

Dec 16, 1943.

My darling,

Received lots more mail from you today as well as a couple of packages from Ed with most of the drugstore included in them. Haven't received yours yet, but it still isn't Christmas. Tell Mother that I got a letter from Mrs. Pope today. She is sure a swell woman. Waveren has really traveled around here, but he hasn't been anywhere where the going is rough and hot. Maybe I am just pessimistic but it seems to me that the people back there are just taking too much for granted about this war being over in a jiffy. After all, those previous newspapers were just circulation happy. Why was it a good thing you saw Childs before I did, or don't get it? You tell our friend Hecker that someday she is going to get a hot foot from a flamethrower or

its equivalent, sounds like some of
your customers are like these machines.
Was surprised about Barbara Bell, not as far
Gulliver's girl, shouldn't reach at conclusions
might have been a friend. You and I
must be Psyche, for I had the same kind
of a dream. By the way, that Dorothy Hecker
and this business of Spectro, she must be
giving you a show job. Just living for
the day when we see at the cabin
again but will take half a dozen bull
blowers to make me move out of there.
Gene and I are going to walk up the
road and indulge in some cakes or
will close now, and my thoughts are
always with you.

All my love,
Joe

Pat. Joseph C. Wiebe