

Thursday eve,
Oct. 11th 1944.

Dearest George,

Hope you're fine and dandy and not really worried about us. If only that emergency furlough or better yet, a discharge for you came through we would be so happy. To-morrow I'll call the Red Cross again and find out how soon they'll let me know about you. Jim really doesn't need the ^{tongue} operation immediately and it could wait for Spring so please don't worry! But don't forget to request a furlough and mention that I'm nervous and say anything you want about me.

Well, Jim and I had breakfast quite late because we all slept until 9 o'clock. There's been no mail from you again and nothing else matters except word from you. Perhaps to-morrow or Saturday will bring that batch that's on the way. Hope my mail is reaching you in good time. I also miss sending you those weekly parcels and pray you'll be home to get your birthday present. Mom's birthday is today and I sent her cards yesterday and will try to give her the gift to-morrow if I go to the city. She received your telegram and thanks you so much for your thoughtfulness.

The weather is nice and warm and we were outdoors most of the afternoon. We walked on the avenue, did some window shopping and expect to splash in another week or so. I would love to finish fixing up the apartment and it looks as though we'll have to wait our turn for the Saint job. Hope all

is in readiness when you arrive home for keeps. Ah Josh,
just thinking about you home here with us every day makes
me just burst with joy and expectation. This waiting
period is so trying, darling, but I know we'll be
rewarded very soon. Jimmie, too, senses that certain
something is in the air. You'll sure be amazed at our ³ guesses.

To-night Jim went to sleep early, Clema went to the
store and I'm completely relaxed. Ray brought down 2
of the books I ordered and the others will come through
this week. Now we have "Up Front" and "The Wisdom
of Israel" (20% disc.) in the breakfast with our
other gems. In the late afternoon the Postman brought
2 parcels - one from you containing 4 miniatures (Lyn),
1 bottle of "Kois" perfume, 1 lovely Jimmie pin, 1 cig. lighter,
1 box of cigars for Pop and 2 packs of razor blades and more
coasters. The other parcel was from John Hancock Lodge
for you and I'm to ship it to you. As you requested,
I'm not sending you any more parcels and don't forget
to thank Bill Braggs for the parcel. I'll thank him too.
Mom also received a parcel for me and I'll pick it up
at the hotel in a day or so.

Telling you how much I love you is old news but
I love you more and more with each day that dawns. I
miss you terribly, sweetheart and hope our patience will
not be tried too much in the next few months. Jimmie
talks so much that I can't write about half the things
I mean to and you'll be hearing him real soon so you'll
be convinced that he's O.K. I'll my love and devotion to
the best sweetheart ever, keeps and kisses from precious and
best wishes from Clema.

Always
Florence

Oct 15th 1945

Friday

George, darling,

Jim and I are fine, the facts are well and my mom is back home again. To day the day started off with rain but early in the afternoon the sun shone and the skies cleared.

After breakfast and the morning round of chores, Jim and I drove to my mother's place to give her a gift and then we did some shopping and came home for dinner. No nap for Jim so I decided to take him to the city for a few hours. I left the car at the B.M.T. station (New York Ave) and was in N.Y. at 2.30. Jim and I went up to Leppiman's place for slacks and sportswear and all I got was a pair of gray corduroy slacks (similar to my last ones from him). Leppiman wasn't in at the time but I'll go up again in 2 or 3 weeks. Then we took a bus to Pop's place and Jim and I stayed there for a little while. We gave Mom her gift, a fine silk slip and Pop, the cigars you sent. They, two, had no mail from you all week. On Sunday they expect to visit a cousin that is here now from Cleveland. By 4 we left for home and supper and Jim fell asleep at 6, soon after he finished his glass of milk.

No mail again from you and all I received was a Life magazine. So sure a long spell without mail and tomorrow will be a week since I had your last letter (Sept 28th). Hope that good news

is on the way. For a few nights this week I wrote
some v. much to you and hope you don't mind. Some-
times it's so difficult to relate a bunch of nonsense that
means naught to us. But here's a little more nonsense
for you to read. Between the Robert Stoffs and Sam
Stoff and family your son Jimmie didn't even receive
a 5 cent birthday card. I guess that they do have
great love for me now - to me. Bernice and Hal & her
show more sentiment and feeling than all those I
mentioned. Jim's mother is a stinker sometimes but
I know Jim is P. Q. and his Daddy is the best guy ever!

Yes, my darling, that are all little old winds that
blow no good and there's a new order all about. Even
my brother-in-law Maurice is working, getting a good
salary and Thelma is coming along fine. I so love you all.
You, Jim and Eleanor are the three loves in my life and
the only ones I want to be with continuously. Hope if
Eleanor does marry eventually we'll be first class
neighbors and she's such a good egg, so don't covetize.

Spoke to Hilda last night and again she can't make
that dinner date with us for she's going out to the cabin
for the week-end. Called Herbert tonight and thanked him for
some first day covers he sent me. He hopes to get good prices
for those stamps that you're sending him. This best to you.

Stay well, dearest, and I love you as always. We'll
be seeing each other very shortly and I hope that last
2 years will be quickly forgotten. But there is coming
som - for happiness, love and all things wonderful. Love
and hugs and kisses from Jimmie and his Mummy.
Forever,
Thelma

