

Friday eve -
July 13th - 1885

Dearest George,

This is Friday, the 13th and all is well with your little family. Jim and I still have our dearestaddy and sweetheart and we're counting the days until your return. Meanwhile stay well darling and you, too, have some fun this summer. Being faithful has its sacrifices but I guess we both love each other too much to be otherwise. Soon it'll be 10 months since we saw each other and that's a long time to lovers. But I'll not whine and be as fussy and resolute as you are through all this.

To-day our day began at 7.30 a.m. Eleanor came in last night and Mum is still in Brooklyn settling her affairs. Eleanor was the first to awaken, then Jim said good-morning Daddy and I awakened. We had our breakfast by 8 o'clock and by 9 I was out doing the marketing for the week end. Jim and Eleanor sat up the side porch and Eleanor tried herself making a tufted cover

[The page contains extremely faint, illegible handwriting, likely bleed-through from the reverse side.]

for an old jessie stool. Jimmie always has
fun with Aunt Eleanor and sometimes I wish
she'd stop showering me with gifts.
That's her nature I guess and her way of
showing her love. Another thing she made
this morning was a swing for Jim. The
parts consisted of the back of a bed, parts
sawed off a bed, a flat board and some old
heavy rope that the joiners left in the cellar.
It's sure a masterpiece and is probably is
the oddest looking swing in Sullivan
County. It's already hanging on a tree
and is an addition to the bed. I'll try to
get a snap of Jim swinging and swaying.

Received your June 28th letter today
and as always I enjoyed the contents
from beginning to end. That bit in your
letter concerning the loaves and the log-
wood sandwiches was very funny and I
hope they made out well. Very soon
the non-frites negotiation will be lifted
and all the boys will make merry
with those French fries. You'll take heed, I
guess. Poor Marg and to think the boys did

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you the way they do. They're mean.

Weather is delightful all week and the sun feels so good when we take our sun-baths. Jim doesn't lay still for more than 5 minutes so I guess his tan will be made on the lighter shading. His Mommy already looks like a giggler-baby.

A little while ago I returned from the movies and saw an enjoyable fantasy "Where Do We Go From Here." It's a musical, Technicolor film with Fred McMuray and June Haver and Joan Leslie. Eleanor stayed with Jim and hung curtains in the living room most of the evening. Dad is shaping out nicely.

It's almost 11 p.m. and I'm a bit tired so good night, dearst, until tomorrow. The folks may be up to-morrow and I'll let you know if they do arrive.

All my love and devotion to you and hugs and kisses from Jim. Best regards from Eleanor and Bess.

Always yours,
Harriet

[Faint, illegible handwriting visible through the paper.]

Saturday night
July 14th 1945.

My darling,
Had a very full pleasant day and
at present I'm waiting for Eleanor to
come in from a date.

We all arose at 9 p.m. had
breakfast and went outdoors until 11:30.
Some chap called Eleanor for a business
date and after walking through town
looking over the restaurants decided to
have some hash with us. After we
finished with Jim and the dishes
I drove to Sacket Lake to see Bess and
Jan. Both are well and Eleanor, Sid,
(the fellow) Jan and Jim had loads of
fun at the lake and near the sun deck.
Sophie and Joe Rockmitt are at the
Corydon for the week-end and both
look fine. They send their best to
you. I also discussed about Manning
Hadenburg (Caro's husband) and he's
improving slowly - he had polio.

Wednesday night
Sept 10 1842

My dear friend
I have a very full account of my
at present in writing you the
and in your letter.
I'll come at 7 o'clock.

I have not yet had time to
tell you the whole of my
but I am writing to you
the same time with me. After the
finished with his and the other
I have, I think it is to be seen
for. But we will not discuss this
(the letter) for our first duty
is to the letter and we must
think of the book it is about
I have given the book to a friend
but this. I think it is to be
for. I am afraid that many
the same (the same) but the
writing only - the letter.

From the Craggs, I drove alone to the Spinelli farm to get a chicken and a box of raspberries and on the way back picked up Jim, Eleanor and Sid. When I drove into our roadway, Mom and Pop were sitting on beach chairs waiting for us. They came on the late afternoon bus and had a nice trip up here. Jim and I surely thought they'd be here on the 12.50 or 1.00 bus but they made the later one. We all had supper together and had so much to say to one another. The Jacks look fine and were delighted to see us. And of course they came with a valise filled with goodies, toys and bagels.

Another surprise of the day was Ruth Sewall's visit to us at noon and at supper time. She looks fine and is a lovely girl. Her mother is staying a few blocks from here for several weeks and this is Ruth's first visit to her. She'll be here again.

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
this finds you the same.
I have not much news to
write at present. I am
still in the same place,
and my work is not very
heavy. I have, however,
been thinking much of late
of the future of our
country, and of the
importance of the
present moment. I feel
that we are in a critical
position, and that the
outcome of the present
struggle will determine
the fate of our country
for many years to come.
I am, therefore, very
anxious to see you, and
to discuss these matters
with you. I hope you
will be able to do so
soon. I am, dear friend,
very truly yours,
Wm. Lloyd Garrison

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Her best regards to you and she
sure misses George around. Desnip-
George Clark is back in the office
again - Ness's daughter Jane Birch-
Manny is at Seabrook and your
letters are most welcome and passed
around by all who get them.

No mail from my sweetheart to-day
but Mondays are usually my best days.
Mom and Pop have had no mail from you
in two weeks and Pop has an idea
that you may be on the way home.
Now I wish that were true.

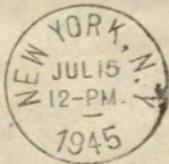
The folks are in bed now and
I'll be turning in in 5 minutes. I
started to write a while ago but the
air is warm and sweet smelling. Hope
we have sunshine to-morrow so I can take
a few snapshots of Jim and the folks.

Good-night, dearest, and all my
love and devotion is always. I love you
more each day and wish you were here so
I can kiss you in my own way. Love from
the folks, Eleanor and kids & kisses from Jim.
Always, Florence

The first object of the law is to
 secure the public safety. It is
 the duty of the government to
 protect the people from
 all dangers. The law is
 designed to prevent the
 commission of crimes which
 would be injurious to the
 community. It is the duty
 of the government to maintain
 the peace and order of the
 state. The law is a necessary
 part of the government. It is
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AFTER 5 DAYS, RETURN TO

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



VIA AIR MAIL

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For Lewis