

Letter. George Stoff to Florence Stoff, Linz, Austria, August 10, 1945, Letter 2.
[Transcriber: Kathryn Manning]

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Mrs Florence Stoff
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Linz, Austria
10 August 1945

Florence, Sweetheart:

It looks like we are off on another stretch of no mail from you again. Today is the second consecutive day in which I receive no letters from you, although I did get a July 31st V-mail from Mayers. However, I'll not complain since I know you write daily, and that inevitably your letters will reach their destination – my heart. I do hope that all goes well with you. Jimmy and our kin folks, and that the weather is pleasant enough to enable you to fully enjoy your vacation.

I have been busy all day preparing the monthly [program?] for the company, but it is now after chow, and I decided to write you before going to the movies. However, if the shower which started about five minutes ago does not let up, I'm afraid I'm stuck for the evening. It had been a beautiful day until this shower blew in, as I'm hoping it will not last very long. Have plans to go to Salzburg over the week-end, and will write you from there.

Among other things Mayers mentioned that you had promised him a card, but that up to the day he wrote me, he had not received any. Please find a few moments to write him: LAVINTZ MAYERS, 919 EAST 222nd St, Williamsbridge 67, New York. I'll reply to his letter to-night, as well as to Jules'. This business of letter writing gets quite monotonous writing to these folks who find it a nuisance

to write me while I'm overseas. They don't seem to have anything to say except business troubles and domestic problems, and keep assuring me I'll be home in 20 minutes or [as, because I'm nearly 38?] I guess, darling, they think I'm looking for pity or sympathy. It's a pity some of them don't grow up and act as though they were [uncanny?] long pants. Off the record, the only friends whose letters I look forward to are [Prencass?] and Danny's.

The war news sounds terrific, and unless the Japs are determined to lose millions of people, and dozens of cities obliterated, I think they'll throw the eponge [means 'sponge' in French] in shortly. Rumors of all sorts are making the rounds, and I hope at least the ones talking of their surrender is a fact soon. In any event, my darling, we inexorably drew closer to the inevitable reunion in Brooklyn. You, Jim and I have much to say to each other, and much to do together. Keep firm, be of good cheer, and I promise no celebration without you, arm in arm, as two lovers and pals should always be. Right now every moment seems agelessly long, but looking back at all this will make it seem like an instant. We have a good start for the future, in having perfect health, and I hope our financial resources will help us to attain the things that will ease our future life. Oh yes, as soon as you acknowledge receipt of my former remittances I'll send some more dough.

Again I repeat the request that you pay attention to favors asked for in previous letter. Some of the things I request, and my actions, may not seem to make sense, but have no fear, honey, I'm okay. At present I'm trying to get you a first-class camera, but that's more difficult here than it was in Germany. Will keep you posted on the score. Truly, I could stand some chocolate cake, but in lieu of that I will appreciate your sending me a package consisting of the following: Box of Lorna Doone crackers; box of salted crackers; some cheese spreads, anchovies or sardines. Pack it well and send it along. If I'm here to receive it, and if I'm not, you and Jim will have had fun sending it.

Rain is letting up, and I guess I'll make the movies all right. Picture scheduled is "Escape in the Desert," and the enclosed schedule and article

shows you what I'll be looking at next week. Will take my camera along with me to Salzburg, and hope for picture-snapping weather while there.

Kiss Jim for me, and I'll smother you with kisses in mind. Give my best to your folks and mine, as well as any of our mutual friends. All my love and devotion to the sweetest girl a guy ever had.

As ever,
George