

4/20/43

Honey,

I dont know how far I'll get in this letter before something happens and I have to stop. I face such an emergency, yea, catastrophe, as once befell me on another day when I was here alone. All of which, besides being uncomfortable, mdisturbs my concentration. At the moment I'm to pun badly, pooped. I got into bed at exactly 3 last night nd had to get up early today because of early shipments. Yesterday afternoon I left for Wilmington. I went to the seder, which was very nice, and tried to catch a tran which would hve put me in Trenton before midnight. But the goddamned thing was so late, well, you can see how late. Of course, it was quite a strain on me because of the amount to excellent, dry red wine I was carrying. Quite a load....Boy wa that wine good. My greatuncle mde it for the passover, as he does yearly. This year it wa dried than usual. Marc would have enjoyed it. It ran a little stronger thn most wines, too, judging not only from its effect on me.....But I'm too tired to write much, honey, nd I wat to get this in the mail in time for it to leave the post today. Yesterday I wrote you a brief note and sent you a small pakage separately. And here I have a chnce to avert the catastrophe.

love

Harold