

Letter, Florence Stoff to George Stoff, Brooklyn, New York, March 6, 1944 [Transcriber: Kathryn Manning]

[Envelope]

Mrs. George Stoff
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Brooklyn, N.Y.

Pvt. George Stoff (42050100)
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Camp Plauche
New Orleans, La.

[Letter]

Sunday eve –

Dearest beloved,

This morning I was up bright and early knowing that you'd call and I sat in the kitchen with a racing heart. Alas, at 2 minutes to eight you called and thrilled me through and through. Baby was asleep and awakened about 20 minutes later, had his breakfast and played most of the day. I sure miss you, darling, more so on Sundays, and hope we'll see each other soon. You mentioned that if you're moved elsewhere for your technical training, baby and I may be able to join you so I'll wait patiently for that letter advising me when and if you are stationed near a half way decent city. It'll be 17 weeks, George dear, and that's such a long, long time for us to be parted. We are all trying so hard to be brave, you, Mom and Pop and myself and I hope the time doesn't go into years. It seems like ages already.

To-day we spent most of the time indoors as it was quite cold out although it was sunny. Mom and Pop came here about 12 o'clock

and brought baby a wooden colored spool toy which he played with all afternoon. They left for Harry's place at about 2:30 and I bought a box of candy for Harry and didn't have a chance to mail it so Mom and Pop took it to him. Later Danny visited us, brought baby a toy dog which he has a duplicate of (Billy gave it to him) and is getting a truck for it (he insisted) . He stayed for about an hour, chewed the fat with me and marveled at our precious bundle. He's now a Master Sergeant and will write you all about it. He, too, was invited to the Kushnick Bar-Mitzvah and doesn't think he'll go. His best regards to you. Betty and Ben came in for a short visit and send their best to you. My sister Eleanor came early this eve and is with me now, reading, listening to the radio and we're both knitting.

I love you so much, darling, and hope to get a batch of those wonderful letters of yours in the morning mail. No written news since Tuesday's letter. Bad weather all week slowed up the mail.

With all the love that's in my heart and a hug and kiss from precious, we are

Yours always,

Florence and Jimmie

[Bence's] address c/o G. Gowen – Sackett Lake, Monticello, N.Y.