

Belgium
21 March 1945.

Florence, darling:

Officially to-day is the first day of Spring, but unofficially my heart has been imbued with the spirit of Spring since the first time I met you. Spring seems to be the season of hope; hope that thoughts and memories of the past, particularly the unhappy ones, will be forgotten, and that the future will bring untold happiness and joy. It is the season of the year to plant, in order to reap in the autumn, and my dearest I am planting every hope to be borne before the year runs out. I quite realize this patient waiting is wearying you and me down a bit, but this is an important mission for the future of our kin, and even though many faults are either too fortunate or too selfish to lend a hand it is my lot to carry on until the task is completed. Be it of good cheer, continue to hope and be optimistic, and all this will pass, as have all other unhappy days. I realize the weather is a poor substitute for the daily demonstration of our love for each other, but I also know we are grown-ups and can take the bitter with the sweet. So, keep smiling, to-morrow is another day. —

It is a bit more difficult to wait the above on days when mail calls bring no letters or packages for me, but I did receive the first Sunday Times (Feb. 11th) edition. Even though the news is antique, it felt good reading a home town paper. The ads and articles were most fascinating, and I know my Belgian friends will delight in not only perusing the paper from cover to cover, but will also enjoy the texture of the paper when used for a more plebeian purpose.

In your most recent letter you admitted your weight to be 108, which compares favorably with it at the time you departed from St. Paul. I hope you will manage to add a few more pounds to this, as I think it is too little for a big girl like you. Anyway, we don't want Jimmy to be calling his mother "Skinny". Jim, too, seems to be taking after you in this respect. Seems to me he's been 28 pounds since he was a year old; or have I been away from home too long? In any event it was most gratifying to learn that you are both in splendid health, and that this fact has been confirmed by a second, unbiased opinion.

Even though you seem to know nothing about Kay's anniversary dinner, your letters seem more cheery the past week or so. This is probably due to a number of reasons like the pleasant weather, less family worries, brilliant war

mine, my letters and packages, and perhaps by this time, a new bag friends or perhaps one for Eleanor. Whatever the reason, my sweetheart. I am happy that all is well with you and Jim, and that you are at least smiling a little more. Perhaps you've taken some snaps in the summer-like weather that is visiting New York these days. If you have I know you'll be forwarding them to me soon.

I see by the papers, both local and American, that there is a shortage of soap and meat. I have been wondering how you manage to keep you and Jim supplied with these necessities. We get enough of both, and if I can help you with several bars of soap please advise. It is rumored that we are to get 2 bottles of Coca Cola thru our PX Canteen every week, so perhaps I'll even be able to enjoy this rare luxury. The nearest thing to a soft drink here is something in a bottle not unlike orange- but smells like toilet water and tastes like ---.

Nothing I need other than the requests I have written in previous letters. Hope you have had some luck getting me a 116 Camera. The weather is getting warmer, the buds and shoots are coming out, and I am looking forward to doing a little walking or cycling on my Sundays off, and perhaps some evenings.

Hope you have had some luck locating a place for the summer, and that Jim's commands entree is not wearing you out. Goodness only knows where he gets all the incentive to do all the tasks work you relate, but I suppose he's just happy to have joined our partnership. Sure wish we could do something about adding a few more partners, but we'll take care of that little matter when I return home. Glad to learn that Eleanor is going back to work after that long lay-off. As for Bessie - that's all - boulder.

Enclosed are articles that will no doubt interest you, and show the other one to Stella. I wrote Bob and my father the procedure she should follow to obtain a dependency allotment; this just frames my case.

Nothing else to report except that I love and adore you more than ever, miss you more than you will ever dream, and am patiently awaiting the opportunity to tell you all about it. Stay well, kiss Jim and my folks for me, don't worry, and I'll write early and often. All my love,

as ever,

George

My dear friend,
I have just received your letter of the 10th inst. and am
glad to hear from you. I am well and hope this
letter finds you the same. I have not much news
to write at present.

I have been thinking much lately of the future
and of the many changes that are taking place
in the world. It seems to me that we are
entering upon a new era, and that the old
ways of thinking and acting are passing away.
I feel that we must adapt ourselves to the new
conditions, or we shall be left behind.

I have been reading much lately of the
progress of science and of the discoveries
of the natural philosophers. It seems to me
that we are entering upon a new era of
knowledge, and that the old theories are
being replaced by new ones.

I have been thinking much lately of the
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