

Somewhere in France,
20 November 1944.

Florence, darling:

It's going to be a bit difficult writing you of how much I love you in this flickering light, but sweetheart, lights or no lights, oceans or no oceans, far or near I love you more than life itself. Trying to live the rest of my life without you would have no rhyme or reason so I just continue to think and dream about you; adoring you every moment of every day, and longingly looking forward to the day which destiny has set for our permanent reunion in our happy home. Until then, dearie, join me in my dreams since we have all else in common.

Well, honey, yesterday was a good day for you & I husband and sweetheart. During the course of the day I received your Nov-4th letter in which you also enclosed the Nov 3rd letter, and then later on I received your letters dated Oct 9, 10, and 13th. In the last letter you acknowledged receipt of my letters forwarded while at sea, and which I had written to you about on several occasions recently. Did the copy of the ship's paper, and my letter to Jimmy arrive yet? I suppose by this time you are aware that I would like you to acknowledge each of my letters by date, also let me know if anything I write is being deleted by the censors. You probably have noted that I often repeat myself in some of the letters. This is done deliberately to avoid the possibility of some of my mail getting lost or going astray. So try to reply to my queries or I'll probably haunt you until you do. It would also be interesting to learn the comparative speed in delivery of V. Mail compared to air mail. With the current use of our permanent APO number both services should be fairly quick. The occasion may arise in which I want to write you in a hurry, and the information will help me choose the method of writing.

You played Jim's recent illness down to such a point that I hardly realized he was a sick boy. In the above delayed letters you infer that he was confined to bed; but since more recent correspondence does not mention any more about his

being ill I assume that you and he are feeling all right again. I realize only too well, my dear, that you will do everything possible to keep me from worrying, but please do not try to carry the whole burden yourself. There are times when waiting me about the tough times at home will ease your own discomfort.

Had a letter from Jack Weber dated October 1st in which he assures I'm on my way overseas due to his having received my APO number in a letter I wrote while at the Port of Embarkation. He's apparently in good health and spirits, but oh, so impatiently awaiting the end of the war even as you and I. Have already replied to his letter via V. Mail. Would like for you to phone his mother, (you can get the phone number from Ann Rosenberg) and ascertain as to her health and spirits. Let me know and I'll embody the information in my next letter to him. Give her my best regards when you talk with her.

No more packages have arrived for me, but they are coming than for the other bags in pretty good style. I expect that in the next 6 weeks we'll all be swamped with Xmas packages, and knowing you I hardly expect to be neglected. The package containing the socks has not yet arrived, but if you had it well packaged I hope to get it some day.

I can readily visualize Jim trying to write a letter with a fist full of pencils, but I prefer trying to read your efforts. I'm really happy that you had some photos of yourself and Jim made, and I'm anxiously awaiting them. Please send them along and make me especially happy. Write me all about his antics, tricks, and vocabulary. Does he manage well with other children, and has he been spoiled by his grandparents and aunts?

All is well and under control with me. I feel fine and dandy; miss you and Jim more than anything, but we've been patient before, so I guess I can do it again. The weather has not turned cold in our vicinity, but we manage to get plenty of rain and mud. Chew continues to be strictly G.I., but with Thanksgiving Day staring us in the face perhaps there will be a change for the better.

[The page contains several paragraphs of extremely faint, handwritten text, likely bleed-through from the reverse side. The handwriting is cursive and difficult to decipher. A small, light-colored triangular mark is visible in the top right corner.]

Incedentally we celebrate Thanksgiving on Nov 23rd; and even though you may not feel as though we have something to be thankful for this year, I feel sure that matters cannot be a lot worse than they are. Let us hope that this will be the last Thanksgiving day away from each other, and that future holidays will find us together in love, happy and contented.

The news of the latest offensives on the German front certainly seem encouraging, and I sure hope this proves to be the last needed to kick those damn Boches. It's a shame to have so many more casualties when we know that inevitably they must give up. I knew the Japs are still in the picture but their morale will sag plenty when they see the mighty German army lay down its arms.

No word from Bob recently but I suppose the extra pressure he has had to apply coming down the home stretch has kept him too busy to write. Give him my best when you write or see him, also to Fran. As you suggested I wrote Irving Sachsberg a long V-Mail letter to-night; also sent the Japs a V-Mail letter to-day. Advise me if your air mail letter arrives before or after the V-Mail letter to the Japs.

Little else of consequence to write about at the moment, so with every hope that you and Jim are very well, happy, and having some fun I'll bid you a fond adieu. Kiss Jim and the Japs for me and I'll kiss you in spirit with all my love. Give my very best to everyone, and tell Mom I have written her twice since Oct. 25th.

Until to-morrow and always, you
fond me

as ever,

George

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