

18 May 1945.

Good morning my sweet... here its 8:30 and I have been to 6:30 breakfast.. hot cakes and crisp good bacon.. and lots of coffee...also shaved and cleaned up.

Heavy fog last night which discouraged Zeke, so we SLEPT... oh god how we slept. My little canvass cot felt like sinking into velvet. There was an alert on when I went to sleep, but nothing happened.

Enclosed Japanese invasion money for the chicks.. tell them not to spend it all in one place. Love you love you love you

