



AMERICAN RED CROSS

- 144 -

Hamm. -

29 May 1945.

Florence, dearest:

A sudden thunder storm cleared a most beautiful day, and instead of trying to see the movies to-night I remained in my room. Listened to the pitter-pitter of the raindrops, dreamed of you, wrote the date and legend on the reverse of about 30 snaps which came then to-day, dreamed of you, took a bath, dreamed some more of you, wrote a few letters, and still my thoughts were devoted to the sweetest girl either side of the Atlantic and Pacific. There's no doubt that time is dragging more so now than ever before, and to write that I miss you would be a mere understatement. The days are long, the nights even longer, but I realize you too are living under the same difficulties. I'm of the firm opinion that this is our year, but every day seems like several years. If tempus would only fugit a little more quickly, it will all happen quickly enough after they make the announcement reducing the age limit, when, as, and if they do so. Keep smiling, darling, more funny stances every day, but they must be related with gestures, so I'll not attempt to write them.

Another day of no hits, no runs,
no errors at mail call. I didn't even
get a newspaper. However there is always
to-morrow, and I know you never miss
writing daily. Just this moment Ray
sliced the balance of his salary, and
I'm graving on a piece as I write this.
We could use some pickles and good health
seltzer, but will substitute chlorinated
water - a poor substitute but that's the
way things stand these days.

You will note some of the enclosed
snaps were taken in Germany. To-day 4
rolls of photo came then and I'll forward
them and the others at the rate of about
six a day. I sent several to the folks
including that famous pose. If you get
a smile out of that it will have served
its purpose. All the others came out very
good and I hope you find all these snaps
interesting. It will be entertaining relating
the facts all around these shots, so
let fight.

I wrote Anita and the folks each
a letter to-day, and I'll conclude the
day's chores with your letter. It's a lot
easier waiting you in reply to your
letters since my days are monotonous,
but sitting here thinking of you and Jim
is the most satisfying thing I can do,
so I'll write even if it sounds like



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the saving a man madly in love.
Can you smell my garlic-laden breath?

I hope you managed to take some
shots of Jim, Bob, the folks, your family
and yourself before Bob returned to
camp. It will be a real thrill for
me to view movies of Jim and Bob
particularly during this period of absence.
All of you are the only ones who matter
to me, and you stand number one
on my hit parade. I neglected packing
my souvenirs this evening, but will
probably do so on Thursday. I work to-
morrow as charge of Quarters, and will
as usual devote the evening to letter-
writing. Keeping busy at Headquarters
what with one thing or another, but the
menagerie of all this chicken is piling up.

The prices of our stock loadings are
lacking way up, and we doubled our
money on two of them. They sure are
going to keep us execute our post-war plans,
and if you have been writing letters to
Congressmen, newspapers and the politicians
about older family men I'm sure it will
help to hasten my return. Good night every
blessing not necessary for your welfare
because we are going to do big things

with our future, for us and ours.

Try to persuade the folks to visit you
often as we know they need the change,
fresh air and the rest. I realize how
difficult this will be but please try. If
Bob is shipped overseas before I return it
will surely get them down. Hope Joe
Bleichman is convalescing nicely, as is
my cousin Aaron. How is Thelma reacting
to Maurice's mighty home coming? Is
Bess having any difficulty with her
gestation? and is Eleanor having a love
life, or is she too sweating the war out?

Nothing I need, and I hope you
do not forward any more packages. Feel
fine and dandy, getting enough to eat, and
only wish you and Jim are not missing
the necessary butter, meat, eggs and chickens
these days. Kiss Jim for me, and I'll
kiss you in mind. Be of good cheer,
Keep smiling that great, big wonderful
smile, and I'll continue dreaming of
my only jim-up girl. My very best to
every one,

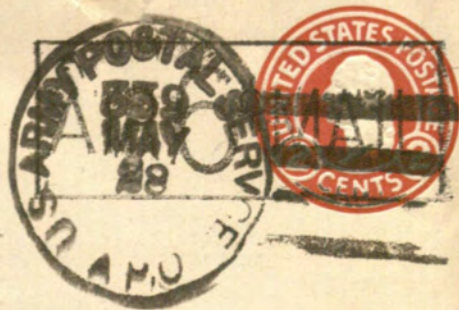
as ever

George

cpl. flo. Stoff 47050120
Co A 735 RYOPN BN
APO 350 40 Postmaster
New York.

AIR-MAIL

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MRS. FLORENCE STOFF
3021 AVENUE I
BROOKLYN 10
NEW YORK.

