

Tuesday, Dec. 21st - 1943.

Florence, darling:

Your letters of Sunday and Saturday seem to convey the impression that either you are in the sloughs of despondency, or that you have not been feeling too well, lately. I hope that I have misinterpreted your words, and I wish you would assure me that all is well. Everyone attempts to advise that you and Jimmy are quite well but lonesome. Please give me the facts, and don't let me worry about nothing, if I have wrongly construed the situation. I know you are lonesome, and that living alone with Jimmy is not the best arrangement for you, dear, but I also know of other set-ups that could be less desirable. Keep smiling, honey-child, the toughest part of our present separation is over, and we must adjust ourselves to the inevitable. You have always been strong and courageous, even when the situation seemed blacker than this one, and this time must be no exception. Tempus fugit, and soon we'll be together again, you, Sunny Jim and me. Don't worry, dear, about me. My outfit has so many married men in it with children that when we find a single boy we marvel how he managed to get in to the unit. Every man has the same problem you and I are faced with, and only Time and Patience will solve it for all of us. So please don't let yourself go, and even if I am not with you in the flesh, you know I'm always with you spiritually. I feel first rate physically; have done no physical work in about 10 days; my present assignment keeps me in an office all day, and is right up my alley. My accounting and office administration training is being put to use, and I feel quite at home on the job. It's secret work, and I can't tell you about it. I have no idea when I'll be finished here, but I'll keep you constantly advised of my current address.

Reading about Sunny Jim and his cute little antics surely was a treat. I guess he acquired that sense of pleasant odds from both his parents; as for bath-tub stunts, that certainly must pay off in much pleasure and luffiness. I am anticipating those snapshots you are forwarding, and wish I could reciprocate, but cameras are forbidden, and I can't have a photo taken at present.

Remember when we apparently passed West, certainly were in



sent you a picture of myself. Glad that you had a day of rest on Sunday, but surprised you had no visitors. However, everyone has been so co-operative up to the present that I guess they are entitled to a day off.

I wrote Arthur Kicher a letter of Congratulations, and I am anxious to hear the reactions to same. Let me know if anything is said. Incidentally I hope you attend his party with Danny, and have a good time. Just take one drink for me. Received a box of Candy from J. Roffput to-day, which he had mailed on the 9th of Dec. They were the usual Costle candies, and it sure tasted like something from home - suggest you don't bother with Cands this year, and just thank those who send any. I wrote Mayers, but have received no reply. Ditto with Mrs. Reese. Cannot understand it, but I expect they are quite busy with Xmas.

Will endeavor to phone you Xmas or next Sunday morning early if Call is not censured. Until tomorrow, though, with every hope that this finds you and Sunny Jim well, and in excellent spirits, you find me holding my end of this set-up cheerfully. With a kiss in mind, and loveings you always,

As ever

Gg.

Note this address, until further advice

Pvt. GEO. STOFF (42050100)

NO PE DETACHMENT.

1/2 POSTAL OFFICER

CAMP LIVINGSTON. LA.



Pat. Sec. Staff (4060100)
NO 66 DETACHMENT
90 POSTAL OFFICER,
Camp Livingston, La.

Dec. 21

AIR-MAIL



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