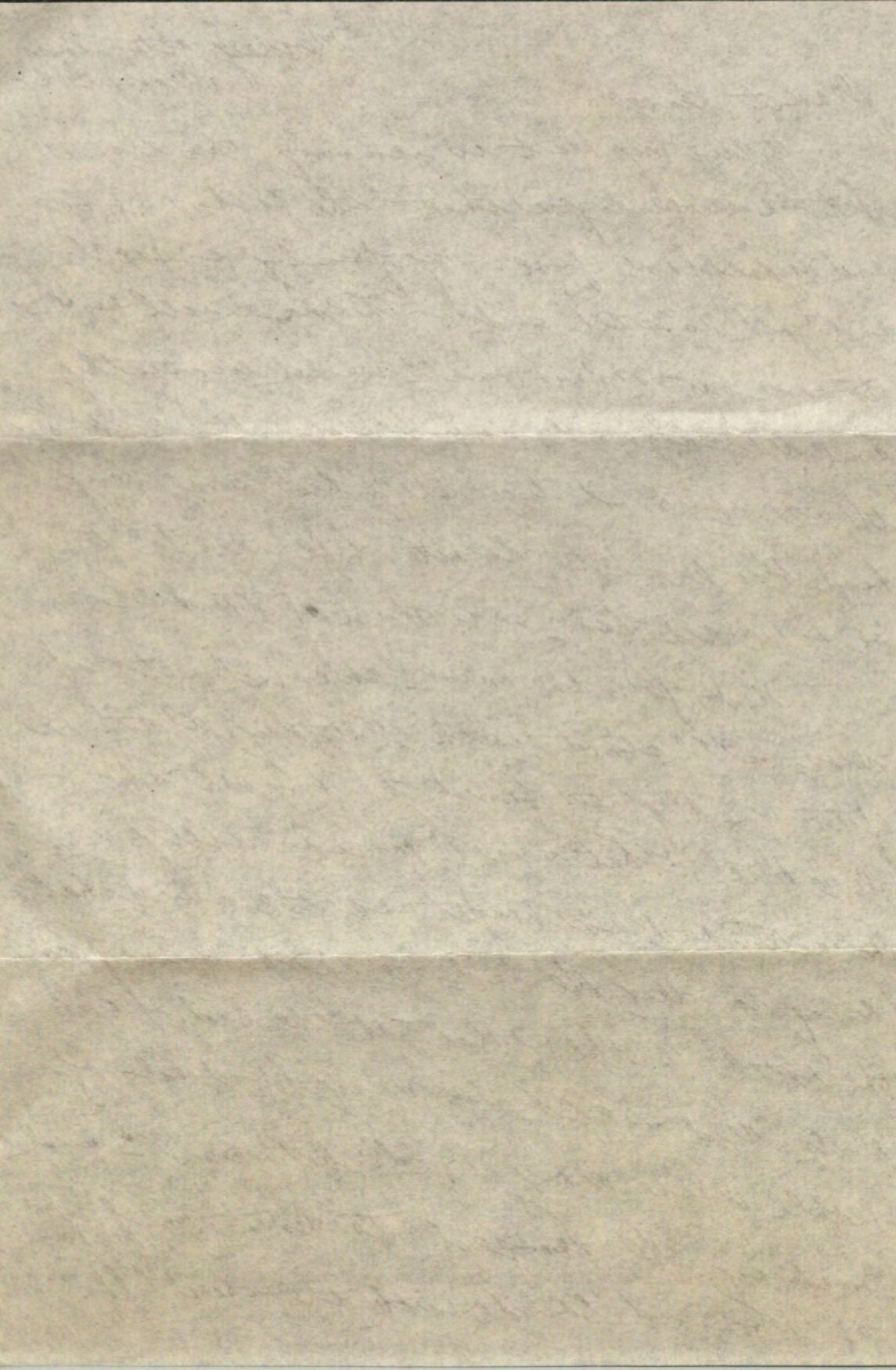


Monday afternoon
Dec. 4th 44.

