Thursday eve
Aug. 30th 1945.

Georg, dearest,

In a few minutes I'm going to the movies to see "Christmas in Connecticut" with Barbara Stanwyck and I'll finish this letter when I return.

Baby and I are fine and love you so very much. The heat is still on but the evenings are delightful and beautiful these August nights. I feel great after getting your happy spirited letter of August 17th. It was good to learn that Jim is having an Alpine suit made to order and we'll sure show it off all over these United States (and our Daddy, too) Hope you enjoyed the festival, if you managed to see it and I'm anxiously awaiting the details. I know how difficult it's getting trying to write each other these days when we're just bursting with pent up love, emotions, dreams and plans of these past 2 years. To think all of this will materialize in just a short time, is like the happy endings of most fairy tales I tell Jim. "And they lived happily after" — Oh darling, I'm so impatient for you.

Mom, Jim and I had the usual day of shopping, sitting in the sun and I'm still reading that fascinating novel — just about 500 pages more to go. Weather is the same and it's hot in New York. I called Eleanor at the store about some things Bess needs and she'll

be here to-morrow with Marian. She called your folks and they're fine and doesn't believe they'll be here this week-end.

It's 9.45 and I've just returned from the theatre. The picture was fair and very light in spirit. Jim is fine, fast asleep and is proud of his new haircut. We went to the barber after breakfast and he sat like a perfect gentleman throughout the procedure. You'll be taking him for his next haircut, we hope. Soon we'll be doing lots of things together and Jim doesn't know how lucky he is to have you for a daddy. I'm thankful for you, too, darling.

Before I turn in I'll take a cool shower for it's warm to-night here (we have steam heat) So, good-night, dearest, and I still love you as much as always. Stay well and Jim and I will take care of each other. Hugs and kisses for the swellest daddy and sweetheart.

Lovingly,
Florence and
Jimmie

Friday eve
Aug 31st 1945

Dearest Beloved,

Peace on earth is finally having somewhat of a reaction on me. My nights are restless and meanwhile I'm a bit excited thinking about having you home very soon. The days cannot fly fast enough and I do keep occupied most of the time with Jim and many odd jobs. This morning Jim woke me up at 7.30, jumped into my bed and managed to collect some of his toys from the dresser drawer. He kept changing his chapeau every few minutes and I had to admire each one as he put it on. What a conceited girl he'd make, especially with that handsome face and beautiful coloring. Boy! we got up and had breakfast together. Mom joined us later and did the chopping while I straightened up the place.

There was no mail to-day from you or anyone else but there's always to-morrow. Hope you're getting my mail often and those packages I mailed recently.

After our dinner to-day, Jim rested and later we drove to Sellect Lake for a swim. It's been very warm to-day and the lake was just the place to spend a few hours. Jim and I first splashed about, then I set him half way down and didn't keep him too long in the water. Went in for a swim and saw Jan and the girl who watches him, joined us and we all sat near the water. I dressed in Bob's room, the kid played and had fun until almost supper time.

On the way home Jim sat next to me and pointed out the corn fields, golf course, caves and anything of interest until we came to town, which he calls Broadway (name of main street). He had a good supper and is eating better as time goes on. After he said good night and was in his crib, Eleanor and Marion walked in and just had to see him. They did, admired his sun tan and he went to sleep in five minutes. Mom made a nice dinner of stuffed cabbage and it was very tasty. Eleanor and Marion went to visit Irma and the travels bowling club tonight, Mom is at a neighbor's and I'm with you mentally. It's warm again to-night and I'm very comfortable in a sunback dress. The rascal is growing up quickly and even I'm amazed at his grown up actions. He's quite a boy, Daddy but just a little freak (the opie you like)

Marion brought some fine candies and cookies and I'll sample them later in the evening. Eleanor, too, brought Bergen cake and fruit and we do have plenty. Wish you were here to help us with everything.

This letter surely is a masterpiece and I hope it hasn't bored you too much. It's getting more difficult to write each day now and that's why because I'm so anxious to see you and love you again in person.

Good night, my love, and you have my heart with you across the sea. Hurry back with it and I'll love you and adore you until the end of my days. My love and devotion to you, as always and hugs and kisses from Jeminie. Best wishes from the family and Marion

Lovingly — Pete and

AFTER 5 DAYS, RETURN TO

Mrs. Florence Stoff
41- Sandfield Ave
Monticello, N.Y.

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