

Monday —
June 18th

Dearest sweetheart,

Jim and I are fine and will be alone here for the next few days. Eleanor called from Brooklyn to tell my Mom that the Picken Avenue building burned. Never a dull moment as long as you're married to me. Mom left on the 12.05 bus and will be busy with adjusters and a building contractor this week. It seems that the restaurant next door was the source of the fire but as yet I don't know all the details. We're all cool and collected but Bess did have a short cry.

The postman brought your letter of June 8th and another letter with the many 12th stars and stripes. You sound so merry in your latest letter and as a result you've made me quite gay too. Those latest snapshots are elegant and you look like a general in that jeep. In a day or so I'll take some snaps of Jimmie and I'll send them on to you pronto. I just finished writing 10 cards and several letters and am sending you the latest

stock sheet and a colorful front page from
the Post under separate envelope.

Jim and I had a delicious chicken dinner
made in an electric cooker. Then we rested
and went into town. There's no phone here as
yet but I may be able to get one as an
Army wife. I have the application filled out.
Jim makes sure to say "Hello, girls" to all
the girls who pass - 6 to 60 and will
make more friends for me than I can
keep up with. While in town we had peach
ice cream cones, did some window shopping
and mailed some letters. Tomorrow we
expect to visit the library and maybe
sun ourselves if it isn't too hot. The
heat spell hasn't let up yet but we
managed to have rain every night so far.

I'm sorry not to be in the city just
to see Eisenhower. Next to you, he's my
favorite hero and so manly looking a figure.
Perhaps Mom and Pop will get a peep at
him for all of us.

As always, I love you with all my
heart and soul. We just have to grin and
bear it until we're together again. Chin
up, darling, and please don't worry. Love
and kisses from Jimmie and your sweetheart.
Sincerely yours,
Barbara

Tuesday, June 19th

My darling,

Although I'm now in Monticello, I feel keenly all that's happening in New York City today. Ike has taken our city by storm and as Jim and I sat down to dinner at 12 o'clock, I tuned in the radio for all the ceremonies and speeches from City Hall. It was good to hear the mayor welcome Eisenhower in his own inimitable manner and then Ike said in very few words what was in his heart. Marvin Anderson, one of our favorites, offered the official welcome by singing the Star Spangled Banner. I guess General Eisenhower is a great man and that's why we all love him so much.

When Jim and I awoke this morning at 7 a.m. it was raining and although the rain stopped during the morning it's still dismal and cloudy out. No mail from you but I did get a letter from the Whitmans in California. They're still raving about the vacation land and like us are patiently waiting for the Japs to give up. Fleddy is on the South Pacific and Fred is being trained as an electrical engineer at Camp

Crowder, Mo. Mummy is still not too well
and is improving very slowly.

Jimmie is having a nap at present and
was a good boy all day. He helped me make a
chocolate cake and likes to lick the spoon.

I just wrote another letter to Commentator
Backstage of W.S. and will write more letters
tonight. When Jim awakes we're going to town
for the papers and then to the library to get
some books. Meanwhile I'll take a short
nap and will try to write again to-night.

We still love you very much, miss
you terribly and wish we could just hug
and squeeze you like old times. We will
and soon, too, my love. Stay well and
chin's up.

As ever,

Florence

P.S. I mentioned in Sunday's letter that I re-
ceived the package containing the flag, letters
openers, perfume, money and medals. Thanks again.

Mrs. Florence Stoff
41 Sandfield Crk
Monticello, N.Y.

6/18
6/19



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