cross misses me very much; and I'm sure it will miss me exactly as the blue sky and the sea when I'll be in Paris. But, I like my Paris so much I'll not be angry with her for that. I think I have time still to receive your answer here– next time, if we can go to Vichy in spite of all our luggage, I'll give you my address there. Good night, Billie. Many thanks again for everything. Regards from my mother and Jacques.

Sincerely yours,

Suzanne

⁵⁴*pattern*