

Friday eve —
Jan. 14th 1944.

George, my darling,

After mailing your letter last night, I looked up at the sky and had no luck in witnessing the eclipse. I gather it wasn't visible to the naked eye but I did get a grand view of millions of bright stars and most of the constellations. This universal is not hell of a place at present but perhaps some day soon again it'll be a beautiful world and then our lives will get a bright start again. Meanwhile, my dearest, I still love you with all my heart and that chin is still way up.

Your Tuesday letter arrived this afternoon

and from what you write, it'll be at least 2 months more before we see each other. Sometime ago you wrote that your basic wound only take 4 to 6 weeks. What goes on, dear? I'm glad that you finally got your pay - when do you get a raise?

Ben got me a pair of flat heeled red esmondille shoes - inexpensive but comfortable - I also ordered another pair in green. Both for \$4 exchange. They're grand for slacks and driving. Also bought baby a new toy  - it's built very weak and he's already broken part of it. What an adorable little rogue he is but also so sweet and lovable. His teeth are acting up again but his spirits are still as gay as ever.

He's growing so tall and his face is so nicely formed with that cute little nose and those wide awake eyes. I did notice that his hair is getting a bit darker but it's as curly as ever. He knows how to brush his hair, remove his socks and also his shoes. This afternoon he helped me fold some clothes and handed each piece to me very carefully and he just loves to be useful.

Most of the afternoon I spent out-doors with Jimmie and the sun felt so good. spoke to the folks - all's well on both home fronts. Regards from all and Eleanor got your letter to-day.

Was that card sent as a souvenir
or am I to fill in my name on that
"Reformers' Permit." Sometimes I know I'm
very wrong about things - but to err is
human. Guess I shouldn't take life too
seriously especially when life is so short.
So that chin's up again, dear George.

Baby's asleep now and I have a date
with the radio to-night - good programs
and maybe Betty or Winnie will be
down soon.

So, until to-morrow, my darling,
all my love and devotion and a
Great big kiss from Sunny Jim.

Always yours,
Pharrel

Eraser enclosed.



Int. George Stoff (42250100)
Co A - 5th Bn.
Camp Plauche
New Orleans, La.

Mrs. J. Stoff
3021 Ave I
Bklyn. N.Y.