

MRS. GEORGE STOFF

3021 AVENUE I

BROOKLYN, NEW YORK

Sunday eve -
12/5/43

George, my darling,

Another Sunday gone and it was a pleasant one. Baby and I are well and both still trying so hard to keep our skins up and ~~not~~ ^{not} trying to feel too lonesome.

Your mother and father spent most of the day with us, my mother and Eleanor part of the day. They're all well and send their best to you.

Jimnie is still the sweetest one on earth - aside from you, my love - and sure does my heart so much good. He's a constant source of enjoyment and gives me much happiness right now.

The way he climbs up the little ladder and sits himself near his Mommy while I prepare his lunch is something for the movie camera. When I shower in the morning, he grabs my slippers and throws them in the tub, then runs ^{& crawls} out of the bathroom. What a son we've got, Daddy. He never wants to listen to the "Love Rangers". And he discovered his "navel".

How are you really getting along, my George, and write all that you possibly can whenever you can about your news set up - the men - your quarters and the city of N. O. when you do get to all it. I hope you don't find the basic training not too difficult.

In your next letter, please let me know when you get my Saturday air-mail letter and when you get this air-

which I'm mailing regular mail.

My sister Eleanor has requested me to ask you to look around for antiques — when you have the time. Isn't she cute?

She went to a party last night and met two fellows (past 35) who were too tired to make love — she was ready to ditch 'em — not them.

Bob called from Nashville on Saturday and told Mom and Pop that he was qualified as a bombardier. He'll probably let you know all the news this week.

Became friendly with a few army wives and one of them called to-night — her name is Irene and she hasn't heard from her husband since Tuesday eve. The wind up was that she thanked me profusely for all the encouragement I gave her and is also trying keeping her chin up.

I'm not enjoying this pen too much—
it blurs too often (Parker 51).

How are the southern mammals?

Promised to write a letter to Joseph
Shepard for Mom and Pop so I'll say
Good-night again—Sweetheart—Pleasant
dreams.

With all my love to you, I'm

Always yours,

Florence

P.S. Would you like some more stationery?



VANDERVEE



Port. George Staff (42050100)

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3021 AVENUE 1

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