Friday eve
July 6th '45

Dearest Beloved,

Jimmie and I are just fine and a bit disappointed because Mom and Pop will not be here to-morrow. Earlier in the evening Pop called to say that plans were changed because Bob called and will be in Brooklyn for the week-end. They sounded cheerful and Jim got his few words in to the folks and if all is well, they'll be here next week.

Last night I met Eleanor at the bus station at 10 p.m. and we walked home in the rain together. I was prepared and brought an umbrella and raincoat. As always, Eleanor was laden with starry treats for both Jan and Jim, a few things for the house and some magazines. No packages arrived this week but Nancy or Ruby will keep for the future any that come in in the future. The mailman brought no mail from you to-day but perhaps there'll be some news to-morrow. Eleanor is fine and in very good spirits since she made that $3500 sale and more business is promised by the same customer.

To-day was another nice day and we kept ourselves busy with Jim, the house and walks about the neighborhood. There's a second hand store nearby and Eleanor bought an old fashioned piano stool for one of Bess's rooms. It'll be part of a dressing table and will look beautiful after a skirt and padded seat are put over it. I guess you can use some nice decorations in your shade now but I trust you have some comforts.

I read that passage out of your last letter regarding the room grab at the registered mail and Mom and Eleanor enjoyed the comical angle of it as much as I did. That old practice of mine running down the aisle of a theatre for seats may have been an inspiration for you. What kind of a fire bed do you refer to in your latest letters? Did you find that too in the Naze land?

Jim had a very normal day, ate well, napped in the afternoon and is learning to be a good walker. I don't use the car too much and the carriage less so Jim keeps up with us and we try not to walk too far. We talk of you very often during the day and every time he sees pop-corn in town, Daddy's name is sure to be mentioned. Sometimes I think of last summer as a very lovely dream — we were so happy for those 2 weeks together.

Good-night, dearest one and pleasant dreams for both of us. I love you so very much and that reunion will be this year I'm sure. All my love and devotion to you, hugs and kisses from Jimmie and best wishes from Mom and Eleanor.

Yours always,
Florence

P.S. My allotment check hasn't arrived as yet so I write to the Vancouver P.O. to-day.

Saturday eve
July 7th 1945

George, dearest,

This evening it's delightful and cool, the sky is studded with stars and a moon and I'm still in love with you. Waiting so long for each other will have its just rewards and thousands of happy hours to-gether. Meanwhile, dearest, let's be thankful for our love, devotion and freedom. Jimmie and keep on dreaming that wonderful dreams. Some dreams do come true.

For the last three days I've had no mail from you and hope you're well, my darling. It's an incomplete day that doesn't bring forth some word from you and soon the mail will come in batches I hope. The enclosed snaps arrived to-day and you can see how well we look - Jim especially. The one on the hydrant was taken on the sill of our house at home and the others in Monticello. More will follow.

In the morning Eleanor woke first, then Jim awoke and I listened to Baby say "Mommy, in your bed". We had breakfast by 9 p.m. and Jim was dressed and out with his wheelbarrow soon after. Eleanor did the shopping. Mom and I did the rooms and our dinner was served by 11 p.m. I had some time for a sun bath so Jim and I donned our suits and on a blanket we baked, played, told stories and then showered to-gether before lunch. It was fun showering with Jim and he struggled trying to comb my back. Later we had a delicious meal of meat loaf, stewed peaches, milk and cookies. Jim is doing very well with his meals, eats most of them by himself and manages very well with 2 or 3 glasses of milk a day. Sometimes I do give him a bottle at night - because he loves it (don't think it doesn't annoy me)

While we were cleaning up after lunch, Jim was out on the porch and was very quiet. I thought he was resting in the hammock but he was not. What do you think he was up to? He came running into the bedroom where I was putting on my make up and insisted that I look at his fish. I just couldn't imagine where he got a fish or even saw one. But I went out with him and when he pointed to the side walls on the porch I thought I'd faint. The rascal drew all kinds of figures, lines, dots, dashes and scrawlwork on the newly painted walls with black crayon. What a masterpiece of a fish he drew — it really looked like a submarine that was torpedo. So Florence got to work with soap, water and plenty of brills and scouring powder and removed half the frights. I'll finish up the balance in the morning. Just in the day's work, dearest. But I still retain that sense of humor and forgot the incident — after all Jim has to follow those natural impulses.

In the afternoon we drove to Sidett Lake but Mom stayed behind and is anxious to get the draperies and spreads finished for Bess. Eleanor, Jim and I sat near the lake, saw Jon and Bess and had a pleasant 2½ hours together. I drove to the farm again, this time for raspberries which I know you love. The farmer's wife, daughter and I picked real luscious ones and we sure enjoyed them for supper. I cooked Jim's portion and he likes them too. All in all it was a day well spent and Florence is fast asleep now.

No newspapers yet and I'll be welcome that first edition when it finally comes out. Just filled this pen and it makes a mess. I'm going for a walk soon so I'll say good-night, dearest.

All my love and devotion as always. Hugs and kisses from baby.

As always, Florence

AFTER 5 DAYS, RETURN TO

Mrs. Florence Staff
41 Landfield Ave
Monticello, N.Y.

MONTICELLO
JUL 4 1945
N.Y.

7/5

VIA AIR MAIL

Cpl. George Staff 42050100
CoA- 135th Pln 6PN BN
APO # 350 c/o Postmaster
New York - N.Y.