



AMERICAN RED CROSS

- 223 -

Salzburg, Austria.
Sunday, 19 August 45

Florence, Darling:

This is truly the land of romance, if only the weather were more cooperative I could see more of the sights, places and people. It has been my good fortune to be able to come into Salzburg alone, since the boys stationed at Fieschiere have visited here many times. Being alone it is easier for me to make believe that you and I are meandering along together. In my mind we are conversing, and it is no effort at all to feel your fingers entwined with mine. Since Foreman we have inspected the very old and heavy buildings and dwellings; admired the lofty mountain peaks that surround the city, and regretted the damage done to so many of the famous buildings. The young native lad, who pointed out many of the various sights, was more interested than a professional guide, and I was so sorry we had no chocolate to give him. Unfortunately, you and I took no snaps because of the gloomy weather, and now that it is raining, I fear our picture-taking will have to wait for better weather on the morrow.

As I wrote you in yesterday's letter I reached Fieschiere late in the evening, close to 10 PM, and was accorded my usual warm reception. As a matter of fact the Capt. decided to make

a snack for me and the other two who
came in late from King. So at about 10.45 PM
we had set before us 9 brailed pork-chops,
and 2 fried eggs each, coffee, bread, jam and
sliced peaches, all for free. It was quite a
repast but since we had not eaten since
lunch-time, you can well understand that we
did the meal justice. Finally went to bed at
about 1 AM, and arose this morning at 7.45.

Arrived in Salzburg this morning at
11.30, and have been on the go since then. It
started to rain quite hard after several attempts
to hizzle all day. However in my own cute
way I have managed to get around quite a
bit. Oh yes, on Saturday morning, as the result
of a Friday phone call to Secker's, one of the boys
obtained tickets for the Sunday and Monday
evening performances. In this respect I was
fortunate since they are all sold out, but as
you will know, I no longer go thru the front
door in the army. In any event the program
scheduled for 7 PM to-night is the "Ovenia
Choir Boys," and I write you all about them in
to-morrow's letter.

During the course of my meanderings
I discovered that an outdoor show was being
presented in a natural-garden theatre. Off I went
to this place, and for your perusal and safe-
keeping for our album I enclose the programs
and ticket. The show is exactly the same as
would be presented on a vaudeville stage



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back horns, but the quality of the entertainers hardly compare with our professionals. The theatre is outdoors, and the stage is raised several above the seats, with tall, landscaped trees to represent the background. It was most attractive, and would have been even more so, had the sun spotlighted the cast. The show lasts about an hour, consisting of goddesses, singers, native dancers, and a comedian. One incident however, seems funny enough to relate here, so if you can visualize what I'm going to try to describe I'm sure it's worth a chuckle, if not a laugh. About the fourth or fifth act brought out a typical German frau of about 30 years, who was built like Brunnhilde with golden tresses, a la Valkyrie. She was well covered with meat and muscle, and wore a tea-dress. Her voice was strong and pleasant, and in an effort to please the many soldiers in the audience, devoted most of her singing to American songs in English, with a slight accent. However, and this is what struck so many of us so funny, she was either pregnant in her 4th or 5th month, or had a pot-belly with no girdle. Now try to visualize her attempt to reach a high note, and taking a deep breath just before the key. You're right, the pot-belly bounced up and down all over the place. It was impossible to laugh out loud because she had a most

pleasant voice, and the songs were American, but I couldn't wipe that wide grin off my face. Even now as I write this I must chuckle to myself. After the show I meandered thru the gardens adjoining the outdoor theatre, and although Cottage has been planted where flowers should grow, the gardens are something to see. Weather permitting I'll take several snaps there to-morrow.

Walking about town I found several large stamp-collection shops. although they were closed to-day, many of the stamps in the windows had prices marked thereon. All those German and Nazi stamps I've sent you in recent weeks are selling over here from 1 to 30 marks each. We evaluate the mark (or schilling) at 10¢, so you can readily see that we may have some value in all those stamps. I don't have the new ones you sent ^{with} me, but I hope to do some high class trading with them this coming week in Linz. If not I'll be back here soon.

The Red Cross in Salzburg occupies a very beautiful building, and is really equipped for a soldier's convenience. There is a cash-check room, lounge and game room, waiting room, snack bar and ^{room} dining, where coffee and delicious ~~doughnuts~~ doughnuts are served promptly. I've been reading and waiting in the building for the past two hours, and as soon as 7 o'clock arrives I'm going to the theatre in which to-night's concert is scheduled. Salzburg is the birthplace of Mozart, and it seems everything revolves about his name. As a matter of fact the theatre is named the



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Mozartean. I will have more to tell you about the place in L. Masson's letter.

The daily delivery of mail does not reach Liepichen until about 9-10 PM, which means I'll not be around to get any letters until after 3 return from the concert. However after yesterday's big haul of letters I suppose I should be content even if no mail arrives. It is no secret though, that I am most anxious to read those letters you wrote during and directly after the period during which the Japs negotiated for peace, and then surrendered. I know how you felt, because I also experienced the same thrills - and then the lowering of the age limit to 38. Truly this will be our year, my sweetheart, and I know future years will bring us much happiness and joy. Time may seem to drag for the next 3 to 5 months, but I think it will all be handled as quickly as possible.

Hope you and Jim are not only smiling, but laughing out loud. Be of good cheer, keep my mother's and father's spirits high, and soon I'll be hatching you ever so tightly in my arms, whispering into your ears "I love and adore you." I've done just that so often in mind that it seems a reality, but somehow I

Continue to yearn for the physical action
involved. This fun for me, give my very
best to everyone, and all my love and
devotion to you.

As ever,

Lg.

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