



AMERICAN RED CROSS

155

Heaven -
9 June 1945.

Flourine, darling:

Some great sage once remarked "that people have more fun than any body," and since your letters of yesterday I've been one of those peoples. Your optimism, your good cheer, and your down-right realistic approach to things, plus your constant love and devotion, is catching; and believe you me, if patience is the prime factor I'm just bubbling over with the stuff. I know your literary efforts are a bit cocooned as are mine, but that strong current of optimism prevails throughout your letters, and that's what counts with me. Loving you has been the brightest part of my life, and your mutual feeling convinces me we are destined for each other. Be of good cheer, walk on your happy trees, always with the faith that soon, very soon I hope, we'll be together again.

I scored a home-run at mail call today receiving your V-mail of May 31 st, and air mails of June 2nd and 3rd. Also a letter from Bob, Pirius, the office, Hunt and my folks. Have not received a letter from Eleanor in over a month but I presume she's too busy to write, as long as all is well with her I'll excuse her from this charge. Pirius' letter related your visit to the office, and also remarked that the

market was going way up. I do hope you continue to send me the stock page at least once a week. I want to have something to think and worry about besides army "chicken".

Although our mail is not censored by the unit officers it is always subject to base Censurship. I am interested in knowing if any of my letters have been censored since May 22nd. also advise contents of each package and I'll tell you whether or not anything has been accidentally or deliberately removed. My room-mate, Ray, advised me this evening that his wife's latest letter contained the information that some of his mail had been censored. It's of no significance since I am permitted to write all I have written.

Pap's letter was the first from him in several weeks. Due to Bob's waiting while home on leave. The letter is dated May 31 and contained a clipping from the news recommending the discharge of all soldiers over 35 sponsored by May. I know how anxious we all await just such an announcement, and it will come in the near future. Pass the news by waiting constantly. Pap seems a little distressed that I am not yet enroute to the States, and I suppose at their age this business is been more trying than it is to us, and goodness knows we are fed up plenty. I may be asking too much sweetheart but please try awfully hard to keep in close contact with them this summer, and try to get them to visit you, I know I can always count on you so thank you very much for all you've done and will do in their behalf and mine.



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Bob's letter is filled with chit-chat, hopes, optimism, morale building, and the constant summons with which he is being overwhelmed. Only a member of the armed services can appreciate life based on summons. He seems to think I'm depressed, but I think he arrived at this conclusion due to a letter I wrote in which I bitched about different petty army gripes. And just to show you how a soldier's mind works; in today's letter he carefully asks me why I am using Red Cross stationery, since in the States this is usually supplied to hospitalized personnel. In short he thinks I'm in the hospital. You see what I mean about summons and imagination. Before you get the same idea, this stationery is supplied by the Chaplain's assistant to the men. I'm not sick, don't even have a headache these days. Feel great physically, and due to you I'm in fine spirits.

To-night after Chow Ray and I visited one of the other buddies being used as a helmet, boys of my own company. They had a keg of beer, a 5lb can of cheese, and were feeling good when we arrived. We drank some beer, sang all the old-timers, laughed belly laughs and I took a picture of the scene. Hope it comes out. One of the boys gave me another helmet, flase gun and a long tale of woe. He's 38 and wants to go home, too. The no-fisters -

ization policy makes every party a stop, so
laughter is the order of the day. Being in
exceptionally good spirits anyway I did all
I could to help make with the fun. soon
I'll be doing all that for you and Jim.

The enclosed snaps were taken in April
during our stay in Budersich near the
Rhine River. No, I did not see Die Kaneli.
you can easily see that being a soldier is
not all pressed uniforms and parades.
although it is not visible the bridge has
been destroyed and is hanging into the river.
In the background of the bridge scene can
be seen the ruins of what once was Wesel.

To-morrow is my turn to work
Sunday, and I'll endeavor to write another
long letter, and devote more space to replying
to your letters dated June 2nd and 3rd. The
mail is pretty fast and I do hope you are
getting my daily letters promptly. I intend
making another package for shipment, but
think I'll send it care of pop, just to avoid
it going astray due to the change of your
address. Please advise when each package
arrives, also when you get my postal money
order for \$25.00, sent June 1st.

Hope Jim's rash is gone, and that
all else is perfect for you both. Kiss him
for me, and I'll kiss you in mind with
all my love and affection. My very best
to Ed. Bers, your mother and my folks.

as ever

George

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