

Wednesday eve —
Jan. 12th - 1944.

George, my darling,

Baby is falling asleep now and I hope I'll have the evening to dream of you. My day was so busy with my sisters and Mother and I may have mentioned your name at least 50 times. Were your ears burning, my sweetheart? You're still everything good and wonderful in my life and to read how you feel about me in your daily letters makes it even more beautiful and wonderful when it's mutual. To love and be loved seems to be the most important factor in anyone's existence, & isn't it?

When I awakened this morning, I had a corking headache but got rid of it within an hour. It was the result of a dream

2

I had about my pretty red coat. I
dreamt that the makers had a swell feast
on all that red material and leopard and
I was upset because I couldn't find the
name of the weavers to mend it. But it was
only a dream and my coat is O.K. No mail
in the morning but I was fortunate to get your
Sunday letter in the afternoon. Your letters
are eligible and how proud I am of each
one. The sweetest love story is being written
while history is also in the making.

Biddy Rubel called early this morn.
and later on Mr. Pinney. All's well with both.
I picked up my sister Bern at 11 o'clock and
drove with Jimmie. She and the baby spent most
of the day with me and in the early afternoon
my mother and Thelma and Joel came here and
also stayed a few hours. We had a chocolate
cake and tea party and baby Jan sweeties

just like a factory whistle. He's a very smart baby but no precious to me is still "Tops".

With all the excitement here, I put baby's shoes on left to right and vice versa and near supper time I noticed it. The time flew and another day had gone by - one day closer to that inevitable meeting, dearest.

Am enclosing ^{you} and will continue until further notice. You sound as though you had a good time on Sunday which makes me very happy and the thought of your faithfulness makes me even ^{more} proud to have such a good husband. I was born under a lucky star, the fact that I did meet you and ~~and~~ your wife proves it.

As anytime as I am to be near you, my darling, I have no desire to live in N. O. I realize the living conditions are below standard and I also fear for baby's health. I'll

wait until eternity if necessary, and
what a grand reunion we'll have then.

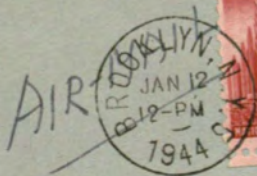
In the meantime, my heart is much
gay, my nights are more restful, my
appetite picking up and my chin is up.
Your little world is getting along O.K.
And altho' I'm jumped about my income
by various bodies, I say not a word.
It's our secret and we'll keep it ^{etc} that for
many years to come. Your folks are O.K. and
we may go visiting together on Sunday.

Keep well, my love, and all my
warm love and devotion to you as
always. Many kisses from baby dear.

As ever,

Florence

P.S. Bea settled that case (when she fell
many months ago when I was with her in N.Y.C.)
Amount \$350 - 50% to the lawyer. Not bad.



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