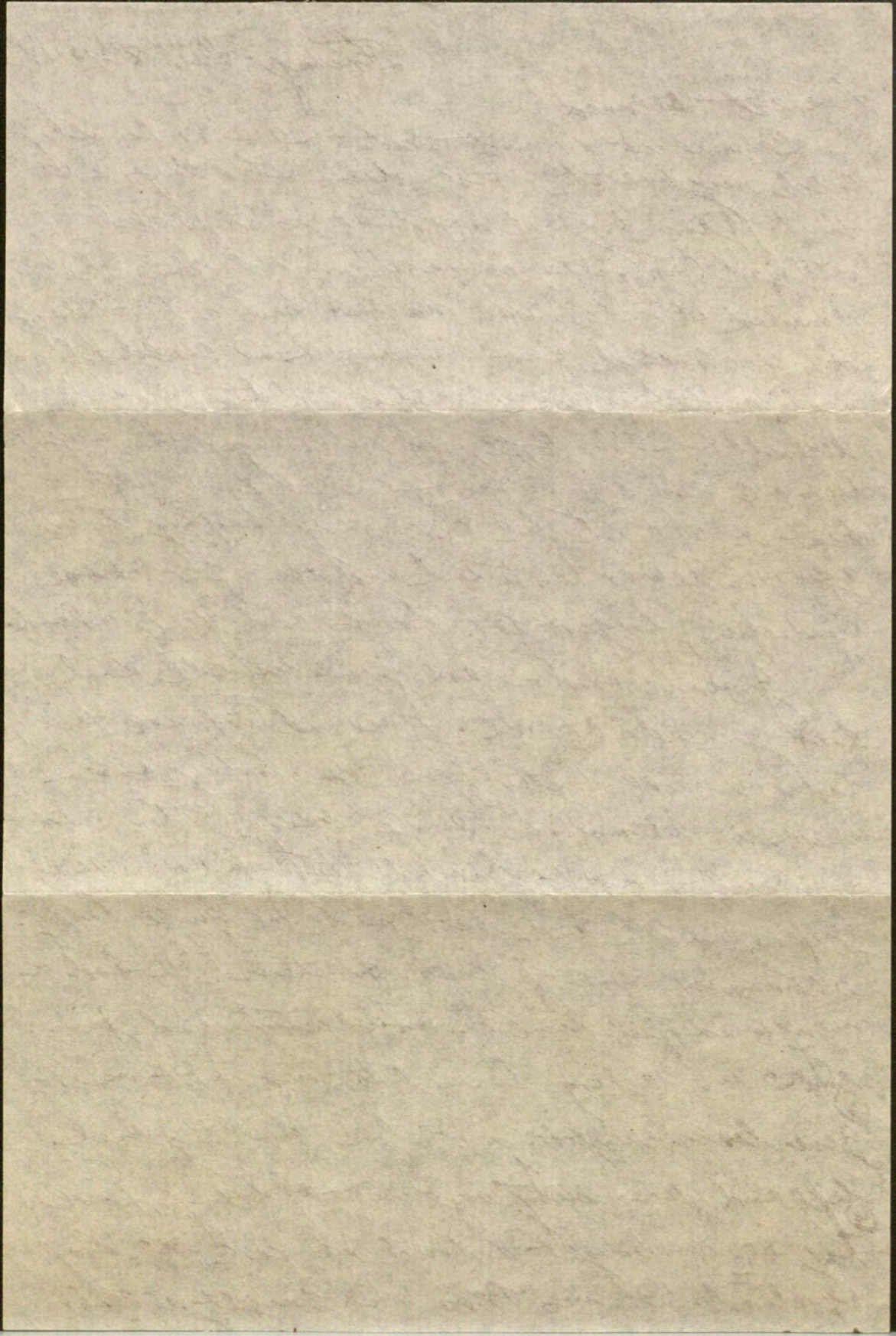


Friday - Dec. 8th 1944

Dearest Beloved,

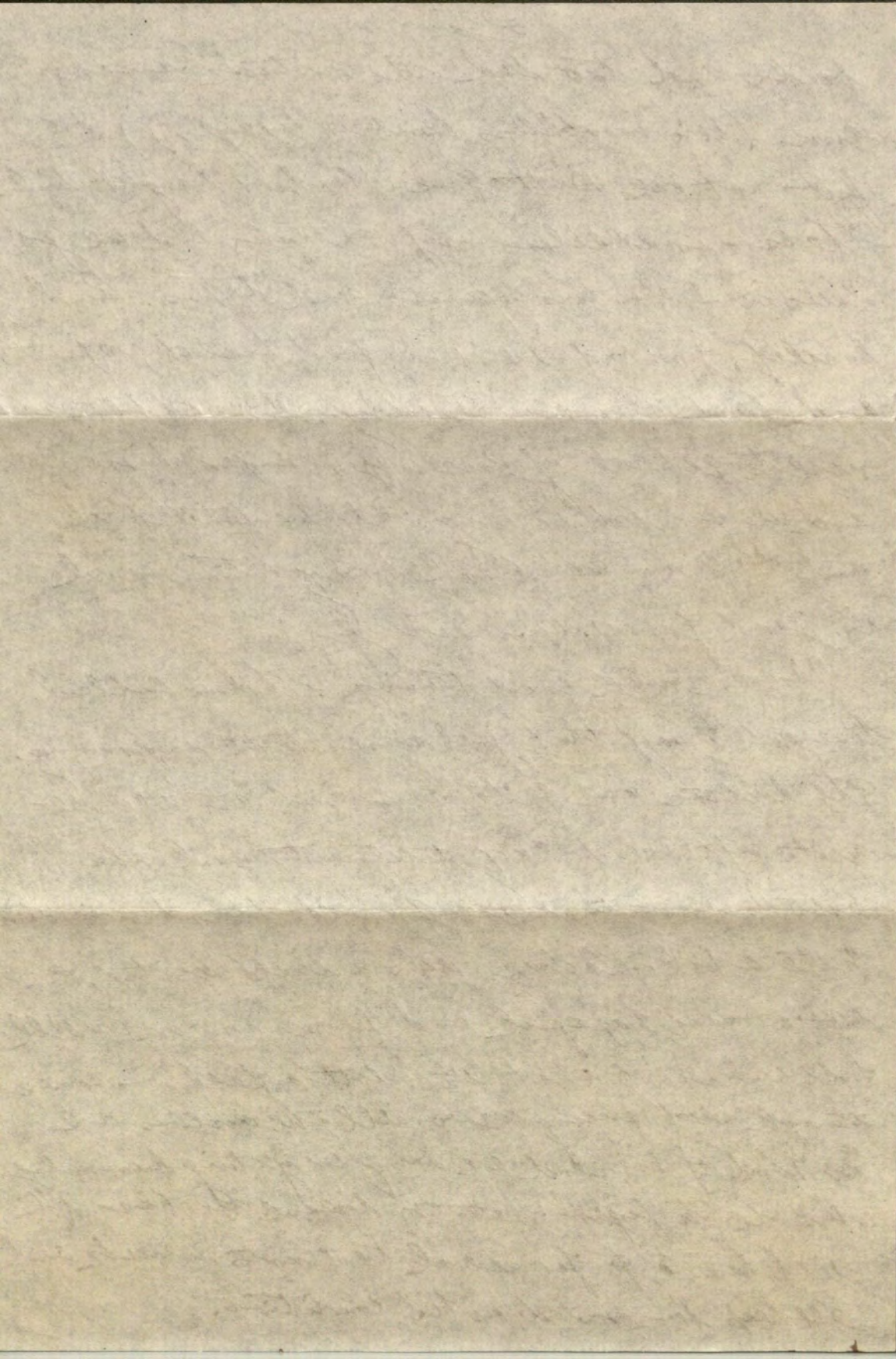
Believe it or not but I can hardly catch my breath these days. The days are just flying by and my time is so well utilized. In fact, it was Harry Brown who remarked that his son Matthew had a birthday this week and for a moment I couldn't realize that we're already in the month of December. I do hope, my darling, that your days are also going fast and before we know it we'll be one very happy trio again. The war has to end and then for those wonderful, longed for days and years ahead.

