

NURNBERG, GERMANY.  
14 JULY 1945.

FLORENCE, DEAREST:

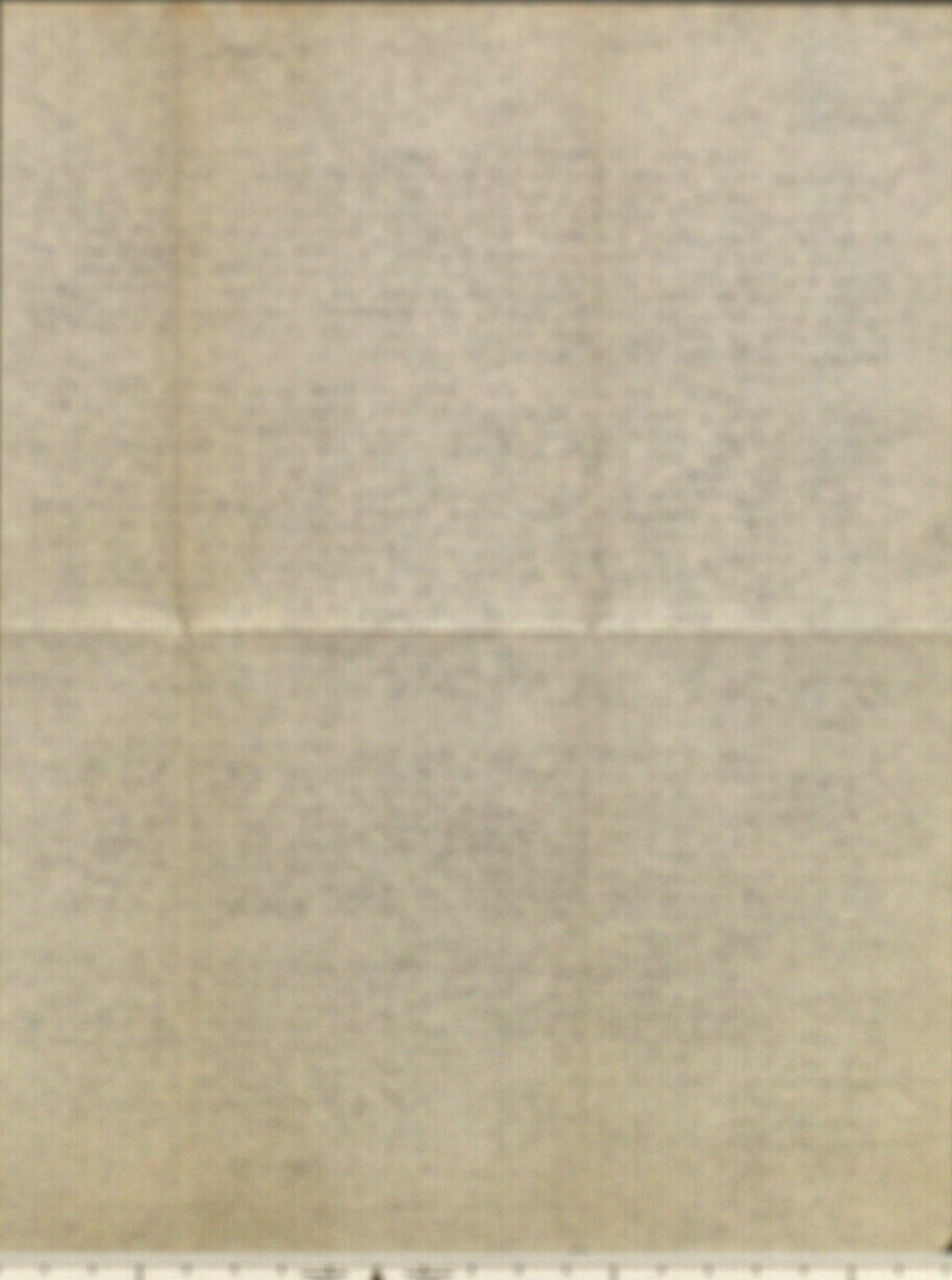
NEGLECTED TO WRITE TO YOU YESTERDAY ONLY BECAUSE I WAS TOO LAZY TO GO FROM MY BUNK CAR TO THE HEADQUARTERS' CAR, INWHICH THE TYPE-WRITER IS LOCATED. HOWEVER I WILL ENDEAVOR TO BRING YOU RIGHT UP TO DATE IN THIS LETTER. THE WEATHER HAS BEEN EXCEEDINGLY DELIGHTFUL FOR THE PAST THREE DAYS, AND EVERY MOMENT OF THE TRIP IS SPENT AT A WINDOW OR DOOR OF THE CAR ADMIRING THE GLORIOUS SCENERY. THE BLASTED RAILROAD YARDS AND TOWNS ARE THE ONLY REMINDERS THAT ONLY A FEW SHORT MONTHS AGO WE WERE WAGING A WAR TO THE DEATH WITH THESE PEOPLE. AS USUAL MY ONLY THOUGHTS ALWAYS REVOLVE ABOUT YOU AND JIMMY, AND ALTHOUGH I APPRECIATE THIS CHANCE TO SEE MORE OF EUROPE, I SURE WISH THIS TRIP WAS LEADING US TO A PORT OF DEBARKATION TO THE STATES INSTEAD OF PASSAU.

