

Somewhere in France.
25 October 1944.

Florence, sweetheart;

Every day brings forth new experiences and little incidents that I no doubt will relate to you in the near future, but this feeling I have for you bears re-telling every time I think of you, or write to you. To merely say "I love you" is to attempt to gild a lily. I guess it goes way beyond that, because I do nothing but think of you, dream about you, and adore you every moment that I find myself not pre-occupied with my job. It is a relaxing and consoling feature to be able to dream about my future with you, my darling, and our brood. Do not grieve, dear, all will be well soon and we will be together soon. All things are temporary and even this rotten deal will soon reach its finis. Be assured that I am in excellent health, miss you very much, and living only in the future, even as you.

We have received permission to reveal some of the places we have visited since our arrival in the European theatre of operations, so I'll merely tell you a little of what I've seen and been thru. If I have time a little later on in this letter I'll attempt to describe an incident that took place yesterday. During our stay in England however I visited the following cities, Southampton, Yeovil and Liverpool. Unfortunately the passes were few and far between, but what I did see of these cities I am still most grateful that we are privileged to live under the American way of Life. It had been my intention to do some Xmas shopping before we left the United Kingdom but our stay was cut short and the next thing we knew we were on our way across the English channel. The trip was not as rough as I had envisioned it, but the food the British served on that ship was almost as good as your mother's cooking. We landed on a "beach-head" but that's a story that must be related in person for reasons military, and because it will make a good story to tell in person. Although we are supposedly in "sunny France", I have an idea that this quotation was a creation of the mind of a Chamber of Commerce, not unlike California's boast about rain. The mud is plentiful, thick and found everywhere. The food situation has had its moments but on the whole I will probably come home with the same mass I departed with. We are not too close to an army PX which makes it difficult to obtain the luxuries of life but I have hopes that this will be solved soon. Have not seen a newspaper of any kind in about ten days, so I cannot tell whether I am still fighting a war or just working for the liberation of every people except myself.

The mail situation is still unsolved. Have had no further mail from anyone since I last acknowledged those six letters. One of these days I am certain this little detail will be adjusted and then perhaps we will be able to keep our correspondence within a respectable time limit. In the interim I will endeavor to keep the letters coming and you do the same. Also did not receive the package you forwarded, but I will advise when I do.

There are many things army life will teach a man besides being a soldier, and I have by this time learned a few of the items that a man needs to know to be able to carry on under war conditions. Yesterday for instance I learned how to take a bath sans a bath tub. It developed into a most ludicrous situation which causes me to laugh out loud even as I endeavor to relate it to you. We are at present near a town which has seen its share of bombs. Naturally the houses are badly shattered and living

conditions are far from ideal to put it mildly. Well we occupy one of these buildings, without running water, bathtub, and part of a roof. In order to wash or take a bath it is necessary to haul water from a broken down well in the back yard of the adjacent house. We finally got pretty well fed up trying to make a rub-down do the work of an honest to goodness bath, so yesterday we improvised the army way. AnG I garbage can (new, of course) was obtained. You know these cans are used for many different purposes in the army. Sometimes they represent cooking equipment, other times a place to wash mess equipment and occasionally they are used for the disposal of garbage. As for me I can only think of them in the sense that they are "garbage cans". But getting back to the story, we decided to use one of these cans as a bath tub. Water was heated, the boys lined up, and the fellow next in line rubbed the back of the person taking a bath. Then by squatting a bit it was possibly to have the suds rinsed off by having someone pour some water over you. Now Florence need I attempt to continue to describe what chance there was for me to squat my little "awss" in this can. The boys were slightly hysterical admiring not only my shape but my attempts to sink into the so called bath tub. Despite all the handicaps though I managed to take a bath, and to-day some of the boys who did not get to see the show are inquiring as to when I will attempt to go thru this act again. Rest assured that little things like these will in no sense deter me from taking other baths, but I have an idea it will be no less comical in the future.

Hope this finds you, Jim, and the folks in excellent health and spirits. Harry Fox sends his best regards, as does Ferdy the Fox. There are other little incidents to relate but I will leave them for future letters. Kiss Jim and the folks for me, and I'll kiss you in mind with all my love. Convey my very best to your family and to all our good friends. I wrote Dan a V-Mail letter to-day. Until my next letter in a few days you find me loving and adoring you

As ever,

George



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