

Saturday aft & eve
March 11th 1944.

Dearest Sweetheart and Daddy,

Melba and I are now listening
to the opera "Falstaff" and the music
is quite lively and its ^{being} sung in English.

Baby is skipping about and hugging the
bar for excitement while I'm getting
off a few letters. Wrote to Bob twice this
week and thanks for the New Squadron
number. He's getting a little break - those
extra weeks may make a lot of difference.
All I hope and pray for now is that
you're not sent overseas but I guess
that bridge hasn't been reached yet.

While out shopping to day I had the good
 fortune to get a foret house ~~steak~~ for
 the first time in months. Did I mention
 (Charlie^{Tom})
 that I got a bottle of rum for Eleanor and
 a bottle of whiskey for Top whom I'll
 give it to as an Easter gift. It's Schenley's
 (3.56) Royal Reserve. The scotch is too high in
 price and I don't think it advisable to be
 that extravagant at present.

So happy to know you had such
 beautiful weather on that picnic and
 from your descriptions of the country, you
 sound romantic. In fact, you've always
 been romantic, darling, whether as a

"civil" or a private. That Wednesday
letter found an impatient lady - in -
waiting and please do be careful while
you're out on the range.

The car hasn't been used in a week so I
I'll probably give it a short run to-morrow
and I'll also pay Allen the bill. Mr. K
Napoli hasn't received the lease yet, Sam
still hesit, and I think they want
your signature. Will advise you further
on the lease when Mr. Napoli comes to
the house.

Spoke to Pop late in the afternoon and
he and Mum left the store early because of
no heat. I'll see them to-morrow.

Just spoke with Eleanor who'll be here
later with the paper, make corners for the "snaps"
(I ran short) and some rolls. The forecast
for to-morrow is rain in afternoon and eve.
The war news is good - Berlin isn't even a
town any more and Florence is getting it.
(Sally)
So my hopes are high again, dearest Stage.

Baby is asleep now (7.15) and before his
suffer managed to throw a pencil down the
toilet. His cheeks are rosy, he's gaining
weight and I wish his Daddy sees him
soon. Your son will be $1\frac{1}{2}$ years old ~~soon~~ in 2 wks.

My love for you is stronger than ever
and I don't worry too much about baby
and me. We're fine and dandy.

A kiss and hug from Jimmie and all my
love and devotion to you. Always, Florence



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