

Sunday eve —
Jan. 16th, 1944.

Dearest George,

It snowed last night after I mailed your letter but baby and I were very comfy and contented in our little igloo. Only one missing, darling, is you to make us all a happy combination. So until that time comes my chin is up and my heart is yours, only yours.

The alarm went off at 7:45 and baby and I started another day. Jimmie didn't do too well with his breakfast but he had all of his milk. Although the streets were covered with snow, the sun was shining brightly and by 10:50 baby and I were outdoors. The air was mild and crisp and in a few minutes Jimmie was napping. Then Slanny came along in the care and brought some more chocolate bars (6) for baby.

He was delighted ^{with} ~~the~~ the gift and thanks
us both with all his heart and I'm glad
he likes the frame.

Mom and Pop came here soon after and
stayed ~~with~~ us a few hours then left for
Rockaway. Baby and I walked them to the
bus and it was quite slushy all the way.
We had planned on going out to Rockaway
by car but because of the snow I would
drive and I understand that Sonya came in
for the week-end - therefore Mom and Pop
thought it advisable to pay the visit.

Bess called and feels lots better - baby
and they are O.K. too. The rest of the family
are fine and Eleanor is with me now. I may
go to the movies to-night. Hurray!

Mom received the insignia and thanks you

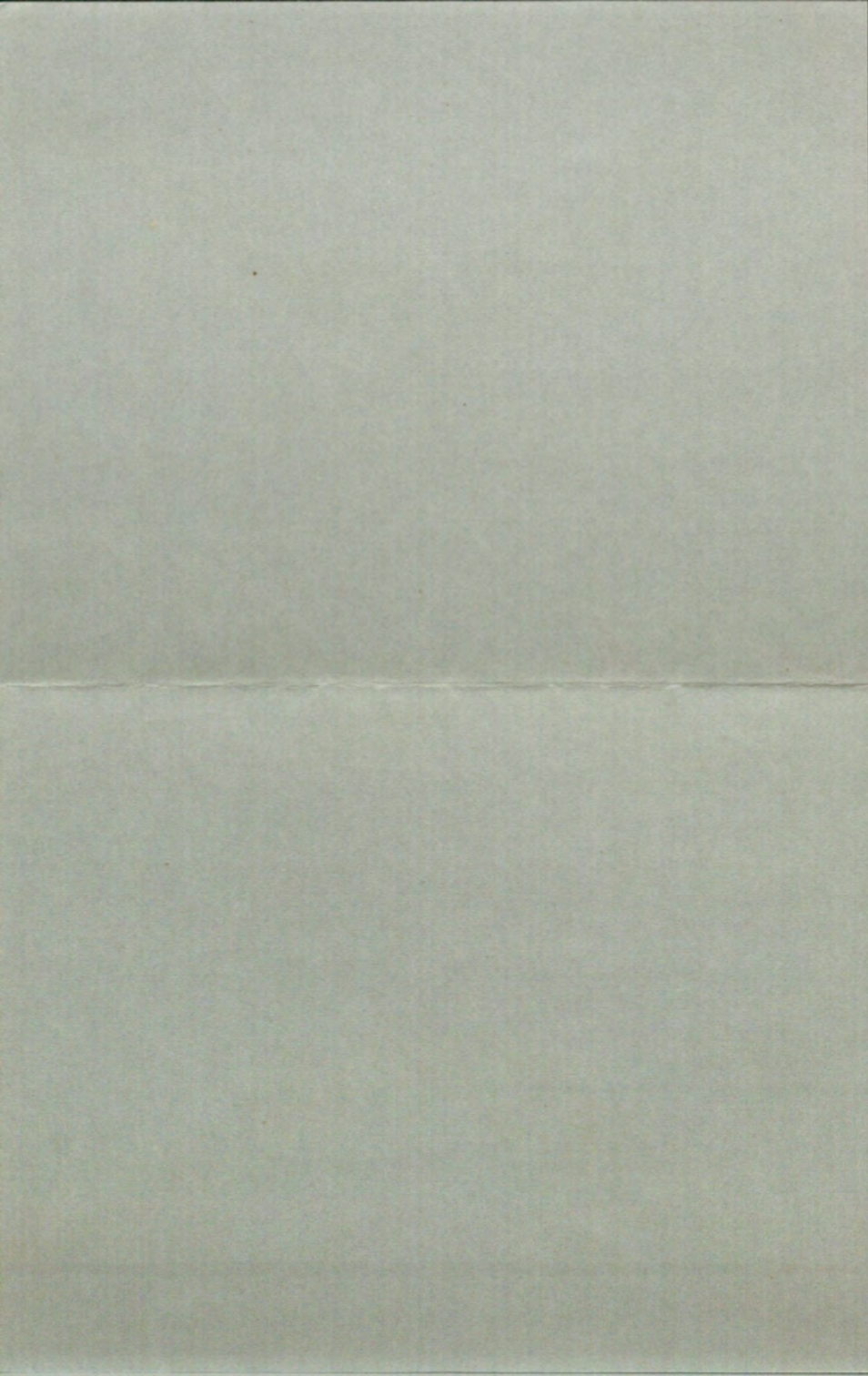
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ever so much. Did you get the
package yet - it was mailed last
Monday and sent "special handling".

Sanny also brought a 1944 diary for
my "budget system". He's sure swell.

I hope you're feeling as good as you
say - baby and I are fine and
dandy. You'll notice I'm rush-
ing through this letter as I'd like to
make the 8 o'clock show.

So, until the morrow, I bid
you good-night and all my love
to you, dearest beloved.

As ever,
Florence





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