

71 WEST 35TH STREET
NEW YORK, N. Y.

Tuesday,
July 1st

Florence, my love,

I miss you. You're a tonic to my jaded nerves because you are so full of that vital quality - life. Bernie and I had so much to talk about on our way back to the city and in the course of conversation we decided that you're "cute as the devil".

The ride back home was not too disagreeable. It became quite cool when the sun set and there was no traffic interference.

I'd give quite a bit to be back at the camp. There was no excitement, it's true, but I loved every minute of it and a really serious thought never entered my mind during my two week stay. Archie told Bernie last night that you were staying on and I think it was a very wise decision on your part - or was it George's? It's unbearably hot and humid and a telephone call to the Weather Bureau a few minutes ago revealed a temperature of 92 degrees for tomorrow. Echo Lake would be just the thing, but who can travel 225 miles and be back at work the next day?

I can't make this a newsy letter because I've been back just a few days and the only thing that has happened, unfortunately, has been a death in the family. It's upset me very much.

If you get to it drop me a line. You don't have to say too much but I would very much like to know how you are progressing.

Best regards from Bernie.

Very sincerely,

Molly V.B.



Mrs. Florence Stoff
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