



AMERICAN RED CROSS

-186-

Hippstadt.
10 July 1945.

Presence, dearest:

Since I have been letting you in on the latest rumors, official and unofficial stories, you are probably more confused than ever. It's almost a week since we were supposed to depart from this place, and I'm still here, and writing my daily letter. However, this time it's really hot. We have been advised that we leave here Thursday, July 12th, at 10.30 A.M. This is official unofficial advice, but since they will not pick up any more outgoing mail after to-night until we arrive at our new station, I guess it's the McCoy. I will endeavor to type a letter or two enroute, and mail them upon our arrival. The trip may take anywhere from 3 to 5 days, due to delays, stops for mail, fix-calls and so forth, I know you're missing my frequent mail, but it's only a matter of several days to back up.

Mail was "prima" to-day. Your June 29th and 30th letters arrived, as well as 2 post cards dated June 28th, also a letter from Barney Beckwater and one from Herb. The latter gave me no definite answer on those German stamps so as soon as I arrive at my

new station. I'll send them to you for safekeeping. You might show them to some stamp dealers when you return home, or just hold them until I get back. The cards were cute, with many pleasant memories re-lived as I looked at that shot of Route 17. I sure hope you are not having "a damned time making both ends meet." Those newspaper clippings were interesting, and I enjoy reading them. I'm more anxious to read the one reducing the average limit.

I sure hope the heat wave is not too unbearable for you and Jim. I know you are in a country place, but that's no assurance that it's cool. Don't overwork yourself on the car polishing it, and be careful of what you and Jim eat, during these hot spells. Watch the water and milk both of you drink. Both of you must be having plenty of fun together, and I can just picture you and he in the hammock. The enclosed cartoon is probably a preview of Jim's antics next year, but I got a big laugh out of it, and thought you might, too. It's about time Jim acknowledged liking those sweet dishes and meat you cook, but wait until he sees his daddy pack that food away, then he'll really have an example to follow.

Your advice that several more packages arrived pleased me immensely. I was a little worried that the Customs might remove some of the contents, especially the weapon. Thanks for listing each item, but you probably missed the Hitter Youth knife that was also in the package with the camera. There is a little something I'd like to point out to you about packages to and



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from soldiers. Every body in the army shares the usual contents of a package from home, when it contains candy, nuts, Cookies, or anything edible, but it's the unpardonable sin to open another man's package. When I make up a bundle for you, I place my heart and dreams therein. I visualize you opening the box, with Jimmy all excited at your side, exploring the contents. I appreciate Eleanor seeing you this little chance, but if it's all the same to you please undo these bundles personally. I'm sure Eleanor will appreciate this sentimental touch. There's nothing involved beyond this thought, darling. so please humor me, and handle those packages first. We will distribute souvenirs when I get home, but I prefer that we do it together.

Your going to the movies at night, when possible, pleases me. I'm glad you don't sit around the house just musing all the time. The pictures you see in Monticello seem to be all the latest, which I know from reading all the ads in the Series I receive. However your attempt to describe Main St., as akin to Delaware St. is purely subjective. Don't you mean Pithon are instead of Delaware St.?

You never did enlighten me about the fire your mother's building suffered. If it's personal please forgive me, as I do not intend to pry, also interested to learn if your mother is still playing the stock ^{market} game. ~~Then~~ ^{market} ~~Primo~~ ^{market} ~~FORM 539 A~~ or anyone else. The market has been booming

along, and although our stacks are way up, we are missing a grand opportunity. There will be other times and other chances, so cheer up.

No more show again to-night, but we took a long walk, stole some green apples, which were pretty good, and enjoyed the country scenery. On our return sat in the beer garden and drank a few beers. They were free to-night, since we own and run the beer garden for soldiers only. The Germans stand outside with their tongues hanging out, but mix beer for them gratis. The English control the brewery, and most of the output is directed to American and English beer gardens for the soldiers.

Frank Bell and I are still together. He's in fine health and spirits, and may try to go to officer's Candidate School. I don't know whether he wrote this to Hilda, so please do not mention it to her. I see Hansy Fox once in awhile, but I avoid him like I do lice. It's a long personal story I'll include among the yarns I'll spin when I come home.

Many of us are still patiently awaiting the announcement of a new joint score for discharge, and I'm still hopeful that the age will be lowered in the very near future. Please be sure to write when, as, and if that announcement is made. It may happen while we are enroute this week, and I'd sure hate to miss it. Of course, it will come thru on a directive, but that might take weeks. You try to continue writing those ever-important letters to the right people.



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I didn't realize I had so much to write about to-night, but after finishing up two pages, I reminded myself that I haven't yet told you how much I love you.

These days and nights are getting even longer, yet I know time is fleeting, and before too long will be in each other's arms again. Everybody is fed up and homesick, but I can take it a little longer knowing that you and Jim are okay, and the folks are well. This being a Category IV unit is most encouraging, and I sure hope there's no change on that score.

Have you ever checked the numerical sequence of my letters to determine whether or not all of them have reached you? Please do. I sent you a \$20.00 money order a week or so ago, which I hope reached you in good order. Also advise when other packages arrive, and contents.

Kiss Jim for me, continue to have a good time together, and I do hope all is well with everyone in Monticello. Give my best to them, and all my love and affection to the sweetest wife in the world.

as ever,

G. G.



AMERICAN RED CROSS

8PL.GEO. STOFF 42050100
Co A 735 Ry OPN BN
APO 350 4/ Postmaster
NEW YORK.



MRS. FLORENCE STOFF
41 LANDFIELD AVE
MONTICELLO
NEW YORK.

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