



AMERICAN RED CROSS

-174-

Hippstadt.

28 June 1945.

Florence, dearest:

If this effort winds up in a letter it will startle me, and should be a surprise to you. Just need an while I try to explain that first sentence. I spent $1\frac{1}{2}$ hours from 6 to 7.30 to night writing several other letters, and then went to the movies to see "Chas. Laughton in Suspect". A small melodrama but I prefer comedies and musicals at present. Returned to my room at 9¹⁵ to discover that the electric lights were kaput on my floor. So, I proceeded to take a few sheets of paper and went upstairs to another lad's room. He not only had lights but also 3 other fellows in the room. Two of them had been drinking beer and were feeling high. They had a date with a couple of frankies at 10.30 when it'd dark enough. Hence the source of confusion was enough to split one's side. On the table were two dogwood sandwiches composed of enormous slices of GI bread flanking a few slices of salami, cheese and bologna with chunks of butter holding the bread together. The two lovers were debating whether to give the hungry frankies the sandwiches before or after, or whether to devour the sandwiches themselves, and satisfy the girls

with, quote: "Willie's beef injection. Guaranteed not to sweat, shrink or blister". They finally ate the sandwiches amid the uproar, and here just departed prepared to compromise the cookies with the above quotation, and a box of some undeniable Candy bar. This may be uncouth, dearest, and I'm sure you won't read this to Jim, but it produces some uncontrollable mirth, which helps while the days away.

Mail call is still running hot for me. To-day I received your June 16th V-Mail letter and your June 17th stark quotations. The Post comes picture was a dash, and I have it hanging near my bed. The GI's flocked as though he was not entirely unexpected, but they sure were glad to see him. That's the day I'm waiting for, and I knew this is the year. Whatever the War Dept. decides to do at present, continue those letters because one of these days they'll cut that age, but perhaps you can push it along. Also had a letter from Belgium, one from Kay, also a V-Mail from Bernie Eidler. The Times dated June 3rd arrived day before yesterday, and May 27th to-day. Frank Bell receives a Daily News about once a week from Hilda, and to-day's was dated June 20th. What with the recent mail and late papers I feel very close to you every moment.

I forwarded pop a very nice Cigar wallet to-day. It's made of very fine black Colashin leather, and I bought it from a refugee for a mere pittance. I sent it first

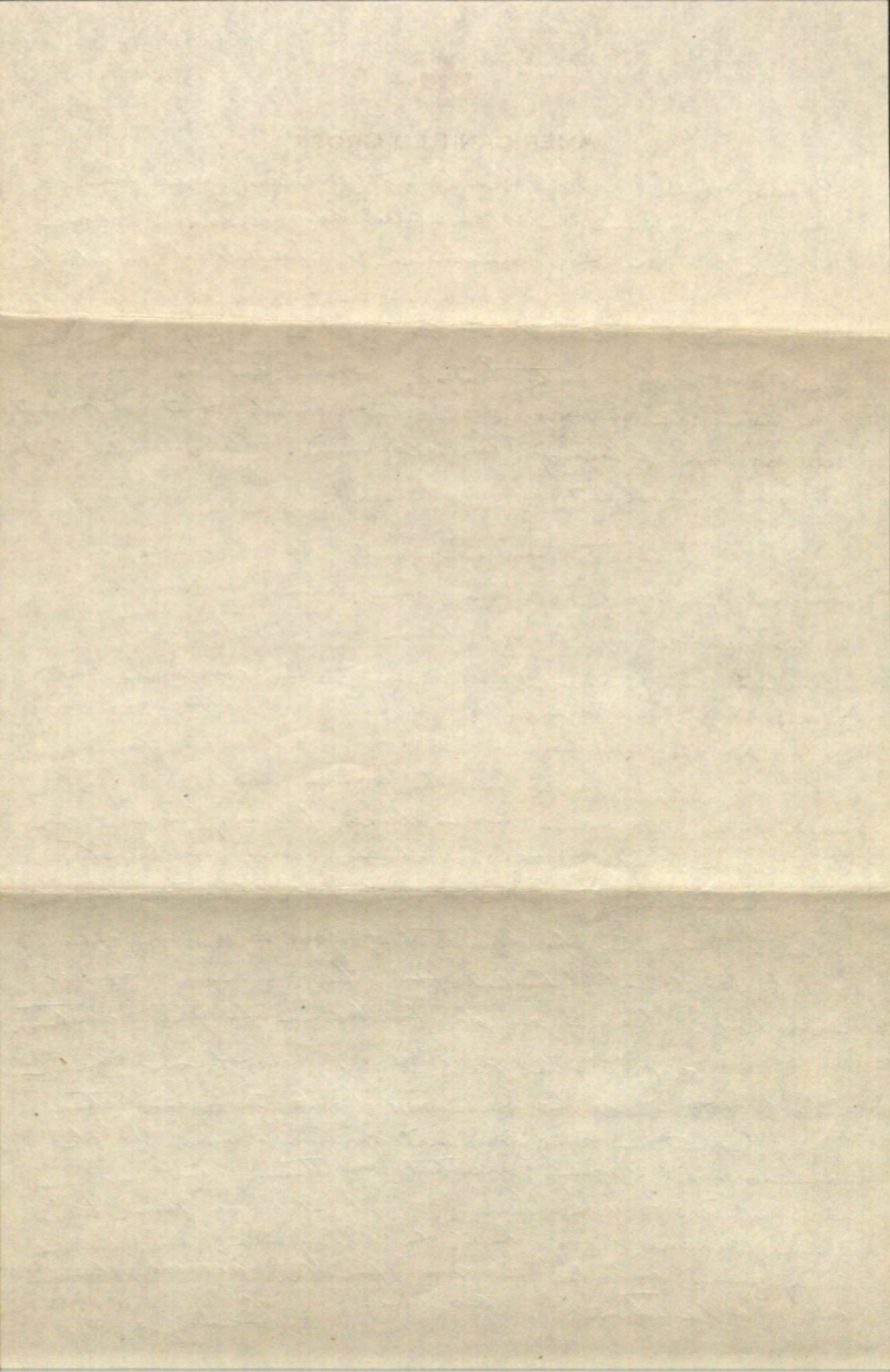


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Class mail and hope it makes good time reaching him. On several occasions I have requested you to purchase a couple of books. You have advised whether or not you did, so let me know. I do hope you got a copy of "Sod Jerk" which costs \$2.00. There are so many memorable cartoons in that book that it must be in our library for all time. Please obtain it at your earliest convenience.

I wrote Bernie and Mr. Prince a couple of long letters, and also replied to a letter from Mrs. Reese. Some days it is almost impossible to write to anyone but you. At other times when I feel like writing I have no one to write to. No doubt you have noticed my efforts in the many letters I've sent you. However, regardless of my mood or disposition loving you is always my inspiration for my letters to the sweetest girl in the world. It is reassuring to know that you and Jim are fairly well established for the summer, and I sure hope there's no disturbance to your vacation.

all is fine and dandy with me, even the lights will be repaired by to-morrow, then I shall sit in my present ménage and pick words out of my mental sanctum sanctorum to relate to you how much I love you. Kiss Jim for me, my best to everyone, and convey my good wishes to my folks, all my love and adoration, as ever,
George.



CPL. GEO. STOFF 4Y0 30100

C. A 735 Ry OPN BN

APo 350 40 POSTMASTER

NEW YORK.



MRS. FLORENCE STOFF
41 LAND FIELD AVE
MONTICELLO,
NEW YORK.

578
40 BAXT.



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