

Somewhere in France
6 November 44.

Dearest Florence:

With the desire to devote the next hour or so thinking about you and Jim I am writing you another lengthy letter. Despite every kind of a disconcerting note in our quarters I am really not present here when I direct all my thoughts and dreams to the sweetest wife in the world. Distance is of no concern to us so in love with each other, but until this distance is dissolved we must continue to demonstrate our anxious feeling then our correspondence. Reading your lovely letters keep me reassured as to the home front, and I continue to be sustained mentally by the your wonderful expressions. Even if this does take a bit longer than we contemplated continue writing often, and I naturally will do the same -

Last night I received seven letters, 5 from you dated Sept. 25; 26; 27; and 2 for 9/28. Checking your letter dates it seems to me that all your letters from Sept. 18 to Oct 16th have been received. One letter from Bob dated Sept. 25 and another from Seymour in New Guinea dated Sept. 20th. I replied to all my mail. Seymour advised he was hospitalized with a jungle rash but no other news from him. Bob's letter alludes of some ailments troubling Fran, which I did not know about prior to this. I suppose she is sweating out Bob's future after graduation, and it may be pretty rough for her if he goes overseas.

Your description of Jimmy's party was included in one of your above letters, and believing you me, honey, I re-lived every moment of that party. I could even imagine some of the nonsense that must have been uttered by several of the guests. No doubt, Jim must have sensed he was being loved, and I suppose he was more contrary than usual. Certainly hope he is not being spoiled by too much attention these days. Sounds like he received some very fine gifts, and did you buy bonds for the cash or did you open a savings account for him in lieu of the usual bond purchase? Thanks so much for those two curls, and need I add how much I cherish your thoughtfulness. Surprised to learn that the Whitmans remembered Jim's natal day, but it was thoughtful of them to send a gift.

As I review your letters it seems to me that Jim continues to grow as nicely as he had been prior to your departure from St. Paul. I am very well aware that he is getting the best care and attention a mother could give a

child, and I'm so proud that in addition to being the finest sweetheart a GI could have, you are a splendid mother and parent. Jim some day will appreciate all your wonderful efforts and in the interim I will thank you for him and me. We are a couple of lucky fellows, and when I get home I know we are going to show our thanks and feeling to our dear "mummy".

You continue insisting that I make requests for items desired. Well, my darling, there are many kinds of food and epicurean treats that I'd really enjoy having, but it is not feasible getting them to me. Cake and cookies, either plain, chocolate, Toll House, or any other kind wanted be most welcome as I wrote the other day. There is always a shortage of sweets, so, if convenient send as much or as many as you care to, only be certain that each package is well-packed, water proof and correctly addressed. Five (5) pounds of cake or cookies wouldn't last very long with me and my room-mates. At present there is little else that I need, and when I do desire something I'll not hesitate to request it.

Waste more about the bottle of perfume I sent her in your package so please see that she gets it when the bundle arrives. Also advise if you would like for me to forward more of this or similar brands and odors. I know Don is a grand fellow but don't ask him to do the impossible. He knows many things but your questions can only be embarrassing to him, and he's too good a guy to push around. Listening to all the "after the war" plans is an interesting pastime, but I think it more advisable to await the end and then hope that destiny deals us an ace of spades.

All the boys you met in St. Paul are well and wish to be remembered. Did Harry Fox's wife call you recently? Has Thelma heard from her dear husband? How's Gleason's date doing? Are my folks well, and is Sam's back still bothering him? Hope you and Jim are in tip-top shape and fit as a fiddle. I am very well, and since the mail is coming thru I feel better in spirits.

My very best to everyone, and kiss and hug Jim and my mom and pap, and I just kissed you in mind with all my love and adoration

as ever,
George

Cpl George Stoff. 42050100
Co A 735th Ry Opn Bn
APO 5942 % Postmaster
New York, N Y.



Mrs. Florence Stoff
3021 Avenue I,
Brooklyn 10,
New York, U S A.

POST.



