

Tuesday, 10 October 1944.
Somewhere in England.

Florence, dearest,

The top of the mornin' to you me darlin'. It is always a source of comfort and joy to awaken each morning with the thought in mind that back home I have the sweetest girl in the world anxiously awaiting my return. Need I add that our little boy is also in a class by himself. I am patient my darling, but this confusion in the delivery of our mail is certainly straining my patience. For some reason our letters are being sent elsewhere and it must be too involved to have this corrected. All the boys are in the same quandry so I guess we will just have to continue hoping. In any event I will continue my letter writing in the hope that the morrow will bring all those past due letters from you and everyone else.

Hope you, Jim and the rest of the family are in excellent health and spirits. I feel fine and dandy, continue to hope that my absence from home will be short. The little news that we get here seems to be optimistic but I guess the real story is not told. The source of all our news is found in the army newspaper "Stars and Stripes" and I do know that the Cardinals won the baseball championship.

Yesterday I had the ludicrous experience of trying to wash a pair of woolen under drawers in a steel helmet. There are many things for which the average civilian enjoying the American way of life should be thankful, but they have not experienced anything more humorous than doing this little domestic chore. You have no idea as to how many uses the steel helmet can be put to, but most of them will better be described in days to come. In any event it is a far cry from using a washing machine, and the results are not quite as good. Unfortunately some of the boys are gripeing about this and other things, but it seems to me that too many of them have yet to learn that a war is being waged. Although I manage to get along without the accustomed conveniences and luxuries we are accustomed to I certainly do resent being treated like a boy scout at this stage of the game. Some of the rules and regulations set up for us over here make one feel unlike a soldier. It may be part of the game but it sure seems like kid stuff.

In a couple of days we will both celebrate our "engagement anniversary". True it will be in mind only but then is not our love and devotion for each other founded there. It seems like only yesterday that we fell in love, and yet when I reminisce it seems as though I have loved you all my life. It's a grand feeling, particularly since I know you share it with me. Be of good cheer, all this is temporary, very temporary and before we realize it, it will all be a thing of the past soon.

I have just been advised that there may be a change of APO number, so please watch all subsequent letters for the change. Be sure to let me know the date each letter is received as I want to cross them off my chart. Stay well, kiss Jim for his G I daddy and I'll kiss you in mind. My best to everyone and kiss the folks for me,

As ever,

George

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