

Letter. Florence Stoff to George Stoff, Brooklyn, New York, November 20, 1944,
Letter 2; [Transcriber: Kathryn Manning]

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Monday aft.
Nov 20th '44

My darling,

Jimmie and I are fine, keeping our spirits high – very determined this time, and the folks are well. We're expecting Bob in tomorrow or Wednesday and Jimmie and I will be so happy to see him. I know how you feel and am so very sorry you're not here now to see that kid brother. I'm just hoping and praying that there'll be an early re-union for you both and all this bad dream will soon be forgotten.

In this morning's mail I received your November 4th letter and I enjoyed our date immensely Everything tasted delicious and the show was so enjoyable with you next to me.

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There'll be plenty of those swell dates with you again, darling George, and I'm looking forward to them quite eagerly. I also enjoyed the rest of the letter immensely and when I receive that parcel from you I'll acknowledge it at once. You're still my ever loving, kind and most thoughtful husband. Thanks again, sweetheart. So happy you're getting more of my mail and I hope to mail another package today or tomorrow.

Yesterday I didn't write to you because of many reasons, some of them not too good. I'll go back to Saturday afternoon when we were still in the country having a good time and rest. Jim, Jan, Bes, [Hy?} and myself got back from

Monticello and prepared supper for the children. Then we tucked them in, had our supper and sat down to knit and relax for the evening. Then we

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got a phone call from New York. Thelma called to tell us about Joel. The news is very bad, George, and Joel has a very short time to live. This time I have a good hold on myself and am doing all in my power not to get upset internally so don't worry. It started with a cough a few weeks ago and we were told it was the gripp. Joel is still home, has no pain, sleeps very little and is just a heart breaking sight. He hasn't changed but is still very sweet and Thelma just doesn't want him hospitalized as yet. She's in a terrible state and I cannot help her no matter what I say or attempt to do. Bess is her only consolation now and so we all drove in yesterday with the babies

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and they're all with me now – even Duke, the dog. I really don't mind all this now and just keep occupied with the babies all day while Bess stays with Thelma on and off and sleeps there at night. My mother and Eleanor also alternate and in a few days we hope Thelma will be sensible and have him hospitalized. In the meantime, Maurice has been notified in Belgium and we hope he gets here soon – if his C.O. consents to an emergency furlough. We're all doing our utmost to bolster Thelma's spirits but it's quite a tough job this time and if for no other reason, we all hope Maurice comes in just to console her. Sorry I have to write this terrible news but I know how concerned you are.

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Jim and Jan are playing nicely here and I get a kick out of both of them, especially our precious one. Jim teases him a bit and thinks he has the run of the place but I don't let him take advantage of anyone. We've been indoors all day because of the rain and [Hy?] and Bess went to Thelma's for a short time. They're here now and I'll see Thelma and Joel again in the evening. Bess and I went there last night and I returned home at 9:45 p.m. When I returned, [Hy?]

helped with the unpacking and straightened up the mess of the kids toys – supper dishes and diapers.

I called the folks early this morning and Pop and Mom are fine. They know about Joel and feel quite badly.

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Mom may be here to morrow if the weather clears and they're both so happy about Bob's home-coming soon. Mayers called this afternoon and was so elated over that letter you wrote him. His best wishes to you and he's writing you this week. I wrote you a V-mail letter a few minutes ago and don't know if you'll get it sooner than this letter. Also got your new A.P.O. # and your short message of love and if I want antiques. Do I? I'll send you \$5.00 in every letter beginning with this one and I'll just leave it to you.

Jimmie is sitting on my lap now and supper time is almost near so I'll continue with the news to-morrow.

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There's so much to tell you and all I can think of is I love you, I love you. Jimmie love you too, Daddy and never forgets you no matter where he is or where he goes. Hurry home to us, dearest, but always keep in mind that we'll be patient for a day or another year if we have to.

All my love, devotion and affection for the very best sweetheart a girl ever had. Hugs and kisses from Jim and love from Bess.

Yours forever,

Florence

P.S. Did I mention that [Hy?], the babies and myself may go back to the country on Saturday – after we see Bob.