

June 30, 1944

Dear Florence & George:

This is one of those intermissions when Mama has her meeting of the Ladies Home Companions. They'd all qualify as Captain Kidd's assistants. So while they mangle each other there's nothing left but to pour out my heart to you.

My vacation started today so Phil and I started at 9 A.M. for Philadelphia and shore points on our antique hunt. The trip wasn't wasted altogether. First we picked up Sunny and Lowell and dropped them at Sunny's sister in Phil. Then we went to Addy's cousin - he wasn't bragging when he said that this particular cousin was the biggest antique dealer in Pa. In my opinion he's one of the biggest in the country. I saw pieces that any museum would be proud to own. What a collection! The purpose of our trip was to get leads from him where we might be able to

peck up things beneath his standard but we had no luck. Much as I tried there was no tricking him into an admission. I almost believed him when he said he wished he knew where to get what we can use. There is a scarcity of that type of merchandise. The latest report is that the backwoods men in the Ozarks are going to school to learn to write and read for the sole purpose of being able to read the Antique magazines and House Beautiful. There was no sense hanging around too long so we had lunch and picked up Sunny Lowell, and Sunny's sister and nephew. From there we went to Bristol, Pa. no luck there so we moved on to Trenton. We had discovered this place last week and so far it's proven the best source.

The drive back was grand. It felt good to be going against traffic. There must have been a million cars going up state so the road to N. Y. was practically clear.

Jimmy can take a few lessons from Lowell on how to behave in a car. He was very good both going and coming back.

Mama mentioned something about a Mr. Stein calling. The message was for you and since the phone was transferred she got it. His purpose in calling was to tell you that he received a letter from George last week and that he'd (say) be coming in. My opinion is that it was mislaid for a couple of months and when he read it the date wasn't noted. So he called thinking it would be news for you. I wonder if he knows there's a war on.

I got a new bathing suit and a dress at Lockmann's. You'd love them. I'm sure (but not for yourself).

The newest report on Joel is that he's coming along very nicely. Helma is the same as ever. "A stinker". We can't hear from Bessie at all except the one minute phone calls (when we call).

I still don't know how long
you intend staying there or if you
need anything. We received a crummy
post card from you saying it was
hot. Well its not exactly cool here
in the city. Most of last week
was spent wiping perspiration
off my brow. And I'll get that cream
and send it off to you ~~as~~ soon as
possible.

The boys (Bernstein's) gave me a
grand send off. Lew was given orders
to get the address where I intend
to spend my vacation. So from 11 AM to
1 PM I named every dude ranch listed
in the Eagle Vacation Guide. After lunch
I decided to go to a hotel. But he
kept up his dogged persistence
so I finally decided to spend the
time with my friend who owns a
trailer. We were going to tour the
Army camps. Honestly he believes it.
Little does he know I'll be at 17 Hawthorne
St. So I'll keep off Flatbush Ave.
For ten days.

The session is over now and its
rather late so I'll finish here by saying
love to all of you. For Peet's sake. write.

Eleanor



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