

Monday eve -
July 30th '45

Dearest beloved,

Jimmie and I are alone again to-night, the weather is delightful and my thoughts are of you exclusively. As I wrote, I'm nibbling on some peppermints that Eleanor brought up last week-end. Baby and I are feeling swell and things are beginning to look quite rosy since all your letters sound so optimistic about "getting ready for that best soon". I'm immensely waiting for Stan's reply to my letter (and I do hope he's still downtown). In the meantime I keep my ears glued for every news broadcast and scan the papers for any item referring to me, even 35 or 36. Hope what that sedative said was true.

Woke quite early this morn. and Jim made a fuss over his breakfast so I put him in his crib until lunch time. These trifles upset me a bit and it rarely does any good - for Jim has never been a good eater. He didn't appear too hungry at noon and as always I gave in to him and fed him most of his dinner. Now that he drinks his milk from the glass, it usually takes him about 15 minutes to $\frac{1}{2}$ hour to "sip" 8 ounces of the cow juice. What an ordeal, you'll probably join the nannies after watching your son partake this meal and drink so unwillingly. But in spite of all this, Jim looks well, has a strong grip and is growing and gaining.

The mailman brought some mail from you

I have been thinking of you very much lately
 and wondering how you are getting on. I hope
 you are well and happy. I am well and
 hope to hear from you soon. I am
 ever your affectionate friend,
 John

[illegible]

and two cards from Miss Litcher and Ruth Gilbert.
Your air-mails dated July 5th (181) and July 8th (184) were
most welcome, and also received the enclosed money
order for \$20.00. Thanks, darling, and I'll cash
it this week. I'll answer some of the questions
asked in both letters. Some of your air-mails have
made good time but many of them come in 2 or 3
weeks. The regular mail has come in 2 to 4 weeks,
the latest, Frank's letter came in 27 days. V-mail is
the long run is the fastest but use it only when you
have important news to send — or better yet call on
telegram (I believe its only 60 cents). About Mr. Pinus,
I don't feel a bit pained and remember that Jim and
I didn't stay too long at the office. They were quite
busy and it was a hurried visit. Mr. Pinus looked quite
thick and I didn't wish to ask him too many personal
questions. About 2 weeks ago I wrote him a letter and
got a very charming and warm letter in answer to mine.
Nothing is amiss, Elsie, so I don't give it another thought.
I'm trying writing another letter to him in a day or so.
It's difficult to write all our friends often and my
hands are so wrapped up in Jimmie — my evening in you.

My sisters are well, Bess isn't "itchy" but isn't
too comfortable these days. She's entering her ninth month
and I hope all goes well. I don't have no confidence
in her doctor but she has. He's the one who took care of
her after Jan was born. Eleanor looks very well but
has no romance at present. Every week-end she has another
story to relate about her romance and her jerky

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traveling companions. A Lithuanian farmer got very
much interested in her last week but she told him
she already has a husband. I sure wish she meets
someone like my George — nothing less would suit
either of us so you better hold up a twin, my love.
Eleanor is really the best of all of us (including me)
and I'm more convinced as time goes on. She's sure
knocking her brains out fixing up this old, well worn
a tipul nice house and we hope she has the decency
to say "Thank you" when his job is completed.
Mum is also doing quite a bit and Jim keeps raking up
those red leaves around the place.

This morning I walked to town alone and had
to see the Postmaster about that claim we made
for the rare. They're settling it for \$5.00 and it
was good to see your signature on the form you
signed. I also know that you paid 2.75 frames for it.
I inquired about the Cassell stamps and they're in
the post office and will be put on sale this week.
I thought a bond for us at the bank and expect this
week's checks to come from E.L. and the Mrs. Trime Capt.

Ruth Kildent and her sister are vacationing at Cape
Cod, Mass. and sends her best regards to you. Mum and
the family are well and she thanks you for the stamps
you sent the boys. Their best to you.

