Saturday night.
March 17, 1945.

Dearest Beloved,

Hope you're celebrating St. Patrick's day in style and wearing a green hat. It must have been a great day for the Irish with the swell weather we had today. Jim will see the parade with his daddy next year.

This is the first long letter in a few days and I wrote you some V-mails in the meantime. Today much has happened that isn't new except that Hilda Bell came out for a visit today. She's a nice person and full of smiles. We had a fine lunch of salad, juice, coffee, cake and bananas. We talked quite a bit and was interrupted very often by Jimmie, who wasn't in his good behavior today. It may have been that he didn't have a nap and didn't want to nap. He's very difficult these days and how he needs his daddy around to teach him things. Being a mother is more of a job than I dreamed it was and sometimes I'm tempted to pack up the rascal and ship him off to C.O.A. That would be a novelty package and not passed by the censor. Didn't forget it's 16 months today that you left for that career in the army. My sister Eleanor came in for a short visit, brought some roast duck and stuffing (really good) and left us at Mastrand and Bell. She's free lancing and works for Perry Smith some days. Hilda Jim and I took a walk around the campus after lunch and wound up in Molnoff's candy store

for ice cream sundaes. Jim didn't eat too much and would have liked to throw the ice cream at us but I held it tight. He did throw an ice cream cone at me on Thursday afternoon and I just ignored it. How can I spank him in a public place? In the apartment, he behaves and listens to me most of the time but when we get outdoors the little animal in him runs riot. I guess the country is the place for children and I'll do my utmost to get away for the Spring and Summer months. Expect to use the car to look for a place.

Hilda left us at 5 o'clock and promised to come again soon. Jim and I went up to Betty's apartment and had some fun with Laurence and his toys until supper time. In the evening Uncle Gilbert called to make sure we'll be home to-morrow. She'll be here to see Jim and I hope he behaves. The folks are well and had a call from Bob this week-end. He's well and did quite a bit of flying this week. I wrote him again last night.

In one of my v-mails I mentioned that I received a check for $138.56 from E. Lovett. This is the result of a transaction of stocks and Mr. Pinney has probably written you about it. I deposited the check in the Williamsburgh Bank.

Stay well, darling, and all my love and devotion to the sweetest G.I. alive! Jim and I love you more and more. Hugs and kisses from both of us.

always, Florence

Sunday eve
Mar 18th 1945.

My darling,

Jim and I are fine, arose early this morning and were out by 10:30 a.m. We walked to the campus with Cy Slaunwhite and daughter Ann and stayed there until noon. The sun was delicious to-day and Jim and Ann had lots of fun in the dirt and pushing twigs through a grating. Cy and I talked meanwhile and when the trains came by we had to cross the street to show Jim and Ann the choo-choos. What a glorious world it is to these youngsters!

When we neared the house, Mom and Pop came along and we all went up to-gether. They're fine and miss you as much as I do. Jim had his lunch of lamb chop, mashed potato and green peas, prunes and 8 oz. of milk. The folks had no mail so I read your latest V-mails to them. They also brought a lovely suit for Jim with a navy tie attached to it plus a birthday gift for me — a lovely printed nightgown. As usual, they're too good to me and Jim. Mom spoke to Harry last night and he's had no mail from Joe since that letter I wrote you about but he did receive a parcel with perfume, an electric razor and other items this past week. The folks left in the early afternoon for a meeting in the Bronx and my mom and Eleanor came later in the day. Jim napped and was wide awake all afternoon. Ruth Gilbert also paid us a visit and thinks our son is

quite handsome. Jim behaved nicely to-day and we all walked with him before supper time — Ruth, Eleanor, Mom and myself. At 6 we went upstairs to the apartment had supper to-gether and Jim was asleep by 8 o'clock. Mom left early, Eleanor and Ruth stayed until 9.30 p.m. and it was a full day for all of us. Ruth took your address and will write you about her visit and she sends her best regards to you.

War news is getting better and better and soon my love, you'll be home with us. We'll be patient and be rewarded with much joy and happiness. Jim and I will be the two happiest mortals on earth to see you and love you all over again. Just stay well, darling, and Jim and I will take care of each other.

Good-night, sweetheart, and I still love you with all my heart. Loads of hugs and kisses from Jimmie and mommy.

Lovingly,
Florence

Mrs. Florence Stoff
3021 Avenue J
Brooklyn 10, N.Y.

3/17
3/18

BROOKLYN, N.Y.
MAR 18
1-PM
1945

VIA AIR MAIL

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