

Hippsteadt, Germany
27 June 1945.

Flavence, dearest:

Some days are just naturally better than others for one reason or another, and so, day was one of those days. There's no explanation for it, you just feel cheery and optimistic, all seems well with the world, and nothing can affect it. Good news brightens your feeling, and bad news rolls off like water off a duck's back. In short I awoke feeling like a hot steak in a bull market. Went to bed dreaming of you and Jim and awoke with the same thoughts. It was raining this morning but who cared, I was cheerful. You can readily see that a man in love never knows what the morrow will bring, but just feeling, I hope I never fall out of love. My very existence is so dependent on being and being with you, loving you, that I guess I'm just a love-sick lad, waiting impatiently for the inevitable day.

Towards mid-afternoon mail was delivered to us, and I hit the jackpot. Your air mail letters dated June 7th, 8th and 17th, as well as your V-mail of June 19th arrived. Also received three letters from Bob dated June 10th, 19th and 21st. Bob's last two letters indicate that he was hospitalized for some bladder or prostate condition, but I gather that the full explanation is contained in some letter written between June 11th and 21st. No doubt a letter from him or you will clarify the situation in the next day or two. His latest letter says that he feels fine again and expects to be discharged from the hospital within a day or two. Please write me your version of all this.

Your breezy letter of June 7-8th merely added more fuel to my optimistic outlook on life, and I proceeded to open your June 17th letter like a lively puppy dog digging for a bone; ~~now~~ was I disappointed. When determined and in the mood your letters make elegant reading, and I sure don't drop every word of these experiences you and Jim have had. The funny experience you had repairing the car in the rain caused me to chuckle a bit, bringing to my mind the first time I saw you dressed in red flannels. I assume the car is once again in fine running order.

I'm pleased to learn that you are determined to have a grand time this summer, and I know you will have if they leave you alone. Knowing that you and Jim are having fun will also give me much pleasure, and that's about as much joy as a fellow can get out of being separated from the only two who mean everything to me. The message to carry on in high spirits and good health, so your only task is to keep on working facts and anecdotes, and I'll do just dandy.

Apparently that package I sent you via first class mail containing the Chicchella Royal and other souvenirs arrived in good condition. I sure hope Eleanor does not unintentionally use this bottle, because I prefer you to have this perfume. The clip I referred to being packed with the Caswell mirror was a clip of revolver bullets. I'm interested to learn whether or not that arrived, also advise if any of my packages look as though they had been opened for inspection by Customs. If not, I may decide to send one of the souvenir pistols I have picked up - Please advise, also let me know when all the other bundles reach you.

These cute stories about Jimmy really find a sympathetic audience in me. It seems only natural that he should find more interest in a Donald Duck picture than in a Rosalind Russell feature, yet you tell me that he and you are fooling around on these new mattresses. Why Florence, and at his tender

age. Then somewhere else you relate that he still
takes a "bottle" which hardly seems to match the
story about his being a "bar fly" in those Army Island
posts. Is it possible he is still in his being much from
a bottle? Seems unlikely that a lad who draws
backs from a library should be a bottle-baby, but
I suppose things have changed since I was inducted
into the army. It is grand reading though that
you are both enjoying the country, and that both
of you are in excellent health and spirits. Be sure
you get that comment up, and then I know you'll
find life serene, again, awaiting my return.

This afternoon I decided to visit part of
the company located at BAD SASSEN D.O.F. THEY'RE
only 15 miles from here but the drive thru the farm
district was really lovely. Visited some of the boys
there, had my choice of hamburgers or fresh eggs, and
chose the latter ate 3 of them fixed with a swell
tomato and lettuce salad which had just been picked
out of a garden. Did a lot of kidding, started a few
harmless rumors, and thence back to Hippstadt.
There is a fine looking windmill located on the route
which I intended snapping the next time I visit
there soon.

Bob's letter of the 21st June included a
statement made by Ed Sullivan that by July 1st
the War Dept would announce the lowering of the
age limit. Now that Owen Pearson and Ed Sullivan
have forecasted the news it's hardly possible that
the army will have the audacity to back down.
But, my darling, when there's smoke there must be fire.
We know this is our year, and a firm faith in this
belief plus the pressure exerted by your letters
should put the deal across. As for me I'll never
feel free of the army until I have my discharge
papers in my hand as I hug you and Jim in my
arms. For a fellow who make up seeing only the
cheerful side of life, to-day's news, both your

cheery stuff, and Bob's illness both seemed to
add spice to my own feelings. I do hope Bob
has had nothing seriously wrong with him, but
I'll wait until you advise about it.

Please convey my best wishes to Helma
on her anniversary, and thanks so much for
attending to the folks' flowers and gifts. Since you
are not around to speak to the folks daily and
relate facts from my letters, I guess I'll write
them 3 times a week instead of twice. This might
make them feel less lonesome. Please persuade them
to visit you and Jim often, even if they have to stay
elsewhere.

Since I sent you your Aunt's camera and
9 rolls of film I am expecting some pretty good
snapshots this summer, so don't disappoint me.
Kiss Jim for me, and I'll kiss you both in mind
with all my love as always. My very best
to everyone, and keep smiling

as ever,

George

Cpl. Geo. Stoff 4 20 50100
Co A 735 Reg apu Bn
APO 350 40 Postmaster
New York.



527

MRS. FLORENCE STOFF
41 LAND FIELD AVE
MONTICELLO
NEW YORK

