

Letter, Florence Stoff to George Stoff, Brooklyn, New York, November 24, 1943
Letter 2 [Transcriber: Kathryn Manning]

Mrs. George Stoff
3021 Avenue I
Brooklyn, New York

Pvt. George Stoff
Co A AREA 1 BAR IA
Camp Upton, N.Y.

11/24/43

Thursday eve. 8:00

Dearest one,

Our first Thanksgiving away from one another and yet your thoughtfulness in calling made us all here so thrillingly happy. There were several calls before yours came through, but my heart skipped a beat and still does each time the phone rings. Loving you so dearly is so wonderful and terrible at the same time. And honestly, it's getting "worster" and "worster" each day I'm near your, physically and spiritually.

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--- That's a [jarise?]. Just went in to see our son and wasn't surprised to find him on the opposite side of the crib with his cute little b. a. uncovered – naturally he's all comfy and set for the night.

The day was a long, busy and not too exciting one. It started with a dream of you. You came home on a pass, entered the apartment and was sleeping next to me. How you ever entered the apartment troubled me because I knew you didn't take your keys. The fact that I saw your keys in one of your drawers, the other day, was the genesis of that dream. But it was a sweet one.

Mom and Pop came about lunch-time and later I drove them to the

B.M.J. – Prospect Park Station and from there they continued to Astoria. Baby and I went to my Mother and we all had an excellent turkey dinner. Thelma & Joel weren't there – she to her in-laws – but Bess & Jan, Aunt Mildred, El & Mom and baby and me had a very nice afternoon. No excitement – baby slept for 2 hours. He'll have his first bit of turkey to-morrow. I have a sample. And Daddy dear, you'd get such delight to see our precious one walk so boldly and wobbly – but walk. I shouldn't ever complain again when I see such a precious part of you around me all day long. But I am a little selfish, I want the real you in the flesh near me, so I'll keep hoping and praying in my own way that we be to-gether real soon.

When I arrived home to-night, I fed Jimmie and sponged him, put him to bed and started my letter to you. Sam called before, Pop spoke with me and your brother's new wife said a few words. If you haven't received Bob's address as yet, here it is – Robert Stoff

A/S N.A.A.C. – Sq. C I

Nashville, Tenn.

I'll try to write him soon.

Your last letter was quite funny and I got a couple of laughs out of it. You wrote about most everything but the injections. Are you getting them and if so how are you re-acting?

To-night I'm alone with our babe and thinking and breathing only George. You've taken such a great hunk of heart with you so you better hurry back soon and put it together again.

With all my love and devotion – and Jimmie's love too. I'll say Good-Night, my love.

Florence.