

Somewhere in France,
10 December 1944.

Florence, sweetheart:

I spent part of the afternoon walking hand in hand with you and Jimmy thru the streets of this most interesting town. It is surprising how different sections of the country vary from each other, but this certainly is a modern, up to date town. And yet, my dearest, regardless of where I am my thoughts always are of you. It would have been so wonderful to have been able to vacation here with my adorable wife, but mentally you are with me every moment. You can hardly realize what a comfort it is to me to be dreaming of you and home constantly, and although conditions are excellent here I do wish the war would end so that I can take care of my loved ones, to say nothing of demonstrating, instead of worrying about, my love for you.

Two more days have passed without any mail from anyone, but the immediate future is beginning to look brighter. I expect some mail in another day or two. It was because of this that I did not write you last night, but I hope to make amends for this in this letter. Also typed a letter to the folks to-night, but rather than type yours I decided to write it with that more personal and loving touch.

Have been kept pretty much on the ball the past week, and although I can go to town at night I prefer to stay in our billet rather than wander about in the blacked-out areas. There are plenty of bars and service clubs (several) but full sessions prove more interesting and much less expensive. However this afternoon I walked about the main shopping center, and it proved most interesting. Most of the places were closed to day, but as soon as I can I intend to do a little shopping. Surprisingly enough there are many products available here that folks back home have not been able to purchase for several years. Corsets, aluminumware, baby carriages, metal beds, ice skates, elastic products and such. Of course prices are plenty high but I prefer spending it on my dear ones rather than on beer or cognac. Stand By, and as soon as I learn about the other 2 packages I sent you I'll probably send another. Antiques are plentiful, but the prices seem to be set up for tourists, rather than for people at war. In any event I keep looking, and as soon as some of your packages arrive I may be able to trade a can of anchovies for a Louis the XVI bedstead, or something.

People here will do more for food or chocolate or soap than for money. The other day I had my fatigues (1 set), woolen undershirt, socks, towels and such washed and pressed for the magnificent collection of 1 (5¢) Hershey almond bar, 1 bar of Lux

Soap, a perk of gum, and a peanut bar. Cheap enough but for a pound of butter I think the guy will throw in his wife. I carry a broken-up bar of chocolate and loose gum in my pocket and every blond girl or boy between the ages of 2 to 4 gets a piece on request. Believe you me, honey. I am ever grateful you and ours were not subjected to the ruthlessness of modern warfare. As soon as your packages arrive I will advise you of my needs or desires and you can forward them pronto. This morning about is a bit awkward but as long as all goes well let's not worry too much.

Among other places of interest I visited to-day was the famous Cathedral in Tarragona. I have obtained several snap-shots of it and its interior, and when, as and if we leave here I'll forward them to you. Included in my next package will be the pictures of the towns I visited prior to our arrival here. There will be innumerable stories to relate about my tour of Europe so be patient, and I'm certain the stories will mellow by the time I get back to your caressing arms.

I am in excellent health and spirits, especially so since we have available showers and bath tubs. If only our mail comes then soon I'll have nothing to gripe about but my discharge. This too will come in good time so join me in being patient and hopeful. Hope you, Jim and the folks are also feeling as I do, and that everyone else at home and abroad are the same. This not leaving from home makes for many questions but I'm certain all my questions are being answered in your mail en route. The last letter I received from you was dated 16 November.

Trust Mr. Pincus and the office contact you often, as well as Don, Bill and Jules. I realize how trying it must be for our friends to keep bolstering your morale and spirits but being away from home is even more difficult. Believe me you, in any event keep your head high, your smile cheery, and don't worry all will be well, and soon. Kiss Jim and the folks for me, and my darling I'll continue to kiss you in mind, with all my love

as ever,

George.

cpl. Geo. Stoff 42050100
Co A 735 RY O P N B N
APO 228 40 POSTMASTER
NEW YORK, N.Y.

VIA AIR MAIL



MRS. FLORENCE STOFF
3021 AVENUE I

BROOKLYN 10,
NEW YORK



