

Wednesday eve,
March 8th 1844

George, dearest,

The wind is howling but when it gets around to our coast it whispers your name outside my bedroom window. The apartment is comfortably warm and baby and I were busy all day sewing, picking up the threads and reading aloud some of Daddy's letters. Also got around to reading some of the letters you sent back home and got a good laugh again from my sister's letter about that visit to the Lickers. It certainly was swell of Mr. Hunt to inquire about us.

Mr. Kincaid is coming along fine and I called him yesterday morning to send him your regards. The folks are fine, got yours

and Bob's letters and send their love to you.
Also received a letter from Bob today with
your Saturday and Sunday letter. That news
from Gluck also arrived and I sure got
up a swell appetite after reading part of it.

Jimmy also had a swell time playing
with the ham and turkey displayed on front
cover. Did I mention that Eleanor, as
she was here Sunday eve., brought up
a mess of steamed clams from Paul's?
They were good but would have tasted
much better with you opposite me
giving them up, as in the past.

After I mailed your letter last
night, I stopped in at Molinoff's for
a cone and the Life magazine. She always in-

Guinea about you and misses your humor.
 Some time ago I told her (in jest) that I was
 going to take in boarders and sure enough she
 took me seriously and even suggested that I
 try to accommodate a blind girl. This girl is
 my cousin Gloria whom Thelma was to take
 in last year. Remember? Small world, "ain't it"?

Baby has to be fed now so I'll leave you
 until after supper. He's falling asleep now
 and I'll try to mail this early to night.

Just had some liver and bacon, with spinach and
 noodles, applesauce and your favorite chocolate
 layer cake with milk. Some fun ^{planning} ~~planning~~ meals
 for baby and me. Canned fruits are so high in
 points and only large cans so I cook fresh
 fruit once or twice a week. Plenty of fruits
 are on the shelves and I'll get a supply

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this week.

It's so hard to figure out what's in store for you - whether it's advisable to stay in N.O. for the duration if those C.O.'s like you so much in the office or to move along with your company - "destination unknown". I guess you know what's best and will play your hand accordingly. Meanwhile my hopes and prayers are only for an ending to this rotten war and to be together with you, my beloved. My chin is still up and baby knows how to salute in a crazy sort of way.

Clara just came in and I may go to the movies to-night if there's a worthwhile picture around.

All the love that's in my heart to you and
kins from baby. do always, Florence



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