

Wednesday evening,
May 31st 1944.

George, my darling,

It was a hot summer day and I didn't make an effort to move far from the house with baby. You know that breeze along the side of the house is always there and it's the coolest spot around in this kind of weather. The only objection is the women and kids and this time there's a new crop of babies and mothers so we're not too lonesome for any length of time. Jimmie has his usual fun with the youngsters, running up and down the block, in and out of the lobby and now trying to go into the gutter. When he makes the slightest attempt to do that, I put him into the carriage strapped as punishment but not for long, Daddy, because he does have to run around and grow up.

Lately I've missed you so much, dearest, that I'm doing all I can to control myself from just packing up and going out to you. Joel's forthcoming operation is the only necessary event to keep me here at the moment and also the outcome of the request for the transfer. Hope both turns out for the best. I didn't visit him at the hospital to day but did manage to get Helma on the telephone while she was visiting him. There was no news about the date of the operation so we'll probably know

2

what's what in a day or so. Your brother Sam is coming along all right and wrote a letter to Day to day telling the details. Mom still doesn't know about Sam and Pop called me a short time ago to say how worried he was and that Mom has a feeling something's wrong. They tried to get in touch with her until 7.15 p. m. but there was no answer! So I called her at 7.45, she answered and said all was O. K. and she was calling Pop to tell him the same. You're sure got a family of champion worriers, my love.

Received your letters of Saturday and Sunday and also a letter from Peggy Whitman. Glad to know you're feeling fine and that you managed to have a nice time Saturday night and Sunday afternoon. About that job for Joe's home, do as you wish but it does strike me a bit funny. You know you're on a vacation so why not relax and take full ^{again} advantage of it. Who knows when you'll be able to travel, and see the world for free? The Whitmans are well, still like Calif. but miss Brooklyn and friends like us. Where did we leave that before?

Baby and I are well, the folks and family are O. K. and all is quite under control at home. I still love my best sweet heart more than ever and do hope we'll be together soon. Stay well, darling, and try not to get too lonesome. I sure love you, baby so learning to love me for you, but I do want you. Good night.

as always,
Florence



Cpl George Staff (42050100)
Co A 735 Hwy Opn BN
Ft. Snelling, Minn.

X

Mrs. Farnel Stiff

3021 Ave D

Bklyn 20, N.Y.

