Linz.-
Friday, 27 July 45

Florence, Sweetheart:

It is but a half hour since I returned from the boat trip I wrote you about, to find your letter dated June 28th awaiting me. Although this is an old letter it is a fitting climax to a grand day. The river sight-seeing boat is nicer than anything we have on the Hudson, having been built in 1940. There were comparatively few sailors for such a big boat, the weather was ideal, and the opportunity to sail on the blue Danube, dreaming about my pretty darling was my main objective. So I dood it. The trip covers about 80 miles of most delightful scenery and beauty in the river. Quaint Austrian and alpine houses line the shore on one side, and high hills and forests the other. I took only 5 snaps, since the trip is non-stop. During the day we ate served two hot meals, and as a special treat to-day we saw a Minstrel Show. The program is enclosed. We leave Linz at 12 noon and returned at 7.15. After reading your letter I feel fine and dandy, and this nightly chat with you will leave me in my usual good spirits.

Before I left this morning I wrote Bob a long reply to his July 17th letter, and sent it to his address at Whatever Field. I sure hope he continues to hang around there for several months more. His latest affliction, hay-fever, sounds like he has added another ailment to his already long list. I cannot understand how it is that he is constantly bothered by one illness or another. This may develop into a break for him, or it may work to his detriment. Only nature and Dame Fortune hold the cards that will determine his future. Your letters are more frequent and consistent than anyone else's, so please add a line or two to each letter advising me of any late news about Bob, or his whereabouts at all times.

I got another baking in the sun to-day, and believe it or not, I have a better tan on my face, head and arms than I have ever had in recent years. Perhaps if I weren't so healthy I'd have been out of this army long ago, but truthfully, dearest, I never felt better in my life. Soon I hope you will be able to see for yourself. Many fellows my age have been receiving word from home, as well as clippings from newspapers, advising that every indication points to a lowering of the age limit soon. This will be our day, honey, but don't stop pounding the papers and the politicians until it is effected. This is our year - but

we must continue to sell it from the roof-tops until we get what we want.

I found several stamp-dealers in town yesterday, and got an idea. They haven't seen many new Commemoratives (U.S.) in recent years, so please send me about 10 each of any you can pick up at the post-office. Be sure to place same wrapped paper and in the P.O. around them, and send them via air-mail. Also send me a few first day covers you recently received. Perhaps I can do a little high-class trading over here. If I need anything, or any more I'll advise you pronto.

Jules' letter dated July 6th advised that Billy Rohe had been very sick with the flu around that time. Please ascertain how he is and advise. I'll try to write him over the week-ends. I do hope there is no friction between you and Mr. Prince, and that you are waiting him often. I am pleased that Ruth Farmer is around Monticello week-ends, and do hope she keeps you back the monotony of things. Have not heard from Ann Rosenberg in almost 2 months. How is her mother these days? Do you hear from Alan? Has anyone been over to the apartment since you went to the country? How did you make out with the allotment check ($80.00)? If these questions are answered in letters elsewhere please overlook them.

I have no idea when the Sunday Times subscription expires, but please do not renew it again. Instead about once a week take the second half of a New York Sun, place it in a large square envelope, about the size of this sheet of paper and send it regular mail. You are permitted to send 8 oz weekly overseas without a request. Thanks — I hope soon I'll be able to bring it home to you nightly. Do you think you'd let me go back to Pace Institute when I get out of the army to complete my CPA?

Stay well, my darling, kiss Jim for me, and I'll kiss you both in mind, with all my love. Give my best to everyone, and I give you all my love and adoration. Keep smiling. However, keep smiling than. Our day is coming.

As ever,

Jay

Cpl Geo Stoff 42050100
Co A 735th Ry Opn Bn
APO 350 c/o Postmaster
New York, NY,

Mrs Florence Stoff
41 LANDFIELD AVENUE
MONTICELLO
NEW YORK

% BAXT

AMERICAN RED CROSS