Genmie and I are just swell and don't you doubt me. Mom and Pop are fine, had a v-mail letter from you today and also keep themselves quite busy. This morning's mail brought your letters of November 24 and 26th and both made me quite happy. I'll answer some of your questions. We had a very wonderful time on our vacation and Jim and I are looking forward to our next visit. Jim loves everything we love, darling, and his love and personality ooze out of every pore. He never brought a bond or gave me drop of blood. It was Bess who bought all the



bonds and too bad she's stuck with him (he's worthless (not in his eyes)) In fact not one Bast gave blood or bought bonds. The car is at allars - up in black and we go sales in public conveyances and taxis. And lastly, Jim and I are in good health, spirits and just miss you terribly. It would be so nice to get one of your super-duper kisses and a great bear hug. I'll be fat as a pig and keep my mind and body active and in good form. Also now Jim's.

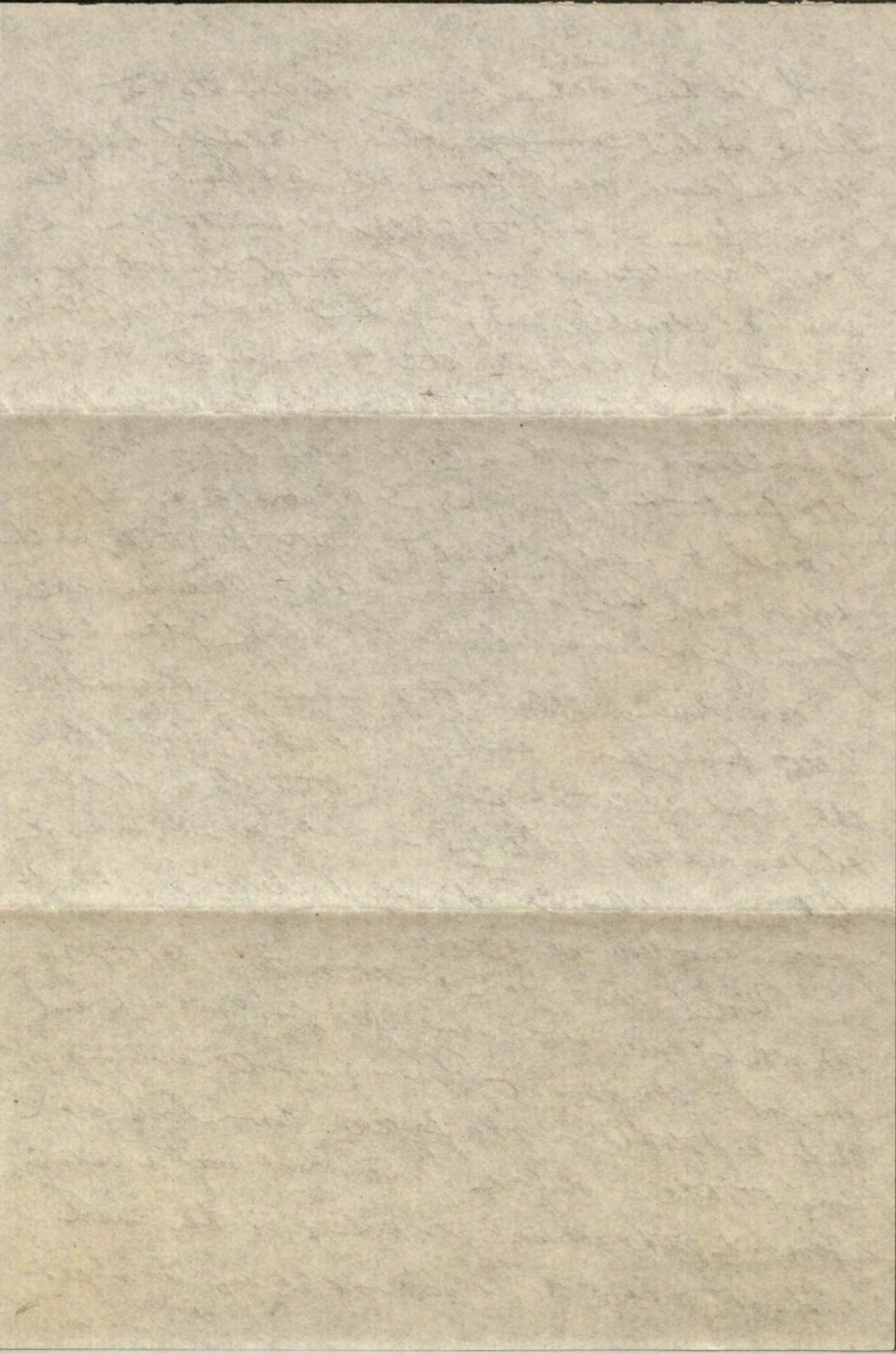
Here are more good tidings. Thelma called tonight to say that Joel seems to be improving. The doctors are quite surprised at the results of those X-ray treatments and the pictures show that the growth has diminished quite a bit. Thelma feels a little better, a little more hopeful and from now on we'll hope and pray that the little fellow comes through with flying colors. All the doctors are so fond of him and are doing everything humanly possible to fight whatever disease he has. He still has to go for several treatments a week and I'll keep you posted on his condition.



