

Henn. Germany
23 May 1945.

Florence, sweetheart:

During the period of mail censorship I used to be a bit backward about expressing my deepest thoughts about my love for you. It ricked me to think that a third person was privileged to share our innermost emotions. If on occasion my feelings were expressed in a reserved manner it was due to this "seeing eye". Now that I may write directly to you, sans submission to a stranger, I find that my emotions are exactly the same, and that the only way I can it now, as I did in the past, was to emit that most wonderful phrase of all "I love you". I now realize that it makes and make no difference to me, who knows it. I love and adore you. It won't be long before this separation is at an end, and then my pretty sweetheart, I'll whisper these erotic emotions into your ear, as I kiss and love you while in my arms.

The rumors run wild. So-called radio reports of Japanese internal fiction; reports that men over 35 are to be released soon; reports that we are to stay in Germany; reports that we are going to the States; reports that we are going to China;

numbers that fathers of 3 children are
to be discharged, and so far into the
night. I repeat these because I suppose
you too are reading them in the newspapers
and listening to them on the air. Pay no
attention to nothing; they tend only to
confuse us and mean to make us dig 34.
This I knew as well as you - this is our
year - I believe it, and I am hoping
for it to happen - I'm keeping my
fingers crossed and dreaming of you,
Jim and Renee.

No mail to-day but there's
always to-morrow. Hope you are getting
my mail and packages these days, so
keep me posted. Am assembling more
stuff for another package or two, so
sit tight. Your claim on the factory
caught up with me again yesterday. I
complained once more with a post office
request, but sure hope they don't
annoy me again. In any event I
guess you'll be hearing about it, or
I will. Did you receive my \$25.00
money order?

I am getting some of my snap-
shots developed, and hope to have them
by Saturday. In the meantime keep
amused by looking at some of these

old ones I've been saving.

Went to a G.I. show this evening put on by Colonel Hays. The talent was mediocre, but one scene is worth describing. Three of the tallest, leanest, blackest boys were dressed as froufrous, blond nags, bustles, busena double breasted mammary glands, and combat phalx. They danced a jitterbug hop with three G.I's wearing high, sick hats and canes. As the dancing progressed the bustles slipped, the tits drooped, and one of the "ladies" even lost one tit, but undismayed the African chant and danced continued. Blond hair, black, greasy faces, drooping tits, dislodged bustles and combat boots all in a merry whirl, a scene that defies description but which was hilariously funny. This was the opening number! but unfortunately the show degenerates into limbo as it progressed. Another evening wasted, but dearest, another evening closer to the only place I ever want to be - home. You, Jim and I will put on shows that will hardly be called amateur or even G.I.

I feel fine and dandy, honey, but it's no secret that I am impatiently

awaiting going home. It is my opinion
that the army will never use or need
me for the Pacific theatre, so they may
just as well let me do something
constructive from now on. I'm impatient,
and I know you will continue that
way until our day arrives.

Hope you, Jim and the folks are
well and in excellent spirits. Bul'ard
Jim's leave at home must be a pleasure
to the folks, and I'm hoping to get one
more lick in the States before pulling
out. Perhaps the Japs will see the folly
of their ways soon.

Kiss our little boy, and I'll kiss
you in mind with all my love and
admiration. My best to everyone, and
keep smiling

as ever,

George

cpl. Geo. Stoff 42050100
Co A 735 Ry OPN BN
APO 350 40 POSTMASTER
NEW YORK.

AIR-MAIL



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

