

Letter: George Stoff to Florence Stoff; Hamm, Germany; May 29, 1945
[Transcriber: Kathryn Manning]

[Envelope]

Cpl. Geo. Stoff 42050100
Co A 735 RY OPN BN
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Mrs. Florence Stoff
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New York

[Letter]

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Hamm. –
29 May 1945.

Florence, dearest:

A sudden thunderstorm climaxed a most beautiful day, and instead of trying to see the movies to-night I remained in my room. Listened to the pitter-patter of the raindrops, dreamed of you, wrote the date and legend on the reverse of about 30 snaps which came thru 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 stories 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 salami, and I'm gnawing 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 only things stored these days.

You will note some of the enclosed snaps were taken in Germany. To-day 4 rolls of shots come thru 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 sit tight.

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 writing 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 the ranting of 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 monotony of all this chicken is piling up.

The prices of our stock holdings are holding way up, and we doubled our money on two of them. They sure are going to help 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 keep to hasten my return. Hold onto every dollar 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 Gluchman is convalescing nicely, as is my cousin Aaron. How is Thelma reacting to Maurice's nightly homecoming? 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 pin-up girl. My very best to everyone,

As ever,

George