If you had a chance, try to write to
 Helma or did I suggest it already? Hope
 you had some mail from me but how can you
 miss when I write daily. I wrote you a
 V-mail yesterday and mentioned something
 about a calendar. I forgot I couldn't enclose
 anything so here are the calendars. It takes
 me quite a time to type so do you mind if
 I write in long hand. V-mail does come
 the fastest so far, so I'll write another
 V-mail to-night. Expect to write letters to Joseph
 Shapiro and the Whitmans later. Received the
 form you signed for the bank, thanks.

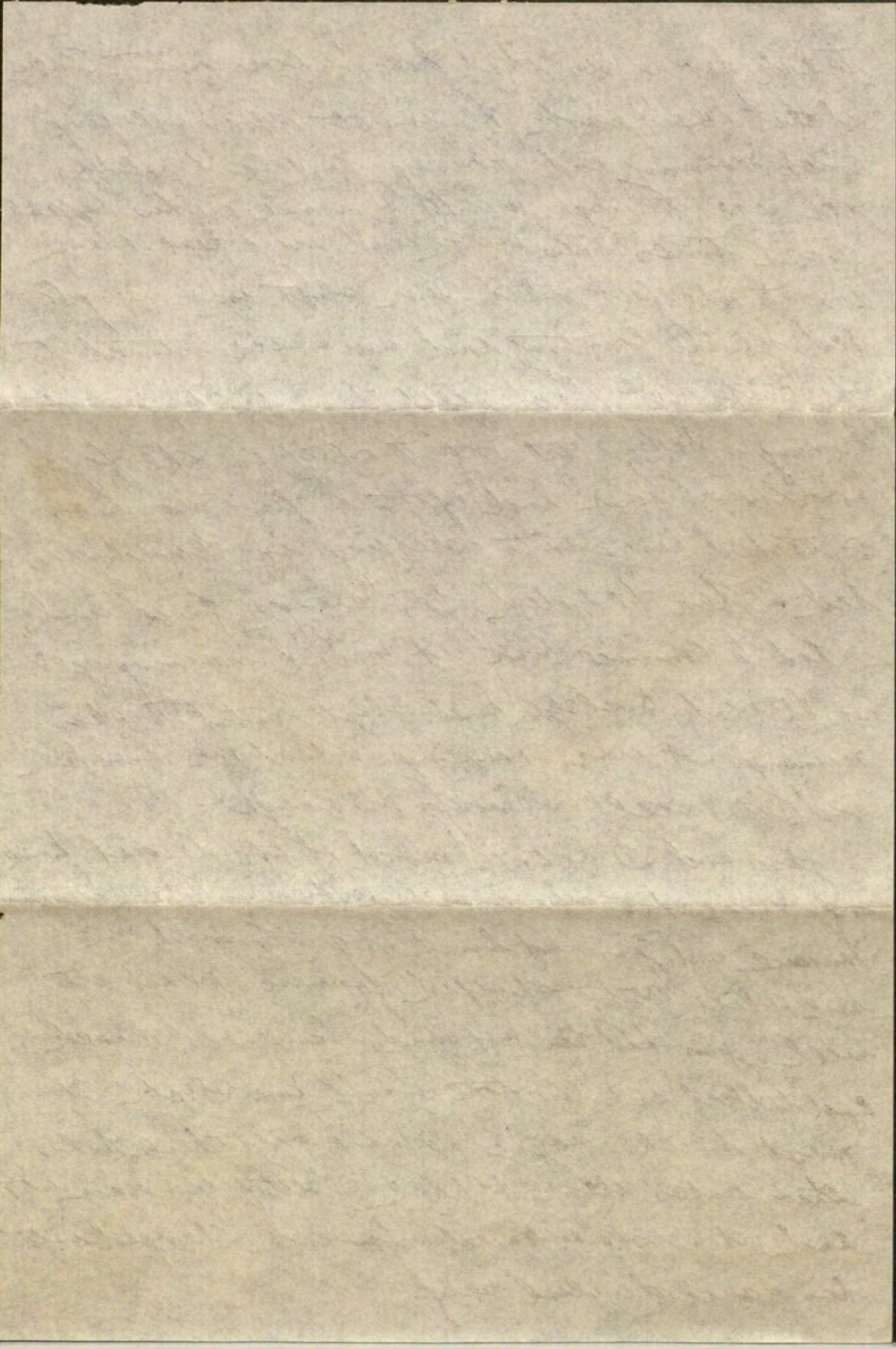
Mr. Pinus called this morning, received a
 letter from you and is fine. He looked up
 the dividend that you mentioned and it
 only amounted to \$8.75 - I think it was a
 McLesson and Robbin's dividend check. We'll be
 getting another one soon.

