

[Envelope]

Mrs. G. Stoff,
3021 Avenue I,
Brooklyn, N.Y.

[Letter]

Sunday 12 – 26 – 43

Florence Sweetheart:

The magical sound of your voice has me once again on my toes, and darling it was a most delightful sensation to be reassured that all was well with my loved ones at home. It certainly was fate that arranged to have my folks over at the moment I called. Speaking to them, and then hearing Jimmy gave that thrill a little extra spice. I was very glad to learn that everyone was well, and not affected with all the flu and pneumonia that is supposed to be around the country. Yes, dearest, that phone call sure did much to make the day more palatable, and we did have a fairly interesting time after we finished talking to our homes.

To-day I received the letters you wrote on Dec. 21 and 22nd, and this too did much to make the holiday season a success for me. I can readily see that Jimmy's handwriting takes after his father's, but it warmed the candles of my heart to realize that the little fellow is growing, and pretty soon he'll be able to talk to his daddy over the phone; but then maybe I'll be home before that time comes. Surprised that he does not gain more weight, but he seems to be growing tall so fast, that I guess its more difficult to get heavier under those circumstances. In any event I am sure you know what to do for and with him.

As yet I did not receive the \$10, but when I do I will advise you. My mail is still 10 days late coming from my old addresses. Received Eleanor's humorous Xmas card, and got a kick out of it, only because its too tame, and she probably thinks it's a joke. Sounds like you did a conservative job on the Xmas gifts, but I'm sure everyone was satisfied this Xmas, so no matter. I think \$2 or 3 dollars would be O.K. for the supt. Awfully glad you sent that check to the U.S.O, as they really try hard to please the service men.

You probably have noticed, that even though my mail sometimes arrives late, that I write a letter daily to you. The censoring of our mail for the past 2 weeks did much to delay mail, but if all

goes well, you should get a letter each day from me. I know only too much how anxious you are to hear from me, and believe me, honey-chile, I wait only too impatiently for your letters, too.

Now, let me tell how we spent the evening after I phoned you Saturday. Four of us proceeded to visit the manager of the office where we phoned from. Upon arriving in another part of N.O. we found his place; just a furnished apt. in a large old frame house, but quite cozy. The couple had a 6 months old baby, who was quite a buster; a boy, weight 22 lbs. 9 1/2 at birth. The lady let me hold him, and feed him the bottle, need I add any more to tell how I felt for the balance of the evening. Not a good looking baby, but bright-eyed, a little too fat, good natured; I bubbled him, and sure had a grand time, playing with the little (?) fellow. After a couple of drinks, we left to go to a big service men's affair, with gifts to be presented, but on the street car a girl asked us if we were Jewish, and answering in the affirmative she steered us to a dance and entertainment at the B'NAI BRITH Club-house. This led to the second delightful feature of the evening. Jewish people, Jewish girls who looked at least well-fed, and Jewish frank-furters. As usual at such functions I had a swell time, and didn't even dance. I guess it's that big mouth of mine that keeps me going. Well, I talked Yiddish with old men and women, young girls, officers, and even fixed up Sammy Rizzo (an Italian lad who was with us) with a Jewish name, Sammy Rosenstein, and introduced him to one of the sweetest girls in the place, who finally found it more fun talking to me than winning a dance contest with Sammy, which they did. All in all, darling, for a few fleeting moments I felt like a civilian again, and then the illusion was gone, but everything added up to a most pleasant evening. All of which began when I heard the music in your voice over the phone. Gosh, what a lucky fellow your sweetheart is. After we left the dance we found a coffee shop, had a snack and headed back for the Barracks, arriving there at about 1 A.M., slept until 9 this a.m.

I am awaiting your Xmas report, and also acknowledgement of that \$10 check I sent you. I don't quite understand your question about the vault key. It seems to me that I left it attached to the key chain, which was in my drawer. Please let me know if you locate it, otherwise borrow my father's, and have bank issue a new one for you. I think it will cost a \$1 – also pay vault bill.

Glad that Thelma and Joel were over, and that they are both well again. Is Maurice overseas, and where? I wrote [Murray?] Halpern a short time ago. Have you heard from the Whitmans? Is Anita O.K.? Am awaiting Bob's new address, and did you say Fran went out to Calif? Patiently all and any bits of late news. With a whole mindful of love and kisses for you and our little pride and joy, you find me loving you more and more,

As ever,

Gg.

Pvt. G Stoff (42050100)

Co A 8th BN (Camp)

ASF – UTC – NOSA

New Orleans, La