

Letter. Florence Stoff to George Stoff. Brooklyn New York. December 8, 1944.
Letter 2: [Transcriber: Kathryn Manning]

Mrs. Florence Stoff
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New York, N.Y.

Friday – Dec. 8th 1944

Dearest beloved,

Believe it or not but I can hardly catch my breath these days. The days are just flying by and my time is so well utilized. In fact, it was Harry Abrams who remarked that his son Mathew had a birthday this week and for a moment I couldn't realize that we're already in the month of December. I do hope, my darling, that your days are also going fast and before we know it we'll be one very happy trio again. The war has to end and then for those wonderful, longed for days and years ahead.

Jimmie and I are just swell and don't you doubt me. Mom and Pop are fine, had a v-mail letter from you today and also keep themselves quite busy. This morning's mail brought your letters of November 24 and 26th and both made me quite happy. I'll answer some of your questions. 1) We had a very wonderful time on our vacation and Jim and I are looking forward to our next visit. 2) Jim loves everything we love, darling, and life and personality ooze out of every pore. 3) [Hy?] never bought a bond or gave one drop of blood. It was Bess who bought all the

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bonds and too bad she's stuck with him (he's worthless (not in her eyes)) In fact not one [Baxt?] gave blood or bought bonds. The car is at Allans – up on blocks and we go places in public conveyances and taxis. 5) And lastly, Jim and I are in good health, spirits and just miss you terribly. It would be os nice to get one of

your super-duper kisses and a great bear hug. I'll be patient tho and keep my mind and body active and in good form. Also our Jim's.

Here are more good tidings. Thelma called tonight to say that Joel seems to be improving. The doctors are quite surprised at the results of those X-ray treatments and the pictures show that the growth has diminished quite a bit. Thelma feels a little better, a little more hopeful and from now on we'll hope and pray that the little fellow comes through with flying colors. All the doctors are so fond of him and are doing everything humanly possible to fight whatever disease he has. He still has to go for several treatments a week and I'll keep you posted on his condition.

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If you have a chance, try to write to Thelma or did I suggest it already? Hope you had some mail from me but how can you miss when I write daily. I wrote you a V mail yesterday and mentioned something about a calendar. I forgot I couldn't enclose anything so here are the calendars. It takes me quite a time to type so do you mind if I write in long hand. V-mail does come the fastest so far, so I'll write another V-mail to-night. Expect to write letters to Joseph Shapiro and the Whitmans later. Received the form you signed for the bank, thanks.

Mr. [Pineres?] called this morning, received a letter from you and is fine. He looked up the dividend that you mentioned and it only amounted to \$8.75 – I think it was a McHessen and Robbin dividend check. We'll be getting another one soon.

Until now I've written this letter in our club chair with my feet curled up and I've got to change into your favorite writing chair and table in the foyer. Now I'm more comfortable and can also read my writing. Jimmie, the rascal, is asleep in his crib and let's hope he doesn't wake up to-night

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to ask for a sis that doesn't come out. Then if that doesn't work, he insists upon sleeping with Mommy and Mommy just can't sleep the night through with Jimmie. This happened several times this week and may have been due to the fact that Jim slept in a single bed up the country and isn't accustomed to the crib yet. Last night he asked to go into Mommy's bed, told me to sleep in the "foyer" or "liv-room" and after a few moments I talked him into sleeping in Daddy's bed. Then he asked for "orange juice" and I had to convince him it wasn't morning yet so he went to sleep and slept until 8 this morning. It was raining when we awoke and it's still raining to-night.

Jim and I spent most of the day at home and managed to visit Betty during the afternoon. Lawrence and Jim had lunch together with me here while Betty shopped for us. We all ate well, Jim had his nap and Lawrence behaved and talked in a low tone while Jim slept. It must be the magic I have over these kids that makes them behave. Betty came in later and when she appeared Lawrence changed into his usual devilish self.

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During the afternoon, Jim and I played, talked to our dearest Daddy and then baked your favorite chocolate layer cake. It came out simply delicious and Jim had his piece to-night after supper, he licked his ten little fingers and said "licious." I brought up a good size cut for Betty and in return she later brought down for Jim a chicken dinner for tomorrow. I bawled her out and told her she upset my routine but I took it and thanked her. Enough of small time gossip so au revoir, jusque le matin.

To-night, I'm reading, writing, listening to the radio's "Gong Busters" and hope to finish knitting those mittens.

Bon soir, m'amour, et comme toujours, je t'aime avec tout mon coeur. Je voudrais que vous fussiez ici avec Jimmie et moi. Restez tres bien, mon chere. Jim envoie l'amour.

Comme toujours,

Florence

P.S. If this letter has an odor it's the perfume "Yussel" sent 2 weeks ago.
[Harth's Projects?].