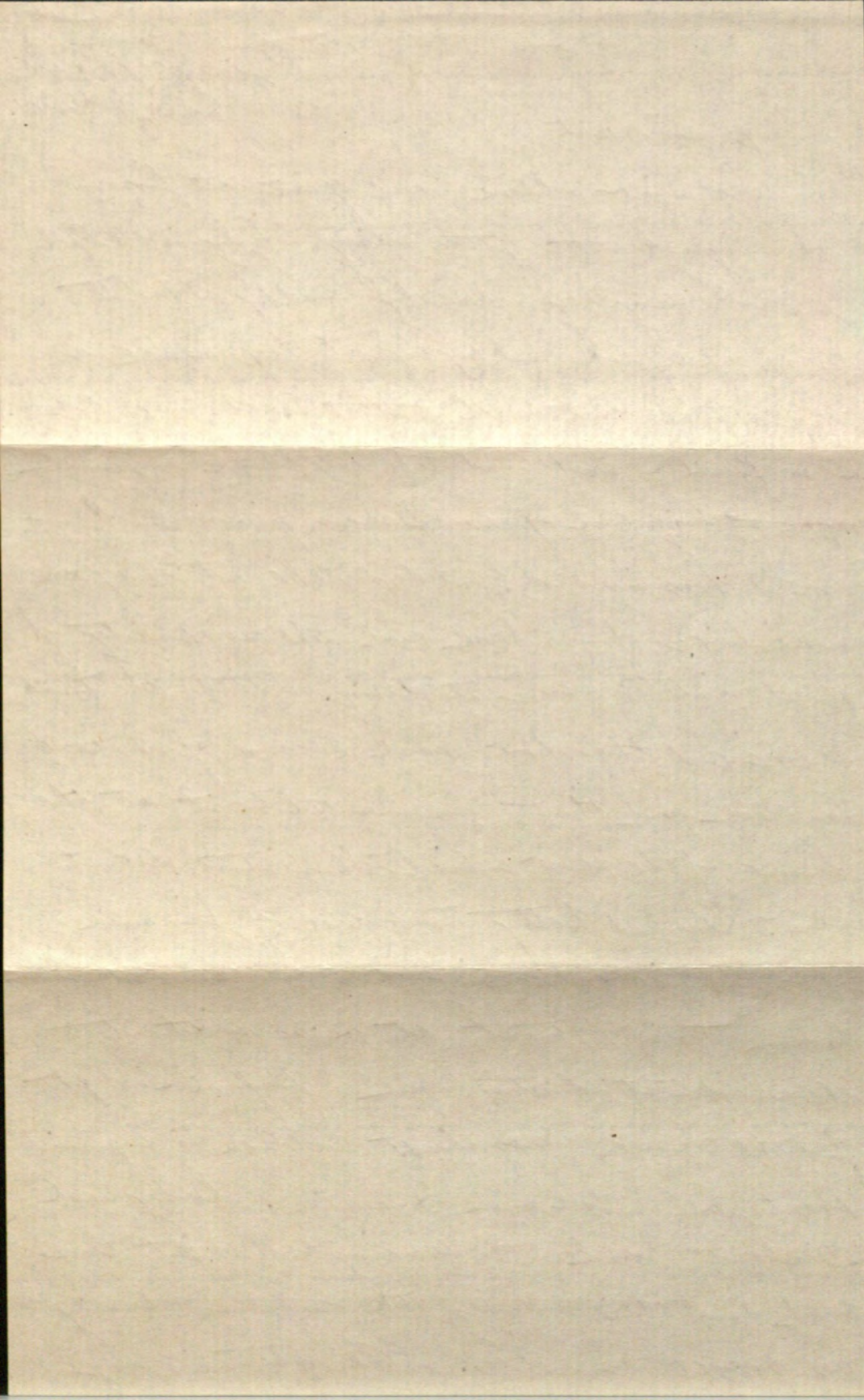


Friday ^{noon} raft & eve -
June 9th 1944.

George, sweetheart,

Last night I came home quite late from the King's Theatre after seeing "Lady in the Dark" and "The Kangaroo." Thrilled, Daddy, I had to pinch myself and rub my eyes to keep awake in order to see that swell picture with Singer Rogers. I'm afraid I just can't take late hours anymore after taking care of our precious Jimmie. Am I growing old? I did take notice of the furnishings of her home and the simplicity of all the interiors was startling. To tell the truth, I enjoyed the show more because of Gertrude Lawrence and that coincidental twist at the finale of the show which the picture didn't show. Ben and Betty took care of Jimmie, who was fine all evening, and I removed him from their apartment at 12:30 without the slightest disturbance. Before I left for the movies Mrs. Best called to inquire about Jack, you and Jimmie. Baby and I slept well, the evening and night was cool and this morning the sun is shining as bright as ever. The postman rang

