

GEORGE STOFF  
3021 AVENUE I  
BROOKLYN, N. Y.  
NAVARRE 8-1376

Sunday 9.<sup>30</sup> P.M.

Darling, wanted that it had been possible for us to be together as the train left Grand Central Station, but since it was not to be, let us look forward to the moment when we will be together again - let us not look to the past, or even the present, but to the inevitable day to come when it will <sup>seem</sup> that I have been put together again, and when we will feel like the "one" we are, instead the halves we now seem to be.

Even our good friend Danny sensed the fact that we were both just hunks of meat, without the spice you added to make us palatable to each other.

Darling, you don't know how happy it makes me to realize how much you mean to my mere existence. So please, dearest, do all possible to revive the spirit and the body, and you will be doing much to insure the happiness of the future, for both of us.

I trust you had a most pleasant trip, and that you were met at the station by a reception Committee. Be careful of your ear, and do not catch any more colds - Eat well - take the baby beautiful - and above all - be happy - look happy - think happy - and I will be happy too -

From the station Denny and I visited Artie Weiss, and he sends his kindest regards to you. Incidentally the only first masters who have not visited yet are H. Altman + B. Kushnick - I wonder why? From there we dropped in on Bill Rubel, but no one was home - then visited Jules + Min - and went to the Yankee Stadium with Denny. Jules' brother and the Yanks won - after the game we visited Jules' sister, who lives near the Stadium - where we met several of Jules' unmarried sisters, who I think were tipped off that Denny was a celibate - Well - dear, another half hour and Denny might have had a proposal - and we were there but 20 minutes - We finally sneaked out and had a side of beef at Paul Darbby's (remember?)

Now listening to the radio, and thinking of you - but tempus fugit - and I guess I will forgive you that much more for it, so until to-morrow, dearest, you find me

(Regards to Al. Wise)

Forever yours.  
Kg.



GEORGE STOFF  
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