



AMERICAN RED CROSS

- 146 -

Newman -
31 May 1945.

Florence, darling:

Leaving you has always been sufficient
inspiration for me to be working on my
hippy toes, but events of the day just about
makes me want to yell out loud. For
instance, the enclosed article out of Stars and
Stripes reads like the "open sesame" to our
future. The Red Cross thing is on the wall, my
sweetheart, and even though I know how the
army works, I feel certain my military
career is entering its last stages. It may
be a few more months to cut the red tape
and get transportation, but can't you see
this is our year. Even though things are
brightening for us, do not start baking cakes
until I get that discharge paper. Another
source of good feeling to-day was the departure
of 7 of our men who were to be discharged
over 42 years. The next group will be the
40 year olds, and if all goes well our year
will be a certainty. We can take it for a
while longer, and I know soon all this will
just be subjects for conversation. As I
pen this I am nibbling on Barton's candies.
You can easily guess where my mind is
at the moment, as I sit here in Germany.

No letter from you to-day but I received a letter from Jules dated April 20th sent via air mail. I suppose that letter was misdirected by the post office. Nothing new in his letter but at least it's something to read.

Last night I sent you an air mail letter that should have done your heart good. In addition to 6 or 7 snaps I enclosed a 4" x 6" photograph of your sweetheart. No doubt it has arrived by now but if it hasn't I sure hope you like it when it does. Also sent one to the folks and another to Sam. I have three more rolls of film being developed, and some post card size of several negatives being made up. You can see I'm having fun taking pictures and sending them to you.

After chow to-night I was fed, and then went to the first decent evening's entertainment since arriving in Germany. There were real flesh and blood Broadway actors and actresses who presented a vaudeville show. It was a swell feeling looking at these folks, dressed like we are accustomed, looking well-fed, smiling, singing, joking, and imitating stances about people back in the States. Laughter was the order of the evening, and I sure made out with the belly laughs. Truthfully I believe the reading of the enclosed article earlier in the evening had put



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me in mood for going out with some laughs. It sometimes is difficult to believe one will ever get out of the army's clutches, but by golly, honey, I at least am beginning to see the light. You too must realize that it looks brighter for us, so keep smiling, have fun, and have those mattresses in place before I get there.

Although I realize you and Jim are probably in the country by the time this letter reaches you, yet I am still using our home address. I will not address any letters to Monticello until you advise me the date you intend arriving there. I do hope you arranged with someone to look after the packages which are enroute to you, and those I'll be sending shortly. Do not send me any more bundles until I send requests, and suggest any one who has the desire to do likewise please await future developments. One never knows from day to day what to expect, but if something does turn up I'll advise you.

Hope you and Jim are in the pink of health, and that you are enjoying grand weather. Perhaps Jim's rash will

Clear up completely soon. Being away
from outside influences I suppose Jim
will forget some of his slang expressions
under your personal tutelage. I often
wonder how much I'll spoil him when
I get back, or will I feel strangely
towards him. Sure hope we get to be as
josh jols as his mother and I are.
If your place has no hammock please
do not hesitate a moment about
buying one. Please send me a snap of
you in the hammock with Jim.

I feel splendid, Chew was fair
to-day being spoiled by hot dogs for
supper. They taste no more like hot
dogs than cognac fort chuse tastes like
roast turkey. Talking about food, darling,
I sure could go for some fried chicken
livers at La Palina - preceded by baked
clams - what am I raving! These trants
are discovering that our garbage part at
Chew time is the source of white bread
and meat scraps. Bigger livers than France
or Belgium but we harass them away.
Somehow though they manage to get it all.

Stay well, kiss Jim for me, and
all my love and adoration to you. My
best to everyone

as ever
George

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