Dearest, George,

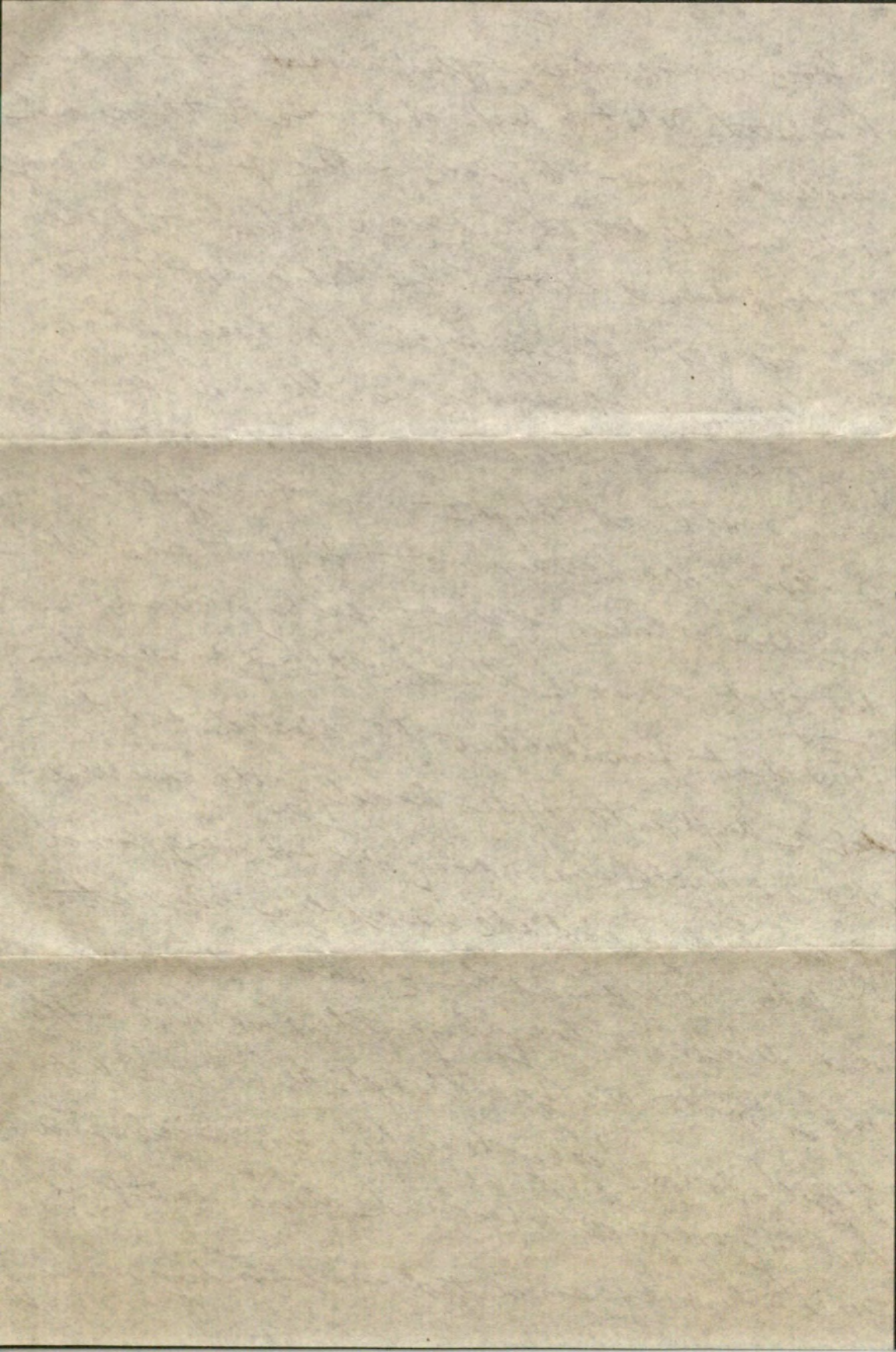
Again my heart is penning this letter. Let me assure you that the folks, Jim and myself are fine. My family is well and Jack is still sick. Thelma will have to come out of her "small" ward eventually and let's hope it's long before she reaches the age of 40. It's true she's had some very hard knocks but doesn't life see to it that we all have our share of troubles.

