

MRS. GEORGE STOFF

3021 AVENUE 1

BROOKLYN, NEW YORK

Monday 11-22-43
8.30 p.m.

Dearest beloved,

The wind is howling outside,
our little one is asleep and the
phone hasn't rung for 10 minutes.

You sure sounded cheerful
to-day and that alone did wonders
for that wife of yours. I was too
choked up to speak coherently but
you, my sweet, understand. You
didn't mention about calling Mom and
Pop so I phoned them later in the
day to tell them all about
you, the call and the letter
I got this morning.

All afternoon, my mother kept me company and really did her best to make me feel cheerful—honestly. Jimmie did a lot of walking all around the living room and made us squeal with glee each time he took more than 5 steps. He seems to be getting quite tall, maybe ^{it's} because of Helen Nelson who's such a fee wee. She and Winnie also spent a short visit with us chewing the fat.

Her best regards to you, my love.

After supper, Billy Kibel called to find out how I'm bearing up and mentioned the card he received from you to-day. Our faithful

Stan also called - he too, received a card.

The apartment is nice and warm - but ruins you, my darling and I've made up my mind to be patient - everything comes to those who wait.

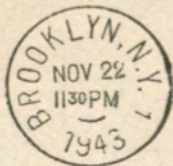
How about your sleeping quarters, do you feel the cold much? And how about your feet, you haven't mentioned them in any of your letters.

Harry Abrams just called and spoke with me for 10 minutes. He's of the opinion that maybe his friend couldn't do anything just at that time but maybe he'll come through. There's hoping. He sends his best regards and wishes.

Good-night - sweetheart - Pleasant dreams. Jimmie and I love you so much.

Faithfully and lovingly,
Florence

P.S. Received your clothes to-day -
The hat is dampish.



Pvt. George Stoff (42050100)

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CAMP Upton N.Y.*

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