

Letter, Florence Stoff to George Stoff, Monticello, New York, July 13 & 14, 1945
[Transcriber: Kathryn Manning]

[Envelope]

Mrs. Florence Stoff
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Monticello, N.Y.

Cpl. George Stoff 42050100
CoA – 735 – RWY – OPN – BN
APO # 350 c/o Postmaster
New York, N.Y.

[Letter]

Friday eve
July 13th 1945

Dearest George,

This is Friday, the 13th and all is well with your little family. Jim and I still love our dearest Daddy and sweetheart and we're counting the days until your return. Meanwhile stay well darling and you, too, have some fun this summer. Being faithful has its sacrifices but I guess we both love each other too much to be otherwise. Soon it'll be 10 months since we saw each other and that's a long time to lovers. But I'll not weaken and be as firm and resolute as you are through all this.

To-day our day began at 7:30 a.m. Eleanor came in last night and Mom is still in Brooklyn settling her affairs. Eleanor was the first to awaken, then Jim said good morning Daddy and I awakened. We had our breakfast by 8 o'clock and by 9 I was out doing the marketing for the week-end. Jim and Eleanor sat on the side porch and Eleanor busied herself making a tufted cover for an old piano stool. Jimmie always has fun with Aunt Eleanor and sometimes I wish she'd stop showering our babe with gifts. That's her nature I guess and her way of showing her love. Another thing she made this morning was a swing for Jim. The parts consisted of the back of a bed, posts shaved off a bed, a flat board and some old

heavy rope that the painters left in the cellar. It's sure a masterpiece and is probably is the oddest looking swing in Sullivan County. It's already hanging on a tree and is an oddity to behold. I'll try to get a snap of Jim swinging and swaying.

Received your June 28th letter today and as always I enjoyed the contents from beginning to end. That bit in your letter concerning the lovers and the dog-wood sandwiches was very funny and I hope they made out well....Very soon the non-fraternization will be lifted and all the boys will make merry with those Fraulines. You'll take beer, I guess. Poor George and to think the boys kid you the way they do. They're mean.

Weather is delightful all week and the sun feels so good when we take our sun-baths. Jim doesn't lay still for more than 5 minutes so I guess his tan will be more on the lighter shading. His Mommy already looks like a nigger-baby.

A little while ago I returned from the movies and saw an enjoyable fantasy "Where Do We Go From Here." It's a musical, Technicolor film with Fred McMurray and June Haver and Joan Leslie. Eleanor stayed with Jim and hung curtains in the living room most of the evening. House is shaping out nicely.

It's almost 11 p.m. and I'm a bit tired so good-night, dearest, until to-morrow. The folks may be up to-morrow and I'll let you know if they do arrive.

All my love and devotion to you and hugs and kisses from Jim. Best regards from Eleanor and Bess.

Always yours,
Florence

[Letter]

Saturday night
July 14th 1945

My darling,

Had a very full pleasant day and at present I'm waiting for Eleanor to come in from a date.

We all arose at 9 p.m. had breakfast and went outdoors until 11:30. Some chap called Eleanor for a luncheon date and after walking through town looking over the restaurants decided to have some borscht with us. After we finished with Jim and the dishes I drove to Sachett Lake to see Bess and Jon. Both are well and Eleanor, Sid, (the fellow) Jon and Jim had loads of fun at the lake and near the sun deck. Sophie and Joe Rockwitt are at the [Corgrens?] for the week-end and both look fine. They send their best to you. I also inquired about Manny Greenberg (Cara's husband) and he's improving slowly – he had polio.

From the [Corgrens?], I drove alone to the Spinelli farm to get a chicken and a box of raspberries and on the way back picked up Jim, Eleanor and Sid. When I drove into our roadway, Mom and Pop were sitting on beach chairs waiting for us. They came on the late afternoon bus and had a nice trip up here. Jim and I surely thought they'd be here on the 12:30 or 1. o'clock bus but they made the later one. We all had supper to-gether and had so much to say to one another. The folks look fine and were delighted to see us. And of course they came with a valise filled with goodies, toys and bagels.

Another surprise of the day was Ruth Sewall's visit to us at noon and at supper time. She looks fine and is a lovely girl. Her mother is staying a few blocks from here for several weeks and this is Ruth's first visit to her. She'll be here again. Her best regards to you and she sure misses George around. Gossip – George Clark is back in the office again – Hess's daughter gave birth – Manny is at Searoom and your letters are most welcome and passed around by all who get them.

No mail from my sweetheart to-day but Mondays are usually my best days. Mom and Pop have had no mail from you in two weeks and Pop has an idea that you may be on the way home. How I wish that were true.

The folks are in bed now and I'll be turning in in 5 minutes. It's started to rain a while ago but the air is warm and sweet smelling. Hope we have sunshine to-morrow so I can take a few snapshots of Jim and the folks.

Good-night, dearest, and all my love and devotion as always. I love you more each day and wish you were here so I can prove it in my own way. Love from the folks, Eleanor and hugs + kisses from Jim.

Always, Florence