

Saturday night
Aug 15th 1945.

Dearest Beloved,

We're all fine and dandy and Mom and Pop arrived this afternoon at 4:15 p.m. They're feeling better and looking much fayer since the war is over. They love to you and they hope to see you soon. We haven't had too much mail from you this week and do hope all is ^{well} with you, dearest. The postman handed me only a York magazine from you and a postal card from Eleanor saying that she was busy with "appointments" and work this week-end and wouldn't be up until the middle of the week.

Most of the day was spent in and near the house, Jim and I drove out to the spring for water and later we went to town hoping to meet the folks at the bus terminal. Jimmie was dressed in his yellow crew-neck sweater and yellow shirt and many people turned to look at him. We came back for dinner and Mom prepared a delicious ~~pot~~ roast dinner for us which we all enjoyed. Mom and Pop had theirs later for supper. While I was making a new bread pudding the folks walked in and it was good to see them. Again they brought a heavy valise full of food and I don't think

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My dear friend
I have just received your letter of the 10th inst. and am
glad to hear that you are well. I am
also well and hope this letter will find 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 again soon.

I am, dear friend,
Yours truly,
John C. Smith

they consider my feelings. It's most aggravating to me and I'll never get accustomed to this unnecessary habit. They are the kindest people on earth and why do they have to ~~drag~~ a chicken from Brooklyn. And we have a beautiful chicken on the ice that I had delivered from a farm.

After supper, we had to stay in because of the rain and wind and chatted until bed time. Just fed the kittens again and they are more of a job than I bargained for.

Good night, darling, and pleasant dreams. I love you with all my heart and do hope I can tell you so in person real soon. Jim and I miss you all the time and love you every moment. Stay well and here's hoping for a good New Year's birthday. Love from the folks and best regards from my mom and Bess.

Always,
Flarend

Sunday eve —
Aug 16th 1945

George, dearest,

One more month to Jim's birthday and I do hope we have the happiest kind of celebration with the best Daddy any family can hope for. Yes, Jim will be three years old and I can hardly believe it, the rascal is growing up.

We all had a nice day and we're all feeling just fine. In the morning Jim awoke at 7:30 in the folks room and gave vent to the cheeriest "Good morning" ever they did hear. We all had our breakfast by 9, I of went to town for a paper and Mom, Jim, my Mom and I dressed and prepared the dinner — roast chicken and trimmings. After feeding Jim first, we had our meal and later drove to the Congress to see Bess and Jan. The wind sure did howl all day and it's still howling to-night. We stayed in the lobby until 3:30 and then I drove the folks to town in time for the bus. They're invited here next week and I do hope they make it. I drove back alone to the hotel, put up Jim and Mom and then went back home for supper.

To-night I went to the movies to see "Bride of the Marines" with John Garfield, Eleanor Parker and it was a good picture. Mom stayed with Jim and it's now after 11 and I'm a little sleepy. Hope there's mail to-morrow.

All my love and devotion to you and hugs and kisses from Jim and Mommy. I love you.

Always,
Flora

[Faint, illegible handwriting on aged, yellowed paper. The text is written in a cursive script and is mostly obscured by the texture and color of the paper. The handwriting appears to be from the 18th or 19th century.]

AFTER 5 DAYS, RETURN TO

Mrs. F. Staff
41- Sandford Ave
Monticello, N.Y.



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