



AMERICAN RED CROSS

Flavens, sweetheart:

Harmon
25 May 1945.

One of the more pleasant features about two people in love is that they are always sure to share the same likes and dislikes, with reservation, of course. Sometimes these develop after marriage, and often they exist prior to marriage. The development of some of your gourmet habits though found their origin thru me. Yesterday's long letter mentioned your dinner at Paul's, consisting of steamed clams and soft shell crabs. That's what I call a meal out of this world. I am greatly pleased to learn that you are not neglecting these well developed just-eating habits, as I would not want it any other way.

I have had fish several times since leaving the States, last time at Frank's in Maline. As a matter of fact the last time I was there they fortuitously had several kilos of fresh flounder, which they fried in your sauce. I had two large fishes for supper, and the taste of those two still lingers in my memory. Some night when I have two little to write about I'll devote a letter to relating my last visit to Frank's. We had moved to the Rhine, were located in a small town called BUDERICH, and I was sent back to Maline in a semi-official capacity by truck 120 miles each way.

The hospitality of these grand forefathers is not to be surpassed, and I intend never to forget them. When you receive the hard earned money you too will want to know more about them.

To-day's mail brought your May 16th V-mail, a letter from the folks and one from Anita. No packages, no newspapers and even the Reader's Digest is delayed this month, probably due to the change in APO numbers. I wrote you yesterday about a package I sent you containing your aunt's camera among other things. Since I have access to a 120, and have acquired a 620 Kodak with leather case I decided to return your aunt's post haste. If you have any 620 film send some along, otherwise I'll have plenty. I now have 6-116 rolls, and 6-120 rolls, and 3-620 rolls. Any you may have sent has not yet arrived. Some day I can't find anything!

Pap's letter doesn't go into any lengthy details about Jim but all he says is: "George, you got some son". Even though I feel this, looking, it sounds great to have someone brag about our boy. You write that his rack has cleaned up, and although I realize it is nothing to worry about, I suppose you are leaving no stone unturned to eliminate this nuisance. Perhaps sun baths, good fun, plenty of fresh air will do the trick this summer. Have a good time, manning, and do be careful, always.



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I gather from your letters that Maurice is in the States to stay. Hope this is so, and that Shelma and he find release and some joy in each other. Is he still a private, and what branch of the service is he in? How does he look, and has he any stories to relate? Did he bring or send any souvenirs from the ETO?

Remembering Billy's birthday with a card and book was very thoughtful of you. I wrote him the other day thanking him for the wonderful way he treats my precious loved ones. You are right, he deserves more. I hope to demonstrate our feelings when I return. Am not sending all these souvenirs home for no purpose, as you probably gathered a long time ago.

I noted your Country address, but will not forward any mail to that address until I know that you are situated there. Be sure to arrange for someone to receive your packages, and forward any mail delivered to the house. Mail delivery is really pretty good and unless we were from this town I have every hope that it will continue that way. You too seem to be receiving my letters within 8 to 11 days so I guess neither of us can complain too much about this.

The usual daily run of numbers, but I am patiently awaiting the announcement concerning the war-time age

limit to 37 or 38. I think it will come in
the very near future but we must not get
too optimistic. Keep writing letters to the
Congressmen and newspapers, and hope for
the best.

We had bean camp fried chicken for
lunch 40-day. It was excellent and plentiful.
Even the Seaman kids who hang around
our garbage pile at chow time enjoyed the
bones. As we write now, my rooming
partner, Ray Winberg and I have our
fingers hanging out for a hot footlong
sandwiches or rye bread with mustard,
pickles and a glass of "Good Health
Peltzer". Probably compromise for a
cup of coffee.

Feeling fine and dandy; I like
being in a private house, and sure hope
we get one soon after I return. Expect
snapshots to arrive, but in the interim
I hope you are finding there I have been
sending recently interesting. Stay well, my
pretty darling, keep smiling, have a great
vacation, and don't worry. This is our
year, kiss Jim for me, and I'll kiss you
in mind with all my love. My best to
everyone

as ever
George

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