

Saturday, Aug 18th

George, dearest,

Not many more Saturdays will we be separated and time does take care of everything and everyone. It's been very rough for you, darling, a little distressing for Jim and me but we've all done a good job so far. Just a little bit more to go and then for those heavenly days and nights with you. I've missed you terribly these many months but then again think of starving children, homeless families and God innocent people that have suffered the worst — so my lot isn't too bad. It's just that I love you so much.

After I posted your letter last night, the neighbor across the street, Mrs. Goldstein, knocked on the door and inquired if I'd care to see that 100 ft. of film run off on their movie projector (the latest taken of Jim and the family). I was delighted at the invitation and went immediately across to her home. Her home is elegant and is furnished in excellent taste. The former owner had a butler, 2 maids and a gardener at all times so you can imagine the type home it is. I was introduced to some relations and then Mrs. Goldstein ran off just one film alone. It was mighty swell of them and they too admitted we have a handsome son. The pictures are lovely, Jim looks grand and just a few feet didn't come out too good. You'll be thrilled when you see your son on this roll of colored film. After the showing we sat around and talked of the war, the victory

My dear friend,
I have just received your letter of the 10th inst. and am
glad to hear from you. I am well and hope these few lines
will find you the same. I have been thinking much of late
of the future of our country and the state of our
affairs. It seems to me that we are passing through a
critical period and that the result will determine whether
we are to remain a united people or become a collection
of warring states. I believe that the only way to preserve
our Union is by a firm adherence to the principles of
liberty and justice for all. I am sure that you will
share these views with me.

I am, my friend, very truly,
Your sincere friend,
Wm. Lloyd Garrison
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and you. You're sure² getting the best kind of publicity in Monticello (not that you need it) It was almost 11.30 when we said good night and Jim was O. K. Our upstairs neighbors looked in on him. Then Eleanor came in just as I was getting into bed and I'm always glad to see her. She was driven up by Henry and Irma (friends of Thelma, Pers Eleanor and the family) and started off with a church dinner at Lums Gardens (we must visit that place soon, darling). Eleanor is just fine, had a date with a new-romance and he's quite interested in her. He calls the store every 15 minutes and wants to date her daily if he can. Will let you know how this latest affair progresses - blow by blow descriptions.

In the morning we all awoke early, had breakfast together and I had to go to town soon after breakfast for a few things. Jim played outdoors with the kittens, his toys and chatted with our neighbors. Eleanor set my hair and her own and we all sat in the sun. The people visiting our neighbors remarked about our folding camera and said how difficult it was to get me. So, my love, I told them I'd sell them one² if they were interested. I asked them \$10.00 and they said they'd take it so all I had to do is finish off a roll of film and wrap it up. This is that Lums camera we took on our honeymoon, remember? I do have a #10 box that I bought for you several months ago and it takes fairly good snaps. We had a good dinner of lamb chops, green peas

masked potatoes, salad, fruit and cookies with milk.
Jim didn't say to-day so we decided to go ~~very~~ fishing
again. We drove to Sackett Lake and found a good catch
near the hotel. It was difficult to fish too many
because of the heavier formations of large magnitudes. I
threw forgot to put on that S. D. lotion you gave me
and managed to get well bit. Jim, Eleanor, Irma's
girl named Abby all helped fish but after we
filled a half a pail we quit. We visited Bess
and Joe and all is well with them. The babies
slept until 5.15 and then we drove off for home.
We had supper early, put Jim to bed and listened
to the radio most of the evening. Eleanor baked
some delicious blueberry tarts and a tasty pie.

No mail to-day from you but did receive a
postal card from Prayers on a vacation. He's sure
happy it's all over and wishes you a speedy
return. His best to you. Weather is still ideal
and it looks good for to-morrow - more snow then.

Had night, dearest and pleasant dreams.
All my love and devotion to you as always. I love
you more and more and Jim joins me as usual.
Kisses and kisses from our both. Best wishes from
the family. Stay well and don't trust a crant
= = = =

Affectionately,
Florence

Sunday eve —
Aug. 16th 1945.

Darling sweetheart,

I had a grand week-end and to-night I'll devote my thoughts to you alone. Clear, the ideal weather and an almost definite time of your coming are all factors contributing to my gay spirits these days. I can almost hear your footstep as you come out of the elevator.

This morning we arose at 8.30, had breakfast and then finished off that roll of film before 11 a.m. Eleanor, Jim and I drove to gether, included the hitters and that neighbor's friend gladly gave me \$10.00 for the camera and case. He seemed well satisfied with his penguins and I hope he has better luck with the camera than we had. After the picture taking and feeding Romeo and Juliet again, we drove a short distance to visit some old friends and also acquaintances. The Sangers, whom we met in Utica while at the Masons outing and they're also parents of Rita, Carroll's wife, the Quittels (Carroll's folks) and Rhoda, a sister. We spent 2 hours with them, chewed the fat and they're all anxious to meet you and see you again. Jimmie made quite a hit and didn't get to see Bonnie, Carroll's daughter because she was in town with her Daddy. We left for home at 5 p.m. and had a delicious steak dinner with sweet potatoes, peas, huckleberry pie and milk. Then we rested after dinner, lay in the hammock

London
August 1st 1841

My dear Sir,
I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 27th inst. in relation to the proposed purchase of the land for the purpose of erecting a new building for the use of the Court of Chancery. I am very sorry to hear that the Committee have not yet been able to agree upon the plan proposed. I am, however, confident that they will eventually reach a satisfactory arrangement. I am, Sir, very respectfully,
Yours obedient servant,
John Lubbock

and by 3.30 decided to go swimming at Sackett Lake.
Eleanor, Jan, Jim and I dangled our feet in the water,
I went in for a swim later and the water was fine.
Later we all went rowing and had an enjoyable afternoon ^{on and} near the lake. Met Henry Lushin and his
wife again and they send their best regards to you.
We returned home by 6, bathed and fed Jim
and he's sleeping quite soundly in his crib. The
bitters were also with us during the afternoon and were
the most popular cats near the lake.

To-night Eleanor is joining some friends near the
Laurels and will be back later in the evening. I have
the papers and some magazines to read and am already
anxious for the postman to arrive to-morrow with
your latest mail. Hope you're getting new mail in good
time and that you've received the latest packages with
those moccasins and coffee and cocoa.

It's lovely this evening and I'm much lovelier for
you than ever. Country is so very beautiful here and
it's really nicer here than at Sackett Lake. Until
to-morrow eve, dearest, good night and pleasant
dreams. I love you with all my heart and miss
you always. Hugs and kisses from baby, best
wishes from Eleanor and Bess and stay well,
my darling. Don't forget — Don't treat a German.

Truly yours,
Florence

[The page contains extremely faint, illegible handwriting, likely bleed-through from the reverse side. The text is organized into several paragraphs across the page.]

AFTER 5 DAYS, RETURN TO

Mrs. Florence Staff
41 - Sandfield Ave
Monticello, N.Y.

VIA AIR MAIL

Cpl. George Staff (42050100)
Co A - 735 Bwy OPN BN
APO # 350 o/b Postmaster
New York, N.Y.