Now for the more cheerful bit of news. I'll start with yesterday afternoon after we alighted from the bus at the Dixie Hotel. That son of mine is really a character and as bright as the sun that's shining to-day. He had me on the run from the Hotel to the D.R.T. at the end of the block. Need I add how many hundreds of people walk along 42nd between 8th and Broadway. He managed to "swat" half of them and collide with the other half.

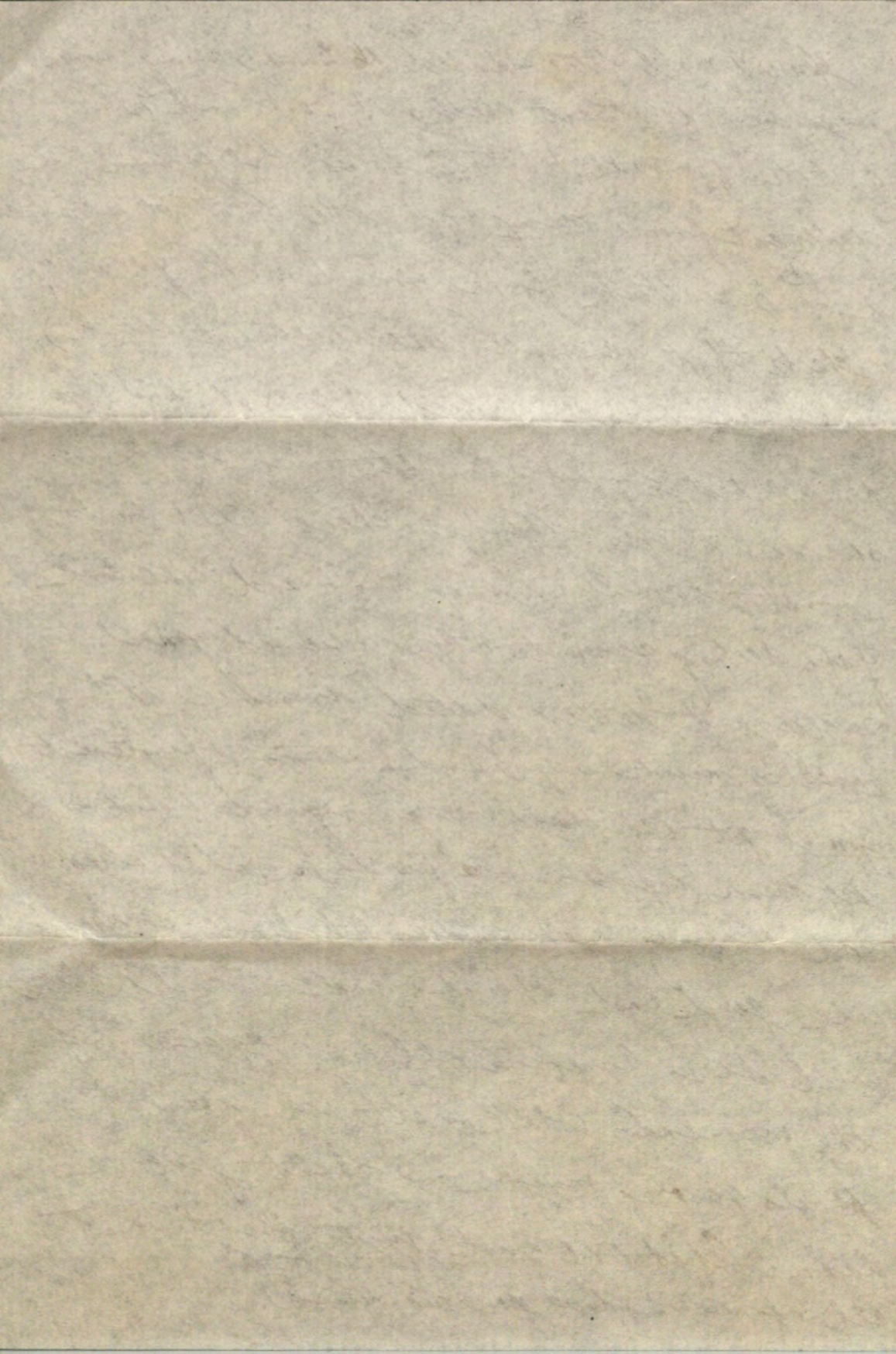


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Some service men stopped him ~~and~~ ^{and} as I ordered, he saluted. What a kick that was to them and smiles all over the place. Then for the subway ride and he talked a blue streak until the Flatbush Avenue Station. One lady next to us insisted upon playing with him, hoarding him and talking with both of us. She was young, quite attractive, married a short time to a service man and thought Jim the brightest 2 year old she ever met. In fact, she asked me how I could resist spoiling such a beautiful, lovable child. All I answered was that Jim couldn't be spoiled as he ~~is~~ is a duplicate of his Daddy, the sweetest G.I. in Uncle Sam's army. We are very proud of you, darling, and the world can know it. When we arrived home with a taxi, we went directly to Baby Terry. There we had supper and Jim ate nicely although he was a bit fagged out. Sissy helped me up with Jim and my overnight case and also a batch of mail which accumulated since Friday morning.