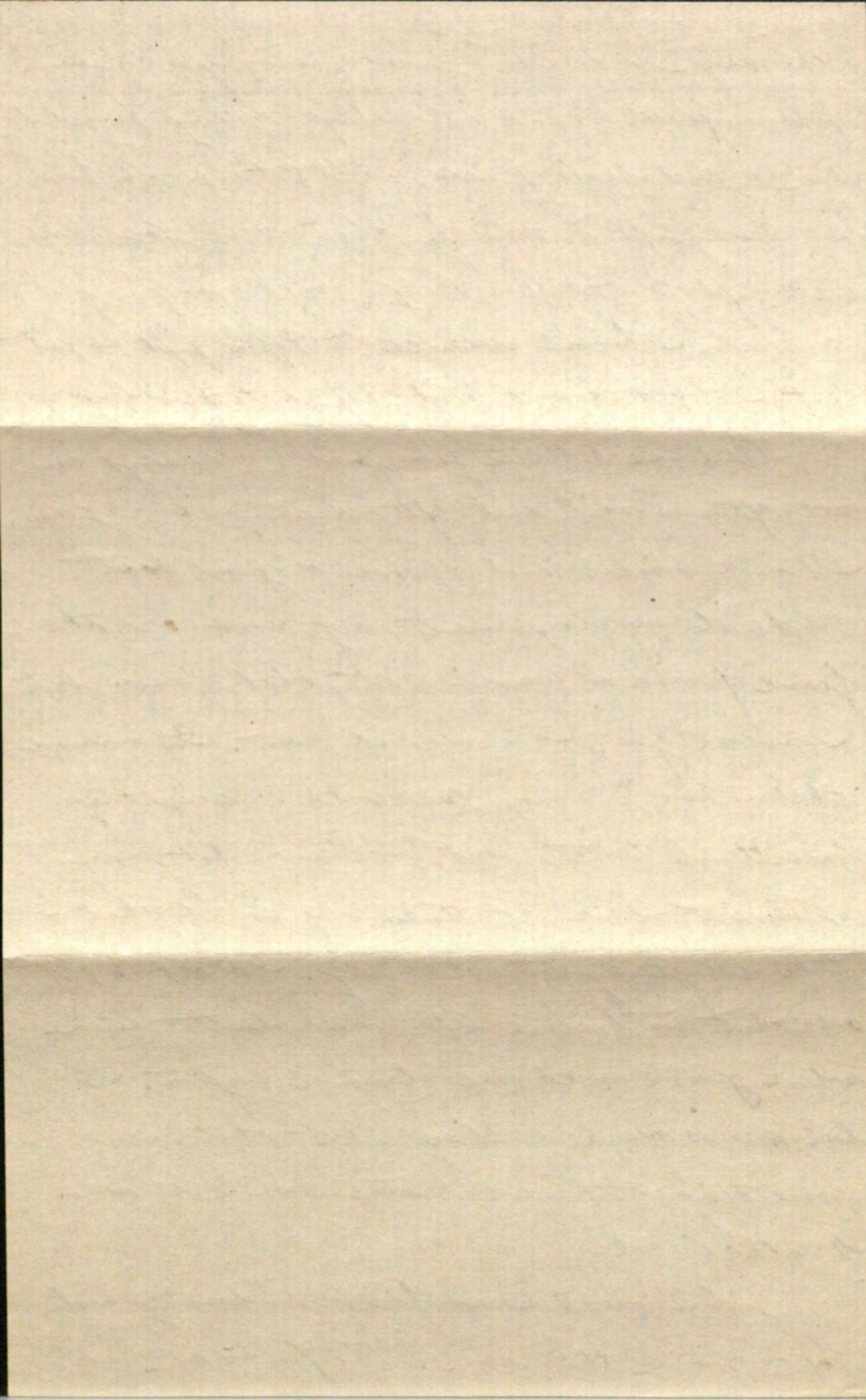


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the hell to deliver your photograph from
Bloomingdale's, which is really nicely finished
and a good photo of you. I'll get a frame for
it as a gift to myself. What would you like
as a gift for Father's Day, my darling? Just
name it. I haven't attended to Pop's gift as yet
but I'll get around to it before Father's Day.

