



AMERICAN RED CROSS

- 176 -

Hippstead

30 June 1945.

Flanence, darling:

Saturday night is the loudest night in the week, and to night was no exception. Even though the seven days of the week has seemed the same since we arrived in the ETO, somehow I am always conscious of Saturday night. Before Jimmy came it was always the one night that we were almost sure to go out together. Before that when we were promising each other prior to our marriages, I used to patiently await the advent of Saturday to step out with my only sweetheart. Truly it is "the" night of the week, and even though we are not together, I have mentally had a special date with you every Saturday night. I've been away from your captivating self. I realize as do you no doubt, each coming and going of another Saturday brings us closer and closer to that inevitable reunion. I'm patient, darling, knowing that I have you waiting for and loving me all the time. The knowledge of that keeps my spirits high, and gives me the kind of a thrill only true lovers appreciate. Our day is coming, sweetheart, and this is the year.

For want of something to do I went to the movies again to - note, to see Betsy Hene in "Wintertime" for the second night in a row. Her charm, her skating, the music, the settings all reminded me of the many enjoyable and happy hours we spent together watching her delightful skating. She's not as cute as

she used to be, but then the doe any eyes with which I gazed at the picture it made no difference. Mentally we were side by side, I was laughing loud with you, and having a grand time. However when the picture ended it was Sgt. Roth who left the theatre with me. Oh well, better luck next time, and next time after that, until one of these days Florence and George will be put together again; one heart, one mind, and one love in common.

Mail call to-day consisted of your June 14th and 15th letters in one air mail envelope, and a June 19th letter from Billy Rubel. Your letters have been arriving in reverse order since I had already received your letters from June 16th to 20th before this. Get these just due letters clear matters up, and without a doubt are always welcome regardless of the date. Your idea to look around Middletown section for something for us is a sound idea. Land and real estate values are a bit inflated there says so the Centraur. Something near a break or lake would be ideal, but then you and yours know more about real estate than do I. Let me know if anything develops on this.

The postal situation has improved greatly in the post week, and I hope I have not jinxed it by mentioning the fact. The New York Times also reach me in due time, the latest received being June 3rd edition. I enjoy reading their papers, and also their stock price sheets. Looking forward to some of your most recent snapshots. Enclosed are a few more snaps taken in Lifford and more to come if my second roll turns out as well as the first.

It was a delight to get a rapid reply from Billy Rubel, and from all accounts he and Mickey are well. Billy intends going to Sharon



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Springing for several weeks this summer and Mickey intends visiting her brother for several months out in Denver, Colo. Do keep in touch with him while away, and of course I'll write as usual.

Sorry to hear about Bers's itch but these things often accompany periods of gestation, and sometimes are caused by the proximity of weaners, the male kind.

From all accounts you seem satisfied with your summer arrangements, and I'm very delighted that you and Jim have such a good deal. Was Jim frightened by the thunder and lightning, or was he just excited by the "ice cubes" that fell from the sky? I suppose you got that hammock set up by now, and I can just picture you swaying in the shade, chasing flies and bees away from your legs.

I'm feeling chipper to-day. Had an easy day at headquarters. Did not overstuff myself with food to-day as usual, and I think my diet is going to be a success. I want to lose some fat, sweeten pie, so that when I get home I can really park away some of that extra special, high class cooking you put up for Jim and me. Have no fear I'll not fall away to less than a Ton, or so.

My room-mate, Ray Weinberg, returned from Paris to-night, but even though he stopped in Brussels en route he was unable to get any Chinchilla

Rayal for you. fact out or something, he says.
It may be possible for me to get a pass to Melrose
one of these days, and if I do I'll see what can
be done about getting you some more of this
laurel ador. In the interim please do not permit
the 2 oz bottle you received, to go astray.

Hope you, Jim and your kinfolk are
in excellent health and spirits. Try to keep in close
contact with the facts by phoning occasionally.
Be of good cheer, darling, kiss Jim for me, and
I'll kiss you in mind, with all my love
and affection,

as ever,

George

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