

Letter, George Stoff to Florence Stoff, New Orleans, February 6,
1944 [Transcriber: Kathryn Manning]

[Envelope]

Pvt. Geo. Stoff 4250100
Co. A 5th Bn. TC-UTC
Camp Plauche,
New Orleans, La.

Mrs. Florence Stoff,
3021 Avenue I
Brooklyn,
New York.

[Letter]

Sunday 2. 6. 44

Florence, my beloved,

About six and one half years ago you captivated my heart, and since it has been in your custody I have been, with rare exception, the happiest man in the world. I have also tried to share all my happiness with you and ours. Now a world catastrophe has managed to separate us; but sweetheart, only an event of such great magnitude and scope could have done this to us. Although I am so distant so home and you, believe me my heart is right there with you always. Each evening as I admire a sunset, I look forward to the next sunrise with the thought and hope that one of those sunrises will find my heart and body combined, resting in your arms, loving and caressing you as only my fondest dreams can imagine. Some day soon the sun will shine brightly for us, honey, and never again, I hope, will dark clouds obscure it.

Talking to you this morning was like drinking once again at the fountain of youth. I am rejuvenated and pepped-up until the next phone call. I hope you had a pleasant ride to the Lichens, and that you spent a grand day with them. Naturally, I suppose you didn't talk on long about me and my few accomplishments of my short army career. But if to-morrow's interview turns out favorable you will more to talk about. I will write you just as soon as I know all the results, so be patient.

It rained about an hour after I phoned you, but cleared up by 12 o'clock, and so we went to New Orleans. Took a long walk with Federchuck, (who is on the pictures) Goldberg, and Goldberg's brother, who is a sailor and now in this port. Isn't that a swell break. Goldy has 4 brothers in the service. Can you imagine his father who is still alive having all his 5 sons in the service? After we tired of walking we went to our favorite U.S.O. and walked right into a Community Sing. Well the four of us sat on the balcony, and formed an "Agency Quartet." Plenty of good cheer and a chance to shout out loud; just like that place on 86th St, remember, sweetheart? When I finish this letter we are going to Morrison's Cafeteria for dinner.

Danny has not written me lately and owes me a letter. Does he still phone you? And if he does please tell him to write when he can. I hope Harold's furlough helped take the shock off Bernie's induction. Poor Max, he must be worrying himself sick, like all parents.

Hope Eleanor isn't spoiling Jimmy for you, and that he behaves like a good boy. Does he like himself since the haircut? And does he say anything about it? Is he growing nicely, and how are his teeth coming along? I was tickled to hear you bought some clothes, but \$6

for a coat sounds awfully cheap these days. I want you to be well dressed even under these circumstances, because it's morale building for both of us.

The boys are rushing me, so please, dearest, excuse this short letter, but I still love you. Kiss Jimmy for me, and with my usual kiss in mind for you, you find me hoping and loving you always.

As ever,

Gg.