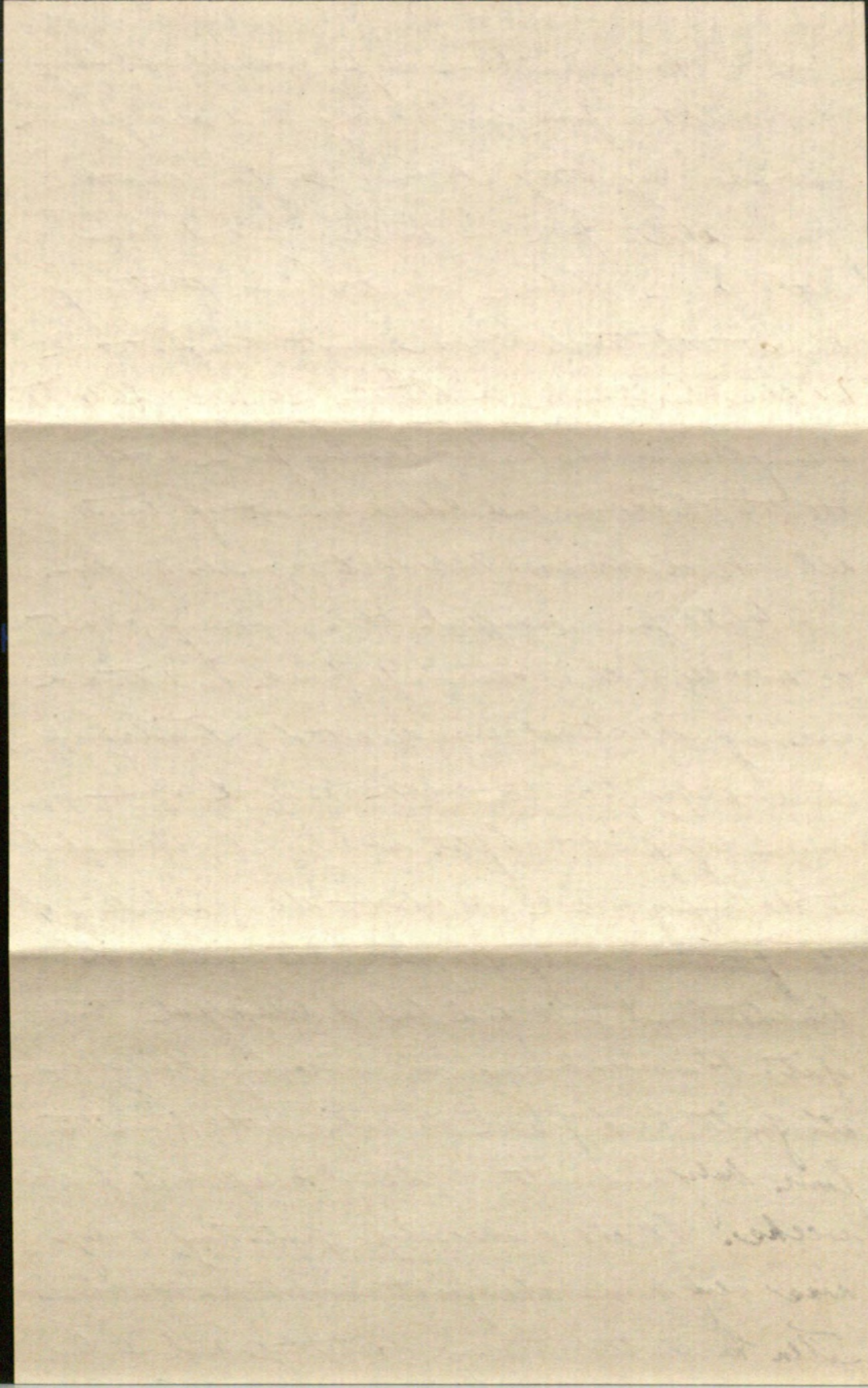
There was a letter from you (Wednesday) in
the afternoon mail and after reading it, I guess
I am a "stinker" and deserve a good beat.
Maybe it's my temperament, my nerves or the
frame of mind I was in at that hour but
I assure you, I'm over it now. It's a shame
that I have to annoy you with a slightly
embittered letter but you know what an
extremist I am at times or is it that I
take everything too seriously. I ought to get
over that, too, because life is so short and
when you're with me *tempus fugit*. I
love you so much, darling, but that is
something I'll never stop while there's
breath in me.

Jimmie and I are fine and dandy and
hope you're the same. The folks are well



and I spoke to them before supper. They had a letter from Jon to-day and one from Bob, who may stay at Las Vegas for another few weeks. Joel is improving and has little pain. Thelma visited him yesterday and at the time he was quite comfortable. We'll see him to-morrow between 2 and 3. Hope to see Sunny Sherman, who has her hands full with the two children and Addie is out of town all week on business. New best regards to you.

