

Letter, George Stoff to Florence Stoff; Fort Snelling, Minneapolis, Minnesota,
March 30, 1944 [Transcriber: Kathryn Manning]

[Envelope]

Pvt. Geo. Stoff 42050100
Co.A 735 RWY. OPN. BN
Fort Snelling,
Minnesota

Mrs. G. Stoff
3021 Avenue I,
Brooklyn, N.Y.

[Letter]

Thursday 3 – 30 - 44

Florence, Sweetheart:

This much I think you realize, that no matter where they send me, no matter how far I am from home, no matter what I have to do, my mind, my thoughts, my heart is always back home with you. I reiterate that loving you and being loved by you have made this whole deal more bearable; and I hope the same reason has enabled you to carry on with fortitude. The trip itself was uneventful, but each revolution of the wheel seemed to sound like "Florence darling," "Florence darling," and my dearest I look forward to the not too distant future when you, Jim and I will also be riding a train or in our car to a place of happiness. So, continue to be brave, hold on to that little world of ours, and we will adjust the future to suit ourselves.

Your letter of Saturday of 3/25 was re-routed and received to-day. It was the first mail I had received since Monday, and darling it was such a grand letter. I am so happy that the gift and card arrived, and that you enjoy the little token so much. It wasn't so expensive and I sure am tickled it pleased your vanity. Reading about Jimmy's antics at the party not only warmed the cackles of my heart, but also brought a lump to my throat, which however was quickly dissolved by the pride I take in our handsome crown prince. To be sure, darling, I know he

will be 1 ½ years old on your birthday, and it makes me most happy to know that all is well with you both on this memorable day. I believe that it will be the last birthday you will have to spend without me, so let us charge this one up to experience and duty, and look forward with strong heart and determination to the years to come.

Sunday's phone call was strictly on the "taboo" list, as we were not supposed to write or phone anyone after Saturday night. However, I could not resist the desire to wish my one and only sweetheart a "Happy Birthday" orally, and so I took a chance; fortunately no repercussions. The sound of your voice and the trip-hammer beatings of our hearts, hearts which are now co-ordinated to act as one, do so much to keep me fizzed up like a champagne cocktail. I hope your birthday was a happy one, and that all those back home did not forget you.

Your letter to-day included the tax return estimate, with which I have nothing to do, and the dollar bill for which I am grateful. My funds have run low, but I expect to be paid shortly. However, I am enclosing the coupon Mr. Marks sent me as a gift. Take this to the bank and either cash it or deposit it. If you have to fill in a form for the coupon use mine or your name. The bank clerk will explain the procedure to you; it's all very simple. The reason I tell you this is so that you do not use Mr. Marks's name, or else he would have to report it on his income tax return for 1944 as income; see what I mean. If you have the cash, please send me a couple of two dollar bills, in the next few letters.

Received a letter from Mr. Pincus to-night, but had written him a card earlier in the day. Please explain this and also tell him I will write him in greater length over the week-end. Had a card from Jack Weber, but his mail is censored, and so he relates little. Please phone his mother, phone listed under MANNY WEBER, Bronx, and tell her I had word from Jack, all is well with him, and that I want to write him conveying a message from her. You can then relate any message to me. I wrote her about a month ago, but no reply. As requested I will write Bennie. Hope you get away for a week or so, and that you have grand weather. After that paint job I'm certain you need a rest, much less a change.

Thanks for taking care of L. Magen's gift, and I'm sure he will admire anything you send.

Now let me tell you a bit about my new home. I can't definitely tell you how I stand, or what will be done with me, but I have been definitely assured that my job is and will be in battalion headquarters, and if this is so, it will definitely be a swell break. More on this in a few days. I hope. It had been strongly rumored and all indications pointed towards our going to this camp for technical training, as you well know by now. Well, dearest, even though it is about 1200 to 1300 miles from home, it sure is a swell place. In the first place it is close by two clean, healthy prosperous northern cities. This alone would be enough to cheer me, but the country is so beautiful surrounding the camp. We arrived here after two full days on the Pullman trains. The trip should take only about 32 hours from New Orleans, but the army always goes by way of China, so it takes a bit longer. Naturally traveling from the sunny South towards the northwest found us running into cooler weather. We stopped at Chicago for several hours, but could not leave the train. From there we continued to Minneapolis; en route the engine had a little difficulty, and we were stalled at New Hampton, Iowa, where the major decided to take an hour's hike thru the snow. Darling, it brought back memories of our tramping thru the snow on our honeymoon. It was invigorating, and really churned the blood. Pity the poor southerner, who not only had never seen snow, but who had never been subjected to such cold weather before. Minneapolis and St. Paul were the next big towns, and only a short distance outside of both is found Fort Snelling. Conditions here are ideal for soldiers. Every convenience, brick buildings, lovely scenery, and fresh, crisp air, instead of those sultry, damp, warm climate the South offers. I really enjoy this and when you and Jim get out here I think you will like it too. I would prefer you wait until the end of April before coming out, as I would prefer to have you enjoy the spring here, rather than the tail-end of the winter. I think there will be little difficulty getting a place for you. As I figure it now, I would like for you to spend about a month with me here, and then I would go home with you on a furlough. At that time I will have 15 days coming to me, and with a little pull I can stretch it to 18 or 19 days. I know all the

angles now. So please begin planning for this as soon as you get back from Bessie's place.

I suggest you pay the auto policy in full, also your insurance bill. Then write the auto insurance company, tell them you are putting the car up for the time you will be away, can they will credit you with this. I think it best to put it on blocks in Allen's garage, while you are gone. If he has a better suggestion use your judgment: but we mustn't take no risks on someone using our car while you are away, see what I mean. Hope you managed to get some more liquor, and before you leave N.Y. I'll advise what I want you to bring along. I guess you will need a swell trunk, or some additional bags to make this safari: Please let me know what you have in mind concerning such a trip with Jim. I also want my mother to come along. I do not expect her to be able to stay very long, but she needs the trip. Inquire thru Ann Rosenberg or Pincus about train tickets. You must endeavor to obtain a compartment for the trip to Chicago, anyway. Minneapolis is only about 7 to 8 hours from Chicago, but this is covered during the day. Incidentally, when you do arrive here, I may not be able to spend the whole night with you during the week-days (only until 12) , but week-ends should be ours. However, more about this as time discloses all the rules and regulations. It is drawing close to "lights out" time, but whatever I have omitted writing, I will dream of, so until tomorrow I bid you a fond adieu.

Kiss Jim for daddy, and have him kiss mommy for her sweetheart. Give my best to everyone; tell the folks all is well. With all my love, you fine me

As ever,

Gg.

