

Thursday eve
Aug. 30th 1945.

George, dearest,

In a few minutes I'm going to the movies to see "Christmas in Connecticut" with Barbara Stanwyck and I'll finish this letter when I return.

Baby and I are fine and love you so very much. The heat is still on but the evenings are delightful and beautiful these August nights. I feel great after getting your happy spirited letter of August 17th. It was good to learn that Jim is having an Alpine suit made to order and we'll surely show it off all over these United States (and sure Buddy, too). Hope you enjoyed the festival, if you managed to see it and I'm anxiously awaiting the details. I know how difficult it's getting trying to write each other these days when we're just braving with pent up love, emotions, dreams and plans of these past 2 years. To think all of this will materialize in just a short time, is like the happy endings of most fairy tales I tell Jim. "And they lived happily after" - Oh darling, I'm so impatient for you.

Mom, Jim and I had the usual day of shopping, sitting in the sun and I'm still reading that fascinating novel - just about 500 pages more to go. Weather is the same and it's hot in New York. I called Eleanor at the store about some things Bess needs and she'll

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 about the future of our country and the state of our Union. It seems to me that we are passing through a great crisis and that the result will determine whether we are to remain a united people or become a collection of warring states. I feel that it is our duty to stand by our principles and to maintain the integrity of our Union at all costs. I hope that you will share these views and that we may be able to do something to promote the welfare of our country.

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

be here to-morrow with Marian. She called your folks and they're fine and don't believe they'll be here this week-end.

It's 9.45 and I've just returned from the theatre. The picture was fine and very light in spirit. Jim is fine, fast asleep and is proud of his new hair cut. We went to the barber after breakfast and he sat like a perfect gentleman throughout the procedure. You'll be taking him for his next hair cut, we hope. Soon we'll be doing lots of things together and Jim doesn't know how lucky he is to have you for a Daddy. I'm thankful for you, too, darling.

Before I turn in I'll take a cool shower for it is warm to-night here (we have steam heat). So good-night, dearest, and I still love you as much as always. Stay well and Jim and I will take care of each other. Hugs and kisses for the sweetest Daddy and sweetheart.

Travelling,
Florence and
Jimmy

[The page contains extremely faint, illegible handwriting, likely bleed-through from the reverse side. The text is arranged in several paragraphs across the top half of the page, with a horizontal fold visible across the middle. The bottom half of the page is mostly blank, with some faint, scattered marks and a small, illegible mark in the lower-left corner.]

Friday eve
Aug 31st 1945

Dearest Beloved,

Peace on earth is finally having somewhat of a reaction on me. My nights have restless and inside I'm a bit excited thinking about having you home very soon. The days cannot fly fast enough and I do keep occupied most of the time with Jim and many odd jobs. This morning Jim woke me up at 7.20, jumped into my bed and managed to collect some of his toys from the dresser drawer. He kept changing his chapeaux every few minutes and I had to admit each one as he put it on. What a conceited girl he'd make, especially with that handsome face and beautiful coloring. By 8 we got up and had breakfast together. Mom joined us later and did the shopping while I straightened up the place.

There was no mail to-day from you or anyone else but there's always to-morrow. Hope you're getting my mail often and those packages I mailed recently.

After our dinner to-day, Jim rested and later we drove to Silver Lake for a swim. It's been very warm to-day and the lake was just the place to spend a few hours. Jim and I first splashed about, then I put him halfway down and didn't keep him too long in the water. Went in for a swim and saw you and the girl who watches him, joined us and we all sat near the water. I dressed in Bess's room, the kids played and had fun until almost supper time.

Handwritten text, likely a letter or document, written in cursive script. The text is mirrored across the page, suggesting it was written on a folded piece of paper. The handwriting is dense and fills most of the page.

On the way home Jim sat next to me and pointed
out the corn fields, golf course, ^{lawns} and anything
of interest until we came to town, which he calls
Broadway (name of main street). He had a good
supper and is eating better as time goes on. After
he said good night and was in his crib, Eleanor and
Marion walked in and just had to see him. They
did, admired his suit ten and he went to sleep in
five minutes. Mom made a nice dinner of stuffed
cabbage and it was very tasty. Eleanor and Marion
went to visit Irma and the Lurels Country Club to night.
Mom is at a neighbors and I'm with you eventually.
It's warm again to night and ^{I'm} very comfortable in a
sunbuck dress. The usual is growing up quickly
and even I'm amazed at his grow up actions. He's
quite a boy, Daddy but just a little fresh (the spile
you like.)

Marion brought some fine candies and cookies and
I'll sample them later in the evening. Eleanor too,
brought Charger cake and fruit and we do have plenty.
Wish you were here to help us with everything.

This letter sure is a masterpiece and I hope
it hasn't bored you too much. It's getting more dif-
ficult to write each day now and that's only because
I'm so anxious to see you and love you again in person.

Good night, my love, and you have my heart
with you across the sea. Hurry back with it and I'll
love you and adore you until the end of my days.
My love and devotion to you, as always and hugs and
Kisses from Jimmie. Best wishes from the family and Marion.
Forever, Florence

[The text on this page is extremely faint and illegible due to fading or bleed-through from the reverse side. It appears to be a continuous paragraph of handwritten text.]

AFTER 5 DAYS, RETURN TO

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



VIA AIR MAIL

Cpl. George Staff 42050100
Co A - 735 PWY - OPN - BN
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