

Tuesday -
July 24th 1945

Dearest Marge,

For a change we had a nice day, warm and sunny. It was cloudy in the morning but soon the sky changed to blue and I hope we have some nice days ahead. All is well here and Eleanor left again on the 6 o'clock bus for the city. She'll be back here on Friday and promised to call your folks this week. It would be swell if they could spend this week-end with us and I'm sure Jimmie would love their silent warnings. Don't you worry either about Bob, so far he's been fine and there's no reason to believe he'll be otherwise. Saying goodbye is rotten at any time but one lives through it.

Jimmie, our precious one, is growing up overnight. He answers questions quite intelligently, knows how to reason and also knows how to pull swell punch lines. Mom and Eleanor just marvel over him and I'm not letting anyone spoil him — so please not, dear. I'm getting quite strict at the table and hope that rapscall acquies table manners you'll be proud of. Of course, he's a very slow eater and drinker and I'm sure will never be troubled with indigestion. He's never a bit lazy and loves to participate in every kind of work. Today we cut more grass, raked and Jim almost did a man's job. Our neighbor's son, the one who's been discharged from the army helped us quite a bit and between Eleanor, Jim and myself

no quite a lot but better than
 the one I have seen before
 from almost any one else
 kind of work. The only
 thing I can say is that
 it is a very good one
 and I am sure you will
 like it. I am sure you
 will like it. I am sure
 you will like it. I am
 sure you will like it. I
 am sure you will like it.

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the grounds around the house look well-kept.

Yes, I'm disappointed again today, no mail from you again and again I hope to-morrow will bring some news of my beloved. I did get a letter from Frank Jimco who writes a charming letter and how he wishes you and Richard to be home soon for good. Better that you ^{& Richard} stay in Europe, says he, until the other war is finished. What wonderful sights he sees coming up the river these days, all those thousands of happy G. I's. heading for our shores. Glad he's keeping you posted on our holdings and other quotations.

During the afternoon, Jim napped and some linoleum men from Brooklyn laid linoleum in the two bathrooms and Jen's bedroom. They did a nice job and already there's a marked improvement in the house. We relaxed later in the day in our hammock and then I drove to the natural spring with Jim and got a few jugs full of water. Mom had our supper ready when we returned and Jim ate nicely. I sat on the porch until it got dark and Mom went to the movies. Baby is fast asleep and soon I'll be turning in after I read more of "As The Twig Is Bent". The evening is cool and sleeping has been very comfortable all summer.

I love you with all my heart and hope one day will come very soon. Meantime, stay well, and we'll do Schenck. Best wishes from all at home and Jennie and I send you oceans of love and kisses. Good night, sweetheart.

Your loving,
Harold

[illegible]

Wednesday eve -
July 25th 1945.

My darling,

Baby is snug in his crib and I'm outside the house sitting on an adirondack chair trying to get in some clear, cool air and more daylight before going indoors for the evening. Mom just left for Sackett Lake in the bus and will keep Bess company to night. Bess isn't feeling too well and the doctor put her on a strict diet because of a little pus on the kidneys. She has another month to go and is growing impatient towards the time - a natural reaction. Jan is fine and Ray is the bearded man ^{haircut} no more or

Gimmie and I are just fine, still miss you terribly and love you with both our hearts. I feel lots happier to-day since I received your V-mail dated July 15th #191. Also received a full mail containing 2 pages of The Times magazine and an envelope with more data for that album of ours. Am glad you're well and that your trip is enjoyable at this stage of no combat and no wars. You're really something to write about and talk of for many years and don't forget to take as many snapshots as possible. Austria is a lovely country to visit and perhaps you'll get around to see Bertholdsdorf and that million dollar art exhibit of Goering's. Hope you'll be moving this way soon for I sure would love to see you and touch you again. Ah - darling, what a wonderful sensation that will be after all these months of no touch. Will I ever fall out of love with you, my sweetheart and dearest possession?

It's been a quiet, normal day with much

humidity, little sun and a small shower of rain (again).
Jim and I went to town after breakfast, mailed some cards
at the post office and bought our first sweet corn of the
season. Remember how you taught Jim the art of biting
into those kernels? And eating all that pop. corn? After
a good lunch of lamb chops, green beans, corn, fruit salad
and milk we rested, Jim wouldn't nap, and then played
some old records on an old phonograph. It was fun
because Jim enjoyed it so much. Mom sewed and did
other necessary things for the house. We also visited a
neighbor across the street, had a nice chat and she
too, gets lovely perfumes from her son overseas.

The Japs are getting a terrific pounding these past
few days and if that estimated 5000 planes get to
wash over Japan it'll be a beginning of the end for
the Japs. Am reading another book now "The Story of a
Secret State" - an account of Poland. It's good reading and
very timely. I'll write to Nilda to night and hope we'll
both be seeing our husbands soon. Give my regards to
Frank.

All my love and devotion to you, dearest, and
I'll keep loving you forever and ever. Love and kisses
from Jimmie and best regards from all the family
Stay well and don't worry.

Loveingly,
Florence

P.S. Here's a column for you from the "Sun"

AFTER 5 DAYS, RETURN TO

Mrs. Florence Stoff
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Monticello, N.Y.



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