

nice but not very comfortable for such
an exercise. -

I wait for your visit or for your
letter.

Very sincerely yours

Suzanne

Vichy 17 August 45

Dear Billie,

War is over!... no more
"nazis" in the world and the hope of a
long, long peace.... Let us not worry about
calculating for how long we shall not hear
guns again. War is over, and very soon every-
body will be at home. I think of you Billie,
waiting without patience to be back in Ame-
rica. I think of your sister waiting her husband.
So, their parting haven't been very long - always
too long for new married.....

Billie, I have been waiting for your
letters a long time. Two weeks ago I just
received your very very short note and that's
all for one month and a half! That's too
bad and I should be very angry with you,
but war is over and I can't help me to
writing you.

Another good new, not very important
for the world, but very important for me;

I received the white cloth, at last! I'm so glad because it reached me safely and it's very beautiful. Your friend-girl knows perfectly how to choose... exactly as a french girl (!!!)
I thank you very kindly, you and your girl-friend. Tell me something about her: where she lives, what she does etc.... Don't be surprised of my inquisitiveness, because in France we say: the friends of my own friends are my friends -

As I told you in my last letter, my mother and I we have leaved Nice... now we are in Vichy and the next week we go back to Paris. We don't know yet if my brother will be able to go back home, he too, or if he has to stay in army and to go in Germany. He is now a corporal. He should be a sergeant, but there were to many to be so.

Are you still with your friends, those I met in Nice? How is Tom? Does he receive his daily letters from Andrie? I did not have time to see her before leaving

Nice and I hope you will tell me something about her.

Billie, I'm not very patient, not at all (is it not too bad for a teacher?) so, as soon as you receive my letter, please answer me quickly, a long letter, for all those you should have written me. My address in Paris is: 36 Rue BOISSONADE, PARIS XIV^e. But remember, you have to do your best to come and see me at home. Really you can't go back in America without having seen Paris. You should be ashamed to own that to your american friends. And my mother and I we shall be very pleased to see you again.

My penmanship is very bad. I hope you can read me however. I'm in the open air, in a very large and beautiful park close to the river "Allier" and I write you on me knees. That's very