

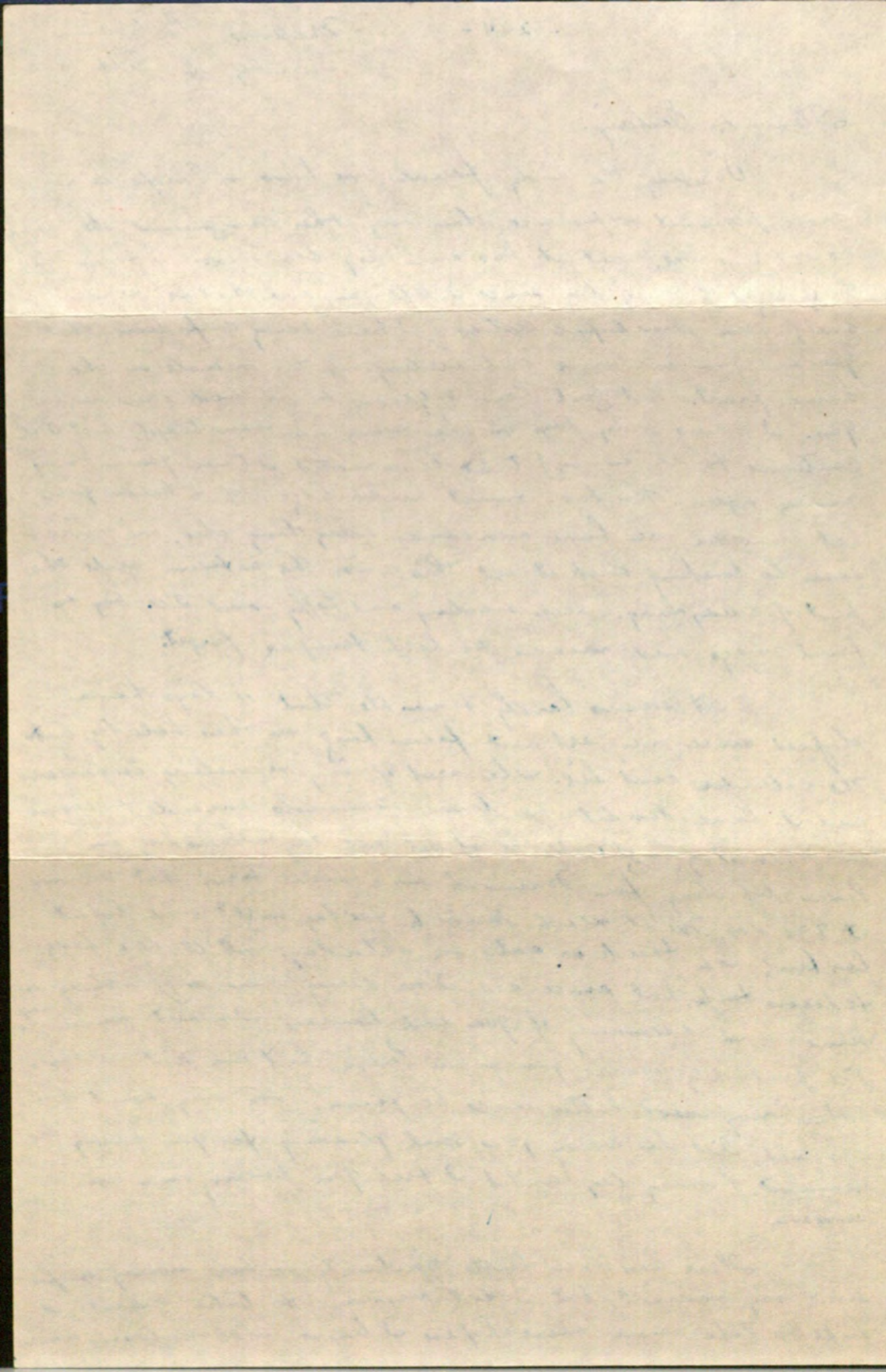
Melvin. Belgium
Sunday, 16 Sept. 1945

Flourant, Darling:

Visiting the only friends we have in Europe is a more pleasant experience than any other assignment the army could give me, but it has one big drawback. I miss the high-light of every day since I left you, and that is reading one of your wonderful letters. I have every confidence that you and Jim are well and keeping up the morale on the home front, but God how I yearn to be back there with you. I know my days in the army are numbered, but I'll continue to be an ineffectual leech until I have you in my arms again. You, too, must be on edge, if I know you, but even as we have overcome every thing else, we will soon be looking back at all this. In the interim make the best of every thing. Keep smiling and happy, and I'll try to find ways and means to help tempo forget.

It seems hardly possible that 11 days have elapsed since we set out from being on this holiday. But the calendar don't lie. The rest of my traveling companions and I have decided to leave Brussels en route to Paris on Wednesday night. We'll spend all day Thursday in Paris departing for Munich on a lease train that evening at 7:30 P.M. We'll reach Munich Friday night and depart for home by truck or auto on Saturday. It'll be a long, tedious trip, but since all I'm doing now is putting in time, and knowing if you and Anne, I won't mind it. I'll probably write you from Paris, but am not so sure where my next letter will be from. In any event be assured I'll be loving you, and yearning for you every moment of every day until I feel you kissing me in person.

There has been little opportunity to take many snaps since my arrival, but I did manage to take several. I hope to take some more before I leave. The enclosed were



hardly describe to you how effeminate I am. So far she has managed to feed us not using the things I brought along. They have admitted though, that they like canned beef and spam (any style), better than their own products. Dinner to-day consisted of rice, red cabbage, and steamed rehit in a beer gravy. Since dinner I've running and hopping like the animal we ate.

Late this afternoon we went to the movies to see Lily Pons, Gene Raymond, Jack Coble and Mische over in "Forewell Paris - Hello New York". Lily Pons is still a great singer, and all of us enjoyed the show. Also saw a short with Bing Crosby, which was produced and directed by Mark Bennett; only about 18 years old, but good.

My leg friends are still painting the screen net, but nearly broke, so I guess they'll be glad to leave on Wednesday. I feel fine and dandy, and I guess haven't looked better since Nov 17th, 1943. Even Frank admits I look better now than at any time since he met me last December. Hope all is well and under control at home. Give my folks, your mother, Bess, El, Shilma and the others my many best. Kiss our dream boy for me, and I'll kiss his mommy in mind. All my love and devotion to the sweetest sweetheart a fellow could ever hope for.

As ever,

Ag.

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