

Monday eve - July 2nd

Dearest beloved,

Jim and I watch for the postman almost daily and it's a thrill when I see him hand our precious box a few letters with that air mail postmark from overseas. That means word from our dearest Gladys and much happiness to know you're well, safe and still in love with me. The way I tear those envelopes open one may think I never received a letter from anyone, but loving you so much makes me do these silly things. And how I do love thee, darling.

Things are going very smoothly here, no more fuss and it'll be that way all summer so don't worry. This morning I awoke before everyone else, had my breakfast and then woke Jim at 9 a.m. The racial doesn't have those afternoon naps for the last week and sleeps for almost 14 hours straight through. I tell you that he rests in his crib or hammock after dinner but he's so full of sleep that he can't sleep. While he was having his breakfast I thought of Billy's anniversary and soon after I was on my way to get an anniversary card for the Rubels (July 3rd). Your letters of June 23rd and June 24th arrived around noon time and also 8 first day of issue ones for the 3¢ Everett Memorial Stamp. It's always good to learn you are receiving my mail and that most of your questions have been answered. About my sister Eleanor, she's fine and may have been negligent with her letter writing lately. I know she's been quite busy and has a rather good job with Ruby and Harry although she doesn't draw too much regularly. Her commissions pile up and she gets a lump sum every few weeks. Your letters are always most welcome to

Maryland

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her and those humorous lines of hers will be going out your way again once she gets through with the house here. And talking about the house, everytime Eleanor comes here things are accomplished and soon the place will look lovely both inside and out.

To-day was the coolest day we've had since our arrival and in the afternoon we had a downpour that lasted several hours. Eleanor left for N.Y. on the 4 o'clock train, promised to call your folks and had a pleasant week-end with us. We expect her back on Thursday afternoon of this week and perhaps Mom and Pop will spend the week-end with us. Your presence would make it perfect - but why dream Florence? After I left Eleanor, I went to the library again and this time took out "O' Pastmaster" and "The Sweet Years" by A.J. Cronin. At the house Mom and Jim had fun watching the rain and telling stories to each other. Baby was sure glad to see me enter the house and made a hell line for my neck to make with the hug and kisses. Spoke to Pers who's A.G. and we'll see her one day this week again. Happy you got that mouth wash and that the flavor pleased you. You sure sounded happy in your June 24th letter. I guess I'll take a slug or two.

Please don't buy me any real perfume, dearest, as I have so much. No spend the money on yourself and have some fun. I'll keep on writing those letters to the papers and politicians and we'll be seeing each other very soon.

I love you as always and never stop thinking of you. Stay well, my love, and hugs and kisses from baby and Mommy.
Always yours
Florence

[illegible]

July 3rd Tues -

Ernie, my love,

It's been lovely this day from moon till eve and the weather is crisp & slightly cool with plenty of sunshine all day long. Again I was the first to arise and after arming Jim determined to put him into his crib at 6 o'clock and have the alarm wake us at 7.30 a.m. Perhaps that'll put him back on an earlier schedule and nap every afternoon. Mom did the shopping while I straightened up the house and Jim is always a help. I'd prefer that he stay out on the porch or in the yard from 9.30 on but he follows me around like a shadow until we both get into bed.

This morning your air-mail letter dated June 19th with two more snapshots and I enjoyed reading every word of it. Mom and Pop also sent me a letter thanking us for the gifts and flowers. They had Philip's daughter Paul write it for them and she did a good job. Philip is feeling much better and is now home from the hospital getting the home care he needs. The folks are well and after I finish this letter I'll write a short note to them.

We all had our sun baths this afternoon and we also took a short walk to town. Jim had a vanilla malted and as always we enjoyed watching him drink it down. I also purchased a housecoat for town made of seersucker with pretty pink and blue flowers scattered on a ~~pink~~ blue background. It was calypso, only \$3.98 and I was looking for something similar while in Brooklyn but had no luck. Jim thinks it's pretty and you'll like it too.

My dear Sir

I have been thinking of you very much 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. I have been thinking of you very much 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.

The morning you are now in is a very beautiful one. The sun is shining brightly and the birds are singing. I hope you are enjoying it. I have been thinking of you very much 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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It's quiet here on this July 4th eve but to-morrow
will probably bring forth all kinds of noises from town
and some boys in the neighborhood. Don't worry, Jim
wouldn't play with any fire-crackers this year, but darling
it's hope we'll celebrate in our own place next year
and we'll watch the fire-works to gether. I can picture you
and Jim firing up a nice bonfire and shooting off those
Roman Candles. It makes me feel good to dream like this.

The hammock is quite a joy to us and I honestly intend
to hang it in our living room when I return home. That's
an old idea of mine (you know) and it'll be fun to see you
swing in it too. Without newspapers it's difficult to
have all the news in detail but the radio keeps me well
informed. I'm still writing those letters and hope they'll
become good.

Jimmy is growing nicely, talks a mile a minute
and is enjoying the country so much. He'll be quite
a boy in a few months and very grown up too. You'll
really love him, Daddy, from the moment you next
see him (and not because he's our Jimmy).

We're all very well and miss you so much.
Jim and I love you so and will have to wait patiently
for your return. Meanwhile, we'll have fun and
don't you forget to enjoy yourself too. It's still our year
darling - I feel it in my bones.

All my love and devotion to you as always and
kisses and hugs from Jimmy. Best wishes from Mom
and Clara.

Truly,
Edward

My dear Mr. Garrison,
I have just received your letter of the 10th inst. and in reply to inform you that I have no objection to your using the facts of my life in your paper. I am, however, desirous that you should be careful not to give any account of my private life, or of my feelings, or of my opinions, which might be injurious to the cause of the slave. I am, Sir, very respectfully,
Your obedient servant,
Wm. Lloyd Garrison.

AFTER 5 DAYS, RETURN TO

Mrs. Florence Stoff
41 - Sanford Ave
Monticello, N.Y.



VIA AIR MAIL

Cpl. George Stoff 42050100
CA-735 RWY OPN BN
APO# 350 0/0 Postmaster
New York, N.Y.

