

Saturday eve
Sept. 1st 1945

Dearest Sweetheart,

All goes well as usual, it's still warm and to-night I have the Saturday night date with you. Jimmie looks fine and we talk of you constantly. Are your ears burning?

No mail again today and that's always a disappointment. Tuesday will be a real busy day, I hope, and it's sure a long way off from now. We're already going into a new month and hope this will be our luckiest this year.

Had Jim under my wing all day and we stayed near the house. Eleanor, Marion and I sat outdoors, chatted and the day went quickly. Jim played with Romeo and Juliet, rocked in his barrel "Blue Boy" and had a pleasant morning and afternoon. I also read in the hammock.

To-night, the girls are stepping out and Mom is out with a neighbor again. Jim ate nicely today and is growing so fast. I'm listening to the evening's programs and will read more later in the evening. There's a lovely breeze out now and I'll go out for a breath or two after I finish this letter. A storm is now brewing.

As always, I miss you so much and love you even more. Stay well, darling, and very soon our dreams will come true. All my love and devotion to you and hugs and kisses from previous. Best regards from the family and Marion.

Love,
Florence

Sunday, Sept 2nd
V-I DAY

Dearest, George,

Last night we did have that storm but I didn't mind it a bit. You were in my thoughts and I also read until bed time. I did miss a most important broadcast though, one I was waiting for all these months. I only heard the news before noon from our neighbor and my flesh turned to goose pimples. Men 35 years and older are to be released at once. That means you, my love, and what joy is in store for all of us. I'll need more courage now than I've had all of these long months past. I can't believe that I'll hold you, kiss you and love you again very soon. Oh, dearest, how I do love thee.

I've just written you a v. mail about your excess baggage. Send all personal things at once and insured. By air you can travel with only 35 lbs., by boat up to 100 lbs. So, get rid of any junk you have and try to travel light. And please stay well, darling.

Jim and I are fine, well and exceptionally happy today. I only I could get rid of that lump in my throat due to the excitement of the days to come. Perhaps I'll wash it down with a bit of brandy - you're kind - applejack. We had a pleasant day and again I'm alone with Jim and you. It's sure good to relay this evening

My dear friend
I have just received your letter of the 10th inst. and am
glad to hear from you. I am well and hope these few lines
will find you the same. I have been thinking much of late
of the future of our country and the state of our
affairs. It seems to me that we are in a very critical
position and that the result of the coming year will
determine whether we are to remain a united people or
be divided into warring factions. I trust that the
wisdom of our leaders will prevail and that we shall
remain united and free.

I am, my friend, very truly
yours,
Wm. Lloyd Garrison

Mom and Marion are in the movies and Eleanor is out with a very nice date by the name of George. He's just been discharged, is about your age and looks like a nice chap. It's feast or famine with Eleanor and now she has more dates than she can fill. She's really having some nice times these past few weeks and I'm very happy. I guess men do prefer blondes.

During the morning, we lounged and then Jim and I went to town for the papers. Mom made a delicious chicken dinner and when we finished we drove to the Congress to see Sam and Jan. They're fine and hope you're on your way. The children played, we talked and Eleanor and Marion played the pin ball machine. We left ^{at 5:30} for Jim was tired and we had things to do this evening.

Did I mention that Eleanor has her driver's license? She went to an auto school last week and passed her test pronto. Don't worry, she's not driving our chariot.

Hope you're on the way, dearest, and I'll still keep on writing no matter what. I love you more and more and know I'll be telling you that soon. Kugs and kisses from Jimmie and Mummy. Best regards from Eleanor, Pers, Mom and Marion. Stay well, beloved.

Always yours,
Florence

How the human mind is a vast
in its capacity to receive
the impressions of the world
and to store them up for
future use. It is a vast
storehouse of knowledge
and experience. It is a
vast storehouse of
wisdom and understanding.
It is a vast storehouse
of love and compassion.
It is a vast storehouse
of hope and faith.
It is a vast storehouse
of courage and strength.
It is a vast storehouse
of peace and harmony.
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AFTER 5 DAYS, RETURN TO

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



VIA AIR MAIL

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