

Ring, Austria
Friday, 17 August 1945.

Flavence, Sweetheart:

The enclosed squib cut out of the official 65th Division newspaper, substantiated by a similar article in the Stars and Stripes, and numerous radio announcements leads me to believe that my days in the army are numbered. To doubt you know all about this by the time you read this letter, but do not lose sight of the fact that I cannot apply for discharge until Nov. 10th. After that it should not take too long for me to get a boat, and then you, Jim and home. Your faith in this being our year has helped to bring this about, my darling, and oh, I'm so grateful to you for it. Of course, if the unit should get orders to return to the States sooner than Nov. 10th, it will be that much graver to us. Then I can apply directly in the States, and probably be home later sooner than expected. Much will happen in the next few months, so let us keep both feet on the ground. Hope for any kind of a break to speed things up for us, and keep smiling.

Darling, it just makes me tingle with joy to realize that the war is over, we are all well, and that soon that big reunion in Brooklyn will take place. We have been dreaming about it for almost 2 years, and only now does it begin to look as though it will be a reality in a few short months. I don't know if you have ever given any plans any thought, but I do want you to determine what you would like to do for about a month following my arrival. I feel we are ourselves a long holiday, we have the car, and I know will be able to spare the expense. If I get home in December or January, do you think you'd like to go skiing, or go South? Every body but you managed to carry on without me, so I suppose another month or two, will matter very little. If you are kind about planning, and you have good reason to be, just

leave the matter rest, until I get there. It will be just as simple determining this matter the day after I give you your first kiss in almost 15 or 16 months. As usual I will keep you posted on all and any developments.

This would have been a happy week if a little mail would have reached us. The only letter I received from you this week was dated August 5th, regular mail. No mail to-day, but perhaps to-morrow will bring an overwhelming pile of letters. I keep trying to write an intelligible letter, but truly barely, all I can think of is going home. As I sit, and strain for thoughts to inspire here, the tune of "Goin' Home" keeps playing tag with my thoughts. Seen, the comforts of home, a pretty wife to love and be loved by, home cooking, sheets, a free way of life, Jim, my folks, perhaps a brother or sister for our crown prince, and ice cream parties. I can hardly wait, dearest, but I'll do my darndest up to the very moment I can see you, and I'll probably fall apart after that - but not for long.

Have arranged to go to Salzburg for Saturday, Sunday and Monday to listen to part of the music festival. I'll arrive too late for Saturday performances, but should get my fill the latter two days. Will also carry my camera to snap some pictures. I have 7 full rolls of 120 left yet, and will be sure to carry some aboard with me. If I don't get a chance to write to-morrow night, I may slip my usual daily letter, but I'll try to take care of that little chore, because nothing gets me more fix than to be in my solitude with my only sweetheart.

Although I had despaired of being able to get Jim a pair of these leather alpine pants, my hopes were once again renewed. The same character who was going to take care of me several weeks ago, met me in town on Wednesday, and told me to see him at his office to-day, which I did. He told me he would have

a pair made to order to fit a 4 or 5 year old boy, designed the style and ornamentation while I was there, and we agreed on the price. If he accomplishes what he has set forth to me, I know our firm will be an outstanding young lad every time he dons his Alpine-mountain climbing, beer drinking costume. It is supposed to be ready for me in 10 days. I will advise you how this order turns out in due time.

The Red Cross has opened a new club-house in Long, and it is really an institution now. Where formerly they had a small cafe, they now have a building, facilities are now available for letter-writing, library, games, cypers, and lounge. This is a good deal in a town that has so little to offer in the way of entertaining facilities. It opened last night but I missed going, and to night Jim C.Q. The boys have been around all evening shooting the breeze, mostly about home and port-wine plans, which helped to while the evening away.

Hope you and Jim are exuberantly happy and in perfect health, and that you can really enjoy your summer vacation. Kiss the little rascal for me, and I'll smother you with kisses in mind, with all the love in my heart. Give my best to everyone, and remember I love you always.

As ever,
George

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