Tuesday, Sept. 19, 1944

Florence, my darling:

There are times when intuition and instinct tell us more than the written or spoken word. I guess this is one of those times. Your Saturday letter arrived, and it only served to reassure me that you and Jim were well and in good spirits, despite that devastating hurricane. Having experienced such storms before I presume we New Yorkers can take these hurricanes. Sorry to hear about the troubles it caused in the house, but it could be worse.

I'm glad you and Jim liked the toy, and I will endeavor from time to time to forward more toys and items of interest and joy to you. Hope mom and pop are not worrying too much, and

I'm looking to you to keep up their morale, and your own too. Had a letter from Bob and Jack Weber, and they are all right. Fran is still worrying, but working hard, and I suppose Bob will be a bombardier lieutenant before we realize it. Hope mom gets out to his graduation.

Kiss Jim for daddy, and have him kiss my sweetheart. My best to everyone, my love to you and Jim, and try not to worry.

As ever
George

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