

Friday early afternoon
11.45 - 4.30
April 14th 1944.

Dearest, Sweetheart,

It's a delightful day and that means we're out to enjoy the sun, air and all the beauty of Spring. Babies are still having a grand time and we're also enjoying the country. There's a forest in back of the house and the different aromas sweeten the air like perfume. Yes, my darling, we'll plan for a country home when the war ends and really live like humans should.

God damn it, I missed the mailman so this letter will be mailed by Jack Sturges, owner of the house, who's such a regular fellow. He's Scotch and his wife is an American Italian, the finest kind. They're really a grand couple, no children and do so many nice things for all of us. Martha, the wife, made some delicious ice-cream this afternoon and we never tasted such delicious, rich ice-cream before. Jim'd love it because over Jimmie ate it and asked for more. Baby Jan also had his fill and was a chocolate mess when he got through. It was made from just rich heavy cream, sugar and chocolate syrup from Martha's sister's farm nearby.

My pen ran out of ink so I switched to Eleanor's pen and it plots, as you can see. Received your Monday and Tuesday letters today and was thrilled to know that all is well, that the weather is getting warmer and that we may be together soon. I'll try to make it real soon, if possible. So many things I'd

daily in my mind that I want all in good order before I
leave. Hope to speak to you on Sunday.

Yesterday afternoon, while all of us were enjoying the good
old sunshine, Jack took movies of all of us and I didn't look
too good with my hair drying after a shampoo. But, he took some
swell shots of the kids and I hope to see them and get them in
the near future. Jimmie knows how to pose, wrinkles up his nose,
and squints just like his Daddy. Later the babies were fed,
tucked in and we sat and took it easy after supper. It got
cooler in the evening but we were warm indoors with plenty of
steam heat.

Jimmie is such a darling mischief maker, when we don't
watch him, that sometimes I think he's older than he looks. He
teases Jan until he cries and hits him with his toys, books and any
thing in sight. But Jan can take it and is so good-natured about
that rascal cousin of his.

Supper time is almost near and we've got to get the babies
bathed and fed so I'll write again to-morrow.

The country could be more beautiful if you were here to enjoy
it with us and, I sure miss my darling George more than ever
right now. Keep well, my love, and soon we'll be in each others'
arms again.

All my love and devotion to you, a kiss and hug from
precious and love from Eleanor, Bess & Jan.

As ever,
Florence

~~Congress Hotel and Country Club~~

SACKETT LAKE
MONTICELLO, N. Y.



Put. George Staff (42050100)
Co A. 735 Rwy Opn BN
Fort Snelling, Minn.

Mrs. F. Staff
3021 Ave 9
Bklyn 10, N. Y.