



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

Saturday 11:15 P.M.

My darling, as I passed the "little church around the Corner" this afternoon I chanced to get a glimpse of a happy bride getting out of an automobile and entering the church. She looked happy, very happy, and had a smile that seemed to have had its genesis deep in the heart. In the next few seconds the panorama of our life together, since that fateful day in August, flashed through my mind - Our first Kiss, our first date, our first week-end trip - our wedding and honeymoon - and our life since then. Then and there, even tho this bride was a stranger, I wished her, mentally, no less a share of happiness with her loved one, than you and I are sharing at this moment. Florence dearest, no two persons ~~so~~ could even hope to be so happy as we are. You love me, and I love you. Is not that all

one needs in life, to make it just more than mere existence? Is it not that that make life worth living and fighting for? Without you life does not seem to have any point; and I know you feel the same toward me. That's what makes you feel so lonesome, and me too. But remember only several days remain before I shall deliver myself unto you. Friday we begin living again.

Your special delivery letter was a surprise, and when I learned the contents the relief was quite apparent. However, I am of the opinion that you are stressing the cost problem just a little too far. After all, it's only an additional ten dollars, and although I agree with you, that we would rather save it, yet it should not be a cause for either irritation or aggravation to you. One of the prime reasons for your little holiday was to stop worrying and fretting; and here you merely continuing what you should have stopped long ago. If you feel so inclined leave that place, and go elsewhere in the vicinity. I will come to you no matter where, because I love you so. Stop those worrying shenanigans, or I shall spank you.

In any event, my pet, it was thrilling to hear your voice again - Prior to making the call I was as nervous as a ballet dancer - Going to the water closet every



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five minutes, and after the joy of speaking to you I was walking on my toes, and humming "O promise me". So you see, my pretty lady, you sure have me in a tough predicament; but, oh boy, do I love it, and you,

Everyone at home is well; had a chicken dinner at my mother's Friday, and about six invitations for next week - but I don't know how to arrange my schedule - Bob's eyes are bothering ^{him}, and Sam did not work this week. (Incidentally, please send Sam & Kay a picture card - their address is 28-23 - 47th St, Astoria, N. J.)

Have not heard from your family this week, but I guess they're in a state of "status quo". Have not heard from the Hospitalization Service either, but I'm still hoping.

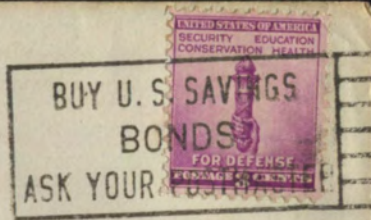
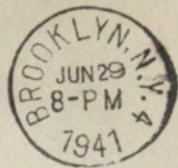
Saw two nice pictures to-nite, "The Devil and Miss Jones" (Jean Arthur) and "Roskies on parade" with Bob Crosby, who ^{has} the personality and acting ability of a dead fox. Almost won at Lite-O-Win (Mormon Theatre), but

have no fear, we still have to break our
novice -

Awfully glad you liked the suit, and
sure would like to see you in it; but it
won't be long now. Keep well, my adorable
one, Keep smiling, don't worry about anything,
sit plenty of sunshine, eat everything, and
above all, just love me, as ever

Ag.





Mrs. Florence Staff,
% Echo Lake Lodge,
Echo Lake,

Warrensburg,
New York.

(Forward - if not there)

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