

Letter, George Stoff to Florence Stoff, Hamm, Germany, May 24, 1945
[Transcriber: Kathryn Manning]

[Envelope]

Cpl. Geo. Stoff 42050100
Co. A 735 Ry OPN BN
APO 350 c/o Postmaster
New York

Mrs. Florence Stoff
3021 Avenue I
Brooklyn 10
New York

[Letter]
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Hamm, Germany
24 May 1945

Florence, dearest:

I am not yet accustomed to writing as I please and then sealing the envelope. This is one of many hundreds of civilian things I'll have to become accustomed when I get out of the army. I realize there are many more such minor chores to become adjusted to, but, my love, it will be no effort at all to continue to love and adore you. This is for sure one of the things I never could forget, or ever lose sight of. Every moment that I have nothing to do is devoted to dreams of my pretty sweetheart; how our future years will be applied to each other and ours. Life, love and happiness will be our goal, and the pursuit of these virtues our only ambition. You know this as well as I, and I can hardly await the day that will commemorate our reunion, and the re-commencing of things constructive. Continue to be patient, keep smiling, and have fun. The worst is behind and remember tempus fugit.

Your letters dated May 14th and 15th, airmailed in one envelope as well as a V. Mail from Pincus, and an air mail from Bob containing five shots of his plane and crew. I have seen formations of these planes totaling 300 in one day, and they sure did a job on the German cities and installations. No doubt they'll raise

hell with the Japs, but I hope they give up pretty soon. I am very pleased you are receiving my recent mail in quick time, and by this time you know all my mail is coming thru just fine to me. It's always a joy to read and re-read your daily letters, and stories of Jim always warm the cockles of my heart. I do hope the many packages en-route to you arrive soon. Picked up another bundle to-day containing your Aunt's camera, my arches, some steel, a Hitler Youth knife for Jimmy, and some other souvenirs. Please don't cut yourself, and unwrap the package carefully – advise when received.

I'm pleased that you are getting away so early in the season, and I do hope you spend a most pleasant summer. Between your mother and Bess's pregnancy you should have little time for yourself and Jim, but I'm hoping you've learned a lesson. It would be nice if my folks could visit you and Jim occasionally but that's a problem you folks will settle amicably, I know. No doubt you are planning to make short visits to the city to break up the monotony. Be careful driving and keep off the roads week-ends is possible. Arrange with someone to take care of your packages, which I send so they don't go astray. I am interested in learning whether or not any of my bundles are ever opened by the customs. Advise if you know.

Have no recollection of funny incident I related in page 1 of my May 5th V-mail, but I am sure glad you are laughing at some of the things I write about. They are written with that purpose in mind. Last night's letter described a colonel G.I. show I saw earlier that evening, but to-night I must tell you another funny set of circumstances. Now that the Germans realize they have lost another war, and that the Americans are not all butchers, the children have begun their wail for Shokolade. The routine runs along these lines: a blond lad or girl runs up to you with 'popping eyes', and says "Onkel, nichts Shokolade," or "Kamerad, Kein Shokolode fur mir," or "Onkel von Amerika, Shokolade, bitte, ein klein stucke." It's difficult to be hard on these kiddies, dearest, especially the blond-headed ones, but chocolate has other purposes and uses. Well, rather than turn them down cold, I promise to return the next day with some. Net result, wherever I walk now I am accosted by kids who remind me I owe them Shokolade. The satire of it all, I

who want to be in Brooklyn and give chocolate to my own lad, have been forced to come to Germany to beat the heads off the fathers of German kids who now tell me I owe them chocolate, little complicated honey, but I guess the poor kids suffer as much as the parents.

Some time ago you sent me a swell financial statement of our little corporation. Of course, due to the censorship I did not dwell too much on the subject at that time. I'm very pleased that you are managing so well, and saving so much money. One of these days it's going to come in handy, and I hope to buy a very comfortable home for us first, and then a place in the country. Our investments have more than doubled since I was inducted, and I feel optimistic about the future when I get back to work. Do not stint yourself for anything you need or want, but continue to save the balance. I have about fifty dollars in my wallet, and very little opportunity to spend money here. I'll continue to send you an extra twenty or twenty five dollars from my pay (I drew \$24.50) monthly, so please put it into the Williamsburg savings. Pay all my insurance policies except the [Co??ls] Travelers, and don't overlook my mother and father's policy in the next few months.

Feeling fine and dandy, and every day looking for an announcement that will lower the age limit to 37 or 38. I hope you are finding time to write letters to the politicians and newspapers about old men my age. The same goes for everybody in my family, and as well for those in yours who want me home. More snaps enclosed, and also sent you a number to-day over regular mail. I intend a scrap book after I return so please preserve every picture, paper and magazine I send you.

Kiss Jim for me, and I'll kiss you both in mind, with all my love and adoration. My best to everyone.

As ever,

George