

January 6, 1944.

Dearest Ruth —

We won't see each other this evening —  
we won't even be able to talk with each other —  
so instead of seeing you or talking with you, I'll  
have your picture in front of me while I'm  
writing to you.

I'm looking forward impatiently to  
our week-end. No matter how completely I  
adopt the "Take It Slow" Policy — and no  
matter how quickly time flies, the days  
between our week-ends will always be  
lived through impatiently. I wrote 1944 for  
the first time this year in the heading of  
this letter — how I hope that before I write  
1945 for the first time next year that I  
will just have to wait for the hours of a day  
to pass before I'll be with you instead of waiting  
for the days of a week.



I hope and I'm sure you've had a wonderful day - I was wondering this morning when you got up and what you were doing as the day went by and now I wish it were tomorrow evening so I could be talking with you.

Oh, yes - I've finished the plans for my den - it's perfect. That finishes the kitchen and the den. We'll work together on the rest of the drawings (and the kitchen may have to be altered slightly after - ah - measuring.)

I thank you again for the note - it was just what I needed - and after that how could I help but fly over the exams?

Until we see each other and another of our glorious week-ends begins

All my love,  
Garry

P.S. I'll bet you're going to bed so - Goodnight, Sweet Dreams - what was the song you used to sing "I'll Dream of You, If You'll Dream of Me." - I will - of you -