



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

Saturday: 11³⁰ P.M.

It makes me both sad and happy, my loved one, to learn that you miss me a bit, and believe you me, the feeling is more than mutual, yet you must absorb more of that beautiful sunshine, and the air of the wholesome, grand mountains surrounding you. Perhaps if I tell you that your box plants, all of them, have finally gotten back of a piece of life, and are now growing, tall, green, healthy looking, and perhaps soon will bear flowers, you will understand why I am insisting upon your getting your share of the sun, and the air, and the stars. You, with the ability of the human to add purpose to life, (something the plants cannot do) must also grow strong and healthy, must be prepared for the future; happy, with hope; strong, with renewed courage, so that not only will you be able to take ^{care} of yourself, but of me, and those to come - Keep your chin up, my precious darling, *tempus fugit*, and

before you realize it, we will be together again. And, no doubt, with ~~better~~ better understanding than ever before. Brooklyn, with all its people will never seem the same with my pretty lady absent. I love you!!

The weather is abominably hot - be careful not to get sun-stroke, and take good care of your stomach - Watch your food (by the way how is the cooking?) Keep smiling - and don't worry. Has your cat left you, and how is your ear? Please report the truth, or I shall write him for more exact reports.

Friday nothing much happened other than pay-day. Had lunch with Henry at the milk bar - dinner at night at my mother's; broiled salmon and mackerel, corn, straw-berris and smetana, iced coffee and cake. It was pretty good - the fish was a bit salty, but that was just an accident - after dinner, it being so warm, we drove down to Brighton, and sat on the boardwalk for an hour or so. Upon our arrival home, we met Bob. everything fine with him but his eyes - too bad - he suffers so. He brought a photograph with him and some misquie party records for us. The photograph must be returned at the conclusion of his vacation. M. Whitman's mother passed away Friday afternoon about 1 o'clock - Funeral Sunday at 12. I am afraid I shall miss it - We are going to pick



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Sam Kay and Anita up, and drive out
to the cemeteries. Don't have to worry, as
Sam knows how to fix flats.

Saturday. Bob helped me to roll the
rug, and clean the house - We played some
of the records, and I know you will enjoy
most of them. (Thought of you when we played "Tales
from the Vienna Woods" - remember 86th St.)
In the evening Denny and I went to the
Kenmare and saw two swell pictures - but
the theatre was air-cooled, and that was
appreciated.

The city is pretty hot, and I hope you
are getting some cool weather (at least in the
evenings). Try to cheer Al and Liesel up, and
if possible send a card to B. Keelner - spoke
to her to-day - and she and the baby are well -
Charlie has a cast - poor guy. Bob collected
\$5 from Manty, and warrens will never
cease - took it away from him, before he went

out for the evening - Aint I some shylock? -

Dont give the rats too much thought,
as the difference is small anyway. Just take
it easy, and dont worry 'bout nothing.

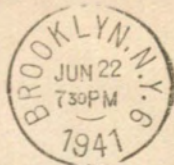
I am my usual self, although I feel
pretty cocky in my new sport shirts and
slacks - wait until you see them. If there is
anything you want (besides me) write,
and I will attend to it for you.

Enclosing a couple of circulans,
and stuff for Al, so please to see that
it is turned over to him - Give my
best to Al + hisel, and always remember
that I am loving and missing you

as ever,

Ag.





Mrs. Florence Staff,
To Echo Lake Lodge,
Echo Lake,
Waukegan,
New York—

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