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King-
Tuesday, 24 July 45.

Flower, Sweetheart:

There is no doubt now that once again the sun is shining for me. The delivery of a daily letter from you is the only sure cure for alienating the monotony of life away from you. I know you love me as deeply as I love you, but how I long to read your daily expression of this mutual feeling. Receiving one of your letters puts me in good spirits for the day, and when your relation of current news reveals that all is well with you and Jim, my dreams get better. I continue to live only for the moment which will reunite us. You and I know it is inevitable, and with every hope and faith that this is our year. I am confident that my patience will be tried but that my courage will not fail me. Stick with me, darling, all will be well soon, and then our time to live, love and be happy again.

Bob's mail brought your July 15th letter, and two letters from my Belgian friends. Although I have had mail from you dated July 13th, 14th, and 15th in the past few days, I am still missing your letters from the 5th to the 12th inclusive. They'll catch up in due time. Still no mail from Bob, but your reference to his having been in to see the folks during the preceding week is some assurance that he's still around. Perhaps the summer around these peace rumors will develop into the real thing, I hope.

Your description of the enjoyable time had by the folks during their week-end visit pleased me no end, and I do hope they visit you often. I realize it means a lot of work and effort on your part, but I'm sure it does all of you a lot of good to be together while I'm gone. The toasted hazelnut stuck a most receptive spot in my taste buds. I had almost forgotten those things still existed. Apparently you were plenty crowded over the week-end, but it will never compare with 12 men living in one bar-car. I'm afraid you will have to cork yourself when I tell you about that. I'm sure the folks will write me about you and Jim in their usual enthusiastic manner.

Since so many of your recent letters are still unreturned, I don't know whether or not all of my packages have arrived yet. I am glad the one I sent you care of the folks arrived, as I believe it is the one containing an officer's penicillin and a Nazi Mother medal. No doubt you will advise me the contents of each and every package so that I may check against my records. Also be sure to acknowledge my money order for \$20.00 sent about July 2nd, and the \$5.00 forwarded through the War Dept on July 16th. I still have several knives and a Pathé moving picture camera to forward. The camera is an odd size but will probably be okay for a trade-in deal. In the package containing 4 shell-case and trays I believe I enclosed a roll of film.

Did this package arrive and did you perchance develop the films?

It is strange that Eleanor has the uncanny faculty of finding characters to romance her. From what I know about army administration and what I learned upon further inquiry to-day it is very possible for a soldier to be discharged from the service for striking an officer. As a matter of fact it's almost a sure way. However, and it's a big however, it would only come as the result of a general court-martial, conveying with it a prison term and a dishonorable discharge. It is my opinion that he has not told the truth, or all the facts. There are 3 kinds of discharges, honorable on white paper, dishonorable on yellow paper, and one in between on blue paper. Perhaps it will be to her interest for her to ascertain more about the last before the moon and his crossing has her humming "Sweet Nothings of Life". Eleanor is too sure a girl to be made a fool of, and I'm hoping she gets a swell guy when she does.

Learning that Joe is visiting Uncle Harry was a relief, and even if he does not write to me, I am highly pleased that he is keeping his daddy company. It looks like Aaron is in for a long siege of convalescence, Jimmy. Stella's husband, never was a robust lad, and no doubt the South Pacific took some more out of him. I sure hope he manages a discharge with all those points. As for the allotment, that's strictly Stella's affair, but the facts interest me. Perhaps some day we know the complete story.

I am delighted that you are managing to do some reading. Do try to obtain those books I asked you to buy for our library. You are also fortunate to be able to get away some evenings to see the latest movies. Since we arrived in Hong Kong it has also been possible for me to attend the movies almost nightly. However the films are antiquated, and the showing of the film is usually accompanied by their breaking from 1 to 12 times a night. The boys in the audience usually show their disgust in the following manner. In unison they start yelling at the tops of their voices "48-49-50 - 'SOME SHIT'". This is the favorite way to voice disgust and resentment in the colony, and I guess works okay, as long as no women around understand the language. Well, last night's feature was "Brazil" with Tito Guizar and Virginia Bruce. Slightly old, very cheap, and it broke about 11 times. Each time the break was received with the classic call. Now for the funny part of last night's display was apparent after the show when the lights went on. A visiting USO Camp show group of female artists from the States was in the audience. The 8 or 9 girls sure learned this feature of army life in no uncertain terms - but my guess is they had heard the use of the word long before then. Later in the evening I spoke to one of the girls in the Red

