

Wednesday eve
July 4th 1905.

Dearest George,

This is the most quiet 4th I've spent in years and I didn't mind it a bit. Holidays don't have too much meaning these last two years without you and one day is as good as the rest. The most important factor is that we're all well and love each other so dearly. All else matters very little and I'm realizing it more and more.

Jim looked grand to-day all dressed in white and blue and I did manage to get some snapshots of him near a flag on our block. In fact, near every flag we passed baby wanted to pass and have me take his picture. He's back on routine to-day and I'm a well hit torch after chasing the nasal since 7.30 a.m. Where do these 2 and 3 year olds get their energy, Daddy? In the morning, we went to town for a paper and some bread and cheese and Jim makes sure to get on every scale he passes and handles with every penny vending machine. One of these days I'll permit him to get a handful of peanuts or Indian nuts and see what happens. Mom had lunch prepared for us at 12 and Jim ate nicely and napped until 2.30 p.m. I rested but couldn't sleep. All afternoon we sat on our sun chair, chatted with the upstairs neighbors and Jim played all about the grounds with his toys.

Elanor called from Brooklyn and she's fine especially after closing a sale for \$3500. She'll be here tomorrow afternoon and will stay until the end of the

February 1861
Lafayette, Mo.

My dear Mr. Phelps,
I have just received your letter of the 14th inst. and am
glad to hear that you are well and
hopeful. I am sure that your
kindness and sympathy will be
of great service to the cause.
I have been thinking much of late
of the state of the Union and
the prospects of the South. I
feel that the only way to
preserve the Union is by
maintaining the rights of the
minority. I am sure that
your efforts will be successful
in this regard. I am
truly yours,
Wm. Lloyd Garrison

week. Bess called from the hotel and doesn't see my most
of the day. Now that the camp is in full swing it devotes
much time there and sleeps at the hotel - the old Cutchell
place - but who cares. A girl takes care of Jan from 9 to 6.30
and that's a relief for Bess these days - her colitis is acting up.

I'm fine, darling and never for a moment stop dream-
ing of our days to be and how much I love you and miss
you. We sure live in a different world than the natives
of Monticello and how glad I am that decency, real love
and faithfulness exist with us. A neighbor who lives here
for 26 years knows all of the people here thoroughly and
talked with us until midnight last night. She's quite
stagnant, knows Bess for 10 years and knows the Berts
for 30 odd years - and what a book she can write.
We visit with each other and Mom is across the street
with her now. She likes you and thinks you're quite a man-
I showed off some of your pictures and she, too, has two sons
overseas. Dad is expected home for good in about 3 weeks.

Weather is really delightful and to-night's
sunset was exquisite. Jim fell asleep about 7.15 and
I relaxed in the hammock for about 2 hours. Hope there's
news of you to-morrow and that you're getting my
mail in short time.

As always, I love you with all my heart and
hope that reunion of ours is not far off. So far, we've
done good and the balance of the waiting will pass
just as quickly as all the past months. Hugs and
kisses from precious and best regards from all the family.

Everingly,
Florence

Thursday, July 5th

George, my love,

Your letters dated June 21st and June 22nd arrived to day with several snapshots and the reassuring news that you're living in decent quarters in a town that's not been ravaged by war. I'm happy you're well and always glad that you remain that way. Also received ~~a~~ letters from Mr. Brown, Mr. Hesler and my sister Helma. Plus 20 more first day covers with the Roosevelt stamps. Mr. Hesler's letter had a sweet enclosure \$6.50 and Mr. Brown wrote a short letter thanking me for the kind note I wrote him. Helma's job is keeping her very busy, Maurice had a 9 day furlough last week and they're both well. Their best regards to you and they enquired about when I expect to see you home (as if any of us know that answer). The future is still so uncertain.

We're still having a spell of beautiful weather and Jim and I are outdoors most of the day. Mom and I charge off with the shopping and there's very little housework. The hammock is one of my favorite vacation spots and I'm sure making up for the last seven years. The last time I was in a hammock was at Seaside, Maine with your pal Harry. Remember? And what a flop we took to gether. What precious memories I have of that place - where I found the love of my life and the sweetest guy on earth. I'm still a very lucky girl.

Jim and I are just swell and had fun to-day tramping up a steep hill near the house. It's really part of a mountain and Mom, Jim and I were on the

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I have been thinking of you a great deal lately, and
 wondering how you are getting on. I hope you are
 well and happy. I have been very busy lately, but
 I have managed to find some time to write to you.
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look-out for berries in season. None were ripe but we found a few good spots for later in the season. On the way home Jim picked daisies and field flowers and I made a nice floral centerpiece for the cocktail table. Jim also discovered a large moth and wasn't happy until I squashed him. We had a nice supper this evening of Horshoe, tuna fish salad, stewed peaches and chocolate layer cake which Mom and I baked. Jim ate well, drinks most of his milk from the glass and was asleep by 7.30 and he had an afternoon nap to-day. He looks swell and is the cutest rascal.

It's raining now and we're expecting Eleanor very soon. Mom is playing solitaire and I may go out later to meet Eleanor and mail this letter. No papers are available as yet and the radio news says nothing about fathers or men over 35 yet. I'm still waiting so relay until that discharge, dearest. And another thing, please don't get drunk until you come home and we can go on that binge together for at least one whole week. We'll send Jim out bartering during that spell. Promise, please. I'll drink stingers and more stingers and you can back in off Jack after you get those milk baths.

I still love you, my darling, and will never stop while I'm breathing. Just stay well and keep on planning for us both. That day of joy is almost here.

All my love and devotion to you, sweet heart and hugs and kisses from Mom and Dad.
Dorothy
Lorraine

[The text in this block is extremely faint and illegible.]

AFTER 5 DAYS, RETURN TO

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



7/6
7/7

VIA AIR MAIL

Cpl. George Hoff 420 50100
Co A - 735 Pfc Y OPN BN
APO # 350 O/O PM.
New York - N.Y.

