

March 1, 1933.

My Darling Ralph,

I love you so passionately my sweetheart, that once I get in your dear arms, I just won't let you let me out of them. My dearest, I think of nothing in the world but you. I'll be down to meet the boat at 7 a.m. on Saturday morning.

Dearest, I am so sorry that you are having trouble with your eyes. That's probably what has caused the headaches. Hope darling that the trouble is not too serious nor too painful and of course if glasses are required, you must certainly get them. ~~ix~~ I've been wearing glasses for years, and after one gets accustomed to them, they are not too bothersome.

I shopped this morning darling. We now are the proud owners of two dozen dish cloths, and two breakfast cloths. Gradually, darling piece by piece, we'll have quite a lot of things. It will give me great pleasure darling to introduce you to these things, particularly, as you have shown such marked ability at dish-washing, etc. (am I mean?)

Personal shopping is worrying me. Shall it be a wedding gown, or a new Spring suit? Formal or informal? Frivolous or practical? Gay or conservative? I just love these kind of problems? I've been looking at the gayest giddiest clothes, and the most practical and sensible things. My mind is not made up yet about them. Your expert advice will be much appreciated on this very important subject. I don't intend to drag you around to all the shops to look at things etc. but a general discussion, and your views on the matter, will be quite in order.

It will be so grand to be with you my beloved. The days from now till Saturday are like years.

The folks all send their love to all of you. I love you my own dear Ralph, forever and ever.

*Ann*

*Anna Goldberg*

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