

Sunday evening,
April 2nd 1944.

My darling,

It's a little difficult to think clearly without any news from you all week - except a telegram. I do hope you're well and happy under the circumstances. Time will just drag until to-morrow morning when I hope I get some mail from you. In the meantime, I still love you so very dearly and hope the Fates are kind to us in the near future. We've been quite lucky so far, I know, but I do want to be with you so much. Even if I have to visit you alone, I have the crazy notion in my head to leave Jimmie with Bess in the country if it's agreeable with my conscience, you and Bess. Don't know if I mentioned it to you in my last letter and haven't spoken to Bess or anyone else as yet about that idea. But it's an idea if there are too many inconveniences involved. If there's the slightest doubt I'll drop the thought immediately. I know all the dangers regarding any baby especially our precious.

Hope you got some of my mail by now and that the mail service is prompt. No calls to-day except from the family and Sam and Pop spent the day with us. They left shortly before supper (about 6.30) and watched baby go through his Sunday routine in good form. Jimmie looked exceptionally good to-day with rosy cheeks

and a roquish laughter most of the afternoon. In the morning I was finished quite early with my duties and went outdoors with Jimmie because the weather looked glorious. Baby ran around for a short time and then had a nice long nap which he finished indoors near the window. In the meantime, the weather changed drastically and it became quite cloudy and raw. It rained all afternoon so I guess that April showers had to be expected if we're to have flowers in May.

Mr. Pinus just called me and is a swell friend. He's really got your interest at heart and is always anxious to know all about Jimmie and myself.

Just wrote to Bess and told her to expect us on Friday unless I heard from you (to pack up and leave). It would be advisable to address my mail to her or my name % J. Howard Sackett Lake Monticello, N.Y. or if you think it better to send the mail home I'll have Betty forward it to me. All there's no mix-up.

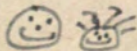
Good night, my dearest, and all my love and devotion to you. I miss you all the time but I'll try to keep my chin up a little longer. Love and French kisses from your Sunny Jim. Love from the folks. regards from all.

Always yours,
Florence



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