

Monday evening
May 22nd 1944.

George, sweetheart,

Just finished quite a lengthy letter to Bob, full of gossip and Gimmie and I hope he isn't bored with it. This morning I received your Thursday, Friday & Saturday letters plus your medal and stripes. Thanks for all, my darling. Your letters are always the best news of the day and I always enjoy every word of them. Also got a letter from Bob in the afternoon mail.

All's fine and dandy with baby and me. We arose early after a good night's rest and tended to the morning chores. It looked cloudy so we stayed in until after lunch and then the sun came out in all its glory and ^{we} went outdoors. The weather was exceptionally warm, just like a summer day and later in the day it rained cats and dogs, a typical summer shower. Gimmie had his usual good time outdoors, running all over the block, in and out the lobby and pushing his carriage down the street. The reason I stayed near the house today was because of the weather and the fact that the rug cleaners came to pick up the living room rug. It'll be stored with them until the fall, the same as last season. I'm a bit undecided about our summer rug. If we go out to Minnesota, there's no need to have it down so I'll just wait until I

hear about your transfer. Meanwhile, the house is
 almost sunken and I'll be glad when that job
 is finished. Oh how I missed you this time. Baby
 tried to help and I had to stop and laugh every other
 minute at his cute tricks. He actually helped me
 feed the zyte rug. When I fed it in half he sat
 in the middle of it while I got the corners covered out.
 Do you know that our Jimmie is getting better looking
 each day and also smarter?

Had a few calls today but I'm still thinking about
 your call yesterday and how much I miss you and love
 you, dear George. Bess called to-night, already moved to
 the hotel with Jan and is feeling O.K. She's lost 18 lbs so
 far and I think she struck the right doctor this time.
 Joel is looking much better and feels stronger. The rest
 of my family are fine but we're all still a little worried
 about Joel. Hope to hear from you folks are well. I'm
 getting Pop a fountain pen for his birthday next month, is that
 O.K.

The duplicates of the snaps are being made, your photo
 from Bloomingdale will be ready next week and we still have
 about 20 feet left in the camera. Your new job sound like a
 "break" and I do know all happens for the best so I'm really
 not too worried, my darling.

All my love and devotion to you, a kiss and hug
 from parents and love from your mom and Pop. I always
 love you, sweetheart. Keep well.

Yours always,
 Florence



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