Most of the afternoon was spent out in back of
the house and Jim had a grand time playing with
the kittens. Eleanor and I took some pictures of Jim
and I hope they turn out well. By 5 o'clock Mum
and Eleanor prepared to leave and made the

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sit o'clock bus for New York. Jimmie ate his
supper rather well and seems to behave better
when he's alone with me. Don't think I allow them
(Cl or mom) to sample or feed Jim - I don't. We
also fed Romeo and ~~Jack~~ and tucked them in before
Jim got into his crib. After my supper, I lay in
the hammock and read a book of light verses and
watched the twilight come over the country. All
is quiet and peaceful now and I keep thinking of George,
George. Now I do miss you and want you, my love.

The summer is cranking out rather well, but
I do miss the social side. I don't go out much evenings
except for a walk or to a movie and my clothes are
just waiting to be worn. We don't go to the hotel at all
(not that we're missing much) but I did think I'd
like to dance just a few times this summer. Of course,
the summer isn't over yet and we're living in a
woman's ward these many months. There I go complaining
again, shame on me. It's just that I'm so lonesome
for you and wouldn't be quite the same until you're
back in my arms again.

It's almost 11 p.m. and I have to write
to Mom and Pop. Hope they've had news from Bob and
that all goes well with him. It's a week since I
heard from him, but I'm sure some word will come soon.

I love you with all my heart and still
know I'm a lucky girl to have found you. Hugs
and kisses from Jimmie and all my love and
devotion to you as always.

Louise
Stevens

Tuesday eve
July 31st 1942

Georg, dearest,

Is it necessary to tell you what I like to read in your letters? Every word you write is food for my hungry soul, so just write anything and everything and above all the truth. Honestly, darling, I feel when your loveliness and blue face are and I keep fighting off that mood ever so often. Just hold on a little longer until our reunion in Brooklyn - this year. You're on my mind every moment and you're the best part of me so how can I ever stop loving my sweetheart? In your latest two letters of July 21⁽¹⁹⁴²⁾ and 22⁽¹⁹⁴²⁾ (v. mail) you sound a bit lovelier but don't be as I'm sure plenty of mail is better.

Last night I read a bit before going to sleep and Jim and I awoke at 8.30 this morn. We had breakfast, dressed and went to town by 10.30 for the newspapers, bananas and oranges. Before lunch we took a sun bath in the back of the house and then the mailman brought your two letters, a card from Bob and several first class covers. The card was mailed from Melbourne, ^(out m) sure, a stop over enroute to the West. Nothing in detail but he expected to travel 3 or 4 more days so by now I guess he's at his destination.

Jim and our kittens are keeping me quite busy these days and I'm thankful for that. Kittens have to be fed every two hours and Jim should learn how to drink his milk as quickly as comes and gulps. Nature is wonderful. Most of the afternoon we stayed on the porch, in the hammock and in the back yard. I noticed in

[illegible]

to-day Herald, on the front page, that "American Bosch," our
latest stock, is a German owned organization so I hope
nothing drastic happens to our investment. Mr. Pinus
will probably keep you informed about it. By the way,
I wrote him a letter today and one to the folks.

Hope you enjoyed your trip to Berchtesgaden and
that you took some interesting shots. Have a feeling when
you'll be leaving Ling you'll be on your way to La Paz.
Don't forget to keep a few rolls for that trip en route and some
of the boat (I'm sure optimistic) and that the way to be
these days? But I still miss my dearest sweetheart.

All is fine with Jimmie and me, weather isn't too
warm, and all we want is you. We love you every
minute of every hour and wish the clock would go
~~around faster so you could be with us soon!~~
Stay well, meanwhile and please don't be too homesick.
All this rotten business will soon be in the past,
part of a bad dream.

Good night, darling, and all my love and
devotion to you is always. Jim is snug in his crib
and the kittens are asleep too all cuddled up in a
basket. Kugs and kisses from baby.

Sincerely,
Stanford

AFTER 5 DAYS, RETURN TO

Mrs. Florence Hoff
41- LANDFIELD AVE
Monticello, N.Y.

7/30

7/31



AIR MAIL

Col. George Hoff (42050100)
CA-735 Rwy OPN BN
APO # 350 c/o Postmaster
New York, N.Y.

