

Wednesday —
Aug 1st 1945

George, my love,

It's the start of another month and before many more begin we'll be together for always. It's sure been centuries since you went away and we've both happy our reunion is closer than ever now. So, we'll bear it until that eventful day and stay well until then. Keep that chin up, darling.

To-day was just another dreary day with intermittent rain and we remained indoors all day. Jimmie and I are fine, are delighted so much with these cute kittens and keep ourselves busy doing all sorts of things. The mailman brought nothing for me today but perhaps to-morrow I'll have better luck. Hope you're getting plenty of mail these days.

Last night our neighbor's son and his wife mailed some of my letters and brought back some ice cream for all of us. I dished it out and recalled so vividly our ice cream parties together. It sure was fun and how I miss all those little things we used to do together. This son, Bob and his "young wife" are sure plenty of subject for conversation. His own mother and sister talk their hearts out to me and cannot understand how he even fell for the dame, who's the most selfish, homely, stupid and most designing ruff of female. But c'est la guerre, as the French always say. It's his worry!

February 1844

My dear Mother
I have just received your letter of the 14th inst. and am
glad to hear from you. I am well and hope these few lines
will find you the same. I have been thinking much of late
of the future and of the many things that are to befall us.
I feel that I must be prepared for all that may come.
I have been reading much of the Bible and of the lives of the
saints and I feel that I must strive to be like them.
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Am still waiting for our announcement and really expect it soon for many politicians and big names are bringing pressure down on the Army. Stanton Johnson is our latest advocate and here's today's column referring to the Army.

Just spoke to Bess who's busy with Jan and his cold that last few days. He's feeling A. O. and Jan is normal again. Expect to answer a few letters tonight and read some magazines I got from the library. It's sure quiet here with Jimmie asleep and the two kittens locked up in the small toilet.

Jimmie, when frustrated says "Oh, dear me" and I always get a kick out of it. He's been improving his speech quite a bit but still can't pronounce S's and L's. I had a baby girl here for about 1 1/2 hours and it sure was thrilling to watch her eat, cry and drink 4 ounces of water. Her mom went to town for some things and I offered to watch over her.

Don't know who'll be here for the week-end but if the weather is nice Mom and Pop said they'll be here to visit us. Jimmie and I wish they'd spend at least a week with us. But you know how stubborn they are.

All my love and devotion to you, sweetheart, and remember Jim and I love you every minute. Don't worry and we'll count those days until your home coming. Best regards from the family and hugs and kisses from Jim and Mommy.

As ever,
Flavene

AFTER 5 DAYS, RETURN TO

Mrs. Florence Staff
41-Landfield Ave
Monticello, N.Y.



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VIA AIR MAIL

Cpl. George Staff (42050100)
COA-135- RWY OPN BN
APO # 350 o/o Postmaster
New York - N.Y.