EARLY YESTERDAY WE WENT OVER AND THRU SOME OF THE MOST INTERESTING SCENERY I HAVE EVER SEEN. CLIMBING UP MOUNTAINS, THRU TUNNELS OF MODERATE LENGTH, AND THEN DOWN ON THE OTHER SIDE GAVE US MANY FINE OPPORTUNITIES TO SNAP SOME PICTURES. I DON'T KNOW HOW WELL MY SHOTS WILL TURN OUT WHEN DEVELOPED, BUT IF THEY DO LOOK ANYTHING LIKE WHAT I WAS TRYING TO SHOOT, I KNOW YOU TOO WILL ENJOY THE TRIP. AMONG THE LARGER TOWNS WE PASSED THRU, OR BY-PASSED, WERE FULDA, HANAU, AND FRANKFORT-ON-THE-MAIN, THE LATTER IS THE TOWN LIESEL COMES FROM. UNFORTUNATELY WE DID NOT GO THRU THIS PLACE, BUT FROM THE OUTSKIRTS IT WAS POSSIBLE TO SEE HOW BADLY IT HAD FARED IN THE WAR. PRACTICALLY EVERY RAILROAD WE PASSED THRU HAS BEEN EITHER BOMBED, OR THE SCENE OF MUCH HARD FIGHTING. THEY CERTAINLY LOOK IT. EVERY YARD IS FILLED WITH PRISONERS OF WAR OR DISPLACED PERSONS AND THEIR WORDLY GOODS ON THEIR BACKS TRYING TO GET A TRAIN RIDE IN THE DIRECTION OF WHAT USED TO BE HOME TO THEM. MANY OF THEM WILL FIND HEAPS OF RUBBLE WHEN THEY ARRIVE THERE. THE YOUNG CHILDREN AND THE OLD FOLKS HAVE THE ROUGHEST LOT OF ALL, BUT THEY ARE JUST PART OF THIS WHOLE, ROTTEN MESS.

EVERY TIME WE STOP IN A RAILROAD YARD FOR ONE REASON OR ANOTHER, THE DISPLACED PEOPLE ANXIOUSLY REQUEST WATER FOR THEIR KIDDIES. WE CAN'T HELP THEM MUCH ON THIS SCORE SINCE WE ONLY CARRY LIMITED SUPPLY FOR OURSELVES, BUT WHEN THE OCASSION WARRANTS IT, WE HAND OUT A BOTTLE OF BEER, OR EVEN ONCE A CAN OF PINEAPPLE JUICE. IT'S PRETTY TOUGH FOR AMERICAN BOYS TO BE HARD ON THESE ENEMIES, BUT I OFTEN WONDER HOW MUCH THESE SAME FOLKS WOULD HAVE DONE FOR THE JEWS, OR FOR US HAD THEY WON THE WAR. IN ANY EVENT THE WEATHER IS TOO NICE TO HATE, SO WE PRACTICE A LITTLE OF THE AMERICAN WAY OF LIFE, AND HOPE THAT PERHAPS SOME DAY THEY TOO WILL ACT LIKE HUMAN BEINGS.

WHILE ENROUTE WE ONLY GET TWO HOT MEALS PER DAY. HOWEVER TO SUPPLEMENT THIS, K-RATIONS AS WELL AS OTHER RATIONS HAVE BEEN DISTRIBUTED, AND WE HAVE MORE THAN ENOUGH TO EAT. FOR INSTANCE YESTERDAY I HAD THREE HOT CAKES, BACON, BUTTER AND SYRUP, COFFEE AND ORANGES FOR BREAKFAST, AT 8.30 AM. SUPPER CONSISTED OF ROAST BEEF, POTATOES, STRING BEANS, CRUSHED PINEAPPLE AND LEMONADE. TO FILL IN BETWEEN MEALS WE FRIED SOME EGGS IN OUR CAR, WHICH WE ATE WITH CRACKERS AND JAM, AND GRAPE JUICE AS THE BEVERAGE. YOU CAN READILY SEE WE ARE WELL TAKEN CARE OF. OF COURSE I KNOW YOU WILL TAKE EVEN BETTER CARE OF ME WHEN I GET HOME.







