

Mrs. GEORGE STOFF
3021 AVENUE I
BROOKLYN, N. Y.
NAVARRE 8-1376

Sunday eve, Dec 12th 1943.

Dearest George,

It's the end of the day and I've been on the go since six. It started with your "Sunday Cramps", two hours before your call came through and I'm feeling swell, just a bit tired. You advised me not to write until I got a new address, but do you mind if I take a chance and even use some of your stationery? Besides, I like writing to you, it's an outlet for me and I feel so near to you when I do so.

You'll always thrill me, my beloved, whether you speak with me on the phone, write just a few words, look at me, touch me and even your footsteps outside the door always make my heart skip a beat. The next time the elevator door bangs shut on the third floor, after you leave it, will be something wonderful for me to look forward to again. I did know your bang, you know. That's love or some symptoms of it, my dear George.

Now to an even better symptom, our precious baby Jimmie. He's someone real fine and wonderful to write about. A better natured, sweeter child I've yet to come across. I'm only his mother, and you his father but it's the truth.

Again to-day, he was the center of attraction and was flooded with happiness all afternoon. To-day he learned to climb up on the cocktail table, throw all the magazines aside and crawl clear across it. He'll probably end up as an acrobat in Busman Bailey's circus, with his rubber legs and wonderful sense of balance — and personality plus. Unfortunately he was having his afternoon nap when Sammy and Bernie visited me and they remarked how he had grown. They brought some chocolate for Jimmie and Brillo and Nescafe which I said for. I read your letter "Being Awakened" and we all had some laughs. They left shortly and soon after Hy, Bers and Jan, your mother and Father and later Eleanor came and stayed for a few hours. They're all well and send their best to you. Hy is all set for the army and Bers is going through the usual stages of "heartache and bellyaches". All in all, it was a pleasant day. The only distasteful minor detail was a conversation (with Mom and Pop only) concerning Bob's wife. Please, George, don't ask Mom and Pop too many questions about her in your letters as they definitely misunderstand and think you wish to make amends. Perhaps you do, I know being away gives you a different perspective, but I still don't like her, don't want her around for many reasons and as yet haven't spoken with her. She did call from Kay's house on Thanksgiving day only to give me Bob's address and then Pop continued the conversation. That's the trick and when you do



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write them please don't mention any of this. I admit I was
sold to her and someday if I do change, will apologize
and admit I made a mistake. Fran's name is getting into
my hair and she happens to be the one person in this world
whom I have no interest in whatsoever. But I do send
regards to her in every letter I write to Bob, only because
of Bob. I hope there'll be no more unpleasantness to
write about, my dearest Pledge, but you're my most understanding
husband, confidante and most ardent supporter. So much for
that and I'm glad it's off my mind although it's not as
serious as I think it.

Petty was here this evening for a short time and
thanked me ever so much for the use of the velvet chapeau.

It's been very cold since yesterday and I haven't ever
ventured out for 5 minutes but I expect to later to mail
a few letters. Wrote to your cousins Joe in England, Seymour
in California, Palmolive Program (Contest) and an R.S.V.P.
to the Lickers. I expect to go with Stanley if all is well.

Our finances are in order, Mom and Pop gave us \$5.00,
a lovely suit and toy for baby. They're really swell and
Mom loved the bag I gave her for Ymas. I'll have the
remainder of the ~~gifts~~ week to shop for a few more
gifts. I'll let you know the day I send you the Parcel. Is
it O.K. to include Nescafe and canned fish and can opener?
Fruit juices?

Forgot to mention that Bern made a lovely hat for
Jimmy and is making more in all colors. Do you need
any knitted wear? Let me know soon, if you do.

All my love and devotion to you, my dearest.

Affectionately yours,
Florence

P.S. Have you listened to the tune "Oh, What a Beautiful Morning".
It's been going through my mind all the day long. It's really
a sweet tune.



AIR-MAIL



Int. Serge Staff (42050100)

~~6th Bn. Co. H.~~

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Post Apprentices

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