
Jamison Classics, inc.

CLASSIC DRESSES
and PLAYCLOTHES

498 SEVENTH AVENUE
NEW YORK 18, N. Y.

August 13th

Dear Bob:

Ever since I learned you were at Winter Hospital I have intended to write to you but I've put it off along with several other things.

I was so sorry to hear you had had such rotten luck, and I do hope you are mending satisfactorily by now. I have visited Winter and I know it isn't the gayest place in the world to be putting in your time, but at least it is fairly close to Russell.

Gordon is still in the Pacific and complaining bitterly about the monotony of the Islands. At least it wasn't monotonous when he was in the Atlantic and was being chased around by submarines. He may be in any day now or it may be months. Right now we are being bombarded with VJ Day rumors but after several false celebrations we are all taking it pretty calmly and waiting for the official announcement. I don't know just how it will affect Gordon when the thing really is over--he may be able to come right home or it may be some time.

I've tried to keep track of all you boys but it's a little difficult when everyone moves around at such a clip. I heard that Bud Smith had been reported killed in action and I only hope the information was wrong. Lawrence Ochs is one I seem to have lost track of, and I hear where Phil Ruppenthal is every now and then. Bob Scott is still in Georgia and not liking it at all. His knee that he injured in football has been giving him trouble.

I am working here in New York and have Sarah with me. She is fine and looks big enough to be in high school this year but will just be in the second grade. We like New York but once in a while she says she would like to go home.

Take care of yourself, Bob, and I hope we'll see you all well and healthy before long. Tell your mother hello for me and write if you find time.

Sincerely,

Dorothy Anne Shaffer