Tuesday
Aug. 28th 1945

Dearest Beloved,

Another day of beautiful weather made Jim and I a little homesick and anxious for more of these lovely days. It's Indian Summer weather and the kind we love. We'll be going home as soon as Bess is finished having her baby and so far she's still at the hotel. I'll advise you immediately.

Baby and I are just fine, still miss you and love you so very much and am getting very impatient about seeing you. The days are dragging so slowly even though I'm occupied with Jimmie and other things. Each day I await word about your next move and wish the mail would be held up due to your homecoming. The postman brought only some new first day covers with the 2 cent Roosevelt stamp, 5 more, and also a card from the library. Erle Gyle's latest book is in reserve for me. No mail from my darling but yesterday's was just grand and I've re-read them several times. How very happy you are in those letters.

We awoke early this morning, had breakfast and Jim and I went out downtown by 10.15. To the post office we walked to mail your yesterday's letter and a card to Mrs. Reese. Then I did a little shopping and Jim tagged after me at a snail's pace. He still says "hello" to everyone he meets and observes everything about him. For the first time

he wore a little boys shirt and blue shorts plus a necktie. He does look grown-up in the outfit and is so proud of his tie. What a selection his Daddy has for him! When we arrived home we changed clothes and sun-bathed for the remainder of the day. To break up the monotony, I set a table and took out bridge tables for an outdoor lunch. Jim loved the idea and ate a good chicken dinner in the sunshine. We'll try it again to-morrow. Mom went to the hotel to see Bess and also brought her a small overnight case — just in case she needs it soon. By 6 we went indoors and took care of Jim's bath and supper and he fell asleep shortly after. I took a short walk to town for more fresh air and expect to read more of "The Sun Is My Undoing." Mom is visiting a neighbor and all is serene while I write to you, darling.

Hope you'll be in my arms soon and meanwhile take care of yourself. All my love and devotion to you and hugs and kisses from Jimmie. I love you more and more each day. Good-night, sweetheart. Best wishes from all the family.

Always yours,
Florence

Wednesday eve-
Aug. 29th 1945.

Dearest Sweetheart,

The crickets are out en masse, it's warm to-night and to-day was a real hot summer day. But Jim and I are well, quite comfortable in cool attire and had a pleasant day. Mom is visiting a neighbor again and I'm writing my only sweetheart.

Had a restfull night and Jim and I awoke about the same time, 7.45 a.m. Jim usually jumps into my bed, ruffles me up a bit and then says "Let's eat." Then we feed the kittens who have ravenous appetites and proceed with the orange squeezing, cooking of the cereal and this morning I made French toast. Mom then walks in and finishes up with Jim while I finish my breakfast. After the morning chores, we sun bathed and waited for the postman, our best friend. No mail again from you but I'm to expect anything these days — so you advised. I'm not really worried but would feel great if I get some notification of your pending move toward a boat. What a happy day that'll be for us.

After lunch Jim had a nap and we had a neighbor in to join us share some chicken sandwiches. We then decided to visit Bess and when Jim awoke we all drove to the lunges. I took my bathing suit and took both Jim and Jim as far as the deck, where we all just splashed our feet and had some fun. The water was too cold for me to swim in so I sat with

the babies. It was still early so we thought of going berry picking but had a big disappointment - no blackberries and very few blue berries. We saw Neffy for a moment and he looks O.K. but a little tired. The kids all left camp yesterday and now he has to clean up the place. Bess is very restless and just can't find a spot that's comfortable, otherwise she's fine.

On the way home I stopped in at the library where I picked up "Brave Men" by Ernie Pyle which was in reserve for me. Jim had a good supper and fell asleep about 8.15 to-night. He looks fine with his latest sun tan and I'm as dark as a coon and also feel swell. Enclosed is another snap of us and Jim you see is on the run.

I'll write the Jacks a few words and hope they'll come up for Labor Day. We've having a hot spell now and it's much better in the city. Well you're just fine and dandy, darling, and perhaps our wishes will come true soon.

Good-night, dearest, and I still love you with all my heart. Jim and I miss you terribly and can't wait until we hug and kiss you again. Love and kisses from both of us and best wishes from all the family.

Lovingly,
Florence

AFTER 5 DAYS, RETURN TO

Mrs. Florence Staff
41-Sandfield Ave
Monticello, N.Y.

MONTICELLO
AUG 30
1 30P
1944
N.Y.

VIA AIR MAIL

Cpl. George Staff (42050100)
CA-735-RWY OPN BN
APO # 350 c/o Postmaster
New York, NY