

Somewhere in France
31 December 1945.

Florence, darling:

The calendar shows that to-day completes another year, but no reference is made to the events which have transpired during this flight of time. It is truly the end of a year, and yet but for a few short weeks together it is a year which never existed for us. There have been too many moments of loneliness, anxiety, worry, fear and separation. Perhaps in years to come 1944 will be completely overwhelmed by our love and happenings together, so let us not make too much of the unpleasant memories at this moment. On the credit side of the year there is much to be said. We are well, Jimmy continues to grow into a fine, handsome son, and you and I are more deeply in love than ever before. 1944 has done so much to make us realize this more than ever, and I and you know we will never let go after my return to the home fires, which you keep burning so glowingly. Let us view 1944 with mixed emotions as a record of all its debit and credit entries, but the new year which approaches rapidly is the one which should re-unite us. To this, my sweetheart, I will drink a toast to-night, even if it consists only of pure water. A happy new year to you, yours, and ours, and may we celebrate all future new year's eves together, untrapped as I am at present with the sweetest girl a man ever had.

This is being written in the early afternoon before mail call, and in the hope that I may be able to get a pass to spend the day and evening with Frank and his family. Will advise in to-morrow's letter how I fare. I haven't written you a long letter since I received your Nov-20th letter the other day, but I think I acknowledged the letter in the V-mail letter I have written for the past 2 days. No mail from you or anyone yesterday, but I did receive some mail from the folks and Aunt Mary several days ago. As is her usual wont my dear Aunt sent me a picture card greetings from Arizona, together with a philosophical thought, all of which added up to a blank. I often wonder whether she is trying to cure her health or mentality. No decision up to this point, but I think she needs a little of each taken care of.

We are sitting around waiting to be paid, and every indication points to getting passes to enable us to celebrate the Holiday. It may interest you to know that there are many occasions when we are restricted to the barracks, for one reason or another. There are undoubtedly necessary precautions over here, but it does get a bit monotonous trying to talk to the same boys I've been together with for almost a year, and whose only thoughts, today particularly, are of home and family. Ned Dadd that they find the same difficulty with me; but that nostalgic feeling helps to keep us on the ball, so I'm really not complaining, nor should you. Even this will come to an end — and then — our day, and years.

Hope you have some company over to-night, or perhaps you were invited out. I certainly hope you continued smiling all evening, because that's the only way you should start any New Year, and did Jim paint the tower red, or is he also awaiting my return to paint out the bad spots to him? I quite understand how Jack's condition will put a damper on any holiday spirit you and your family could create, but be brave and resolute, my adorable sweetheart, and take the good with the bad as well you can.

I feel fine and dandy, weather wise but hardly as cold as you are experiencing at the moment. There is so much to relate but please wait until I can relate it to you as a "face" man. It consists mostly of anecdotes, experiences and some history, but will sound better verbally than by the written word.

Will leave you now as the time draws closer to being paid. It is 2 P.M., and after this ritual I hope to leave the barracks en route to my friends' home. Stay well, darling, Kiss Jim and my folks for me, and wish everyone a very special Happy New Year from me. Adoring you as I do all I can say is that new year or not I love you

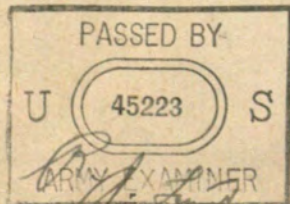
as ever,

George

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