

Wednesday eve -
May 17th 1944.

My darling;

Today is six months since you've started your army life and we all hope that within the next six months, if not sooner, you'll be coming home for that permanent furlough to all those who love you so much. I'll keep wishing and some day my prayers will be answered.

Baby and I are feeling swell, hope you're the same and your folks are fine. This morning there was no mail from you or anyone else. Last night it rained quite hard ~~and~~^{so} I didn't go down to mail your letter but Mrs. Smith, who lives at the end of the hall was kind enough to mail your letter and also one to Bob. I listened to the radio programs,

Spoke to Betty who came in for a short visit and later pressed some of your hankies and Jimmie's things.

Fortunately, the colored girl came in this morning (10.45) and I was quite happy to have her do the windows and bed room rug plus the apartment. I think I'll give the living room rug out to shampoos and store, if it's O. K. with you. The weather was perfect 8-day and in the afternoon, after the girl finished, I walked with Jimmie to Thelma's place. Jack came home last night and looks quite pleased to be ~~here~~. I just hope that everything turns out well for him and Thelma too. My mother was there and also a neighbor, who likes Jack very much. We didn't stay too long because of Jimmie's supper but I may see them again.

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To-morrow and if the weather is
nice, I'll drive to Prospect Park or
the beach.

My friend Betty called and
is still working and can't gain any
weight. She's still worried about
Bernie and also her brother, who is ill.
Also called the folks and they're
in good spirits.

How are you faring, my dearest
and are there any more rumors?
I still will never understand the
army and I don't think I'll try.

Baby looked so sweet today, in
short pants and pastel calos. I took
the trolley from Thelma's and he was
all excited about that short ride—
his first one. He looks a bit heavier
and has a nice sunburn and a
sturdy little frame. Now he loves to
tease the kids and then run away.

Like his daddy with the girls -
before he got married. Gosh, darling,
how I miss you since that Sunday
afternoon you left for mine. May-
be it's love plus the spring.

It's time for me to get the
clothes out of the machine, so until
to-morrow, all my love to you
and a kiss and hug from precious.

Keep well and we'll do the
same. I love you as always.

Sincerely yours,
Florence.



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