

Sunday eve,
Sept 30th 1945.

Dearest Sweetheart,

It's been a rather hectic day for us and all is just fine and dandy. Jim's fast asleep after an exciting party and I'll be going to bed shortly after I write some of the details.

Jim and I awoke quite early, moved the clock back, took and ate our breakfast quietly. Eleanor slept here last night and her George slept in our living room. By 9.30 I decided to go for the birthday cake and took Betty Kiser for company. We picked it up and on the way home I stopped in to see your folks and pick up two of your parcels plus Van's map which arrived this week. In the meantime Eleanor and her b.j. and Jimmie decorated the party table and it was a pretty sight done in pink and blue. I fed Jim his lunch and put him into the crib to rest or sleep - he only napped. By 3 o'clock Mom and Pop came (they cancelled the dinner because Bob left yesterday) and Jim had gone for a short walk with Eleanor and George. Then the gang started to come - Ruth Pophin and Margorie, Eleanor, Jim and George, Sunny and Addie Sherrin with both kids, Ray and Ann, Helen and David Nelson, Lawrence and Betty and later George's family whom I know. His nieces Irma and Eve and their husbands Henry and Noel with their children, Abby and Bruce. George's sisters and

brothers-in-law, the ^VLammey's. All the kids had a wonderful time and Jim was a bit strange at first. Ray, Eleanor and Ruth helped me so much and I hadn't prepared my dishes or silver for so many guests. They washed cups and saucers and made the coffee and set the table for the adults. I actually stood around in a daze and you know the panic I usually go through when I have all in readiness days before. It's you I miss all the time and you are my right hand man for all these occasions. Perhaps it was your absence this birthday that made me feel as though all this was unreal. The next affair will have you at my side where you belong. But honestly, all turned out swell and everyone had a grand time. Jim played with his rocking horse in the center of the room, all the kids were sprawled around with Jim's toys and some were eating goodies and some were watching the adults. Mom and Pop got to talking to the new company and discovered they were from Warsaw too. It's sure a small world.

Eleanor's George brought Jim and me 2 large boxes of candy and a really gorgeous bouquet of flowers. Jim also received several gold shirts, suits, a wooden gun, bedroom slippers and 3.00 from the folks. It was good to watch Jim warm up after a while and he behaved fine - in fact all the children acted like ladies and gentlemen. Jim was the only one who didn't eat the goodies, pretzels, gels and his birthday cake. All he nibbled on was a few raisins.

My dear Mr. Garrison,
I have just received your letter of the 10th inst. and am
glad to hear that you are still so active in the
cause of the oppressed. I am sure that your
efforts will be successful in the end. I am
very truly,
Your friend,
Wm. Lloyd Garrison

During the excitement, I took your packages into the kitchen and opened them. There are the contents — 2 helmets, 1 leather belt, ^{a signal gun} small forks, 1 canteen, a sabre and a Nazi medal. A flag was also broken (with horse design from Westphalia) In the man's box was a large sabre and some coasters. I also looked over Van's map and it's sure an interesting detailed account of the 735th's route. Everyone here was fascinated with all this Nazi stuff and later I put it away in the closet.

Towards 5 o'clock all the grown-ups had coffee and birthday cake in the kitchen and some even had Jumpschmelz, lard and cream cheese. A little while later everyone left and only Mom and Pap remained with me. Eleanor went out to dinner with George and his people and they all expect to meet you and see you soon. They're all very nice, friendly and full of the devil. The folks and I had supper together, after I fed and washed Jim and put him to bed. Later I drove them home and on the way we talked only of you. Now we all love you.

Good night my love, and I love you more and more each day. Stay well and we'll both meet on a little longer — it's nearer now than it's ever been. All my love and devotion to the sweetest thing in the world, big and hoarse from screams and love from Mom and Pap. Best regards from all the family, neighbors and all our new friends.

Truly,
Florence

AFTER 5 DAYS, RETURN TO

Mrs. L. Stoff

3021 Avenue J

Brooklyn 10, N.Y.



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