

Thursday  
Aug. 18th 1943

Dearest Beloved,

Another day of beautiful weather made Jim and I a little brouwer and anxious for more of these lovely days. It's Indian Summer weather and the kind we love. We'll be going home as soon as Bess is finished having her baby and so far she's still at the hotel. I'll advise you immediately.

Baby and I are just fine, still miss you and love you so very much and am getting very impatient about seeing you. The days are dragging so slowly even though I'm occupied with Jimmie and other things. Each day I await word about your next move and yet I wish the mail would be held up due to your homecoming. The postman brought only some new first day covers with the 2 cent Roosevelt stamp, 5 more, and also a card from the library. Ernie Gyle's latest book is in reserve for me. No mail from my darling but yesterday's heap was just grand and I've re-read them several times. How very happy you are in those letters.

We awoke early this morning, had breakfast and Jim and I went out doors by 10.15. To the post office we walked to mail you yesterday's letter and a card to Mrs. Reese. Then I did a little shopping and Jim tagged after me at a snail's pace. He still says "hello" to everyone he meets and observes everything about him. For the first time



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  
of the future of our country and the state of our  
affairs. It seems to me that we are passing through a  
critical period 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  
firmly together and to support our government in all its  
actions. I am sure that if we do this, we will be able  
to overcome all our difficulties and to secure a bright  
future for our country.

I am, my friend, very truly,  
Your devoted friend,  
Wm. Lloyd Garrison



he wore a little boys shirt and blue shorts plus  
a necktie. He does look grown-up in the outfit and  
is so proud of his tie. What a selection his Daddy has  
for him! When we arrived home we changed clothes  
and sun-bathed for the remainder of the day.  
To break up the monotony, I set a table and  
took out bridge tables for an outdoor lunch.  
Jim loved the idea and ate a good chicken dinner in  
the sunshine. We'll try it again to-morrow. Mom  
went to the hotel to see Bess and also brought her  
a small overnight case - just in case she needs it soon.  
By 6 we went in doors and took care of Jim's bath  
and supper and he fell asleep shortly after. I took a  
short walk to town for more fresh air and expect to  
read more of "The Sun Is My Window." Mom is visiting a  
neighbor and all is serene while I write to you, darling.  
Hope you'll be in my arms soon and meanwhile  
take care of yourself. Tell my love and devotion to  
you and hugs and kisses from precious. I love you  
more and more each day. Good-night, sweetheart.  
Get wishes from all the family.

Always yours,  
Florence



My dear Mother  
I received your letter of the 10th inst. and was  
glad to hear from you. I am well and hope  
this finds you the same. I have not much news  
to write at present. I am still in the same  
place and doing the same work. I hope to  
hear from you soon. I am your affectionate  
son, John Smith.



Wednesday eve -  
Aug. 29<sup>th</sup> 1945.

Dearest Sweetheart,

The crickets are out en masse, it's warm to-night and to-day was a real hot summer day. But Jim and I are well, quite comfortable in cool attire and had a pleasant day. Mom is visiting a neighbor again and I'm writing my only sweetheart.

Had a restful night and Jim and I awoke about the same time, 7.45 a.m. Jim usually jumps into my bed, ruffles me up a bit and then says "Let's eat." Then we feed the bitters who have voracious appetites and proceed with the orange squeezing, cooking of the cereal and this morning I made French toast. Mom then walks in and finishes up with Jim while I finish my breakfast. After the morning chores, we sun bathed and waited for the postman, our best friend. No mail again from you but I'm to expect anything these days - so you advised. I'm not really married but would feel great if I got some notification of your pending move to ward a boat. What a happy day that'll be for us.

After lunch Jim had a nap and we had a neighbor in to join us share some chicken sandwiches. We then decided to visit Bloss and when Jim awoke we all drove to the Congress. I took my bathing suit and took both Jan and Jim as far as the beach, where we all just splashed our feet and had some fun. The water was too cold for me to swim in so I sat with



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.



the bikes. It was still early so we thought of going  
very early but had a big disappointment - no  
blackberries and very few blueberries. We saw <sup>my</sup> ~~her~~  
a moment and he looks O. K. but a little tired. The  
kids all left camp yesterday and now he has to  
clean up the place. Bess is very restless and just can't  
find a spot that's comfortable, otherwise she's fine.

On the way home I stopped in at the library where  
I picked up "Brave Men" by Emil Syll which was in  
reserve for me. Jim had a good supper and fell  
asleep about 8.15 to-night. He looks fine with his  
latest sun tan and I'm as dark as a coon and also  
feel swell. Enclosed is another snap of us and  
Jim you see is on the run.

I'll write the folks a few words and hope  
they'll come up for Labor Day. We're having a  
hot spell now and it's much hotter in the city.  
Hope you're just fine and dandy, darling, and  
perhaps our wishes will come true soon.

Good-night, dearest, and I still love you  
with all my heart. Jim and I miss you terribly  
and can't wait until we hug and kiss you again.  
Love and kisses from both of us and best wishes  
from all the family.

Travelling,  
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)  
CA-735-BWY OPN BN  
APO # 350 c/o Postmaster  
New York, N.Y.



