

Letter, Florence Stoff to George Stoff, Brooklyn, New York,
December 6, 1943 [Transcriber: Kathryn Manning]

[Envelope]

Mrs. George Stoff
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[Letter]

Monday eve –
12/6/43

George, my dearest,

After seeing the folks - yours and mine – trying to be cheerful and in good form yesterday, it was a contrasting relief to be just with Jimmie to-day. Sometimes I really want to be alone just to think of you, what you are doing and how you are fitting into your new set-up.

Time - how I've been complaining about it for the last few years. But since baby was born I've had so little to devote to myself. Even at this time, when I'd like to get a new hold on myself I haven't much of a chance. Will I ever be able to manage the right way? Between the phone calls and some other things that crop up during the day, my plans daily are upset and I'm afraid of getting into a "household rut." I just can't get out with so many things accomplished because of all those that call, speak to me 10 and 15 minutes and set me back

for hours. I know they all mean well and I can't be rude – the calls come in during meal times and if baby isn't disturbed, I am, and eating cold food is no enjoyment. But I'll put my foot down and tell everyone to call at certain times during the day. Maybe I'm just a bit crabby right now – blame it on the weather or maybe it's my Monday mood. I shouldn't complain to you, my darling. You have your own worries. Enough of the complaint dept.

This morning I sent the articles you requested, under separate cover marked "special handling." The P.O. is jammed at every hour of the day and I'd like to get whatever you need sent to you as soon as possible. Please, George, tell me if there's anything special you desire because we're all in a dither about what to get our "hero." How about a furlough bag, stationery, military set, pictures and no edibles. Mom doesn't know what to get you therefore the suggestions. Let's know – this week.

Max Pinus called this morning, Billy Rubel and Jules this afternoon and some of my girl friends. All send their best regards. Neighbors are still grand, especially Betty and Ben.

Jimmie is still too wonderful for words to describe, I still love you dearly and miss you terribly. My patience will be getting a good work out with you so far away and our precious one to take care of all day.

All my love to you, my darling until to-morrow night.

Lovingly yours,

Florence

P.S. Sleeping much better, honestly.