

Letter, George Stoff to Florence Stoff, Hamm, Germany, June 19, 1945
[Transcriber: Kathryn Manning]

[Envelope]

Cpl. Geo. Stoff 42050100
Co. A 735 Ry OPN BN
APO 350 c/o Postmaster
New York

Mrs. Florence Stoff
c/o Baxt
41 Landfield Ave.
Monticello
NY.

[Letter]

Hamm –
19 June 1945.

Florence, darling:

The only comforting thought about not receiving any mail is that somehow along the line the letters from you are accumulating. Sooner or later they must reach me, and then once again we'll share all current events and facts, in mind. By this time you realize that mail call brought no mail for anyone, and to tell you that there many Sad Sacks around here is to put it mildly. To some of us a letter from home is like another swig of the Elixir of Life, and I sure am missing those daily swigs. But this is an old story to me, and like a camel I have a reservoir to carry me over the lean days. Loving you makes it easier, so don't let this latest delay in mail delivery worry you. To-morrow is another day, and I'm certain the sun will shine then.

Comparatively little of note happening these days. Not too much work at headquarters, not much railroading work for the boys in the various companies and in a few days classes are going to be set up in my company to teach technical angles of the business to those who desire it. Since the alternative to going to class will probably be military training, I

have every reason to believe the classes will be well attended. Classes include steam-shovel operation, bull-dozers, mathematics, surveying, welding and the like. Fortunately your GI sweetheart is exempt from all these time-wasting endeavors to keep the men occupied until that windfall day arrives. Continue writing those important letters to every political columnist including Rodger, David Lawrence and the like. The army can do without old family men if they feel they do not need to draft any more men over 30. That's a strong point, especially if the older men have already served their country for a period from 18 months to 4 years. Keep it up honey, and give 'em hell.

It begins to look as though we will move from here on Thursday, but it's just a short trip about 25 to 30 miles to a town named LIPPSTADT near KASSEL. There's no telling how long we'll be stationed here, but from what I've heard it will not be more than 4 to 6 weeks. They'll probably find another spot for us after that. I understood we have requisitioned a 32 room hotel, and 4 men will be quartered in each room. Will write you more of the details after we get set up. Don't think I will bring these gypsy traits back home with me, because it's going to be awful hard to get me to change homes once I buy our future palace.

Hope things are moving smoothly for you and Jim, as well as the rest of our kinfolk. The little fellow should be quite a talker by now, and I suppose the radio and phonograph are very familiar to him. Has he learned any rhymes yet, and does he continue to make friends easily? How is his rash coming along these days and are you both getting plenty to eat?

I am in fine health and spirits. I keep repeating to myself all the time that "this is our year," and by cracky I'm finding it easier to believe all the time. I know you share this feeling of optimism with me, so how can I miss. You must continue to be patient, keep smiling and stay. Kiss the little rascal for me, and I'll kiss you in mind. My very best to everyone, and remember I love you always,

As ever,
Gg.