

Rinz, Austria
Sunday, 2 Sept 1945.

Flourence, Sweetheart:

It is rapidly beginning to dawn upon me that my letter-writing days to you are slowly becoming numbered. Although time will drag, until that inevitable, Piffy day of days when we are reunited, I know our patience will surmount the ordeal. This has not been the first trying period we've seen than, and probably not the last. However, side by side and arm in arm I have every faith you and I could surmount the worst life has to offer. All this would not have been so terrible were it not for the separation, but just, soon the link will be forged stronger and more lasting than ever. And to it we are going to add Jim's link, and who knows, perhaps others, into a mighty chain as the grandfathers I know the George and Flourence Staff chain will be symbolic of strength of character, love, and happiness. We couldn't have it any other way.

I'm on duty to-day but there's nothing for the three of us to do but scan ourselves, read, and write letters. Very few letters, so missed for mail-call, and I sat none. To please myself I re-read your letters received yesterday. Also acknowledged receipt of a package from you containing coffee, soap, mints,

chocolate pudding, etc. will take some of this stuff with me when I leave for Mechelen. Ray and I have already picked up much food to take along which will help my good friends feed us and themselves during our stay. Hope your package reaches them about this time. In any event to send another package or two of food before Xmas, or I will if I get back before then.

It is rumored that the War Dept intends lowering the age limit to 35 very shortly. If this is done I'll not have to wait until Nov 10th to apply for discharge. It will also enable me to return home sooner than we dared hope for. Should this come about I think I'd like to attend the Lodge affair - shortgiving Eve with my folks. As time passes from now on you will know how matters stand with me, so I leave any and all decisions and arrangements for this up to you. As a matter of fact I'd like a table made up of you and me, my man and a table made up of you and me, my man and pep, Eleanor and friends, your man, Sam and Kay, and Fran and Bob. This may be the savings an ETO - happy GI, but sweetheart. I want to live and laugh with you, and there doesn't to us.

The lady who does my wash lives in a hawked building with her daughter, son-in-law and 20 months old son. In return for our laundry we pay off in canned army meat, cheese, bread, oranges, or whatever we find available. Since I'm the only one who speaks German I manage to converse with them occasionally. To-day at breakfast we had an individual box of Corn flakes served with a whole BANANA. Y'ho, lovely.

believe it or not, the first banana I've seen
in almost a year. I need hardly add how my
thoughts were directed to those trying moments
you used to have finding them for Jim every
back when he was a baby. In the same thought
I remembered this little 20 months kid who
had never been privileged to even taste this
delicacy. So, this morning in paying for my
wash I included the banana. The two women
just stood there with tears in their eyes as
they marveled at the sight of a banana. Yes,
the child liked it, and asked for more. It is
a sad commentary that about a year ago
the old lady's son was killed in a battle
against the Americans.

There probably have been other occasions
when you were desirous to air my clothes out,
but I think it advisable that you give
them a once over when you return home from
your vacation. Pack my suits over, and
about the time you leave I'm disassembling
take them out of moth balls. I'm slightly
tired of wearing blue but, if you know what
I mean.

Hope you and Jim are in wonderful
health and spirits. If you have the August 6th
issue of Life please preserve the pages showing
the shoulder patches of the various army
units. Take good care of the enclosed stamps,
and I do hope you enjoy the enclosed snaps,

were to follow. Kiss Jim for me, give my
best to my folks and yours, and keep
smiling. All my love and affection

as ever,

J. G.

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