

Monday aft—
early eve
Nov. 13.

Dearest beloved,

What a pleasant surprise I had last night. Irving Greaser called about 9 o'clock and I was thrilled to know all about you and his opinion of you. Honestly, darling, I must have asked about a hundred questions concerning you and the work you're doing. We were a bit upset about his leaving camp just at this time because of the end of the basic training and I guess circumstances made it necessary for him to come home because of the death of his father-in-law. Our troubles always seem lighter when we listen to the other fellow's story. If it's possible for him to visit us, we may see him

one day this week. He's fond of you and really was glad that you came through with flying colors in your school work.

My mom called soon after, just arrived from the country and had a nice time at Bess's. The country is so cold but we hardly feel it because of the dry air. She sends her best regards to you. The H. Busts are fine.

After Eleanor left for the movies, I continued with the album and am now up to the year 1935. What memories those pictures bring back to me! The best years are yet to come, the very special year 1937 is the one I'll always remember. That's the year I met my beloved, you, and I really am a very lucky girl.

I still love you with all my heart,
George, darling, and am patiently waiting
for that day when I'll be starting out
to be near the most wonderful ~~pal~~ in
the world. Gosh how I miss you.

Baby and I are fine, the folks are
well and the weather is getting milder.
It did rain last night and this morning
~~but~~ the sun came out in the afternoon.
I called Fup this morning to tell him
about Irving's call and we're all so
happy to know that you have that
outdoor complexion and that you're well.
How much do you weigh now? The truth.

he wants some more. If you still need a flashlight, I'll try to send one. Let me know. Hope you have nice weather all week and again, please be careful. You know how much I dislike guns.

Enclosed find statement from Estabrook.

I don't know if it's important, therefore the enclosure. Do you need any money? Wearing apparel?

Boby throws back his head and runs to the door ^{every time} ~~every time~~ someone leaves. He also had a swell time playing with the soda bottles all morning. In the afternoon Thelma and Jack paid us a short visit and later my mother came too. They're all well and send their regards

Mr. Pincus also showed from the office and
he sounds swell. He's cheerful and feels much
better. Our stocks are moving up slowly and
business is pretty good. He sends his best to
you and will write to you more often now.

To-day is one year that my father is dead
and I was thinking about him all day long.
It seems as though it only happened a short
while ago but your absence already seems
like years. Loving each other so devotedly
makes the time seem like an eternity.

In the morning mail I received your
Thursday letter and also the schedule for
the week. The package you sent last week came
in good condition and Pop only got the blades
yesterday so I don't know whether or not

This is very private. Jimmie knows how to
say test and knows where it is. I'm a bad
mommy but I only said it once ^(TEST) and that
word he remembers. That's the little wolf in
him, I guess. He's eating very nicely, look-
ing swell and is growing quite tall. Soon
he'll be shedding his snowsuits and that'll be
the end of a very long winter. Spring
will be so welcome this year for many
many reasons. Just the thought of seeing
you in person is enough reason at present.

Bob wrote to Pop and Mom today and
says he's well. I'll try to write to him
to-morrow — last letter I wrote him was
on Sat. night.

Baby doesn't get the bottle any more when
he goes to bed. I feed it to him ^(open) after supper
and then I put him in the crib and say
"Good-night" and I don't forget to move the
crib away from the wall otherwise he
puts on the lights. He falls asleep shortly
and that's the best way. I keep looking
at him while he's asleep and see you as
you were when you were a little boy. You
must have been as cute as hell but
you'll never admit it.

I kept my promise and wrote a lengthy
letter but reading it aloud makes me think
of a merry-go-round. I sure jump around
with my thoughts.

Keep well, darling, have a nice

Quiet week in the country and write all
about it.

In the meantime, you have all of my
heart and a hug and kiss from Sunny
Jim.

Sincerely yours,
Florence

P.S. Forgot to tell you. Mrs. Tushin's nephew
is at your camp. You'll hear from him
shortly. I of will write the details.



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