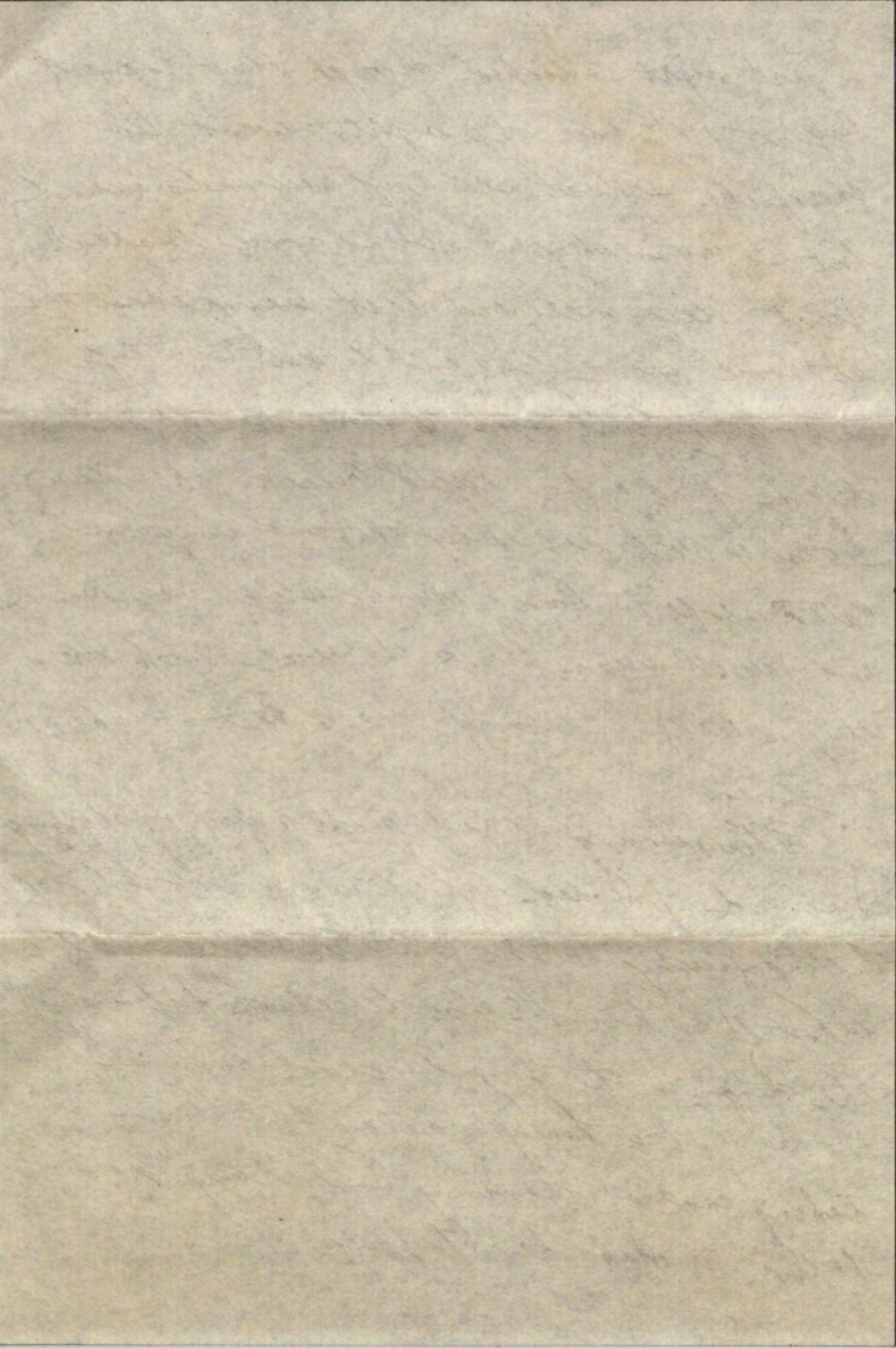


Your V-mail letter dated Nov 16th was among some
magazines, allotment checks of \$20.00 and \$2.50,
a letter from the Whitmans in California, a
statement from Mary and the greatest surprise
a \$100.00 check from you (in the form of
a check that resembles the allotment check).
Wow — is all I could say and how in
heaven did you accumulate so much in
several weeks. Thanks, cherie, I'll bank
it at the Williamsburg Bank and take care
of the checking account. I also received your
"swellegant" letter dated November 17th
with so much news and items of interest.
You'll get all those things requested and I'll
get them together in a few days. I'll also
send loads of A. & P. candies which are so reason-
able, good and the G.I. and French kids
will bless America all over again. If
the war ends where will all these
parcels go or maybe I shant give a
damn. Let it end and just fly home to
all of us who love you so much.



Last night I looked through that copy of August 14th and the sights aren't too cheerful. I don't see any railroads around but I guess they're behind some bushes. Just stay well and don't worry about me at home, we're fine and expect to stay that way. Just spoke to Mom and Pap and they're fine and a little busy in the state. I also called Pap early this morning and later spoke to Ann, Mr. Kessler, Mr. Brown and Mrs. Pincus. All 's the same with them, they're well and send their best wishes to you.

