

Belguin

19 February 1945.

Florence, dearest:

Another day closer to Victory and my inevitable return to your cozying arms. One of these fine days all this trying situation will suddenly collapse and there you and I will be in each other's arms wondering how we ever managed to be apart so long. It is quite simple to realize that our love is the sustaining factor, and each moment makes me understand more clearly all you mean to me. You are my everything, my sweetheart, pal, wife and confidante all rolled into the sweetest girl in the world; and I the lucky fellow to be at your side, to worship and adore you. If things such as these do not have the power to sustain separated sweethearts then no power on earth is capable of doing it. It will be a "hallelujah day" when we are as one again, and I repeat it to the world, always.

No mail from you yesterday or to-day, last night upon my return from Frank's home I found a letter from Bob containing 3 snapshots, a letter from Eleanor dated Jan 15th, and one from my folks dated Feb 7th. The latter is the most recent letter I have received up to the present writing. In to-day's mail I received one letter, from Mary - Phoenix, Ariz. She says nothing is unusual, but that surprises me very little.

Eleanor's letter really warmed the cables of my heart. She described Jimmy's antics of Sunday, Jan 15th. How he wanted to shovel snow, and then compromised for a snow-ball in the apartment, with which he surprised your mother in the "kitchen". Then to add injury to insult, or vice versa, he poured a glass of water on her face. I don't think that you are teaching him very nice things, if he does such naughty things, and you can hardly accuse me of having directed his actions. Eleanor described all this in her own inimitable manner, and I chuckled as I read the story. Incidentally where is she working these days?

As yet I have not received any more money from you and my total is still \$13.00. No more packages since the 4th of the other day. These contained the requests I sent you for Frank's family. Until I get home you will never be able to appreciate how much all this means to them. I read in the copy of the Sun you included that meat was getting scarcer daily, and that cheese was rationed. I hope you and Jimmy are managing to get all the necessities you need these days, and that you are not stinting yourselves anything because of the high cost of living. Take every precaution for the yours and Jimmy's health, and think nothing of the cost.

It's a pity you cannot arrange a summer place for both of you. I know how difficult this will be than the newspapers or agencies. That experience several years ago taught us plenty. This problem of a summer home is one of those post-war subjects that we'll take care of as soon as possible. In any event keep after it, and let me know how you fare. Should you take the car out of storage this spring or summer, I suggest you have it thoroughly checked and overhauled before doing much driving. Also want you to carry liability insurance on it, or do no driving. Give the policy to Aridler this time. In yesterday's letter I discussed the cancellation of a useless life insurance policy. Please be sure to acknowledge receiving this letter, so that there is no confusion as to what I want done, and with which policy.

There is little if note taking place there here. The weather is milder, people seem more hopeful that the end of the European phase is in sight, and I continue to love you more than ever. Hope you enjoy some of the snapshots I've sent home in this and the last few letters. I have more to develop, and Joe has many more he is supposed to send me. They'll be coming then soon so sit tight. As soon as the weather moderates back home I want you'd send me a picture (snapshot) of yourself and Jimmy without winter clothing on. I sure want to see how much he has grown in the past 6 months and how well you look.

How is Helma coming along after all her many troubles? Did Maurice get home? How is Bob making out in his present phase of training? Did my packages arrive? Let me know when you give Max. Pincus and Fran the perfume. Don't take any requests for any more of the stuff, as I may never get to Paris again, in this war. But you and I are going to visit Europe and all the high lights some day in the future. How does Jim like his banking set and box? Is there anything you want besides a hat from Paris — and me?

Keep smiling. Lonely. Tempus fugit, all is well with me, and I'm more optimistic than ever. Kiss Jim for his daddy and I'll kiss you in mail. My very best to everyone, and all my love and adoration
as ever,

George

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