Tuesday night

Dearest Beloved,

It's another one of those dreary, rainy days but our spirits are rather good. Fortunately, the apartment is warm and I gather many tenants complained so our dear superintendent gave out with some steam. Jim and I are really swell and the expectancy of the official announcement that the end has come for Germany has us all on edge. You, too, must be undergoing these delirious joys we're all feeling at home. However we'll do no celebrating until you arrive in Brooklyn and once again we're in each other's arms. A little more patience and time.

Last night I listened to the usual Monday night plays on the air and enjoyed both immensely. One was "Moontide" (you remember that) and the other "Ramona". Lately I've actually been hugging the radio and there's reason enough. The news of Mussolini's death was good to hear and yet it disgusted me to know that people still act so savage and brutal. I guess we Americans feel a sense of guilt when we hear of all these talks of murdering and torturing all the war criminals. Living in Europe has a different effect on the masses and what they've gone through these past 5 years I guess justifies these terrible acts. Down deep we all wish for peace on earth at all times.

There was no mail from my dearest sweetheart this morning but I did get a V mail yesterday afternoon dated April 17th. I do hope your reply to my queries regarding your Bond folding is en route. The due date is May 23rd so I still have a few more weeks. I've just made out a few checks for rent, electric and also a small contribution to the Cancer Committee. There's a big drive on at present. Before lunch today I called Miss Kamen and thanked her for sending me the lodge notices. Her best regards to you. A Ladies night is being held after the meeting to-night and I expect to go with my sister Eleanor. In fact, I have an appointment for a hair do this afternoon and Betty will watch over Jim. A gentile girl will watch him to-night — she lives in the hotel.

All week I've been thinking of your furlough last year at this time. How very happy we were and how quickly those full days went by. We sure have our wonderful memories and our future will be even more wonderful and fuller. Jimmie is still our ray of sunshine and what a joy to mommy. Very soon our stars will materialize again and all the unhappiness of our separation will be forgotten.

Stay well, dearest and Jim and I will continue to love you more and more. All our love devotion and affection to the swellest G.I. daddy and sweetheart. Lots from mom and P.O.P.

Lovingly
Florence

Wednesday —
May 2nd 1945

George, dearest,

Jim is fine and at the moment sitting beside me while I'm writing this letter. It's still morning and I'll relate all that happened since yesterday afternoon. Hope you're well and still with chin up.

At 3 o'clock yesterday I left my appointment with the hairdresser and didn't return home until 5.30. Jim behaved well at Betty's place and he and Lawrence played nicely. We had an early supper and at 8.30 o'clock the girl showed up to watch Jim. I met Eleanor at the Winthrop St. station in the subway and we arrived at the Mannie building at 9.10. The meeting was still in progress but in another room some women and many of our friends were assembled. There wasn't too much of a crowd because of the nasty weather. All these people and friends wish to be remembered to you — Billy and Mikey, Jules, Harry Meyerowitz, Sam Levitt, Mr & Mrs. Weiss, Julie, Harry Zamore, Connie Waters, Abe Mandelbaum, Mitchell Dallek, Pop Kenan, Mary Jeff, Harold Goldgraber and Seymour Goldgraber, who's in on leave from Hawaii. It was good to see all these familiar faces again and you'll be quite a stranger amongst all the new members who have joined since you've in the army. A whole set of young people are in and

it's possible you'll find some regular fellows amongst them. The Eidler boys didn't show up but we hope to see them here at home some evening.

Eleanor and I left at 11 o'clock and when I arrived home all was fine and dandy. Jim and I slept well and as usual I awoke early but the rascal slept until 9.15. I had my breakfast without him and fed him at 9.30. In the morning mail, I received my allotment check, the E.S. check with a cute letter from Kessler. Here are the exact words "Dear Florence – Here is the bread and butter ticket; or at least the bread ticket. – I finally wrote to George and I wouldn't blame him much if he didn't answer me. Looks like we are coming to the wind up and I hope when it's over, he won't be long in coming home." You know Kessler has a swell sense of humor and I do hope to pay him a visit this week at the office.

Jim is tugging at my robe so I'll try to write again to-night – even if V-mail. We still love you so very much, darling, and will start counting the days soon until you return to us.

The folks are well and had some mail from you and a call from Bob. Bob is fine but busy.

Jim and I send you oceans of love and all our devotion and adoration.

Your always,
Florence

Mrs J. Stoff
3021 Ave 9
Brooklyn 10, N.Y.

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