

Wednesday eve -
May 2nd 1945

George, dearest,

Now that you're in Germany, I hope it's the last step in your European tour. From there it's a one way ticket to home and your loved ones - I hope and pray. I wrote a v. mail ~~last~~ night and my aunt Mildred mailed it for me. She wishes to convey her thanks for the very lovely letter you wrote to her. All she desires at the moment is the news of the official ending of the war in Europe and your quick, safe return to us.

Jim and I had a rather interesting afternoon. We decided to go to the zoo in Prospect Park. After stopping off at the bank to cash the allotment check, I drove Jim and myself down to Flatbush and toward Rulys's store. My mother was just coming along, mentioned that Eleanor was busy at the moment, so we drove off to the zoo. Jim had a wonderful time watching all the animals. He was all excited watching the sea lions swim and push one another off the stone steps and when we got to the elephant house, we were in time to see the elephants eat dozens of oranges and hay. And all Jim kept saying was that "hay was for horses." The lions and tigers were having their afternoon fiesta and one leopard cat was yodling her head off. She was probably hungry and looked it. We also saw

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the most beautiful kinds of birds, zebras, water buffalo, monkeys, furs, wolf and hyena. In the large enclosures alongside the bird houses, various kinds of bears were busy eating, showing off and one set of bears looked exactly like the "Kroell Bear" in Jim's story book. I'm sure he was convinced these were the "Mother, Father and Baby Bear" and even looked for Gwedilocks. After seeing all this, we took Jim for a pony ride. He enjoyed it so much that he rode around the small track twice. Then gave a dish of ice cream which he didn't finish and we arrived home at 5.30. Jim was a little tired so I fed him and put him to sleep immediately.

Spoke to the folks, who are well, and also know you're in Germany. Have an idea you're around Aachen and do hope living conditions are better than the last place or are they worse? I'm awaiting the answer about the cancellation of your policy and hope you've received my letters with the details.

No other news just now but he assured that all is well at home. With the latest news of Hitler's death, Speidel's suicide and the almost complete surrender and collapse of Germany, how can we feel too badly? Just try to get home as fast as possible and it really won't be long until we are one happy family again.

I love you more and more, dearest, and the worst part of the deal is over. Take special care of my sweetheart and Jim and I will watch each other. Always and kisses from your two loving dads. As always, Reverend

Thursday eve -
May 3^d

Dearest sweetheart,

It's been another one of those very rainy, wet days and it's still coming down heavy. Jim and I are in good spirits, feeling fine and did manage to get out before lunchtime to do some shopping. On the way home it started to rain and we made the house before it started to pour.

No mail to-day from you or anyone else and I do hope there's news and good tidings from you to-morrow. Now that you're in Nazi land and my guess is that you're in Cologne (instead of Aachen) beware of those Nazis. I know you're careful but please be extra careful and don't go out alone. I am a silly goose and the end is just hours away but it'll only be over when you're home again. Tell to the folks and they're well and patiently waiting for George to come marching home. My family is fine also and Thelma may come home this week.

For hours to-day I sorted your letters and got rid of hundreds of red ones and kept most of Bob's, the folks' and mine. Jim helped make it more of a job than it really was but we had fun.

This is a shorter so I hope you don't mind. I'm a bit weary but always love you and miss you. Jim and I send you all our love and devotion. Stay well, dearest sweetheart. as always,
Florence

[Faint, illegible handwriting visible through the paper, likely bleed-through from the reverse side. The text is mirrored across the fold.]

Mrs. Charles Hoff S/V
3021 Avenue S
Brooklyn 10, N.Y. S/3



VIA AIR MAIL

Cpl. George Hoff 42050100
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