

12 May 1946
D Day minus 52

Dear Ones -

OK, Daddy - here is your blow by blow description - there didn't seem much point in going over it all during the long distance phone call. (If this letter is somewhat disjointed - I am using Uncle Harris's excellent portable - it is because Ruthie, Aunt Ida, et al., and I are carrying on a casual conversation as I write.)

First - on Wednesday we go into cottons - so probably next weekend I will mail you all my woollens for storage. I'll be looking for my summer blouse - if the footlocker doesn't come I will match some pants at Aberdeen: a khaki pair of light worsted is something I'll be able to wear after I get out.

And I hope that you had a pleasant Mothers Day, Mother - I do hope that you are giving yourself the all important present of relaxation and sparing use of your eyes... I'd rather not have letters and know that you are giving yourself every opportunity to rest your eyes, Mother. (Needless to say, that puts an added correspondence burden on Helen Babsy - ahem! But seriously, I know how hectic things are at home and I understand fully if you are unable to write.)

You sounded a little tired this morning, Toots - I am glad that the formal was such a rip-roaring success in every way, HB... I'll be looking for your full report: as full as you want, that is, me darlin'.

OK - I stayed around Aberdeen until 0900 Saturday morning: Sweeney is on pass and I decided the safest bet was to put in an appearance, handle the odds and ends and then take off. Saturday is very quiet anyway. Wally Stern and I left at 9 on the button, one of the other officers driving us into town. At Aberdeen we caught the 9:22 to Perryville, where we caught the 10:06 for New York. He got off at Newark and I got to New York at 12:45 - 1:45 by your (EDS) time. We ate breakfast on the train. The night before I had called Ruth, so she knew when I was coming in and we had planned to meet at Penn Sta. I finally located her in a phone booth and we went down to say hello to Lou and Shirley - they had asked that I drop over if I came to town: they are moving to 17 Commerce Street on Wednesday and Lou has his last exams coming up shortly. It was a short pleasant visit - Lou hasn't changed much: I found him reading a story to the three year old daughter of the people whose apartment they share. In the course of the discussion he advised me not to go to Harvard Law School - the faculty has deteriorated - and he explained that he thinks Mothers Day is so overcommercialized that it has lost significance. Ruth and I got to Brooklyn around 4 (from now on all times will be EDST.) I had a bite to eat and snoozed a while.. then the problem of arranging the evening started arising: I had my date, but Ruthie's was falling through - and fall through it did. She certainly managed to get into a complicated stew - she cancelled a trip to Cranston RI when I wrote that I was coming, despite my insistence in my note that my coming should not change her plans: well between the people she had told she was going to be out of town and the people she had simply said no to she was reduced to a tentative date which did not pan out. So, after I had eaten and got ready I took off for my date - blind, of course - and really not having much idea where I would go or what I would do. (Some time I will have to write to you about Wally Stern and some of the other officers in our outfit - we really have a happy bunch of characters

My date was Ruthie's roommate at college - Both Uncle Lou and Juj have met her - her name is Mildred Biegeleisen - for obvious reasons she has a nickname - Mickey Bee. Ruthie dispatched me up to Riverside Drive and 83rd - an hour by the subway - but she gave me the wrong apartment number and only by good luck and an observant door man did I find my way - I got there ~~was~~ a few minutes after 8:30. We went downtown - I had decided again that the Waldorf Astoria was my best bet: we were able to get a table in the Wedgwood Room and we had a very pleasant evening. Leo Reisman furnished the music and Joan Edwards sang - but I didn't see any other celebrities, HB - I'm still not the real New York night lifer in any particular. Anyway, Mickey doesn't smoke or drink and there is no cover for servicemen - so even with the two taxi rides, the evening was ridiculously inexpensive for the fun we had. At 2 AM it was really

raining in little old NY and so we went back up to her place for a bite to eat - scrambled eggs - and it was 5 in the morning when I finally reached St Marks Avenue - I need a shot of benzedrine right now...

Mickey is an attractive girl - she could stand to lose a pound here and there, but that is beside the point. She is a good dancer. I found her very easy to talk to, that is nine tenths of the battle. She is currently taking her Masters in education at Columbia. Her family is Belgian - she came over in '34 - parts of the family had come to the States and then returned to Europe, so that she has been an American citizen always. I take it that the family is very comfortable...

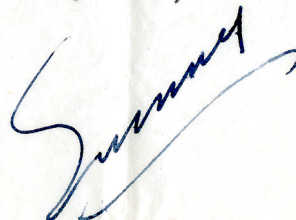
Yesterday ~~and~~ I called Milt Fishman's wife and said hello - he is due back in about a month or so: you can bet your bottom dollar that I would still be over there and sweating it out with him had it not been for the emergency. I will also give Great Neck a ring...

This afternoon I'll check my bag at Penn Station and then head uptown again - I have a date with Mickey around 3 - I see no point just sitting around all the PM. After this weekend my plans are indefinite depending on what weekend duty I catch and what my clothes situation is...

OK for now... again, Happy Mothers Day, Mother -

All my love,

Regards to Doris

A stylized, cursive handwritten signature in blue ink, likely reading 'Suzanne'.