Oh what a BEAUTIFUL morning. Yesterday was Sweeties!!!! And they will keep right on being beautiful because our hearts and Tommys have been made so blissfully happy by the gorgeous news.

I went out to the mailbox yesterday morning and THERE IT WAS on the bottom of a stack of letters—returned, marked "missing," returned from Kamp Ouvit. Oh Sweeties my God my God I did become completely hysterical with happiness and tears and laughs and out loud thanking to the Guardian Angel who made it so—we know. I had had just left for the office and it seemed like hours before I could finally reach him and since then this has been a complete mad-house of Telephone calls, blissful visitors and wonderful happiness. Literally the phone has been ringing for two days at least every 10 or 15 minutes—wonderful happy people who want to share the gorgeous news—Really Sweeties every person that we know even slightly and lots that we don't even know have called and I
only wish that Ray could know how many millions of people adore him and have breathed him these past three months.

Last night Benny, his sister In, and Mary Big Fletcher came and brought a big bottle of red wine - and also Mrs. Jeffery, who have also just learned that their son Jimmy is a prisoner. We finished the wine and then had hi-balls and we wished so much that you could have been here too!

The procedure is this - since the government has not yet been notified that Ray is a prisoner, a photostat must be made of the card and sent to the Provost Marshal in Washington. His name is then placed officially on the War Department Prisoner List and then we receive instructions about sending packages etc. This has been done and was sent to Washington today, and we will hear from them soon. In the meantime we can write, one letter a week from each of us - because the Red Cross says that it is not a good idea to have the prisoners receive more than three letters a week because the German censors may become impatient and destroy them. There are too many.

Darling, I think of you constantly and oh sweetie what a beautiful lucky little Giudici he will be!!!! This letter was written in a mad rush - I have yet to write to the alum and it is so late. Love you. See you.