

April 30<sup>th</sup> 1944

Dear George,

I'm fully aware of how busy you must be, otherwise I'd be angry. I rather expected more mail from you. There probably isn't much for you to write though. It's just about the same with Fran and myself. I don't think I will ship out till next week. I'll probably know definitely tomorrow.

There is something very important on my mind though, and I'd really appreciate if you could advise me. I was thinking that Danny Eidler would probably be just the man to get this

advice from. This is really something, and I wish you'd look into it if you possibly can.

George - \$14,000! is that a lot of semolians, or is it? Does it sound good, or does it? Well, then listen to this, I may be knocking myself out, but for \$14,000, I can at least try.

I don't know all the facts, or whether it's \$10,000 or \$14,000, but here's the setup. I'll give you what I do know though, and I'd like to hear what you know about it, or what you can find out about it.

How, why, or when, I don't know or care. All I know is this. (This will be only sketchy, but you'll get the idea)

Fran's old man had about \$20,000 when he was confined in a veteran's institution. As you know, her mother is also in an institution. Fran was only 16 when this money was floating around. The old man knew a lawyer, (a good friend) who was made ~~executor~~ the big dog over the dough. Fran is now of age. About \$14,000 remains in bonds, etc. It seems to me,

that because her people are  
where they are, and because  
she's the only child, that this  
cabbage should be under her  
wing.

Granted, there's probably more  
to the story than this. I still can't  
help but think that Fran can  
be made the executor or whatever  
it is.

Her aunt once asked Fran  
to request this, (when Fran became  
of age) but Fran felt she couldn't  
handle it. I think this is a  
golden opportunity, but I hardly  
know where to start. Fran is  
with me 100%, and I don't  
have to tell you how big this

pile of dough looks to me.

All I can think of is what the Stoff gang could do with this dough. It looks like our big chance to start our own business after the war. Not only that, it looks like maybe I'd be able to give Mom and Pop the vacation they so rightfully deserve.

I know I may be dreaming, but I'm too dumb about all this to see why this dough couldn't be Frans legally. So, if you can advise me what to do, or whether

I'm just kidding myself, I'd  
really appreciate it. Danny  
probably knows all the answers.

Hope your furlough  
is what you anticipated,  
and that learning New York  
isn't too difficult.

Best regards to Jim  
and Florence, who I ~~was~~ hope  
are well.

How's Joel coming?

With a handshake in mind!

Bob.

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