

Letter, Florence Stoff to George Stoff; Brooklyn, New York; December 19, 1943
[Transcriber: Kathryn Manning]

[Envelope]

[No return address]

Pvt. George Stoff (42050100)
Staging Detachment, Hope Provisional
c/o Postal Officer
Camp Livingston

[Letter]

Sunday eve –
Dec. 19th 1943.

Dearest George,

To-day was the first quiet day I've had since you left. Just baby and I together all day and I really enjoy being alone with my son although my thoughts as usual are always of you. Just a few telephone calls to break the peace of a Sunday afternoon. Your call didn't come through so I realize you must be quite occupied but I did get a postal from you with your latest address.

The weather for the past two days has been quite mild and that cold spell we had last week was unusual for this time of year. Baby and I had our pictures taken and the films are in the process of being developed. We should send "snaps" to one another, my darling, to keep ourselves posted on how we look.

This morning we were downstairs early and the usual gang of neighbors and kibitzers were already assembled. Most of them inquired about you and send their regards – they're also all worried sick even the 4 F's . We're through the worst of it, I believe, and the thought of that day when we'll all be together again is enough of an inspiration for me to keep those spirits high and my chin way up. How are you making out, my dearest, with the cheer department? Did you get my letters of last week?

Sarah was here yesterday morning and promised to come next week the two days as she originally promised but I think she'll give me only 1 day – even 1

day is better than none. Her Christmas gift is already packed and waiting, a pair of stockings and a pin. Most of the packages are wrapped and I have about 2 or 3 more gifts to wrap tomorrow.

I expect to go to the vault if I get a chance – for my rings and to put a bond away. Jimmie could stay with a neighbor, if necessary, but we'll see how we can manage another more convenient way. Everyone is so busy at this time and I hate to impose upon my good neighbors too much.

The baby and I are well and as comfortable as two bugs in a rug. Our schedule is very regular and the little one isn't one bit spoiled. He hands me the bottle every eve after he finishes his milk with his favorite "Dot, dot." Then he turns over, hands under his tummy, his backside up and waits for the Sandman. What a darling we've got, Daddy dear.

Expect to listen to some good programs to-night and am in the midst of making a hat – a new – creation.

Pleasant dreams, sweetheart, and all my love and devotion to you.

As always ,

Florence