

8 February 1945.

Florence, sweetheart:

Bro Ingemann in one of his great sermons at the grave of a child bemoaned the fact that any almighty God could be so heartless as to take a child's life from him. Seeing so much waste and destruction over here, leaving so much about death, hunger and misery in this part of the world, I had hoped that there back home would be spared any or all of this. Yet now I know it is not to be. Life and death is endless; all of us must realize we live to die, but I cannot comprehend why so many tiny children have to pass away before their time is up. My poor darling, I realize only too well how trying it must have been for you and your sisters to go through this recent ordeal.

Only to-day I learned from another source that little Joel was buried on 21 January. My heart is heavy, and I feel terribly, terribly sorry for Thekla. It was a pity Maurice could not get home from over here in time to see his little boy before he departed this life, but that's what they call War. I fully hope that you and the others will try to bear all this bravely, but I know it's a rough, rotten deal. I cannot write Thekla for lack of her address but please let her read the above two paragraphs. It will never seem the same to me to be at home, and not see Joel again. Why it seems like only yesterday that we drove her to the hospital, and paced the floor awaiting his birth; and now, I must try to realize that he is gone. I often wonder - but it's all beyond my comprehension.

Although the mail situation improved in quantity to-day, there was too much disturbing news, such as the above. In addition a letter from Pincus advises that his trip to Lake Placid is a "must": this can mean only one thing, his old lung trouble is bothering him again. I know he and you want tell me all the disturbing facts. But I'm a big boy now, and can read between the lines. He's a wonderful person, dearest, please keep in contact with him, and keep me advised on his health.

The letters I received from you are dated Dec. 14 and 16, air mails, and a v-mail dated Jan 22nd. No doubt you wrote me about Joel but as yet your letter advising me about him has not

arrived. You sound a bit cheerful and relaxed in your former letter, so I'll assume you are leading not only your end up but the family's as well. Surprised to learn you received a Dec 12th letter, but that's the way things happen in the mail service. There's no telling about those packages you sent, but I believe all or most of them will arrive in due time. In any event forward a package of cookies, candy, and smoked cheese and Ritz crackers occasionally, and that will keep me happy, to say nothing of some of Charlie's samples.

Your Dec 17th letter was heart warming in your description of Jim's antics, and I realize now how important he is to both of us. Not only does he keep you occupied mentally, but physically as well. Caring for him, watching and feeding him are only a small part of your job. You have to be in addition to a mother; his father, pal, playmate, teacher and police man all rolled in one. A fairly big job but knowing you I have every confidence. It must be quite a sight to listen to him father in English and French, and when I return I'll teach him a few words in Flemish.

Do not send any pictures larger than a snapshot as messing around sometimes ruins such things. Keep them small but send them often. I have been saving all your letters commencing 1 Oct. but have not retained any others. May send them home to you some day, this trip to Paris may leave me broke so please send some money the usual way. I'll acknowledge it upon receipt. Packages I sent you around the 1st of the year have probably arrived by now. Be certain to advise. The enclosed snap was taken on 4 Feb. and you can readily see I'm healthy like anything. Have another race being developed, and will send any that pass the censorship.

Hope you are not too upset, stay well and keep smiling. The end is in sight. I'm all right, not wounded, and loving you always. Kiss Jim for me, give my best to everyone, and I'll adore you

as ever,

George

CPL. GEO. STOFF 42050100
Co A 735 Ry OPN BN
APO 228 40 Postmaster
New York,

AIR-MAIL



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



