

Sunday eve - July 22

George, my love,

It's been another muggy, cloudy day but the hours went quickly. Just another day closer to that wonderful moment when we'll be in each other's arms. It can't be too far off, darling. The war news is most optimistic these days and I have a feeling something will be done soon about men over 35.

The sun is setting now, after coming out of the clouds and I have no faith in that sun lately. It's a real Jeweler. We were so anxious to take pictures this week-end but it was too cloudy and Ruby claims to have taken some shots of Jim yesterday. The result looks to poor and no picture lately flatters him. We still have many weeks to go yet and we'll get some swell shots before the summer is over. It'll be hard to get a picture of us in the hammock because I hung it on the porch, a most convenient place.

After breakfast this morning, Jim and I took a walk into town, bought papers and mailed some letters, one to you of course. On the way I dropped the kitten off near somebody's house and hope it doesn't show up near our place. Jim takes things in stride and didn't make a fuss about the kitten. I explained to him that he'll be getting a nicer and cleaner one soon. When we got back to the house, Eleanor, Mom and Ruby were having brunch. I read the papers and was a bit disappointed not to find the stock sheet. All forward to morning's letter to you. We sat near the house most of the day and Ruby left on the 4 o'clock bus. Eleanor intends to stay until Tuesday and hopes to do more work around the house. This afternoon I also wrote you a V-mail which Ruby is mailing in N.Y.C.

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Hope the folks aren't taking Bob's departure too badly for he may still be around the states for many weeks.. And don't forget it takes about 7 weeks to sail to Japan so many things may happen in the interim. I'm sure that there's something to these rumors we've been hearing about slave offerings. And officials start denying these announcements we can be sure something's cooking.

Jim had fun most of the day playing with Ruby, a stray dog that followed Ruby from town and Eleanor and I. Mom told Jim that he had a sharp tongue (because of "shut-up") and Jim answered that he didn't have a sharp tongue, he had sharp teeth. Some kid.

Tomorrow is the most awaited day of the week because of the mail and I hope I get a batch. No other mail to write to night so I'll read or take a walk with Eleanor. Mom is doing some sewing and soon there'll be a complete home for Bess.

Good night, dearest, and as always all my love and devotion to you. At the moment I'd give up all my worldly goods for just one kiss of yours. Now I do miss thee, sweetheart. Stay well and remember I love you every minute of every hour. Lots of hugs and kisses from Jim and best wishes from Eleanor, Mom and Bess.

Sincerely yours,
Harold

Wm. Lloyd Garrison

Monday eve
July 23 - 1946.

Dearest sweetheart,

"Because God made thee mine, I'll cherish thee" is part of that beautiful song "Because" which I heard to night in a picture "Thrill of a Romance". It was most enjoyable and I just cannot get that tune out of my head. Esther Williams, a real talent and Van Johnson were the leading players and technicians plus beautiful clothes and settings made the picture entertaining. I thought of you all evening and made believe you were sat my side. Good, how I miss you, dearest. Van Johnson had a lucky star that watched over him (while in combat) and what do you think that star's name was? George! It's my lucky one, too.

When I got to the hotel Cleaver was sewing a pair of slacks and listening to the radio. Jim behaved and went to bed soon after supper and is getting out of that bottle habit finally. We had a fairly busy day and took care it the sun hasn't come out for one second today. It's sure a cool, wet summer so far. Jim and I walked into town after breakfast, did a little shopping and prepared lunch. The postman brought no mail at all for me so I'm impatiently awaiting mail delivery to-morrow. All afternoon I did some reading and went to the library alone for a Time magazine and a book about children. It's The Time is Best. Jim is picking up everything so fast and furious and very often Cleaver, Mom and I just sit and stare with amazement at our Jim. He's getting to know all the answers and is already at the "why" stage.

Our small radio is now in a new wooden cabinet that was ordered several weeks ago and it

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I have been thinking of you very much lately, and
 wondering how you are getting on. I hope you
 are well and happy. I have been very busy
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think that we would never get it

looks fine. Eleanor set it in the cabinet and also
attached an outside aerial. Static still comes on the wire
but that cannot be helped in these parts of the woods.

While at the post office to day I inquired about
those latest stamps and didn't buy them after seeing
them. They were not entered properly and Eleanor will
try to get a good sheet in the city. Hope you've already
received my acknowledgement of all those packages that
were received within the last two weeks. Also
those that came to Pop's store. A friend gave me
a T coupon for gas (truck) so I'll be able to get
about 6 or 8 gallons more than I expected. Car
runs fine and I'll keep it that way.

It's now just mid-night and I'm usually up at
8 so good night, dearest, and to you give all the
love that's in my heart. I love you more and more
and hope to goodness I can tell you so in person.
Best wishes from the family and loads of hugs,
kisses and love from Gemma and me. Stay
well, my love, and time is fleeting.

Yours always,
Florence

AFTER 5 DAYS, RETURN TO

Mrs. Clarence Stoff
41. Sandfield Ave.
Monticello, N.Y.



Cpl. George Stoff 42050100
Co A-735 PWY O P N B N
APO #350 % Postmaster
New York - N.Y.

Ball Game
Keen on
7/12

Ny + 4