While Jimmie napped this morning, I sat on our beach chair near the house and took a sunning. The street was deserted, Friday is clean up day for the women, and it was unusually quiet. After our lunch, we walked to the Campus where we spent the remainder of the afternoon. Baby played in the dirt with his shovel and pail and had a delightful time of it. His vocabulary is increasing daily and it's quite hard for me to realize the transition from babyhood into childhood these last few weeks. At the barber shop yesterday baby was very brave the first minute in the chair. Then he started to cry bitterly and I had

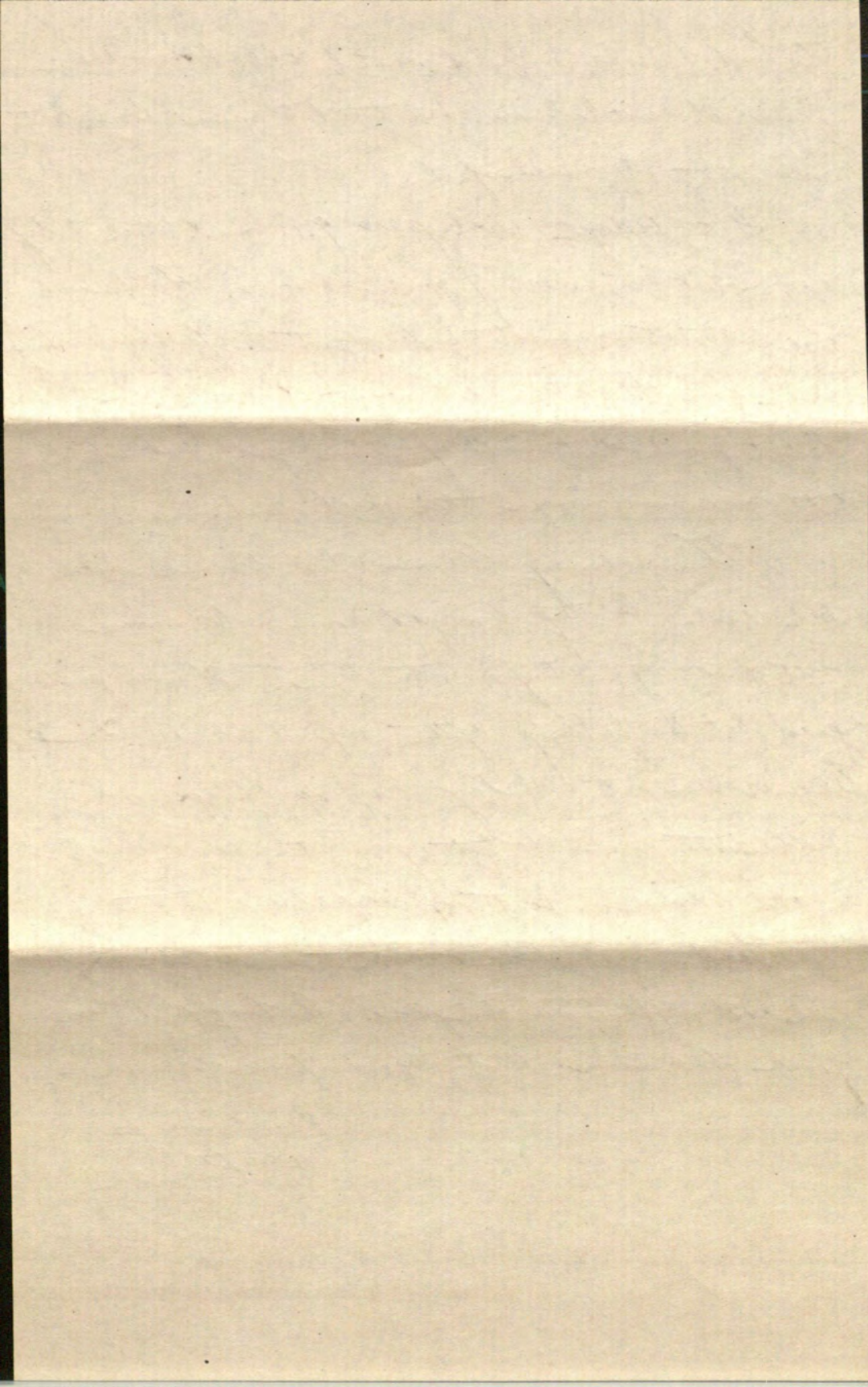


to hold him in my lap until the baker was finished with him. We tried to amuse him but weren't too successful.

That package with your g.i. suit came today and I put it in one of your drawers. Thanks also for that snapshot and negative. You're looking well and the stripes are most becoming. I didn't finish that roll of films yet, but will take some more snaps this week-end.

This evening Eleanor had dinner with me and Betty brought down a delicious rice pudding, hot from the oven. It was quite good but the filling after a good chicken dinner. Eleanor was out all day buying antiques in Middletown and Stratford, with some chaps in the business. Just by my alley, too.

Good-night, sweetheart, and all my love and affection to you. A big and kiss from precious. Best regards from Eleanor.
As always,
Florence





Cpl George Stoff
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X

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