Until now I've written this letter in
 our club chair with my feet curled up and
 I've got to change into your favorite writing
 chair and table in the foyer. Now I'm more
 comfortable and can also read my writing.
 Jimmie, the rascal, is asleep in his crib
 and let's hope he doesn't wake up to-night.



to ask for a vis that doesn't come out. Then if that doesn't work, he insists upon sleeping with Mommy and Mommy just can't sleep all night through with Jimmie. This happened several times this week and may have been due to the fact that Jim slept in a single bed up the country and isn't accustomed to the crib yet. Last night he asked to go into Mommy's bed, told me to sleep in the "fyer" or "liv'-room" and after a few moments I tucked him into sleeping in Daddy's bed. Then he asked for "orange juice" and I had to convince him it wasn't morning yet so he went to sleep and slept until this morning. It was raining when we awoke and it's still raining to-night.

Jim and I spent most of the day at home and managed to visit Betty during the afternoon. Laurence and Jim had lunch together with me here while Betty shopped for us. We all ate well, Jim had his nap and Laurence behaved and talked in a low tone while Jim slept. It must be the magic I wave over these kids that makes them behave. Betty came in later and when she appeared Laurence changed into his usual devilish self.



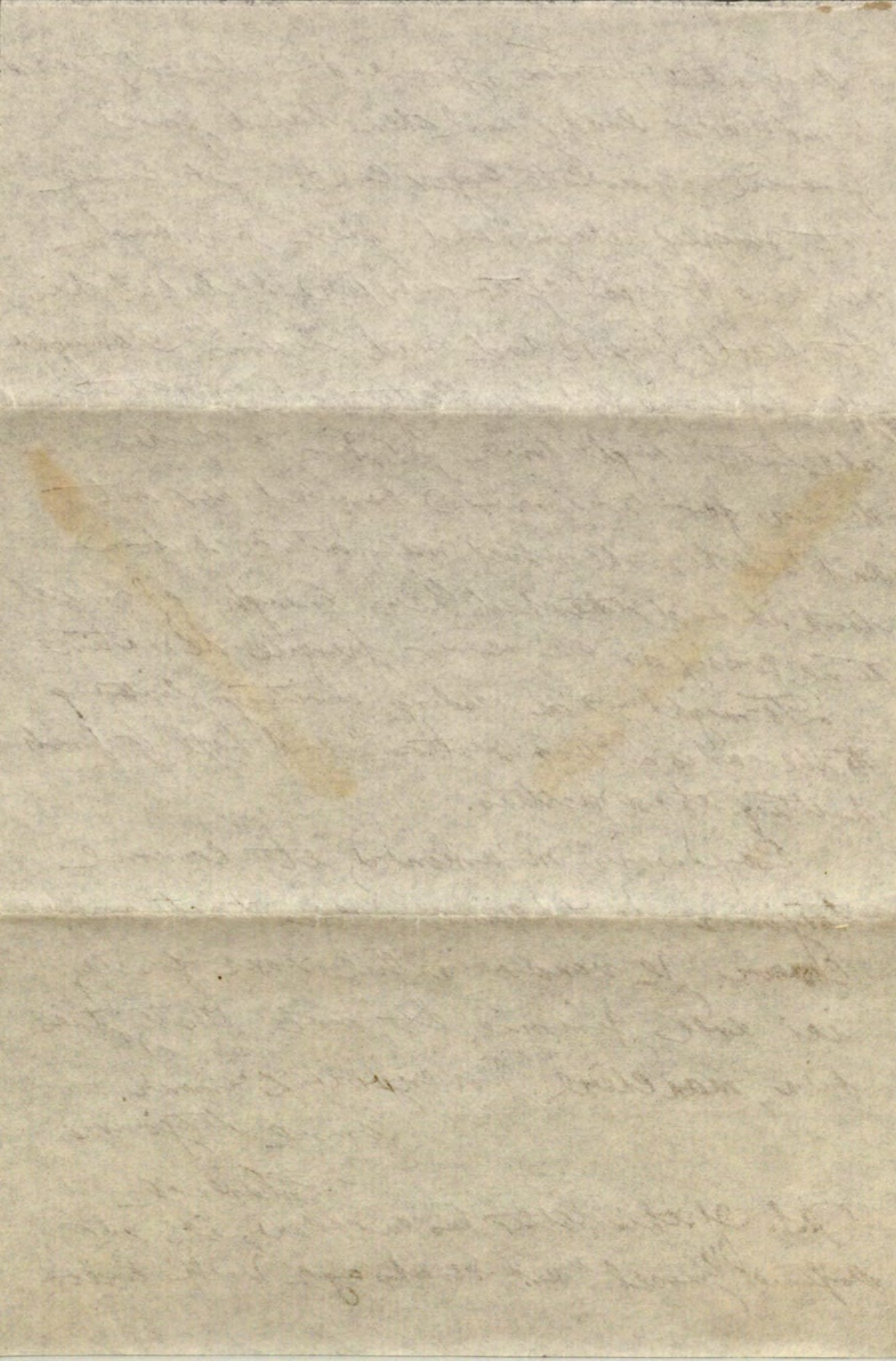
During the afternoon, Jim and I played, talked to our dearest Daddy and then baked your favorite - chocolate layer cake. It came out simply delicious and when Jim had his piece & night after supper, he liked his tea little finger and said "delicious." I brought up a good size cut for Betty and in return she later brought down for Jim a chicken dinner for tomorrow. I bawled her out and told her she upset my routine but I took it and charked her. Enough of small time gossip so au revoir, jusque le matin.

To-night, I'm reading, writing, listening to the radio's "Long Busters" and hope to finish knitting those mittens.

Bon soir, m'amour, et comme toujours, je t'aime avec tout mon ~~cœur~~ cœur. Je voudrais que vous fussiez ici avec Jimmie et moi. Betty très bien, ma chère. Jim espère l'amour. Comme toujours

Harold

P.S. If this letter has an addressee, it's the perfume "Yvonne" sent 2 weeks ago. Worth's Perfumes.



AFTER 3 DAYS RETURN TO

Mrs. Florence Staff

3021 Avenue J

Brooklyn 10, N.Y.



VIA AIR MAIL

Cpl. George Staff (42050100)
Co A - 735 Bwy OPH BN
APO # 562 - c/o Postmaster
New York - N.Y.