THIS MORNING AT ABOUT 8 O'CLOCK WE AWOKE TO FIND OURSELVES ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF NURENBURG, THE BIRTHPLACE OF NAZI-ISM. THIS IS A PRETTY GOOD SIZED CITY, BUT THE ARMIES WENT THRU HERE WITH THE GERMANS RESISTING, AND THE RESULT DID THE CITY NO GOOD. IT'S BEEN BADLY BANGED UP AND THE YARD LOOKS LIKE THE WRATH OF GOD THE MORNING AFTER THE END OF THE WORLD. THE CITY HAS SOME LARGE BUILDINGS IN IT, BUT ONLY THE STEEL STRUCTURE OR A WALL IS STILL STANDING TO REMIND ONE THAT ONCE A BUILDING STOOD ON THAT SPOT. A LITTLE TROUBLE TO THE AXLE OF ONE OF THE CARS NECESSITATED OUR SPENDING A FEW HOURS HERE, SO WE WERE GIVEN THE LIBERTY TO DO A LITTLE SIGHT-SEEING. ONE OF THE RESIDENT GI'S TOLD US THE FAMOUS NAZI NURENBURG STADIUM WAS BUT A FEW MILES FROM WHERE OUR TRAIN WAS STATIONED, SO CAMERAS IN HAND RAY WEINBERG, ANOTHER LAD AND MYSELF TOOK OFF TO VISIT THIS SHRINE OF DEATH AND DESTRUCTION. IT WAS OUR GOOD FORTUNE TO GET A LIFT TO THE PLACE. THE STADIUM IS STILL IN FINE CONDITION, HAVING BUT A FEW SHELL SCARS AND ALL NAZI INSIGNIAS KNOCKED OFF. WE EACH RAN OFF A ROLL OF FILM OR SO, AND I HOPE THE RESULTING PICTURES GIVE YOU THE SAME FEELING OF VENGEANCE AS IT DID ME. TO THINK THAT SOME DAY A JEW WOULD STAND IN THE IDENTICAL SPOT IN WHICH A. HITLER THREATENED NOT ONLY THE JEWS, BUT THE WHOLE WORLD. TRUTH SURELY IS STRANGER THAN FICTION.

ANOTHER RIDE BACK TO THE STATION SAVED US FROM WALKING THE DISTANCE IN THE HOT SUN, AND NOW I AM TYPING THIS LETTER TO YOU ABOUT ONE O'CLICK IN THE AFTERNOON AS WE WAIT FOR THE DAMAGED AXLE TO BE REPAIRED. IT IS EXPECTED THAT WE WILL ARRIVE AT OUR DESTINATION SOME TIME TO-NIGHT, BUT AT THE RATE WE HAVE GOING TO-DAY I AM INCLINED TO BE A BIT SKEPTICAL. YESTERDAY I MAILED LETTERS DATED JULY 11TH AND 12TH WHILE ENROUTE, BY HANDING THEM TO A SOLDIER IN ANOTHER RAILROAD BATTALION. THEY WERE BOTH V MAIL. AND I WISH YOU WOULD MAKE SPECIAL NOT TO ADVISE ME THAT THEY ARRIVED. I AM INTERESTED TO KNOW WHETHER OR NOT THIS GI MAILED THE LTTERS FOR ME.

HOPE THAT YOU AND JIMMY ARE BOTH HAVING FUN, ENJOYING EXCELLENT HEALTH AND SPIRITS, AND THAT THE NEWS IS GOOD. HAVE NOT HEARD ANY NEWS WHATSOEVER SINCE THE 11TH, AND DON'T KNOW WHAT IS GOING ON IN THE WORLD OF TO-DAY. I FEEL FINE AND DANDY, WISH I WAS SPENDING MY VACATION WITH YOU INSTEAD OF FARTING AROUND EUROPE, BUT I HAVE EVERY HOPE THAT TOO WILL BE STRAIGHTENED OUT SOON. KISS THE LITTLE RASCAL FOR ME, AND I'LL KISS HIS MOM WITH ALL MY LOVE AND DEVOTION. GIVE MY BEST TO EVERYONE

AS EVER,

*George*





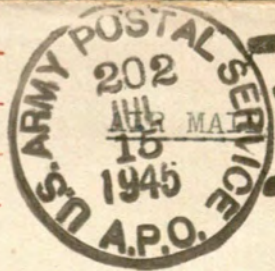


CPL GEO STOFF 42050100

CO A 735TH RY OPN BN

APO 350 % POSTMASTER

NEW YORK.



MRS FLORENCE STOFF  
41 LANDFIELD AVENUE  
MONTICELLO  
NEW YORK.

% BAXT



AMERICAN RED CROSS

