



Mrs. GEORGE STOFF
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NAVARRE 8-1376

Monday afternoon 8
love

George, my love,

It's so difficult to write interesting letters day after day from this end as you can guess by now after reading those most recent ones of mine. After I finish writing, I'm always tempted to tear it up but instead I mail it to you. When anyone is here with me when I start a letter I forget everything I intend to write and ask you so please forgive me! Always the most important news is that baby and I are in good health and I still love you so dearly. Knowing that you love me too keeps my spirit high and my nerves tingling. I should be quite satisfied with that love, my darling George, and I'll wait until that certain day when all will be perfect again in our love nest. So, I'll keep my end of the bargain by being brave and taking good care of baby and myself. In the meantime

you, too, stay well and keep sending me the news.

The weather is quite raw out ^{now}, although baby and I were out this morning and Jimmie had his nap outdoors. After I finished the morning's duties, I got the mail and besides your two letters of Thurs. and Fri., I also received a jury notice. It's for the city court and is a subpoena to serve 11 days commencing Feb. 7th. After thinking about it I decided to call the court and stated my reason for not being able to answer it. If I got a girl or someone in my family to care for Jimmie, it would cost just as much daily as I would get as a juror. So, rather than having baby spoiled or not given the proper attention, I hope to be excused and give baby a break. Is that O.K. with you? The clerk whom I spoke with recommended that I write a letter and return the notice so I'll send it to-night. There must be quite a shortage of men and women jurors.

Thanks for enlightening me in that furlough business. In that event, we wouldn't see you until April and it seems that seems so far off unless you're transferred to a nearer camp. But patience has its rewards and my chin is still up. Now for some questions. Do you have to go through the same routine as you did when you first got to camp? Waking at 5:45, standing in line for chow and marching in cadence



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to any destination? If you work in the office, when do you start and what time are you finished? Do you have any privileges? How is the food agreeing with you and do you have any laundry service at all? How about your tailoring and cleaning (suits)? Where do you keep your clothes and personal belongings? I'll think up some more questions and ask them in a future letter.

Your vivid descriptions of the men in your company and the incidents that you witness daily sure makes me think more and more that the army is a queer business. But as you always say "Be that as it may," it's all temporary and the war should be over real soon - as so we'd like to believe.

Enclosed are some rubber bands which I forget to send sooner and the telephone bill shouldn't be too puzzling - local calls were 5.23 and N.Y. calls 5.82 - the 1.75 and was a N.Y. call made on Dec. 12th - we didn't talk too long, it seems. That glossary of words I got in

one of your letters some time ago and am sorry I forgot to acknowledge it. Some words I knew but the others gave me quite a laugh - Betty and Ben read them too and got quite a kick out of the army slang.

Jimmie is now dashing in and out of the room, using one of my old black pocket books as a foot ball and every once in a while lets out a yell like an Indian. He loves to dance with me and almost daily we take a spin around the kitchen or living room. His hair hasn't been cut yet as the barber was too busy and we couldn't wait. Just left you for five minutes to get the afternoon mail and I take Jimmie as ~~an~~ escort. Fortunately, another letter from you was in the box dated Saturday. I am a lucky girl to get those wonderful love letters from you daily. In fact, I have some of them already tied with ribbons. Wonderful moments from a most wonderful and devoted husband. Thanks a million, my sweetheart.

As usual, all my love and adoration for you and a big and kiss from Sunny Jim.

Lovingly
Florence

(1944)
P.S. The plate is already on the car. ~~Pop~~ Give Jimmie a cigar.



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