Sunday eve
July 8th 1945

My Best Beloved,

All is serene this Sunday evening, the air smells delicious and I'm outdoors writing this on an Adirondack chair. It's now just eight o'clock and quite light in front of our house. Eleanor and Mom went to see Bess for a few hours and Jim fell asleep about one half hour ago. Jimmie is looking great and here are more pictures of him to prove it. How do you like his cute-eyed rocking horse? He's sure a honey and pretty too.

Last night Eleanor and I went for a walk last night, stuffed in at a local drugstore for sodas and ended up in a bakery shop buying sugar buns. We went to bed midnight and baby awoke at 7.30 a.m. bright and cheerful as ever. I was a bit groggy but managed to rest most of the afternoon in the sun chair in my sun suit. After breakfast I wacked to town alone in the hopes of getting a paper but no luck. The newspaper strike isn't over and I'm sure anxious to read most any kind of paper except the Forwards. Jimmie and I then spent the balance of the morning outdoors and in the hammock on the porch. We had a nice dinner of lamb chops, spaghetti and string beans and that was delicious. Mom was busy sewing and Eleanor hung work curtains and draperies. Late-ward evening Jane paid us a visit and the girl who watches over him got a ride in with her. Best! Jim was delighted to see Jane, showed off all his latest toys and rocked himself like mad on his horse. And everything that Jim does and says, Jane follows up like a monkey. They had loads of fun together for almost an hour.

Hope the folks are enjoying this week-end with Bob and that they see him for many more week-ends. I haven't heard from Bob in a few days so I guess he's very busy with his training now. To-morrow may bring all the mail I want and all these just wonderful days have been my favorite days. It's always a happy day when I get your letters.

Just heard Walter Winchell and nothing sensational was broadcast to-night. The announcements we're both waiting for so anxiously are probably in the making. I'll write some short letters to-night to Winchell, Dillon Lewis Jr. and P.N. and hope they'll do some good. Hope you're writing some letters to Washington — the least of the army and the war plans.

Good-night, my love, and pleasant dreams. I love you with all of my heart, miss you every moment and keep thinking of you always. Jim sends his love and besides, Mom and Eleanor send their best wishes and I wish my wishes to come true. All my love and devotion to you, darling. Stay well and patient, love.

Lovingly yours,

Florence

Monday Eve –
July 9th 1945.

George, sweetheart,

It's raining again to-night and before I started writing this letter I took a breath of sweet rain air on the porch. Had you been with me I would have loved to sit on the porch for hours listening to the rustling of the maple leaves and the soft patter of the rain. Rain always has such a soothing effect on me, especially in the evening and with a letter from you to-day I feel almost contented.

Enclosed are two samples of dried flowers that are in a bouquet before me on the kitchen table. I don't know the name of the white flower but the pink one is a type of daisy. Eleanor and Jim picked them yesterday and they do look lovely.

The day began with lovely weather and sunshine. Jim was at work from 9 a.m. and Eleanor and I were occupied with the house and cooking until 11 a.m. Then Eleanor did a little painting of odds and ends and Jim was only too happy to help. While out in the yard, I found a child's rake and Jim raked leaves and cut grass until lunch time. Then our best friend, the postman arrived with your June 27th letter and also one from Hilda Bell. The post office from Bradley sent a card requesting 16¢ for postage for a parcel so I promptly sent the stamps necessary and I'll probably get the package in a few days. Your letter was very welcome after 5 days of no mail and I'm happy all is well with my dearest sweet heart. As far as I know

Bob is well and in his last letter to me said that his latest condition isn't serious and cleared up. Don't worry, Bob writes you all the facts and the truth. About that clip of bullets, they were in the same package as the mirror. I misunderstood you and thought you sent some clip of jewelry. So far, none of your packets have been opened or rifled. Did you put those films in the same box as the camera? As yet, I haven't received the 9 rolls but will notify when I do. Eleanor has all the packages in a safe place and just examines contents to see if anything is spilled or broken. She's left again this afternoon with mom for New York and will be back Thursday so I don't mind the next few days alone with Jimmie.

Hilda was glad to hear from me and is feeling fine. She's alone in her apartment now and likes it better but is just as lonesick for her husband as I am for you. That picture which you enclosed in your letter of the beer party shows a happy group of U.S.O.'s. Who's that girl on your lap, Daddy? She's cute.

Jim and I are fine, miss you so much and love you more and more. We'll wait patiently and mark the days by keeping ourselves busy and hopeful. We really it you'll be sailing home to us. Just relax, my love and write a book or something until those orders for home come through. Jim is fast asleep since 6.15 p.m and I'll be going to bed very soon (now it's 10 p.m.) The static on the air is terrific so I cannot hear any kind of program.

Pleasant dreams, darling and great big kisses and hugs from baby and me. All my love to you. Forever yours,

Florence

AFTER 5 DAYS, RETURN TO

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

MONTICELLO
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7 30 PM
1945
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8/9

VIA AIR MAIL

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