

Thursday aft. & eve
 March 23rd 1944.

George, my darling,

It's raining to-day and baby and I are indoors. The painter is still working in the bedroom and the kitchen was again painted white. Baby is fine and is kept in ~~the~~ the bedroom.

This morning I got your Saturday letter and none of your mail was removed recently. I forgot to mention that I got a letter from Peggy Whitman yesterday. They're both well and Murray is much better. At present they're living in a house that is for sale and are still looking for a more permanent dwelling.

Helma and my mom called to-day and Jael has a birthday to-day. They're all well

2

and I expect my mother soon. The man
from Chicago came to see me to day and
I don't know whether or not I did a
foolish thing by giving him the cable
with the glass in it. The painter was here
at the time and a few people saw the glass.
I'll write for a try to go - back and
forth. This man, Mr. Parker, asked me
what I wanted and I told him I didn't
know definitely so he'll call me and will
probably make a settlement, I hope.

Bevy and I are well and your folks
are fine. I understand that Bob may get
another extension of a month and that will
be wonderful of course. I got told me that
yesterday. I'll try to mail that annual

report to-day, if I can get a large envelope for it. Anything else you need?

Enclosed find one book for you - if you need more of this stuff just write.

Yesterday the doctor told me to try to break baby of the spoon habit when taking milk. Even if I have to starve him one day (his advice) I have to try to give him ^{myself} milk from the cup and no food. What a job that'll be but I'm determined to try it on Monday next.

Our apartment is pretty messed up but will be straightened out over the week-end. One never realizes how much stuff is crammed into kitchen closets until a faint job is done - and so we have plenty of everything. Sam will

put some things in the storeroom
as soon as I assemble them in a carton.

The painter finished a few hours ago and
now it's almost supper time. I'll dress early
so I need not rush later and I think it
better to go into the city by train because it's
still raining quite hard.

Until to-morrow, sweetheart, you have
all my love and devotion. Love from the
folks and a kiss and hug from precious.

I miss you every moment, believe me,
darling.

As always,

Florence

That wooden box arrived last week -
I thought I acknowledged it.



Int. George Stoff (42050100)
Co A 735 Rwy Opn BN
Camp Mauchel
New Orleans 12, La.

Mrs. Harlem Stiff

3021 Ave C

Brooklyn 10, N.Y.