

Friday afternoon
Feb. 11th 1944.

George, my dearest,

Congratulations, dear husband, on our anniversary.

Baby and I are fine and love you more than ever.

The ward outside is covered with a white icing just like a wedding cake. It's been snowing all day to commemorate another Friday six years ago, and even Nature has a hand in making me feel like a bride again to-day. The groom will make his appearance soon, I hope, but in the interim his son will do the honors of making me happy and not too lonesome. I hope you've had a happy day.

Good old Mayers sent us a card and I'll write to him to-night. Helma and Joel also sent ^{me} ~~me~~ and all the folks called to congratulate us. Billy Rubel called this morning to wish us all the happiness possible under the circumstances and also sent us a ^(to-day) money order as a gift. He picked a swell time to make good his bet that he and I made some months ago but I thanked him and told him that he shouldn't have sent it. It's embarrassing to take so much kindness from one person. He's sure one of the grandest guys we know and we'll

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have to send him a little something on his birthday
or anniversary (try to find out the dates) Last night Ralph
Weinberg called and chewed my ears off - his kids had a few
sieges of illness - scarlet fever and now small pox and he
hasn't had too much time to write. His best regards to you.

I called Mr. Pinus at his home last night and discovered
he wasn't too well - he's been having some kidney condition
since Monday and today he called me to tell me that
he doesn't know definitely yet about his kidneys. He was
also glad to hear about the good news. At 10 A.M. this morn.
I called Mrs. Brown to tell him the latest about you and
he was very happy to know that you're doing so well.
He also received your picture and letter. My aunt left
last night and will come again to visit us some day
next week. She is A.M. and even tried to ease things a
bit while she was here for the day. Jimmie likes her
too - I guess he's just a baby who doesn't know his own
mind. (gosh)

Did I mention that your mother received her gift
in good condition? Thanks from Mom. About the lease. It
seems that the paint job isn't stated in the lease and when
I spoke to Arnold yesterday was told that Napoli doesn't
want to paint any other rooms but the kitchen and bathroom.
But he'll speak to him again on the 15th of Feb and
will try to get him to do our other rooms (no bedroom)

I'll keep you posted on the faint situation
 altho' it isn't too important if it isn't done.

Baby and I are indoors again today and it's
 lots of fun to play with him. He has so many nice
 toys now - but he does get bored so easily with
 them. His vocabulary is about the same and
 I honestly think he needs his Daddy around
 for more than one reason. You'll have the
 job of teaching him to stand up and walk with the
 thing. He only does it while sitting and is not
 fully trained - I catch him most of the time and
 fortunately have no dirty diapers anymore. His size
 2 overalls are getting small and his undershirts
 are going to be put away real soon.

Julius just called to congratulate us and
 sends his best to you. Betty and Ben were also elated
 at the good news and send you their best regards.
 They again offered to take care of baby to-night so
 that I could have a free evening. I haven't decided
 what I'll do as yet.

^{re-}In that package of letters, I read some of
 them and I discovered that you were con-
 sidering joining an outfit that ~~was~~ ^{is} to be

trained for overseas action. What goes on
George or ~~am~~ am I being kept in the
dark? You did mention some time ago that
Nat Reiter wanted you in his outfit so if that's
the outfit that was mentioned I'll stop worrying
at this instant. After that school training is
finished do you think you'll be kept in the
States? If possible, my darling, let me know
all the details. I'm still very happy and
proud of you and hope that the school work
will not prove too difficult.

With all the love that's in my heart
on this very special day and all other
days, I am

Yours always,

Florence

P.S. A hug and kiss from baby.

I'll send money again when I get the new address.

P.S. I just had to open up this letter to tell you
that Billy and Jules sent the most beautiful bouquet
of flowers to your wife. A few tears of joy slipped
out and I called them both to thank them. What
a swell bunch of guys you know, dearest.



STATION



Priv. George Hoff (42050100)
Co A. 5th Bn TC-UTC
Camp Plaque
New Orleans, La.

Mrs. G. Staff
3021 Ave B
Bklyn. N.Y.