MRS. A. H. SHULTZ
185 EAST 162 STREET
BRONX, NEW YORK

June 10, 1944

Dear Marty,

Today is Saturday – and a very nasty, rainy one. I am home – as I usually am on Saturday – to clean up my house, but today I have no ambition. It's almost 2 P.M and I've hardly accomplished a thing.

I'm lying on the floor writing this, so I hope you can read it.

I was very happy to get your letter. If my letters are not very frequent, don't think its because we don't think of you. It's only that my time is so occupied that I sometimes intend to write for days before I actually get to it.

Last week — the past week I mean, we
didn't get to bed before 1 A.M. any night
and Thursday night it caught up with
me. I was so tired that I was actually
sick and was in bed before 10 P.M. — You
can imagine how tired I must have been.

Since my attack of indigestion about 4
weeks ago, I haven't been able to get my
stomach straightened out. After I wrote
to you last time, I paid Dr. Zazela
another visit. I broke out in a beautiful
rash which I thought was the measles —
but I had no fever and felt fine. He examined
me and said it was an allergy — but to
what we don't know. My digestion — or
rather indigestion — is the awful thing though.
I either have constipation or diarrhea —
no happy medium with me (Its the latter now!)

I guess both Mama and Pearl wrote and told you about the Honor Luncheon at the Coconut Grove last Saturday to which Pearl brought Wini Hill. I'll was thrilled by the sight of 300 women at a function of this kind – something she had never seen.

I suppose you heard too, how popular you are and that $30 was donated to the organization in your honor and with the wish of a speedy and safe return for you. Very nice, I think – especially of Lou Lipton!

I haven't seen Pearl since last Saturday because she's had a busy week with her guest and the Red Cross, and I too have been on the go constantly. I'll call her tomorrow, though, I think and see what she's doing. Maybe we'll spend the day

together.

There's very little news to write from here as usual. The war news is good and now that D day is over, maybe Germany's goose will finally be cooked and that will hasten matters all around. There's been a great deal of excitement in New York since the invasion — subdued excitement. Everybody was moved and synagogues and churches were open for prayer and the President spoke a prayer over the radio Tuesday nite. It's really something —

Grandma is improving slowly every day. I don't think she'll ever be the same, tho. You must know how difficult she is to get along with. I feel sorry for Mama. It makes things much more complicated and difficult for her. I'm trying to induce her to let Grandma go up to Monticello — at least for the summer. We'll see. Love from Al — He always asks about you, and reminds me to write. He has no time at all. Take care + write often. C.

AIR MAIL

NEW YORK, N.Y.
JUN 10
10:30 PM
1944

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my letter of 6/10
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