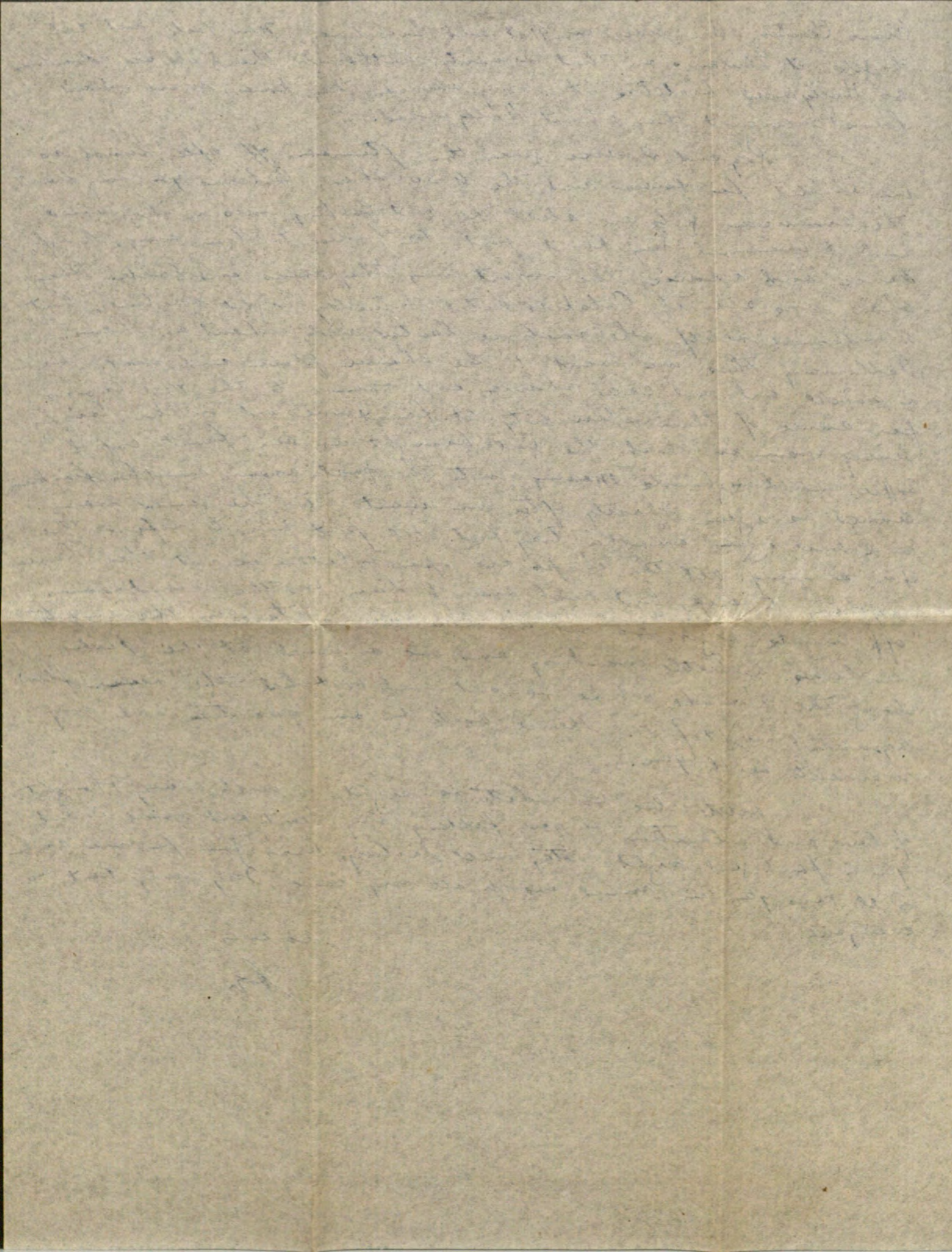
Cross Center, the lines are 91st and Broadway, New York, and into
bagels at Glazer's in that vicinity. Although the girls are advertised
as Hollywood beauties, it is my opinion they know more about the
Borscht circuit than about Hollywood.

Ray and I were given the afternoon off after lunch so
we headed for town and the G S O show. Believe you me, dear, the
American girls are still the best looking ones in the world,
and it warmed my heart just to listen to them sing, laugh,
dance, and admire the smart way they dress and look. The
show was strictly Catskill Hotel Saturday night routine, but
a welcome relief. The matinee lasted only about an hour.
Following this we went to the shower place and pool. Had
a swell hot and cold shower, and thence to the Red Cross
for some of their speciality. At first we sat in the large
dining room in which the girl brought us our first cup of
coffee and doughnuts. Moving into the pool room another franklin
seamed us a grin. Shortly after we went into the games room
and once again another tray full. We just had to refuse the
4th serving. All the shops are open whether or not they have
anything to sell, but each one of them has the menatorious
"off limits" sign, so all we can do is stare in the empty
windows. A little walking and we arrived at the park
along the Flanoko, where we sat and watched the river flow
by until night-fall. Thence back to our quarters, and my
moments with you.

Little else to relate to-night, so with every thought
of love and adoration if you filling my heart and mind I bid
you a fond good night. Stay well, darling, kiss Jim for me, and
I'll kiss you in mind with all my love. My very best to
everyone.

As ever,

Ag.



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