



Sunday, Jan. 16, 1944

Flourace, dearest!

The beauty and warmth of to-day's sun is a beautiful setting for those dreams of you. It is a grand feeling to be away from Camp, strolling thru a lane of evergreens in a park, and thinking of naught but you, my own sweetheart. How pathetic it is for a man not to have some to love, and be loved by. But I am doubly fortunate in not only having a sweetheart, but also in being blessed with having you. Being away from home, and you, and little Jimmy would be so much more difficult were it not possible for me to think, dream and adore you. This keeps me going, and every day brings us one day closer to the inevitable end, and then peace and happiness forever and a day.

Sitting in my favorite U.S.O at present and catching up on some mail. After we leave here we expect to dine at a Creole Restaurant, which I will write about in tomorrow's letter.

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U S O IS FINANCED BY THE AMERICAN PEOPLE THROUGH THE NATIONAL WAR FUND

I feel swell today, as the sun has not only brightened things up, but has also warmed up the city. Was up about 7.30 this morning, shaved, showered, washed some clothes, and then set out for the city at 10. Had breakfast here, walked around in a park, and now writing. About 2 P.M. we intend dining. Only Baedberg and I could make this trip today, as our other more intimate buddies were restricted to Bavaria, pending shipment Monday or Tuesday. We are awfully sorry to see them leave, but maybe we'll be with them in another week or two. After you've been in the army awhile, you get so that even losing friends doesn't bother you, but I sure am going to miss some of those boys. However there are so many other fellows to pick from that I guess I'll find some more.

Hope you and Jimmy are in excellent health and spirits, and that all is well with my folks and yours. Did my mother ever receive that pin I sent her? Please let me know. I hope she got a kick out of the letter I sent her. What is new with Bens, and has she come around to adjusting herself to her impending problem. Anything doing with Ben Rosen, and how was Charlie's case disposed of? Please give my best



to both of them, and tell them to fight like hell to keep out of this whirlpool of army life and red-tape.

Wrote a letter to Jules and the whitmans, but have had no word all week from Mr. Purvis. Is he well? I will drop him a card to-day. Wrote Bob last night. The U.S.O. show in camp was rather amateurish, but they had a dance follow the show, and it sure is entertaining to watch the boys jitterbug. I guess, darling we were home too soon. The present day devices certainly present every opportunity for high class romancing. As fame I prefer my love-making in the quiet of evening with soft music, a beautiful sky, and only you.

Did you complete the reading of all those letters and stuff. Am accumulating another batch, and these too will prove not only entertaining but also interesting.

Havena will not forward them until I

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have an equal number.

Are you having any difficulty getting meats or canned goods? Does Davey still supply you with Nescafe' and Bunn's? I cannot buy Nescafe', but there is plenty of Bunn's, soap etc I can get. Do you want any? If Davey can get it, that solves the problem, but if he can't just write and I will forward some. Say, do you have any trouble reading my letters? Please advise.

To-morrow I'll write describing to-day's events. With every hope that this finds you your cheerful, sunny self, and that our loving each other keeps you brave and patient until we are once again re-united, you find me with a kiss in mind,

as ever,

George.

P.S. Please kiss Jimmy for me,
and don't forget snipshots.
Thanks, Cookie.

G.



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