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Miss Judith Berman
817 West End Ave.
New York, # 25
N.Y. apt. 3E



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April 29, 1944

Saturday

My Dearest Beloved Judy,

Being Saturday again darling the day turned out to be as well as can be expected considering the circumstances as I received one of your Saturday air mail letters and a ^{surprise} package from you - hats tops.

I was very surprised that in the package was contained another grand pipe from you, along with a pouch tobacco, noodle soup, and a delicious box of chocolates. Figured that the reason for the extra pipe is because you expected that I didn't receive the first one you mailed to me. Thanks a billion dear for your generous thought as I greatly appreciate the packages and love the contents you select.

It's funny to be reading in your letter of March 23, that you received one of my letters in eight days and this

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letter took over a month.

Now that I'm back in a
bivouac area, I can go for a ^{hot} shower
almost every day but I go every
other day or third day, while
at the front where I was unable
to go for a hot shower, often,
I would wash from a helmet
full of hot water. Now you
know what the alternate to the
hot shower is.

Had you got the bronze
pin, it's so small I thought it
might get lost.

Most of the fellows went to
see the movie tonight but
since I ~~was~~ ^{saw} the picture "A Guy
named Joe" I didn't feel like
seeing it over again.

Instead I've been listening
to the radio, hearing some good
programs that are a rebroadcast
of the top radio programs in the
States. One of them is "The Hit
Parade" and at present any
program of a rebroadcast of "The Hit
Parade" is on. The music is nice
and I enjoy hearing it and
thinking of you at the same time.

Another pack age also came today from my mother but I'm not opening it until tomorrow.

One of the other fellows named "Red" because that's the color of his hair, make some noodle soup for us and it tasted grand.

Lately I haven't been eating breakfast but there is a rumor that tomorrow we will be served fresh eggs therefore I believe I'll be getting up to eat breakfast.

For Monday another U.S.O. show is scheduled to appear here.

The song I'm now hearing is "People will say we are in love" which on this Hit Parade broadcast is number one. It's a lovely song and oh how true it is. I'd like to be dancing with you to that tune. What am I dreaming about now. My insides boil when I think of all the good times

I could be having, if it wasn't for this terrible world affairs.

Goodnight sweetheart, and don't you forget, that I love you very very much and I think and miss you dreadfully.

Pleasant dreams and sleep well honey.

Forever yours,
Ben