

Friday- 12 noon
13 October, 1944

My dearest Frank,

As you see, this is Friday the 13th, but that didn't mean a thing to me today; I got a letter from you this morning as I was leaving the house, and although it was V-mail, I wouldn't exactly call that bad luck. However the weather today is very fitting for a bad day. Once again the enveloping mists have descended upon our fair city. I wouldn't be surprised if it rained sometime during the day. -- If it isn't raining right now.

I hope you're still enjoying the sights of Paris (the files here in front of me are an inspiring sight, incidentally). I guess it's a little difficult to do that without any pay though. What's the matter, did the army forget to include that insignificant bit of equipment? -Oh well, you can sit in the middle of that beautiful Trocadero and think of me and how hard I have to work.

Right now I'm stealing a few minutes from Foster Wheeler Corp. to write this -hope I don't get caught with the goods. Now don't get me wrong, I still work hard even though it doesn't look like it.

Last night in writing to you I mentioned that you hadn't said anything about les belles femmes but I see you've made note of it in the letter I received this morning, So you can cross that off the list of questions I've wanted answers to; but don't forget the others!

I don't have very much in the way of news for you this time. I exhausted the gossip reserve last night.

Before I forget;- if you hear anything about the 83rd div. being in the vicinity, be on the lookout for Donald from what he's said I believe his Signal Company is traveling with that outfit. He sent Evelyn a copy of The Spearhead, the 83rd division's paper.

2:00 P.M. I just got back from lunch and that mist I told you about has turned into a deluge. It's coming down in buckets.

By the way, Frank, don't be startled at some of the things I've included in your packages. They're not meant for you. They're for any little French children you might run into and would like to give them to. They're only a few little toys but maybe those kids would get a kick out of them.

Well m'lud this isn't getting any work done for Foster Wheeler so I guess I'd better say so-long for now, and get back on the ball.

*All my love, as ever,
Peggy x x x x*