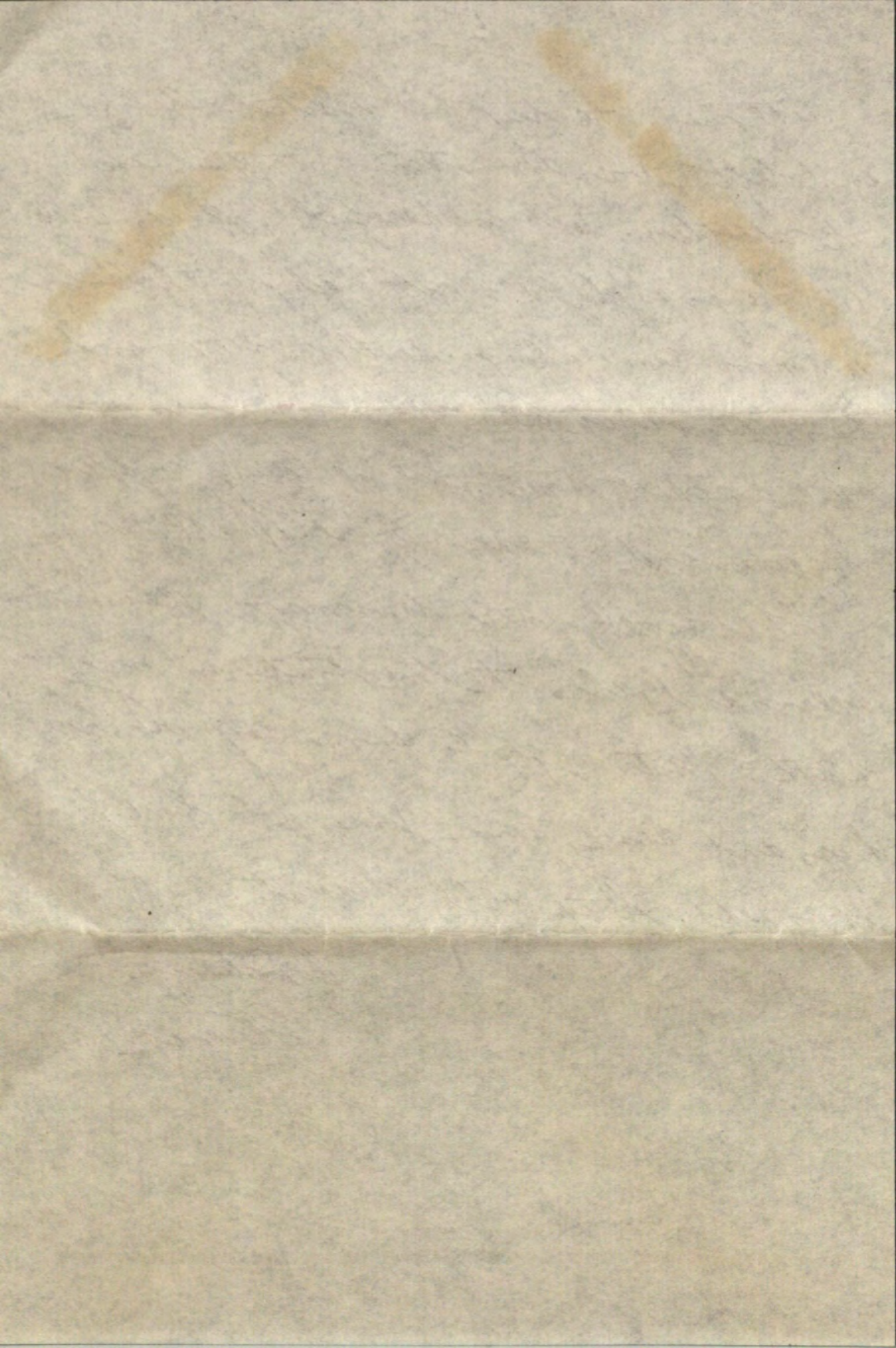
This morning I had quite a bit of shopping to do and finished by 12:30. Jim helped by sitting quietly in the stroller while I filed the stuff on him. He also helped me put away the things in the refrigerator and cupboard. We've got a honey of a boy and he's sure taking care of Mommy and doing all he can to make her happy.



Later in the day, I visited Thelma and left Jim downstairs, strapped in the stroller. Joel is cheerful, plays with his things and goes out daily with Thelma. My mom came along shortly after and came home with me after staying with Thelma a short time. We're having supper together and I expect to relax all evening.

Good night, until to-morrow, pleasant dreams and all the love that's in my heart. Best regards from my mom, hugs and kisses from Jim and love from the folks. Stay well, dearest.

As always,
Florence

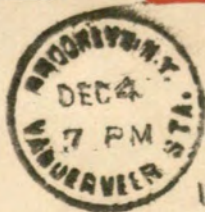


AFTER 5 DAYS RETURN TO

Mrs. Florence Stoff

3021 Avenue J

Brooklyn 10, N.Y.



1944

VIA AIR MAIL

Cpl. George Stoff (42050100)
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