



AMERICAN RED CROSS

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Hamm -
10 June 1945

Flourence, sweetheart:

Another Sunday with nothing to do, but on second thought, the less I have to do, the more time I can devote to thinking and dreaming about you. I plan those wonderful days of a happy lover and husband safe and sound in the arms of his sweetheart. I look forward to our own home with all its comfort, cleanliness, and home cooking. I can see those charming, enticing smiles of yours, as you dance for an occasion. The happy gleam in your eyes as they sparkle in anticipation of a few hours in the romantic atmosphere of music, dance and festivity. I can smell the faint odor of your skin as it responds to the evaporation of an exquisite perfume. I can thrill to the sensuous kiss we share on every provocation. All these things my senses perceive as I dream about you. Is it any wonder that I am impatient to get home? Yet, in the knowledge that we share all these emotions I find the patience and fortitude to carry on. It has been a long grind, my dearest, but the end's in sight. Pull up another notch in your belt, hitch up your slacks, spit on your hands, and hold on.

Mail was weak to-day, bringing only a lodge notice. However reading your letter of yesterday again gives me much to write about. Since I spent the day at the office

on duty, I devoted it to writing letters. I wrote the first paragraph of this letter in the late afternoon, and it is now 9 P.M. as I attempt to conclude it.

Just finished making a package up for you consisting of 2 helmets, a Nazi flag, 4oz. and several small items including 2 Yank magazines. I am having a wooden box made for shipment of a Nazi officer's uniform which was a bit too large for to-day's package. I intend mailing one package to Moscow, and the other the following day. Since you will be away I will send the packages to Prof's place, and you can pick them up when you visit there in the Car.

Your notation of how you wrapped \$8.00 in paper suddenly reminded me of that old practice of ours, and I'm glad you have continued to do the same. It is always good to read a financial statement, and I ~~for~~ look forward to its publication. Of course I have no doubt it is only for me to see. The stock market is doing big things these days, and I guess we are missing many opportunities there will be others when I get back in stride again, so lets not concern ourselves too much about what might have been.

In a number of Pirius's letters he has made small of Max Eidler. Pirius would not do this unless he had justification for it, so I suppose Eidler's behavior had come to the surface somewhere along the way. You and I cannot find fault with their treatment of us. Of course Eidler likes his own way, but as long as he does as same god I'll not complain.



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In several recent letters you have mentioned Sheila's good job, without once disclosing the identity of her boss or the type work she is doing. I know it must please you to know that she's getting a break, and there's no doubt but that it will keep her mind off Jeeb. Maurice's mighty homecoming is strongly reminiscent of the days you spent in St. Paul. Oh boy, for a couple of bags of pop-corn, and that ice-cold, rest beer to wash it down. Truthfully though darling, the one item of food I really and truly miss is ice cold milk. If I should drown myself in milk when I get back you'll know it's because I've been so long without it.

I can just picture Jim wearing a Nazi helmet, painting a bayonet, waving a German flag, and yelling "Charge" as he rucks furiously on "Blue Boy". If he ever gets hold of the two automatic pistols I have I suppose there'll be no holding him. However do not let him play with any instruments of war, even toy imitations. I hope his rash is gone, but I suppose you are watching that closely. No doubt you are visiting the doctor for check-ups when due, and also watch his teeth. Does he eat much fruit, candy, cookies and sweets? And please, don't tell me he still uses a bottle.

Ray is offering some cans of antibiotics
and tuna, and we are going to have a
snack before going to sleep. The enclosed
snaf of me should convince you that on
occasions I looked like a sardine. Save
the enclosed article.

Kiss Jim for me, keep smiling,
and give my best to everyone. I continue
to love and adore you as usual, and
will kiss you in mind —

as ever

George

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VANDERVEER STA.