

April 21, 1945.

Dear Bea,

It was with boundless joy that I received your letter with its fine news about Hersh. Surely it won't be long now 'till he's back in the good old U.S.A. — a thought that definitely restores my faith in guardian angels.

No, I haven't heard from Hersh but do so hope that he'll be allowed to write to me and that I, too may pen notes for across the sea. In the meantime I shall wait patiently for enlightenment either from you or him.

Greetings to the felicitous family  
from  
Elinor