

MRS. GEORGE STOFF
3021 AVENUE 1
BROOKLYN, NEW YORK

Sat. - Nov 20th
8.30 p.m.

My beloved,

The letter you wrote on Thurs. 9.15 P.M.
was received this morning (Sat). The
kit and apron is packed and will be mailed
Monday morning.

~~It seems as though the shock hasn't~~
been quite overcome even our little Jimmie
was restless and cried last night. I
was awake before that - in fact I glanced
at the clock which I thought read 6 A.M.
and much later realized it was only 12.30.
It must have been around 3.30 when
baby cried and made wee wee. I was
then in a semi-conscious state and
thought you were in the bath-room -
I even called you. But as I fully awoke,

the Lord's blessings.

Shirley wrote a letter from Mississippi and the whole Michaels family is laid up with colds and Mom is confined to the hospital with the gripple. She sends her regards and doesn't know yet about that man of mine. I'll answer her letter to-morrow.

Mom and Pop spoke with me this morning and I told them about your letter. They ^{too} were so thrilled ~~too~~ at the sound of your voice but the realization that your call was from camp didn't make them feel too happy.

I hope you slept well last night and that you wouldn't be assigned too much dirty work. Did you have many examinations

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I realized the truth and the very
greatest feeling came over me. It was then
that Jimmie became very alive and even
put on the lights - about 3.45 A.M. I
had a tough struggle putting on his
diapers but I won. He fell asleep
soon after and I managed just
a few dots and dashes of sleep. And
then the morning came and the usual
round of duties started.

The telephone still keeps me busy
especially lunch time - which makes it
pretty difficult. Sonny and Addie asked
for you and send their best regards.
Mrs. Reese spoke with me about 20
minutes - weren't your ears burning,
my sweet? She almost cried and
made me promise to see her soon.
She sends you her love and all of

yet and how about your I.Q.?

How about your buddies - are there any other right guys around? (and I don't mean only single ones).

Stanley spoke to me last night and said he was trying very hard to get a pass to see you. Here's hoping he gets it.

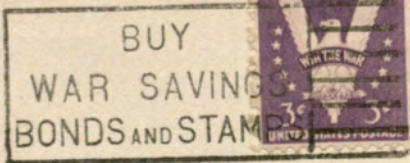
My days are so short - my thoughts are always of you and my nights I hope will get better. You've got such a strong hold on us all that sometimes I wish I wasn't so much in love with you. It hurts too damn much.

From the way I rambled on, you should know how tired I am (as usual) and hope that we all sleep well to-night. Before I forget, that son of mine is sure a swell kid. He's eating like a horse - three movements to-day.

All our love to you, my darling.



V. Florence



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