

Feb. 7, 1944

Dear George:

It's been a hectic week end and I must have lost at least five pounds. It all started Saturday night when I left the store in a huff to be at Florence's early.

I arrived at about 10:45 to find Betty's baby sleeping in what was to have been my bed. So I doubled up with Florence and waited until Betty would come along to retrieve her child. He kept banging his head against Florence's and every time she sat up to fix him I got up too. We finally got to sleep and before we knew it we had to wake up again to start the day.

We got dressed and were looking forward to an ideal day at the Liebers. Your mother and dad came along to see your uncle Harry. And that's when it really started. The brat wouldn't sleep and insisted upon undoing me. My hair, earrings, dress and make up were a fright. Florence sat alone in the front so I had all the fun keeping him in check. When we finally arrived at the Liebers,

the supplies had to be unloaded. Florence insisted upon transporting everything but the bathtub. There was Jimmy's lunch in four small jars placed in a shoe box which was much too large. Then the blankets, duffel bag with his new night clothes, diapers, towels, aprons and all sorts of other junk. That's not all, his toys had to come along too - good thing she forgot his bath inette, crib and carriage. But those were eliminated to make room for your mother and dad. We stopped to buy a cake for the Lieber's, a nice creamy one that had to be handled with care. Nothing happened to it and it was a miracle.

By the time we got up to the apartment I was ready to take a bath and go to bed. But Jimmy had to have his lunch, so the Lieber's were running all over the place with chairs, dishes and toys to amuse Jimmy while he ate. I don't know how Florence does it but in spite of all the handicaps she manages to get the food into him.

He was placed in the boy's room next to a book case full of toys and books. Every single one of those tanks, guns, planes and soldiers were

disappointed and covered with apple - (2)
sauce and chicken. We cleaned up
most of the mess but I'm sure
Min will be finding bits of chicken
for the next six months. It took
two hours to finally quiet him
and make him sleep. I couldn't go
near him to relieve Florence.

I wonder if the Lieber's think
her as wonderful and as good, as
we describe him to be. And I'm
sure that we we left they were
the happiest family in the world.

I helped Florence unload the
truck when we got home. Put
Jimmy to bed and then we both
sat down to really take a
rest. I was too tired to go home so
I stayed last night too.

And now it's snowing so

I know that Florence will have a chance to catch up on some of her work. She prayed for nasty weather so she could complete some of the pinapores she had started.

Tuesday:

I couldn't finish the letter in the store yesterday so I'll continue with today's events.

Bessie and Hy came up to the house early this morning to say good-bye before leaving. They're going up to Sackett Lake for three or four weeks to rest up after a long hard-working winter. It was just good-bye then off they ran to see Florence.

Our (Sarah) maid has taken herself off to the south to sell her

mother and I expect she'll ^{be} gone for two weeks or so. In the meantime I'm the maid in the store (temporary I hope). I'm not doing the job too well for reasons you can well imagine.

"How do you like this variety of paper, or hadn't you noticed. If I run out of this the only other kind is too porous."

Florence probably told you about the coat she bought at Zachmann's. Well I couldn't resist the temptation and so I got one just like it in brown tweed.

On Saturday of this week I will have bought my first Bond from the Gaybell deduction plan. The four weeks flew

by and I didn't even feel
it.

Well I guess this just
about winds up this
letter. I'll try to write
again soon. Take care
of yourself in the meantime.
And let me know how
your stock of groceries
stand. Regards from Mom.
Love

P.S. This is a mess, but if
I write it over you may
not get it until next week.
Eleanor

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