WEST BRANCH
WESTON ROAD
WESTPORT, CONN.
TEL. 4264

To my own best Bet.

I have chewed my pencil and started a dozen times — each time it escapes me and will not go into words. The real gift is you Bet darling — you are my gift from the gods. This little slip of paper — for some foolish man made reason will allow you to buy a few things to delight your heart — or to keep you warm — do whichever you wish; It is my love that gives it — but the love is inexhaustible and the slips of paper are not. I don't feel afraid of

any world crisis so long as I
have my blessed girls to stand beside – but
here again I am too deep for words – keep
room for me Pat darling –
I need your love – ever & always
Pat.

October 20 – 1941.